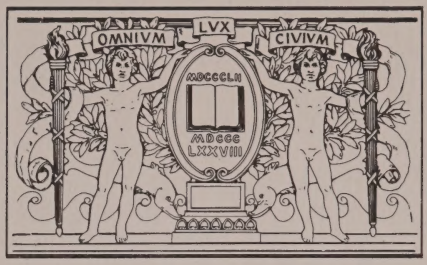
Boston Public Library
3 9999 10521 150 0



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY 1977

A MAGAZINE OF

051
A75-56

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LVI.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1885

23325

Copyright, 1885,
By HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
ELECTROTYPED AND PRINTED BY
H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
Ancient and Modern Greek	*William Cranston Lawton*	399
Bit of Bird-Life, A	*Olive Thorne Miller*	70
Central Asia		422
Chat in the Saddle, A		132
Childhood in English Literature and Art	*Horace E. Scudder*	369, 471
Childhood in Mediæval Art	*Horace E. Scudder*	24
Childhood in Modern Literature and Art	*Horace E. Scudder*	751
China Speaks for Herself		74
Congo Free State, The		565
Country Gentleman, A	*M. O. W. Oliphant*	54, 177, 324, 484, 609, 769
De Foe, Daniel, and Thomas Shepard	*Edward Everett Hale*	85
Diplomatic Episode, A	*S. J. Barrows*	339
England, Russia, and India		116
Fiction, Recent American		554
First Abbé Galant, The		459
Garibaldi's Ideas	*W. L. Alden*	108
Gordon, General, at Kartoum		415
Hunting Trips of a Ranchman		563
Idea of God, The	*John Fiske*	642, 791
Illustrated Books, Recent		707
Ingelow, Miss, and Mrs. Walford	*Harriet Waters Preston*	230
Interlude, An		227
Kansas, Southwestern, seen with Eastern Eyes	*M. H. Leonard*	101
Laureate of Death, The	*W. D. Howells*	311
Life in St. Petersburg	*Edmund Noble*	825
Literary London		277
Louis Agassiz		848
Marius the Epicurean		273
McMaster's Second Volume		419
Mexican Vacation Week, A	*Sylvester Baxter*	45
Mining for a Mastodon	*Angelina Teal*	381
Mondamin	*Edith M. Thomas*	364
New Portfolio, The	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	1, 145, 353, 522, 694, 836
Ogre of Ha Ha Bay, The	*Octave Thanet*	505
Old-Time Grievance	*Edward Stanwood*	627
On Horseback	*Charles Dudley Warner*	88, 194, 388, 540
Ormsby's Don Quixote		265
Paradise Found		126
Poetic Element in the Mediæval Drama, The	*Davida Coit*	407
Port Royal of Mère Angélique, The	*Maria Ellery MacKaye*	157
Princess Casamassima, The	*Henry James*	289, 433, 577, 721
Principles of Criticism	*E. R. Sill*	665
Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains, The	*Charles Egbert Craddock*	31, 244
Sarcey, Francisque		134
Shakespeare's Fellows		851
Should a College Educate?	*E. R. Sill*	207
Singular Case of Jeshurun Barker, The	*John Wilkinson*	13
Some Testimony in the Case	*Rebecca Harding Davis*	602
Southern Colleges and Schools	*Charles Forster Smith*	738
Stepniak and Russia		269
Story of San Tszon, The	*Wong Chin Foo*	256
Stranger in the City, A	*P. Deming*	217
Thackeray as an Art-Critic	*Ephraim Young*	685
Tricksy Spirit, A	*Olive Thorne Miller*	676
Two English Men of Letters		120
Two Halves of a Life	*R. Machray*	806
"Upon the Tree-Top"	*Olive Thorne Miller*	533

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Poetry.

Bacchus, *Frank Dempster Sherman* 44
Beneath the Veil, *James Lane Allen* 398
Constant Friend, The, *Kathleen Wright* 242
Corydon to Thyrsis, *Samuel V. Cole* 750
First Guest, The, *Helen Gray Cone* 504
Hermione, *Andrew Hedbrooke* 215
How Glooskap brought the Summer, *Frances L. Mace* 661
Love's Dread, *Paul Hermes* 707
Lowell, James Russell, To, *Oliver Wendell Holmes* 263
Nocturn, A, *Edith M. Thomas* 192
Quatrains by Different Hands: I. Milton; The Shadow, *John B. Tabb*. II. The Night-Blooming Cereus, *Charlotte Fiske Bates*. III. Disappointment; Time, *Thomas S. Collier*. IV. The Bust of Kronos, *William H. Hayne* 768
Roses, *Nora Perry* 115
Tacita, *James B. Kenyon* 470
Taunt, A, *Maurice Thompson* 322
Tempted, *Andrew Hedbrooke* 69
To the Poets who only Listen, *Oliver Wendell Holmes* 265
To S. O. J., *Edith M. Thomas* 805
Two Elizabeths, The, *John Greenleaf Whittier* . . 22
When Lesser Loves, *Julia C. R. Dorr* 380
"Words, Words, Words," *Andrew Hedbrooke* . 626

Book Reviews

Agassiz, Louis, his Life and Correspondence . . 848
Byron's Childe Harold's Pilgrimage 712
Craddock's Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains 556
Crawford's Zoroaster 561
Dodge's Patroclus and Penelope 132
Gordon's Journals at Kartoum 415
Holmes's Last Leaf. Illustrated 713
Howard's Aulney Tower 558
Howells's Rise of Silas Lapham 554
Hutton's Literary Landmarks of London . . . 278
Jewett's A Marsh Island 561
Lansdell's Russian Central Asia 422
Marlowe, Christopher, The Works of 851
Marvin's The Russians at the Gates of Herat . . 116
McMaster's History of the People of the United States. Vol. II. 420
Middleton, Thomas, The Works of 853
Ormsby's Translation of Saavedra's Don Quixote . 265
Parliamentary Papers: Central Russia 424
Pater's Marius the Epicurean 273
Pattison's Memoirs 121
Rodenbough's Afghanistan and the Anglo-Russian Dispute 119
Roosevelt's Hunting Trips of a Ranchman . . . 563
Sarcey's Souvenirs de Jeunesse 134
Sermon on the Mount. Illustrated 707
Stanley's The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State 565
Taylor's, Henry, Autobiography 124
Towle's England and Russia in Asia 118
Walford's Greater London 279
Warren's Paradise Found 126
Westall's Translation of Stepniak's Russia under the Tzars 269
Whittier's Poems of Nature. Illustrated . . . 710

Contributors' Club.

American Pantheon, An, 714; Balzac at Thirty, 854; Cha No Yu, or Æsthetic Tea in Japanese, The, 281; Chantilly, 429; Criticism of a Critic, 138; Great Losses and Small Gains, 573; Holiday for Inanimate Things, 285; Lion and Una, The, 572; Literary Style, 427; M. M., The, 280; Measurement of Time, 856; On Changing the Mind, 139; On Talking Shop, 136; Personal Influence, 140; Plea for Insight, A, 571; Provincial Influence in Literature, 715; Secrets of Authorship, The, 716; Some Queer Southerners, 572; Temptations of Mediocrity, The, 428; Thistle, 857; Transmigrations of a Fever Patient, 858.

Books of the Month 141, 286, 432, 574, 717, 859

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LVI. — JULY, 1885. — No. CCCXXXIV.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

XI.

THE INTERVIEWER ATTACKS THE SPHINX.

When Miss Euthymia Tower sent her oar off in flashing splinters, as she pulled her last stroke in the boat-race, she did not know what a strain she was putting upon it. She did know that she was doing her best, but how great the force of her best was she was not aware until she saw its effects. Unconsciousness belonged to her robust nature, in all its manifestations. She did not pride herself on her knowledge, nor reproach herself for her ignorance. In every way she formed a striking contrast to her friend, Miss Vincent. Every word they spoke betrayed the difference between them: the sharp tones of Lurida's head-voice, penetrative, aggressive, sometimes irritating, revealed the corresponding traits of mental and moral character; the quiet, conversational contralto of Euthymia was the index of a nature restful and sympathetic.

The friendships of young girls prefigure the closer relations which will one day come in and dissolve their earlier intimacies. The dependence of two young friends may be mutual, but one will always lean more heavily than the other; the masculine and feminine elements will be as sure to assert themselves as if the friends were of different sexes.

On all common occasions Euthymia looked up to her friend as her superior. She fully appreciated all her varied gifts and knowledge, and deferred to her opinion in every-day matters, not exactly as an oracle, but as wiser than herself or any of her other companions. It was a different thing, however, when the graver questions of life came up. Lurida was full of suggestions, plans, projects, which were too liable to run into whims before she knew where they were tending. She would lay out her ideas before Euthymia so fluently and eloquently that she could not help believing them herself, and feeling as if her friend must accept them with an enthusiasm like her own. Then Euthymia would take them up with her sweet, deliberate accents, and bring her calmer judgment to bear on them.

Lurida was in an excited condition, in the midst of all her new interests and occupations. She was constantly on the lookout for papers to be read at the meetings of *her* Society, — for she made it her own in great measure, by her zeal and enthusiasm, — and in the mean time she was reading in various books which Dr. Butts selected for her, all bearing on the profession to which, at least as a possibility, she was looking forward. Privately and in a very still way, she

Copyright, 1885, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

was occupying herself with the problem of the young stranger, the subject of some delusion, or disease, or obliquity of unknown nature, to which the vague name of antipathy had been attached. Euthymia kept an eye upon her, partly in the fear that over-excitement would produce some mental injury, and partly from anxiety lest she should compromise her womanly dignity in her desire to get at the truth of a very puzzling question.

"How do you like the books I see you reading?" said Euthymia to Lurida, one day, as they met at the Library.

"Better than all the novels I ever read," she answered. "I have been reading about the nervous system, and it seems to me I have come nearer the springs of life than ever before in all my studies. I feel just as if I were a telegraph operator. I was sure that I had a battery in my head, for I know my brain works like one; but I did not know how many centres of energy there are, and how they are played upon by all sorts of influences, external and internal. Do you know, I believe I could solve the riddle of the 'Arrowhead Village Sphinx,' as the paper called him, if he would only stay here long enough?"

"What paper has had anything about it, Lurida? I have not seen or heard of its being mentioned in any of the papers."

"You know that rather queer-looking young man who has been about here for some time, — the same one who gave the account of his interview with a celebrated author? Well, he has handed me a copy of a paper in which he writes, 'The People's Perennial and Household Inquisitor.' He talks about this village in a very free and easy way. He says there is a Sphinx here, who has mystified us all."

"And you have been chatting with that fellow! Don't you know that he 'll have you and all of us in his paper? Don't you know that nothing is safe where one of those fellows gets in with his note-book and pencil? Oh, Lurida, Lurida, do be careful! What with this mysterious young man and this very questionable newspaper-paragraph writer, you will be talked about, if you don't mind, before you know it. You had better let the riddle of the Sphinx alone. If you must deal with such dangerous people, the safest way is to set one of them to find out the other. — I wonder if we can't get this new man to interview the visitor you have so much curiosity about. That might be managed easily enough without your having anything to do with it. Let me alone, and I will arrange it. But mind, now, you must not meddle; if you do, you will spoil everything, and get your name in the Household Inquisitor in a way you won't like."

"Don't be frightened about me, Euthymia. I don't mean to give him a chance to work me into his paper, if I can help it. But if you can get him to try his skill upon this interesting personage and his antipathy, so much the better. I am very curious about it, and therefore about him. I want to know what has produced this strange state of feeling in a young man who ought to have all the common instincts of a social being. I believe there are unexplained facts in the region of sympathies and antipathies which will repay study with a deeper insight into the mysteries of life than we have dreamed of hitherto. I often wonder whether there are not heart-waves and soul-waves as well as 'brain-waves,' which some have already recognized."

Euthymia wondered, as well she might, to hear this young woman talking the language of science like an adept. The truth is, Lurida was one of those persons who never are young, and who, by way of compensation, will never be old. They are found in both sexes. Two well-known graduates of one of our

great universities are living examples of this precocious but enduring intellectual development. If the readers of this paper cannot pick them out, they need not expect the writer of it to help them. If they guess rightly who they are, they will recognize the fact that just such exceptional individuals as the young woman we are dealing with are met with from time to time in families where intelligence has been cumulative for two or three generations.

Euthymia was very willing that the questioning and questionable visitor should learn all that was known in the village about the nebulous individual whose misty environment all the eyes in the village were trying to penetrate, but that he should learn it from some other informant than Lurida.

The next morning, as the Interviewer took his seat on a bench outside his door, to smoke his after-breakfast cigar, a bright-looking and handsome youth, whose features recalled those of Euthymia so strikingly that one might feel pretty sure he was her brother, took a seat by his side. Presently the two were engaged in conversation. The Interviewer asked all sorts of questions about everybody in the village. When he came to inquire about Maurice, the youth showed a remarkable interest regarding him. The greatest curiosity, he said, existed with reference to this personage. Everybody was trying to find out what his story was, — for a story, and a strange one, he must surely have, — and nobody had succeeded.

The Interviewer began to be unusually attentive. The young man told him the various antipathy stories, about the evil-eye hypothesis, about his horse-taming exploits, his rescuing the student whose boat was overturned, and every occurrence he could recall which would help out the effect of his narrative.

The Interviewer was becoming excited. "Can't find out anything about him, you said, did n't you? How do you know there 's anything to find? Do you want to know what I think he is? I 'll tell you. I think he is an actor, — a fellow from one of the city theatres. Those fellows go off in their summer vacation, and like to puzzle the country folks. They are the very same chaps, like as not, the visitors have seen in plays at the city theatres; but of course they don't know 'em in plain clothes. Kings and Emperors look pretty shabby off the stage sometimes, I can tell you."

The young man followed the Interviewer's lead. "I should n't wonder if you were right," he said. "I remember seeing a young fellow in Romeo that looked a good deal like this one. But I never met the Sphinx, as they call him, face to face. He is as shy as a woodchuck. I believe there are people here that would give a hundred dollars to find out who he is, and where he came from, and what he is here for, and why he does n't act like other folks. I wonder why some of those newspaper men don't come up here and get hold of this story. It would be just the thing for a sensational writer."

To all this the Interviewer listened with true professional interest. Always on the lookout for something to make up a paragraph or a column about; driven oftentimes to the stalest of repetitions, — to the biggest pumpkin story, the tall cornstalk, the fat ox, the live frog from the human stomach story, the third set of teeth and reading without spectacles at ninety story, and the rest of the marvellous commonplaces which are kept in type with *e o y* or *e 6 m* (every other year or every six months) at the foot; always in want of a fresh incident, a new story, an undescribed character, an unexplained mystery, it is no wonder that the Interviewer fastened eagerly upon this most tempting subject for an inventive and emotional correspondent.

He had seen Paolo several times, and

knew that he was Maurice's confidential servant, but had never spoken to him. So he said to himself that he must make Paolo's acquaintance, to begin with. In the summer season many kinds of small traffic were always carried on in Arrowhead Village. Among the rest, the sellers of fruit, — oranges, bananas, and others, according to the season, — did an active business. The Interviewer watched one of these fruit-sellers, and saw that his hand-cart stopped opposite the house where, as he knew, Maurice Kirkwood was living. Presently Paolo came out of the door, and began examining the fruit in the hand-cart. The Interviewer saw his opportunity. Here was an introduction to the man, and the man must introduce him to the master.

He knew very well how to ingratiate himself with the man, — there was no difficulty about that. He had learned his name, and that he was an Italian whom Maurice had brought to this country with him.

"Good morning, Mr. Paul," he said. "How do you like the look of these oranges?"

"They pretty fair," said Paolo: "no so good as them las' week; no sweet as them was."

"Why, how do you know without tasting them?" said the Interviewer.

"I know by his look, — I know by his smell, — he no good yaller — he no smell ripe, — I know orange ever since my head no bigger than he is," and Paolo laughed at his own comparison.

The Interviewer laughed louder than Paolo. "Good!" said he, — "first-rate! Of course you know all about 'em. Why can't you pick me out a couple of what you think are the best of 'em? I shall be greatly obliged to you. I have a sick friend, and I want to get two nice sweet ones for him."

Paolo was pleased. His skill and judgment were recognized. He felt grateful to the stranger, who had given him an opportunity of conferring a favor. He selected two, after careful examination and grave deliberation. The Interviewer had sense and tact enough not to offer him an orange, and so shift the balance of obligation.

"How is Mr. Kirkwood, to-day?" he asked.

"Il Signor? He very well. He always well. Why you ask? Anybody tell you he sick?"

"No, nobody said he was sick. I have n't seen him going about for a day or two, and I thought he might have something the matter with him. Is he in the house now?"

"No: he off riding. He take long, long rides, — sometime gone all day. Sometime he go on lake, — paddle, paddle in the morning, very, very early, — in night when the moon shine; sometime stay in house, and read, and study, and write, — he great scholar, Misser Kirkwood."

"A good many books, has n't he?"

"He got whole shelfs full of books. Great books, little books, old books, new books, all sorts of books. He great scholar, I tell you."

"Has n't he some curiosities, — old figures, old jewelry, old coins, or things of that sort?"

Paolo looked at the young man cautiously, almost suspiciously. "He don't keep no jewels nor no money in his chamber. He got some old things, — old jugs, old brass figgers, old money, such as they used to have in old times: she don't pass now." Paolo's genders were apt to be somewhat indiscriminately distributed.

A lucky thought struck the Interviewer. "I wonder if he would examine some old coins of mine?" said he, in a modestly tentative manner.

"I think he like to see anything curious. When he come home I ask him. Who will I tell him wants to ask him about old coin?"

"Tell him a gentleman visiting Arrowhead Village would like to call and

show him some old pieces of money, said to be Roman ones."

The Interviewer had just remembered that he had two or three old battered bits of copper which he had picked up at a tollman's, where they had been passed off for cents. He had bought them as curiosities. One had the name of Gallienus upon it, tolerably distinct, — a common little Roman penny; but it would serve his purpose of asking a question, as would two or three others with less legible legends. Paolo told him that if he came the next morning he would stand a fair chance of seeing Mr. Kirkwood. At any rate, he would speak to his master.

The Interviewer presented himself the next morning, after finishing his breakfast and his cigar, feeling reasonably sure of finding Mr. Kirkwood at home, as he proved to be. He had told Paolo to show the stranger up to his library, — or study, as he modestly called it.

It was a pleasant room enough, with a lookout on the lake in one direction, and the wooded hill in another. The tenant had fitted it up in scholarly fashion. The books Paolo spoke of were conspicuous, many of them, by their white vellum binding and tasteful gilding, showing that probably they had been bound in Rome, or some other Italian city. With these were older volumes in their dark original leather, and recent ones in cloth or paper. As the Interviewer ran his eye over them, he found that he could make very little out of what their backs taught him. Some of the paper-covered books, some of the cloth-covered ones, had names which he knew; but those on the backs of many of the others were strange to his eyes. The classics of Greek and Latin and Italian literature were there; and he saw enough to feel convinced that he had better not attempt to display his erudition in the company of this young scholar.

The first thing the Interviewer had to do was to account for his visiting a person who had not asked to make his acquaintance, and who was living as a recluse. His took out his battered coppers, and showed them to Maurice.

"I understood that you were very skilful in antiquities, and had a good many yourself. So I took the liberty of calling upon you, hoping that you could tell me something about some ancient coins I have had for a good while." So saying, he pointed to the copper with the name of Gallienus.

"Is this very rare and valuable? I have heard that great prices have been paid for some of these ancient coins, — ever so many guineas, sometimes. I suppose this is as much as a thousand years old."

"More than a thousand years old," said Maurice.

"And worth a great deal of money?" asked the Interviewer.

"No, not a great deal of money," answered Maurice.

"How much, should you say?" said the Interviewer.

Maurice smiled. "A little more than the value of its weight in copper, — I am afraid not much more. There are a good many of these coins of Gallienus knocking about. The peddlers and the shopkeepers take such pieces occasionally, and sell them, sometimes for five or ten cents, to young collectors. No, it is not very precious in money value, but as a relic, any piece of money that was passed from hand to hand a thousand or fifteen hundred years ago is interesting. The value of such relics is a good deal a matter of imagination."

"And what do you say to these others?" asked the Interviewer. Poor old worn-out things they were, with a letter or two only, and some faint trace of a figure on one or two of them.

"Very interesting, always, if they carry your imagination back to the times when you may suppose they were

current. Perhaps Horace tossed one of them to a beggar. Perhaps one of these was the coin that was brought when One said to those about Him, 'Bring me a penny, that I may see it.' But the market price is a different matter. That depends on the beauty and preservation, and above all the rarity, of the specimen. Here is a coin, now," — he opened a small cabinet, and took one from it. "Here is a Syracusan decadrachm with the head of Persephone, which is at once rare, well preserved, and beautiful. I am afraid to tell what I paid for it."

The Interviewer was not an expert in numismatics. He cared very little more for an old coin than he did for an old button, but he had thought his purchase at the tollman's might prove a good speculation. No matter about the battered old pieces: he had found out, at any rate, that Maurice must have money and could be extravagant, or what he himself considered so; also that he was familiar with ancient coins. That would do for a beginning.

"May I ask where you picked up the coin you are showing me?" he said.

"That is a question which provokes a negative answer. One does not 'pick up' first-class coins or paintings, very often, in these times. I bought this of a great dealer in Rome."

"Lived in Rome once?" said the Interviewer.

"For some years. Perhaps you have been there yourself?"

The Interviewer said he had never been there yet, but he hoped he should go there, one of these years. "I suppose you studied art and antiquities while you were there?" he continued.

"Everybody who goes to Rome must learn something of art and antiquities. Before you go there I advise you to review Roman history and the classic authors. You had better make a study of ancient and modern art, and not have everything to learn while you are going about among ruins, and churches, and galleries. You know your Horace and Virgil well, I take it for granted?"

The Interviewer hesitated. The names sounded as if he had heard them. "Not so well as I mean to before going to Rome," he answered. "May I ask how long you lived in Rome?"

"Long enough to know something of what is to be seen in it. No one should go there without careful preparation beforehand. You are familiar with Vasari, of course?"

The Interviewer felt a slight moisture on his forehead. He took out his handkerchief. "It is a warm day," he said. "I have not had time to read all the works I mean to. I have had too much writing to do, myself, to find all the time for reading and study I could have wished."

"In what literary occupation have you been engaged, if you will pardon my inquiry?" said Maurice.

"I am connected with the press. I understood that you were a man of letters, and I hoped I might have the privilege of hearing from your own lips some account of your literary experiences."

"Perhaps that might be interesting, but I think I shall reserve it for my autobiography. You said you were connected with the press. Do I understand that you are an author."

By this time the Interviewer had come to the conclusion that it was a *very* warm day. He did not seem to be getting hold of his pitcher by the right handle, somehow. But he could not help answering Maurice's very simple question.

"If writing for a newspaper gives one a right to be called an author, I may call myself one. I write for the 'People's Perennial and Household Inquisitor.'"

"Are you the literary critic of that well-known journal, or do you manage the political column?"

"I am a correspondent from different places and on various matters of interest."

"Places you have been to, and people you have known?"

"Well, yes, — generally, that is. Sometimes I have to compile my articles."

"Did you write the letter from Rome, published a few weeks ago?"

The Interviewer was in what he would call a tight place. However, he had found that his man was too much for him, and saw that the best thing he could do was to submit to be interviewed himself. He thought that he should be able to pick up something or other which he could work into his report of his visit.

Well, I — prepared that article for our columns. You know one does not have to see everything he describes. You found it accurate, I hope, in its descriptions?"

"Yes, Murray is generally accurate. Sometimes he makes mistakes, but I can't say how far you have copied them. You got the Ponte Molle — the old Milvian bridge — a good deal too far down the stream, if I remember. I happened to notice that, but I did not read the article carefully. May I ask whether you propose to do me the honor of reporting this visit and the conversation we have had, for the columns of the newspaper with which you are connected?"

The Interviewer thought he saw an opening. "If you have no objections," he said, "I should like very much to ask a few questions." He was recovering his professional audacity.

"You can ask as many questions as you consider proper and discreet — after you have answered one or two of mine: Who commissioned you to submit me to examination?"

"The curiosity of the public wishes to be gratified, and I am the humble agent of its investigations."

"What has the public to do with my private affairs?"

"I suppose it is a question of majority and minority. That settles everything in this country. You are a minority of one opposed to a large number of curious people that form a majority against you. That is the way I 've heard the chief put it."

Maurice could not help smiling at the quiet assumption of the American citizen. The Interviewer smiled, too, and thought he had his man, sure, at last. Maurice calmly answered, "There is nothing left for minorities, then, but the right of rebellion. I don't care about being made the subject of an article for your paper. I am here for my pleasure, minding my own business, and content with that occupation. I rebel against your system of forced publicity. Whenever I am ready I shall tell the public all it has any right to know about me. In the mean time I shall request to be spared reading my biography while I am living. I wish you a good-morning."

The Interviewer had not taken out his note-book and pencil. In his next communication from Arrowhead Village he contented himself with a brief mention of the distinguished and accomplished gentleman now visiting the place, whose library and cabinet of coins he had had the privilege of examining and whose courtesy was equalled only by the modesty that shunned the public notoriety which the organs of popular intelligence would otherwise confer upon him.

The Interviewer had attempted the riddle of the Sphinx, and had failed to get the first hint of its solution.

The many tongues of the village and its visitors could not remain idle. The whole subject of antipathies had been talked over, and the various cases recorded had become more or less familiar to the conversational circles which met

every evening in the different centres of social life. The prevalent hypothesis for the moment was that Maurice had a congenital aversion to some color, the effects of which upon him were so painful or disagreeable that he habitually avoided exposure to it. It was known, and it has already been mentioned in this paper, that such cases were on record. There had been a great deal of discussion, of late, with reference to a fact long known to a few individuals, but only recently made a matter of careful scientific observation and brought to the notice of the public. This was the now well-known phenomenon of color-blindness. It did not seem very strange that if one person in every score or two could not tell red from green there might be other curious individual peculiarities relating to color. A case has already been referred to where the subject of observation fainted at the sight of any red object. What if this were the trouble with Maurice Kirkwood? It will be seen at once how such a congenital antipathy would tend to isolate the person who was its unfortunate victim. It was an hypothesis not difficult to test, but it was a rather delicate business to be experimenting on an inoffensive stranger. Miss Vincent was thinking it over, but said nothing, even to Euthymia, of any projects she might entertain.

XII.

MISS VINCENT AS A MEDICAL STUDENT.

The young lady whom we have known as The Terror, as Lurida, as Miss Vincent, Secretary of the Pansophian Society, had been reading various works selected for her by Dr. Butts, — works chiefly relating to the nervous system and its different affections. She thought it was about time to talk over the general subject of the medical profession with her new teacher, — if such a self-directing person as Lurida could be said to recognize anybody as teacher.

She began at the beginning. "What is the first book you would put in a student's hands, doctor?" she said to him one day. They were in his study, and Lurida had just brought back a thick volume on Insanity, one of Bucknill and Tuke's, which she had devoured as if it had been a pamphlet.

"Not that book, certainly," he said. "I am afraid it will put all sorts of notions into your head. Who or what set you to reading that, I should like to know?"

"I found it on one of your shelves, and as I thought I might perhaps be crazy some time or other, I felt as if I should like to know what kind of a condition insanity is. I don't believe they were ever very bright, those insane people, most of them. I hope I am not stupid enough ever to lose my wits."

"There is no telling, my dear, what may happen if you overwork that busy brain of yours. But did n't it make you nervous, reading about so many people possessed with such strange notions?"

"Nervous? Not a bit. I could n't help thinking, though, how many people I had known that had a little touch of craziness about them. Take that poor woman that says she is Her Majesty's Person, — not Her Majesty, but Her Majesty's Person, — a very important distinction, according to her: how she does remind me of more than one girl I have known! She would let her skirts down so as to make a kind of train, and pile things on her head like a sort of crown, fold her arms and throw her head back, and feel as grand as a queen. I have seen more than one girl act very much in that way. Are not most of us a little crazy, doctor, — just a little? I think so. It seems to me I never saw but one girl who was free from every hint of craziness."

"And who was that, pray?"

"Why, Euthymia, — nobody else, of course. She never loses her head, — I don't believe she would in an earthquake. Whenever we were at work with our microscopes at the Institute I always told her that her mind was the only achromatic one I ever looked into, — I did n't say looked through. — But I did n't come to talk about that. I read in one of your books that when Sydenham was asked by a student what books he should read, the great physician said, 'Read Don Quixote.' I want you to explain that to me; and then I want you to tell me what is the first book, according to your idea, that a student ought to read."

"What do you say to my taking your question as the subject of a paper to be read before the Society? I think there may be other young ladies at the meeting, besides yourself, who are thinking of pursuing the study of medicine. At any rate, there are a good many who are interested in the subject; in fact, most people listen readily to anything doctors tell them about their calling."

"I wish you would, doctor. I want Euthymia to hear it, and I don't doubt there will be others who will be glad to hear everything you have to say about it. But oh, doctor, if you could only persuade Euthymia to become a physician! What a doctor she would make! So strong, so calm, so full of wisdom! I believe she could take the wheel of a steamboat in a storm, or the hose of a fire-engine in a conflagration, and handle it as well as the captain of the boat or of the fire-company."

"Have you ever talked with her about studying medicine?"

"Indeed I have. Oh, if she would only begin with me! What good times we would have studying together!"

"I don't doubt it. Medicine is a very pleasant study. But how do you think practice would be? How would you like being called up to ride ten miles in a midnight snow-storm, just when one of your raging headaches was racking you?"

"Oh, but we could go into partnership, and Euthymia is n't afraid of storms or anything else. If she would only study medicine with me!"

"Well, what does she say to it?"

"She does n't like the thought of it. She does n't believe in women doctors. She thinks that now and then a woman may be fitted for it by nature, but she does n't think there are many who are. She gives me a good many reasons against their practising medicine, — you know what most of them are, doctor, — and ends by saying that the same woman who would be a poor sort of doctor would make a first-rate nurse; and that, she thinks, is a woman's business, if her instinct carries her to the hospital or sick-chamber. I can't argue her ideas out of her."

"Neither can I argue you out of your feeling about the matter; but I am disposed to agree with your friend, that you will often spoil a good nurse to make a poor doctor. Doctors and side-saddles don't seem to me to go together. Riding habits would be awkward things for practitioners. But come, we won't have a controversy just now. I am for giving women every chance for a good education, and if they think medicine is one of their proper callings let them try it. I think they will find that they had better at least limit themselves to certain specialties, and always have an expert of the other sex to fall back upon. The trouble is that they are so impressible and imaginative that they are at the mercy of all sorts of fancy systems. You have only to see what kinds of instruction they very commonly flock to in order to guess whether they would be likely to prove sensible practitioners. Charlatanism always hobbles on two crutches, the tattle of women, and the certificates of clergymen, and I am afraid that half the women doctors will be too much under both those influences."

Lurida believed in Dr. Butts, who, to use the common language of the village, had "carried her through" a fever, brought on by over-excitement and exhausting study. She took no offence at his reference to nursery gossip, which she had learned to hold cheap. Nobody so despises the weaknesses of women as the champion of woman's rights. She accepted the doctor's concession of a fair field and open trial of the fitness of her sex for medical practice, and did not trouble herself about his suggested limitations. As to the imaginative tendencies of women, she knew too well the truth of the doctor's remark relating to them to wish to contradict it.

"Be sure you let me have your paper in season for the next meeting, doctor," she said; and in due season it came, and was of course approved for reading.

XIII.

DR. BUTTS READS A PAPER.

"Next to the interest we take in all that relates to our immortal souls is that which we feel for our mortal bodies. I am afraid my very first statement may be open to criticism. The care of the body is the first thought with a great many, — in fact, with the larger part of the world. They send for the physician first, and not until he gives them up do they commonly call in the clergyman. Even the minister himself is not so very different from other people. We must not blame him if he is not always impatient to exchange a world of multiplied interests and ever-changing sources of excitement for that which tradition has delivered to us as one eminently deficient in the stimulus of variety. Besides, these bodily frames, even when worn and disfigured by long years of service, hang about our consciousness like old garments. They are used to us, and we are used to them. And all the accidents of our lives, — the house we dwell in, the living people round us, the landscape we look over, all, up to the sky that covers us like a bell glass, — all these are but looser outside garments which we have worn until they seem a part of us, and we do not like the thought of changing them for a new suit which we have never yet tried on. How well I remember that dear ancient lady, who lived well into the last decade of her century, as she repeated the verse which, if I had but one to choose, I would select from that string of pearls, Gray's Elegy! —

> 'For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
> This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?'

Plotinus was ashamed of his body, we are told. Better so, it may be, than to live solely for it, as so many do. But it may be well doubted if there is any disciple of Plotinus in this Society. On the contrary, there are many who think a great deal of their bodies, many who have come here to regain the health they have lost in the wear and tear of city life, and very few who have not at some time or other of their lives had occasion to call in the services of a physician.

"There is, therefore, no impropriety in my offering to the members some remarks upon the peculiar difficulties which beset the medical practitioner in the discharge of his laborious and important duties.

"A young friend of mine, who has taken an interest in medical studies, happened to meet with a very familiar story about one of the greatest and most celebrated of all English physicians, Thomas Sydenham. The story is that, when a student asked him what books he should read, the great doctor told him to read Don Quixote.

"This piece of advice has been used to throw contempt upon the study of books, and furnishes a convenient shield for ignorant pretenders. But Syden-

ham left many writings in which he has recorded his medical experience, and he surely would not have published them if he had not thought they would be better reading for the medical student than the story of Cervantes. His own works are esteemed to this day, and he certainly could not have supposed that they contained all the wisdom of all the past. No remedy is good, it was said of old, unless applied at the right time in the right way. So we may say of all anecdotes, like this which I have told you about Sydenham and the young man. It is very likely that he carried him to the bedside of some patients, and talked to him about the cases he showed him, instead of putting a Latin volume in his hand. I would as soon begin in that way as any other, with a student who had already mastered the preliminary branches, — who knew enough about the structure and functions of the body in health.

"But if you ask me what reading I would commend to the medical student of a philosophical habit of mind, you may be surprised to hear me say it would be certain passages in 'Rasselas.' They are the ones where the astronomer gives an account to Imlac of his management of the elements, the control of which, as he had persuaded himself, had been committed to him. Let me read you a few sentences from this story, which is commonly bound up with the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' like a woollen lining to a silken mantle, but is full of stately wisdom in processions of paragraphs which sound as if they ought to have a grammatical drum-major to march before their tramping platoons.

"The astronomer has taken Imlac into his confidence, and reveals to him the secret of his wonderful powers: —

"'Hear, Imlac, what thou wilt not without difficulty credit. I have possessed for five years the regulation of the weather and the distribution of the seasons: the sun has listened to my dictates, and passed from tropic to tropic by my direction; the clouds, at my call, have poured their waters, and the Nile has overflowed at my command; I have restrained the rage of the dog-star, and mitigated the fervors of the crab. The winds alone, of all the elemental powers, have hitherto eluded my authority, and multitudes have perished by equinoctial tempests, which I found myself unable to prohibit or restrain.'

"The reader naturally wishes to know how the astronomer, a sincere, devoted, and most benevolent man, for forty years a student of the heavens, came to the strange belief that he possessed these miraculous powers. This is his account: —

"'One day, as I was looking on the fields withering with heat, I felt in my mind a sudden wish that I could send rain on the southern mountains, and raise the Nile to an inundation. In the hurry of my imagination I commanded rain to fall, and by comparing the time of my command with that of the inundation I found that the clouds had listened to my lips.'

"'Might not some other cause,' said I, 'produce this concurrence? The Nile does not always rise on the same day.'

"'Do not believe,' said he, with impatience, 'that such objections could escape me: I reasoned long against my own conviction, and labored against truth with the utmost obstinacy. I sometimes suspected myself of madness, and should not have dared to impart this secret but to a man like you, capable of distinguishing the wonderful from the impossible and the incredible from the false.'

"The good old astronomer gives his parting directions to Imlac, whom he has adopted as his successor in the government of the elements and the seasons, in these impressive words: —

"'Do not, in the administration of the year, indulge thy pride by innovation; do not please thyself with thinking that

thou canst make thyself renowned to all future ages by disordering the seasons. The memory of mischief is no desirable fame. Much less will it become thee to let kindness or interest prevail. Never rob other countries of rain to pour it on thine own. For us the Nile is sufficient.'

"Do you wonder, my friends, why I have chosen these passages, in which the delusions of an insane astronomer are related with all the pomp of the Johnsonian vocabulary, as the first lesson for the young person about to enter on the study of the science and art of healing? Listen to me while I show you the parallel of the story of the astronomer in the history of medicine.

"This history is luminous with intelligence, radiant with benevolence, but all its wisdom and all its virtue have had to struggle with the ever-rising mists of delusion. The agencies which waste and destroy the race of mankind are vast and resistless as the elemental forces of nature; nay, they are themselves elemental forces. They may be to some extent avoided, to some extent diverted from their aim, to some extent resisted. So may the changes of the seasons, from cold that freezes to heats that strike with sudden death, be guarded against. So may the tides be in some small measure restrained in their inroads. So may the storms be breasted by walls they cannot shake from their foundations. But the seasons and the tides and the tempests work their will on the great scale upon whatever stands in their way; they feed or starve the tillers of the soil; they spare or drown the dwellers by the shore; they waft the seaman to his harbor or bury him in the angry billows.

"The art of the physician can do much to remove its subjects from deadly and dangerous influences, and something to control or arrest the effects of these influences. But look at the records of the life-insurance offices, and see how uniform is the action of nature's destroying agencies. Look at the annual reports of the deaths in any of our great cities, and see how their regularity approaches the uniformity of the tides, and their variations keep pace with those of the seasons. The inundations of the Nile are not more certainly to be predicted than the vast wave of infantile disease which flows in upon all our great cities with the growing heats of July, — than the fevers and dysenteries which visit our rural districts in the months of the falling leaf.

"The physician watches these changes as the astronomer watched the rise of the great river. He longs to rescue individuals, to protect communities from the inroads of these destroying agencies. He uses all the means which experience has approved, tries every rational method which ingenuity can suggest. Some fortunate recovery leads him to believe he has hit upon a preventive or a cure for a malady which had resisted all known remedies. His rescued patient sounds his praises, and a wide circle of his patient's friends joins in a chorus of eulogies. Self-love applauds him for his sagacity. Self-interest congratulates him on his having found the road to fortune; the sense of having proved a benefactor of his race smooths the pillow on which he lays his head to dream of the brilliant future opening before him. If a single coincidence may lead a person of sanguine disposition to believe that he has mastered a disease which had baffled all who were before his time, and on which his contemporaries looked in hopeless impotence, what must be the effect of a series of such coincidences even on a mind of calmer temper! Such series of coincidences will happen, and they may well deceive the very elect. Think of Dr. Rush, — you know what a famous man he was, the very head and front of American medical science in his day, — and remember how he spoke about yellow fever, which he thought he had mastered!

"Thus the physician is entangled in the meshes of a wide conspiracy, in which he and his patient and their friends, and Nature herself are involved. What wonder that the history of Medicine should be to so great an extent a record of self-delusion!

"If this seems a dangerous concession to the enemies of the true science and art of healing, I will remind you that it is all implied in the first aphorism of Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine. Do not draw a wrong inference from the frank statement of the difficulties which beset the medical practitioner. Think rather, if truth is so hard of attainment, how precious are the results which the consent of the wisest and most experienced among the healers of men agrees in accepting. Think what folly it is to cast them aside in favor of palpable impositions stolen from the records of forgotten charlatanism, or of fantastic speculations spun from the squinting brains of theorists as wild as the Egyptian astronomer.

"Begin your medical studies, then, by reading the fortieth and the following four chapters of Rasselas. Your first lesson will teach you modesty and caution in the pursuit of the most deceptive of all practical branches of knowledge. Faith will come later, when you learn how much medical science and art have actually achieved for the relief of mankind, and how great are the promises it holds out of still larger triumphs over the enemies of human health and happiness."

After the reading of this paper there was a lively discussion, which we have no room to report here, and the Society adjourned.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE SINGULAR CASE OF JESHURUN BARKER.

If any of my readers, familiar with the medical journals of 1845 or thereabouts, should recall any statements then published concerning this peculiar and interesting case, they may also remember something of the attention it attracted at the time, and the discussion it awakened not only in this country but also in France and Germany. Briefly summarized and stripped of its elaborate wrappings of scientific terms and medical phraseology, the fact stated was of a curious malformation in the case of a boy, then some ten or twelve years of age. There was no outward defect, no physical deformity, but only a peculiar transposition of the mental organs, "by which," to quote the felicitous language of a writer of the day, "that wonderful mirror in the brain, which we call memory, was simply reversed, so that instead of reflecting the past it reflected the future, and the boy, instead of remembering backward like ordinary people, remembered forward."

However, the majority of people must have long since forgotten the circumstance, as would doubtless have happened with my later knowledge of it, acquired from old volumes on file in my father's office, had not more recent events revived it, and given me a week or two of strange experience. Our family consists of my aunt, my aunt's rheumatism, my sister Lizzie, and myself. The rheumatism is certainly entitled to mention as one of the family, since it not only sits at our table and lodges under our roof, but always forms a majority in our family councils. It was the rheumatism which decided that we should spend the summer of 1880 at

Hot Springs. My aunt asked our advice about it one morning at the breakfast-table, calmly prefacing her request with the information that she had decided to go. When an elderly lady with gold spectacles, a rather pronounced nose and chin, and a still more pronounced fortune in her own right asks advice in that way of the younger members of her family, the result can readily be surmised. On the whole, the movement was less objectionable than many decisions of our majority, since, as Lizzie pensively observed, "Even a hot watering-place is not without its attractions." It chanced, too, that I had business in the neighborhood of Little Rock which could be as well transacted at that time as another, and so would enable me to be near my aunt and sister without the enforced leisure which I detested. After securing and settling one's self in desirable quarters for such a sojourn, the next item of interest is, naturally, one's neighbors; and here we congratulated ourselves upon being peculiarly fortunate.

"Guests enough to save us from anything like dullness or monotony, without the tiresomeness and discomfort of a crowd," murmured my aunt complacently, as she surveyed the cool, pleasant dining-hall at our first breakfast.

Near us was a quiet group, which presently attracted attention by its proximity — a middle-aged gentleman with his wife and daughter, apparently. Dress and manner marked them as persons of refinement, a certain easy adaptation to their surroundings hinted of familiarity with travel, and they did not appear to be invalids, though there was an air of watchfulness about them, a scarcely defined repression, that marked them as differing somewhat from mere pleasure-seekers.

"Perhaps they have an invalid son or daughter with them, who is not able to come down to meals," observed Aunt Dill, unconsciously answering this comment, which no one had expressed.

Now and then, in the pauses of our own conversation, sentences from our neighbors floated to us unavoidably. There was a beautiful child wandering up and down the hall, belonging to some one accustomed to the house evidently, and feeling himself on his native heath, for he strayed from one group to another at will, and was petted by all. Presently he stopped, and surveyed with grave baby eyes the party near us.

"What a lovely child!" exclaimed the young lady, coaxing him near with a bonbon.

"Yes, and he resembles — Why — I can't think where I have ever seen him," remarked the gentleman in a tone of perplexity.

"Nowhere, dear; of course you never did," interposed his wife, with what seemed like anxious haste. "None of us have ever seen him until now."

"But he reminds me of some one," persisted the gentleman musingly. "Ah, I remember! It is your little boy, Nellie. He is very like your little boy."

A flush swept over the young lady's face, the dark red flush of annoyance or pain. Her answer was inaudible, but she sent the little one away.

"A young widow, who has lost her child?" suggested Aunt Dill in a low voice to Lizzie, under cover of passing the rolls.

"Too young, and not in mourning," answered Lizzie, in the same tone.

She looked very young, — not over eighteen, — and very pretty and graceful also, as she left the room a little later, passing directly by us. They were our neighbors again at dinner, and in the afternoon I met the gentleman on one of the smooth wide walks — "the beach," some of our friends had christened it — of the grounds. A small velocipedist had just succeeded in upsetting himself, and the gentleman paused to rescue the wailing urchin, when a malicious gust of wind whisked away the rescuer's hat. I captured the

flying property and returned it, to meet not only thanks but a pleasant smile of recognition.

"Dr. Wilkinson, I believe?"

He must have noticed us in the dining-hall, then, though he had not seemed to do so; but how had he learned my my name? I wondered. The M. D. on my office sign was still so uncomfortably fresh that I could scarcely imagine my reputation had preceded me. He read my glance and answered it.

"I met you on the morning train for Little Rock — going up to attend the Cashville trial; I am interested in that too — and we lunched together at Melico's."

That was exactly my plan for the morrow, but it assuredly was what I had not done on this first day of my arrival, nor on any preceding day. There was some mistake, but I had neither time to explain nor ask for explanation. His daughter, who had been detained a moment by a friend, called to him: —

"I am ready, papa!"

It was a sweet, quick voice, holding in it the slightest possible hint of one who did not care to wait, and he yielded to it at once, replying to my somewhat confused statement that he had "the advantage of me," by handing me his card as he turned away. It was only after he had gone that I reflected that the Cashville trial would not begin until the next day, and so I grew more puzzled still. The card was inscribed "Jeshurun Barker," and the name had a familiar look and sound; but I could not link it with any one I had ever known, and so was forced to drop the matter. However, if I had not met him before, I met him frequently afterward. We journeyed to Little Rock together the next morning, lunched at the same place, and found ourselves on the same return train in the evening. Fate had determined, it appeared, that our two parties should be thrown together. We encountered them in the halls, on the piazzas, and on the grounds; and between the ladies there soon sprang up one of the sudden friendships that belong to such places. Lizzie found a strong attraction in Miss Barker.

"And she is *Miss* Barker, — I 've learned that much," announced Aunt Dill complacently, after the first morning together. "Of course I hesitated a little between Mrs. and Miss after what I had heard her father say, but she laughed as if it were the funniest thing in the world that I should 'accord her any such matronly dignity,' as she said. When I told her what I had overheard, though, for I did tell her, she flushed in just that odd way again, and answered quickly: —

"'Oh, no, that was not what papa meant. He — misspeaks sometimes. He was thinking of — of an older daughter of his.'

"That is exactly the way in which she put it — not 'my sister,' you notice, nor 'my little nephew,' as any one would naturally say, but only 'an older daughter of papa's.' They are very pleasant people, but I 'll warrant there is a twist in their family history somewhere, — a daughter who has married disreputably, perhaps."

I longed to remind my aunt of certain maxims concerning the vulgarity of undue interest in other people's affairs which had been lavishly bestowed upon me in the days of my youth. But it is not always safe to return these kindnesses of one's childhood. Our elders, I have observed, are prone to regard their choicest admonitions in the light in which the celebrated Miss McFlimsey viewed her betrothal: —

"A sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Lizzie and I consoled ourselves by ascribing these lapses on Aunt Dill's part to the rheumatism. Aunt Dill was so closely allied to us in family and blood

that we could not shirk responsibility where she was concerned, but the rheumatism was only a relation-in-law, as it were, and could be disapproved of when necessary.

"Mrs. Barker remarked incidentally, to-day, that Nellie was her only child," said Aunt Dill, an evening or two later. "Now, how do you reconcile that with a runaway daughter?"

"Dear me, auntie! That runaway daughter is purely your own invention, and nobody else needs to be reconciled to her," laughed Lizzie. "It is possible that Miss Nellie may have lost a half dozen brothers and sisters, older and younger, and now be an only child, is n't it? Besides, she only spoke of an 'older daughter of papa's,' — which may have meant a half sister or a step sister."

"H'm," responded Aunt Dill disdainfully, but she caught at the last suggestion, unfortunately, and proceeded to test it. To do her justice, she managed the matter with admirable *finesse*, and it was only during an easy after-dinner chat, which had somehow fallen upon the subject of odd marriages and second marriages, that she adroitly seized upon a remark of Mr. Barker's with the playful question: —

"You speak feelingly! Surely you have had no experience in second marriages?"

"I?" It really seemed for a moment as if the gentleman did not know whether he had or not. He drew his hand across his brow and looked toward his wife, who was standing by an opposite window; then his dark eyes softened. "Indeed, no!" he said, with his peculiar smile that always held a tinge of melancholy. "I doubt whether there are two women in the world who are brave enough for that."

His wife caught his glance and joined our group directly. They were a very affectionate family, the Barkers. Their devotion to each other was so intense as to be even a trifle annoying occasionally, for whenever I had engaged the gentleman in a conversation that bade fair to be more than ordinarily interesting, his wife or daughter appeared upon the scene and appropriated him at once. Under ordinary circumstances it must be confessed that Miss Nellie might have proved a very agreeable intrusion, with her pretty, flushing face and winning, graceful ways. But any such attractions were dispelled, for me, by a hand at home, which wore a ring in the same state of untarnished newness as my office sign. Moreover, young Sayles had followed the Barkers to the springs, had been welcomed as an old acquaintance, and seemed successfully bent upon proving himself a very intimate one. His fine physique, to say nothing of his enraptured glances, made it evident that he had not come for any benefit from the springs; and he would not have needed them in any case, as Miss Nellie must have kept him continually in hot water by her inopportune flyings-off after "dear papa."

It was only upon rare occasions that Mr. Barker could be drawn into anything like conversation. Usually, he contented himself with courteous but very brief replies when directly addressed, and for the rest listened smilingly but silently while others talked. It was only reticence, however, not dullness, as one could readily see by watching the expression of his mobile features, and the interest in his deep, peculiar eyes. There were times, too, when his interest overleaped the barriers of restraint, and the views he expressed were striking and original.

Two or three times, when we were together, I had chanced to awaken him upon some medical topic, and was surprised and delighted to hear of discoveries which were new to me, though I considered myself particularly well read. But, as I have said, such conversations were always interrupted by

either his wife or daughter. It was an absurd fancy, of course, but it really seemed at times as if they were jealous of any attention he bestowed upon others. The man puzzled and fascinated me with his quiet, gentle, almost melancholy air, and his strange reserve, which was only a veil for opinions so unique, so startling, and so positive that, when once expressed, they carried with them the force of knowledge. Then, too, his name still perplexed me with its odd familiarity. I was haunted by some flitting ghost of association which I could not materialize.

It was young Sayles who solved the problem for me at last. The number of guests increased as the season advanced, augmented not only by those who were needing to be built up physically, but by some who were seeking to build up financially. The attraction for these was not the mineral water, but a mineral more solid, as represented by Judge Leach, president of the Great Synket Silver Mine, — "the richest mine in Mexico, sir," as the pompous judge was fond of informing the knot of listeners who always hung about him. He had come North on business connected with the mine, it was stated, and the local papers devoted considerable space to the object of his visit, his success and movements generally, calling him "one of our great silver kings." His presence had created no small stir in certain circles at Little Rock and at the Springs, where, for some reason, he preferred to spend a part of his time. There were eager groups constantly about the magnate, discoursing with feverish excitement of stocks, shares, and dividends.

Our comfortable quiet was gone. The very swings on the grounds suggested derricks, and one could "no longer view the forks and spoons on the table without a desire to have them assayed," young Sayles declared in disgust. It was this feeling of being crowded that suggested the idea of a day's respite by a picnic excursion to a neighboring grove. The Barkers and ourselves, feeling that we were a sort of aborigines among these new-comers, were drawn more closely together, and Mr. Sayles had kindly included us in his picnic project.

"Now, if it 's only a pleasant day to-morrow," he said, as we discussed final arrangements. "Miss Nellie, suppose we ask your father what he thinks of the weather? He always seems to prophesy correctly."

Miss Nellie hesitated, colored, and looked appealingly at her mother, as if, for some reason, the simple suggestion were a very embarrassing one. But Mr. Barker was sitting by a window, newspaper in hand, and Mr. Sayles had turned toward him as he spoke.

"Shall we have a fine day for our excursion, do you think, sir? What is the prospect for to-morrow?"

"Excursion?" Mr. Barker repeated the words as if he had not heard of the project before. "Oh, yes, the weather is fine enough to-morrow, and — why, no, we did n't go on any excursion, with Nellie sick in her room with a headache, and the whole plan spoiled because of one inadvertent remark. I really cannot see any sense in it."

Neither could any one else. We all stared at him blankly except Mrs. Barker. There was meaning enough in her quick glance, and her laugh was forced and uneasy.

"My dear, what a mixture of tenses! Your mind must be all on your newspaper. Nobody but yourself has made any inadvertent remark."

Warning, reminder, appeal, were in her eyes and voice, but it is probable that Mr. Barker's mind was still a little abstracted by his reading, for he only looked bewildered and answered hastily: —

"Yes, yes, it was my own, of course; though I can't think just now what it was, nor why Nellie need feel so about

it, since Sayles is one of the family. If a man can't speak before his son-in-law" —

The sudden start and rustle in his audience convinced Mr. Barker that something was wrong. He looked helplessly at his wife, questioningly at the rest of us, and added emphatically, as if his word had been doubted: —

"I assure you, I have given my consent next week."

That picnic council unceremoniously dissolved — dissolved is the proper word. There was a swift little rush of soft draperies and ribbons, and Miss Nellie had vanished through the door and up the stairway, followed by her mother. Aunt Dill and Lizzie were in the back parlor discoursing volubly on the mysteries of afghan-stitch — whatever that may be — and Mr. Sayles was discovered on a side porch, a moment later, his face very red from looking up at a hornet's nest in the roof, and he remarked, with true scientific interest, that it was "curious to watch how those reptiles could be such ingenious little insects, you know."

For myself, I had received a revelation. The Singular Case of Jeshurun Barker, as I had read of it years before, flashed clearly upon my memory, and unraveled at once all the perplexing tangles of the last few days. This was the man, and his peculiar manner, his inexplicable speeches and keen insight were accounted for. To confess that Miss Nellie's mortification, the disappointment of the picnic party, and the general embarrassment were completely forgotten by me in the prospective delight of studying this rare phenomenon is, probably, to accuse myself of selfishness. I can only plead guilty, feeling sure that with any enthusiastic member of the medical profession I shall need no recommendation to mercy.

Of course the matter was soon explained to the others. I told my aunt and sister what I knew, though Lizzie learned far more the next day from Miss Nellie herself, after spending the forenoon in an atmosphere of sympathy and camphor by that young lady's bedside. Miss Nellie had wept herself into a furious headache, and declared between her fits of sobbing that she never could be induced to go down stairs again — never!

"It has always been so ever since I can remember. We never stay anywhere long, no matter how delightful it is. Something always happens, and we have to go away," she said plaintively. "Fancy having a father who, instead of remembering how pretty you looked in your first short dress, should only remember how you will look in your first spectacles or when your front teeth are gone, or some such wretched thing! But the worst of it is n't any discomfort to ourselves, — anything that we can keep to ourselves, I mean, — mamma and I have grown used to that; it is the embarrassments with other people. We have to be always watching and explaining and doing things that are odd, and even then the best that usually comes of it is that people think him slightly insane. Why, do you know, in one place where they found out about his queer memory they ran after us to have their fortunes told. Exactly as if we had been a party of gypsies! Nobody could make them believe that he did n't know anything about their old fortunes. And there was a jury trial once — Oh dear! I could tell you no end of things, but it is n't any use. Of course I don't blame poor dear papa; he can't help it, and he won't remember the least thing that he said to Mr. Sayles last night. But how would you feel to be fairly thrown at a man's head in that horrid way?"

Mr. Sayles, however, when he had recovered from the suddenness of the onslaught, was not only delighted with the missile, but in ecstasies at the accuracy of the aim; so that difficulty was overcome, and Miss Nellie was soon

lured back to her wonted place among us. In our own little circle, as we had come to call our two families (Mr. Sayles included), all concealment of Mr. Barker's peculiarity was now at an end. By a sort of tacit agreement we aided his wife and daughter in shielding him from any encounter that might awaken the curiosity of strangers; but among ourselves there was a dropping of constraint and surveillance that certainly must have been a relief to the good gentleman, even though he remembered nothing of his previous position, nor any causes which had led to a change.

Silence and reserve had become habitual with him, nevertheless it was possible to overcome this barrier occasionally, and as our conversations were no longer watched and interrupted, they became more frequent and even confidential.

"You see how it is," he said somewhat sadly one day. "I live in a different world from yours — a different world from all those about me. It is only joined to theirs by the narrow isthmus of to-day. People who are always wishing they could 'see ahead' do not know what they ask. It is isolation, sir, isolation."

"I suspect no one would wish it at the expense of not being able to see backward," I replied. "But how did you first become aware of this difference between yourself and others?"

He looked at me a moment, and shook his head with a smile.

"If I could answer that question, Dr. Wilkinson, I should not be different from others."

I laughed as I realized the absurdity of the inquiry, yet it was an error into which I was constantly and naturally falling in all our intercourse.

"Your past is a blank, then?" I said.

"No, not a blank. I do not *know* it any more than you know your future, but it holds dreams and probabilities. Your future is not really a blank to you. And from what exists at present I can imagine the past, as you forecast the future."

"But aspirations, plans, and hopes are the chief mediums through which I view the future," I suggested.

"True; and they cannot apply to the past, nor, in any great measure, to a future that is known; for a man does not hope for what he knows. As for plans — I know what I must do to-day by knowing what results from it to-morrow."

"But there is where you must have the advantage of ordinary people," I urged. "If you foresee danger, you can avoid it."

"I don't foresee, I only remember, and a man can't remember what does n't happen, can he?" insisted Mr. Barker. "You could n't avoid breaking your leg last summer by remembering it now, could you? And I can't avoid breaking mine next summer by remembering it now, either. It 's a compound fracture, too," he added, ruefully.

Thinking over his case one night — and I really bestowed more thought upon this curious freak of nature than upon anything else during those few weeks at the springs — there suddenly occurred to me the possibility of superseding Gates Ajar and kindred speculations of the day by something like positive testimony. I questioned Mr. Barker upon the subject.

"How far forward does your knowledge extend? Can you remember into any state beyond this life? — any eternity to which we go?"

"No more than you can remember back into the eternity from which you came. Memory is only memory, I suppose, whichever way it faces. It is a mirror, which simply reflects the room it is in, and mine is hung on the opposite wall from most people's. Your remembrance runs back, growing less and less distinct — at least I judge it must be so — as it reaches your earliest years,

until only isolated facts appear in a vague, shadowy way, and these finally fade into nothingness. Mine runs forward in exactly the same way. Beyond this world I can hope, and, though you may not have appreciated it, Dr. Wilkinson, it is a blessed thing to hope."

After a moment's pause, he added slowly: —

"I cannot say that I really do not know what hope is in regard to anything in this world. One can remember only what one in some way has knowledge of, and, of course, there are many things in the future of my friends and the history of the world of which, as they are not directly linked with my own experience, I am ignorant. Concerning these I can hope. There is a hope, too, connected with this peculiarity of my own. I have a theory that it is due to a very slight displacement — a reversing — of a small portion of the brain, and that by a critical examination of that organ, and a careful, scientifically conducted comparison of it with a brain in its normal condition, the defect might be discovered, and thus the exact seat of memory located. What a gain that would be to science! In my will, which I make in a year or two, I give directions for a post-mortem examination by the most eminent surgeons. Who knows what benefit to the race may grow out of it?"

An intense longing to take part in such an investigation made me for a moment forget that the desired subject for scalpel and microscope was still in my friend's head.

"Y-e-s," I said, rather inanely. "You think it might throw new light upon the relation of mind and matter?"

"Why may it not prove of great practical value?" pursued Mr. Barker earnestly. "In my case the defect — transposition, call it what you will — does not affect other faculties. Will, reason, judgment, are unaltered. Now, may it not be among the possibilities of surgical skill to reproduce this exact condition in other brains?"

"Reverse other people's memories, do you mean?" I inquired, somewhat aghast at the prospect. There might be some comfort, no doubt, in being able to extract an aching memory as one would an aching tooth; but what would be the effect on society if bankers and railroad presidents, for instance, were afforded any new facilities for forgetting that the money in their possession belonged to somebody else, and remembering only the to-morrows in which they expected to appropriate it to their own use?

"In certain cases, yes," replied Mr. Barker. "Just consider what such a possibility might be to a confirmed drunkard or opium-eater! Placed in a hospital where the diseased tissues and fibres — or whatever you medical men call it — might have time to heal, while by a simple operation all memory of old habits, old associates, and any delight of intoxicating orgies was completely obliterated, what cures might not be effected? Then our penitentiaries — how much more safely criminals might be pardoned and released if they left the memory of all past vices behind them with their prison garments. And our reform-schools — sir, the possibilities are limitless. Could there be a greater boon to such youthful and depraved minds than, by a whiff of chloroform and a surgeon's knife, to be forever freed from all the evil associations and vicious knowledge of the past? No, Dr. Wilkinson, I am not without hope. I am cheered by the thought that my life, whatever it misses of happiness, may yet prove a great benefit to the race."

I fully intended that it should prove a great benefit to me. Daily intercourse with a case so interesting and so unique would, I am sure, have appealed to any member of my profession as one of the great opportunities of a lifetime, and I

fondly hoped for disclosures and suggestions which should make the name of John Wilkinson, M. D., not unknown to fame. There arose in our conversation at different times many topics of interest, foreshadowings of future history, which charmed me. I recollect his giving, one day, a thrilling account of his adventure on an electric bicycle — in the summer of 1890, I believe. But to me the most absorbing subject was the discoveries and inventions in medicine and surgery, as they came under his own observation, or as he read of them in newspapers and journals fifteen or twenty years hence. Some of these were indeed wonderful, and though, owing to his lack of a scientific or medical education, Mr. Barker could only describe workings and effects without any accurate knowledge of construction and causes, I hoped, by careful questioning, and a little series of experiments, to gain some valuable and practical information while we were together.

But all such plans were speedily and hopelessly frustrated by a little occurrence in the hotel parlors one evening. Judge Leach was there, surrounded by a crowd as usual, and Mr. Barker, also as usual, sat apart with his newspaper — a yesterday's newspaper; that was his way of reading up. Judge Leach had noticed Mr. Barker, it seemed, and either attracted by something in that quiet gentleman's manner, or piqued by the fact that he never joined the silver-mining circle, the judge suddenly turned and asked his opinion upon the point under discussion.

"Perhaps you are not interested in mining and the different qualities of ore, sir?" said the great man, blandly.

Mr. Barker surveyed him absently, as if he had no recollection of ever having seen him.

"It's Judge Leach, you know. Surely you know Judge Leach?" interposed one of the satellites, in a tone which seemed to say that not to know Judge Leach would be to fail of life's chief object.

"I know him — know of him — yes," answered Mr. Barker, in a slow reflection. "I am trying to think what I read about him — next week. The papers were full of the great Synket-Mine Swindle; the worthlessness of the shares, and the amount of money that had been gobbled up here before any one was wise enough to write on and make inquiries of disinterested parties in Mexico."

"Sir?" thundered Judge Leach, growing very black in the face.

"It was a complete fraud, but the 'judge' was safely off to Europe with the spoils," proceeded Mr. Barker, as calmly as if his remark had no bearing upon any one present.

"Sir! Do you mean to say" — began the judge, advancing threateningly, while an angry murmur, like the breath of a coming storm, ran through the crowd around him.

Mr. Barker might not have been in danger of instant annihilation, but Mrs. Barker thought he was. She started forward with a scream, and then, womanlike, fainted. It was the best possible move under the circumstances, as it dissolved the angry conclave, and created a diversion which enabled the Barkers to retire. They packed their trunks that night, and left the place the next morning before other guests were astir.

"Of course we couldn't stay in any comfort after last night," Miss Nellie said to my sister at their tearful parting.

Whether Mr. Barker's statement precipitated matters, I do not know, but little whispers of distrust concerning the Great Synket began to be circulated almost immediately, growing more distinct and ominous as the days passed. Judge Leach was suddenly and privately summoned away on important business, and failed to return — as did also the investments. There was a great deal of disappointment, chagrin, and wordy

newspaper indignation; but my own burden of regret was for the sudden closing of the mine of knowledge I had hoped to explore.

"I consider Jeshurun Barker one of the greatest marvels of nature," I said.

"And I consider him an awful warning to those people who are forever forgetting past mercies, and borrowing trouble about the future," responded Aunt Dill, severely. "There are people who make themselves so miserably like him in that way that they ought to fear having their memories turned wrong side out to stay."

We have never heard from the Barkers since, except that, two years ago, there came from Italy the wedding-cards of young Sayles and Miss Nellie. Under the peculiar circumstances, I must say that I consider young Sayles a brave man. I have heard more than one irate person wish his parents-in-law "in the middle of next week," but to actually possess one who abides there might be attended with difficulties.

John Wilkinson.

THE TWO ELIZABETHS.

A. D. 1209.

Amidst Thuringia's wooded hills she dwelt,
A high-born princess, servant of the poor,
Sweetening with gracious words the food she dealt
To starving throngs at Wartburg's blazoned door.

A blinded zealot held her soul in chains,
Cramped the sweet nature that he could not kill,
Scarred her fair body with his penance-pains,
And gauged her conscience by his narrow will.

God gave her gifts of beauty and of grace,
With fast and vigil she denied them all;
Unquestioning, with sad, pathetic face,
She followed meekly at her stern guide's call.

So drooped and died her home-blown rose of bliss
In the chill rigor of a discipline
That turned her fond lips from her children's kiss
And made her joy of motherhood a sin.

To their sad level by compassion led,
One with the low and vile herself she made,
While thankless misery mocked the hand that fed,
And laughed to scorn her piteous masquerade.

But still, with patience that outwearied hate,
She gave her all while yet she had to give;
And then her empty hands, importunate,
In prayer she lifted that the poor might live.

Sore pressed by grief, and wrongs more hard to bear,
And dwarfed and stifled by a harsh control,
She kept life fragrant with good deeds and prayer,
And fresh and pure the white flower of her soul.

Death found her busy at her task: one word
Alone she uttered as she paused to die,
"Silence!" — then listened even as one who heard
With song and wing the angels drawing nigh!

Now Fra Angelico's roses fill her hands,
And, on Murillo's canvas, Want and Pain
Kneel at her feet. Her marble image stands
Worshipped and crowned in Marburg's holy fane.

Yea, wheresoe'er her Church its cross uprears,
Wide as the world her story still is told;
In manhood's reverence, woman's prayers and tears,
She lives again whose grave is centuries old.

And still, despite the weakness or the blame
Of blind submission to the blind, she hath
A tender place in hearts of every name,
And more than Rome owns Saint Elizabeth!

A. D. 1780.

Slow ages passed: and lo! another came,
An English matron, in whose simple faith
Nor priestly rule nor ritual had claim,
A plain, uncanonized Elizabeth.

No sackcloth robe, nor ashen-sprinkled hair,
Nor wasting fast, nor scourge, nor vigil long
Marred her calm presence. God had made her fair,
And she could do His goodly work no wrong.

Their yoke is easy and their burden light
Whose sole confessor is the Christ of God;
Her quiet trust and faith transcending sight
Smoothed to her feet the difficult paths she trod.

And there she walked, as duty bade her go,
Safe and unsullied as a cloistered nun,
Shamed with her plainness Fashion's gaudy show,
And overcame the world she did not shun.

In Earlham's bowers, in Plashet's liberal hall,
In the great city's restless crowd and din,
Her ear was open to the Master's call,
And knew the summons of His voice within.

Tender as mother, beautiful as wife,
Amidst the throngs of prisoned crime she stood,
In modest raiment faultless as her life,
The type of England's worthiest womanhood!

To melt the hearts that harshness turned to stone
The sweet persuasion of her lips sufficed,
And guilt, which only hate and fear had known,
Saw in her own the pitying love of Christ.

So wheresoe'er the guiding Spirit went
She followed, finding every prison cell
It opened for her sacred as a tent
Pitched by Gennesaret or by Jacob's well.

And Pride and Fashion felt her strong appeal,
And priest and ruler marvelled as they saw
How hand in hand went wisdom with her zeal,
And woman's pity kept the bounds of law.

She rests in God's peace; but her memory stirs
The air of earth as with an angel's wings,
And warms and moves the hearts of men like hers,
The sainted daughter of Hungarian kings!

United now, the Briton and the Hun,
Each, in her own time, faithful unto death,
Live sister souls! in name and spirit one,
Thuringia's saint and our Elizabeth!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

CHILDHOOD IN MEDIÆVAL ART.

The power of Christianity lies in its prophecy of universality, and the most significant note of this power is in its comprehension of the poor and the weak, not merely as the objects of a benediction proceeding from some external society, but as themselves constituent members of that society, sharing in all its rights and fulfilling its functions. When the last great prophet of Israel and forerunner of Judaic Christianity sent to inquire what evidence Jesus of Nazareth could give that he was the Christ, the answer which came back had the conclusive words, "To the poor the gospel is preached." The same Jesus, when he would give his immediate followers the completest type of the kingdom which was to prevail throughout the world, took a child, and set him in the midst of them. There is no hardly gained position in the development of human society which may not find its genetic idea in some word or act of the Son of Man, and the proem to the great song of an expectant democracy is in the brief hour of the first Christian society, which held all things in common.

The sketch of a regenerated human society, contained in the New Testament, has been long in filling out, and the day which the first generation of Christians thought so near at hand has thus far had only a succession of proleptic appearances; but from the first the note of the power of Christianity, which lies in the recognition of poverty and weakness, has never been wanting, and has been most loudly struck in the great epochs of Christian revival. In the struggle after purity of associated life, which had its witness in the orders of the church, poverty was accepted as a necessary condition, and the constructive genius of the human mind, dealing with the realities of Christian faith, rose to its highest point in presenting, not the maturity, but the infancy of Jesus Christ. Each age offers its contribution to the perfection of the Christian ideal, and while, in the centuries lying on either side of the Renaissance, the church as an ecclesiastical system was enforcing the dogma of mediatorial sacrifice as something outside of humanity, the spirit of God, in the person of great painters, was drawing the thoughts of men to the redemption of the world, which lies in the most sacred of human relations. The great efflorescence of art, which we recognize as the gift of these centuries, has left as its most distinctive memorial the type of Christianity expressed in the Madonna.

I.

In the Holy Family the child is the essential figure. In the earliest examples of the mother and child, both Mary and Jesus are conceived as symbols of religious faith, and the attitude of the child is unchildlike, being that of a dispenser of blessings with uplifted hand. The group is not distinctly of the mother and child, but of the Virgin and the Saviour, the Saviour being represented as a child in order to indicate the ground of the adoration paid to the Virgin. They stand before one as possessed of coördinate dignity. It is a curious and suggestive fact that the Byzantine type of the Madonna, which rarely departed much from this symbolic treatment, has continued to be the preference of those whose conceptions of the religious life are most closely identified with a remote sacramentarianism. The Italian lemonade-seller has a Byzantine Madonna in his booth; the Belgian churches abound in so-called sacred pictures; the Russian merchant salutes an icon of the same type; and the ritualistic enthusiast of the Anglican revival modifies his æsthetic views by his religious sympathy, and stops short in his admiration with Cimabue and Giotto.

In the development of the Madonna from its first form as a rigid symbol to its latest as a realistic representation of motherhood, we are aware of a change in the minds of the people who worship before the altars where the pictures are placed, and in the minds of the painters who produce the almost endless variations on this theme. The worshiper, dispossessed of a belief in the fatherhood of God, came to take refuge in the motherhood of Mary. Formally taught the wrath of God, he found in the familiar relation of mother and child the most complete type vouchsafed to him of that love which the church by many informal ways bade him believe lay somewhere in the divine life.

Be this as it may, the treatment of the subject in a domestic and historical form followed the treatment in a religious and ecclesiological mode. In the earlier representations of the Madonna there was a twofold thought exhibited. The mother was the queen of heaven, and she derived her dignity from the child on her knee. Hence she is sometimes shown adoring the child, and the child looks up into the mother's face with his finger on his lip, expressive of

the utterance, I am the Word. This adoration of the child by the mother was, however, but a transient phase: the increasing worship paid to the Virgin forbade that she should be so subordinated; and in the gradual expansion of the theme, by which saints and martyrs and angels were grouped in attendant ministry, more and more importance was attached to the person of the Virgin. The child looks up in wonder and affectionate admiration. He caresses her, and offers her a child's love mingled with a divine being's calm self-content.

For throughout the whole period of the religious presentation of the Madonna, even when the Madonna herself is conspicuously the occasion of the picture, we may observe the influence of the child, — an influence sometimes subtle, sometimes open and manifest. It is not enough to say that this child is Jesus, as it is not enough to say that the mother is the Virgin Mary. The divine child is the sign of an ever-present childhood in humanity; the divine mother the sign of a love which the religion of Christianity never wholly forgot. The common imagination was perpetually seeking to relieve Mary and Jesus of all attributes which interfered with the central and inhering relation of mother and child: through this type of love the mind apprehended the gospel of Christianity as in no other way.

Indeed, this apotheosis of childhood and maternity is at the core of the religion of hope which was inclosed in the husk of mediæval Christianity, and it was made the theme of many variations. Before it had ceased to be a symbol of worship, it was offering a nucleus for the expression of a more varied human hope and interest. The Holy Family in the hands of painters and sculptors, and the humbler class of designers which sprang into notice with the introduction of printing and engraving, becomes more and more emblematic of a pure and happy domestic group. Joseph is more frequently introduced, and John Baptist appears as a playmate of the child Jesus; sometimes they are seen walking in companionship. Certain incidents in later life are symbolically prefigured in the realistic treatment of homely scenes, as in the Madonna by Giulio Romano, where the child stands in a basin, while the young S. John pours water upon him, Mary washes him, S. Elizabeth stands by holding a towel, and S. Joseph watches the scene, — an evident prefigurement of the baptism in the Jordan. Or again, Mary, seated, holds the infant Christ between her knees; Elizabeth leans over the back of the chair; Joseph rests on his staff behind the Virgin; the little S. John and an angel present grapes, while four other angels are gathering and bringing them. By such a scene Ippolito Andreasi would remind people that Jesus is the true vine.

II.

The recognition of childhood as the heart of the family is discoverable even more emphatically in the art of the northern people, among whom domestic life always had greater respect. It may seem a trivial reason, but I suspect nature holds the family more closely together in cold countries, which compel much indoor and fireside life, than in lands which tempt to vagrancy. At any rate, the fact remains that the Germanic peoples have been home-cultivating. It did not need the Roman Tacitus to find this out, but his testimony helps us to believe that the disposition was a radical one, which Christianity reinforced rather than implanted. Lord Lindsay makes the pregnant observation, "Our Saviour's benediction of the little children as a subject [is] from first to last Teutonic, — I scarcely recollect a single Italian instance of it;"[1]

[1] Sketches of the History of Christian Art, iii. 270.

and in the revival of religious art, at which Overbeck and Cornelius assisted, this and similar subjects, by their frequency, mark a differentiation from art south of the Alps, whose traditions, nevertheless, the German school was consciously following.

Although of a period subsequent to the Renaissance, an excellent illustration of the religious representation of the childhood of Jesus in northern art is contained in a series of twelve prints executed in the Netherlands, and described in detail by Mrs. Jameson.[1] The series is entitled The Infancy of our Lord God and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the title-page is surrounded by a border composed of musical instruments, spinning-wheels, distaffs, and other implements of female industry, intermixed with all kinds of masons' and carpenters' tools. In the first of the prints, the figure of Christ is seen in a glory, surrounded by cherubim. In the second, the Virgin is seated on the hill of Sion; the infant in her lap, with outspread arms, looks up to a choir of angels, and is singing with them. In the third, Jesus slumbering in his cradle is rocked by two angels, while Mary sits by, engaged in needlework. The fourth shows the interior of a carpenter's shop: Joseph is plying his work, while Joachim stands near him; the Virgin is measuring linen, and S. Anna looks on; two angels are at play with the infant Christ, who is blowing soap-bubbles. In the fifth picture, Mary prepares the family meal, while Joseph is in the background chopping wood; more in front, Jesus sweeps together the chips, and two angels gather them. In the sixth, Mary is seen reeling off a skein of thread; Joseph is squaring a plank; Jesus is picking up chips, again assisted by two angels. The seventh shows Mary seated at her spinning-wheel; Joseph, aided by Jesus, is sawing through a large beam, the two angels standing by. The eighth is somewhat similar: Mary holds her distaff, while Joseph saws a beam on which Jesus stands, and the two angels help in the work. In the ninth print, Joseph is busy building the frame-work of a house, assisted by one of the angels; Jesus is boring with a large gimlet, the other angel helping him; and Mary winds thread. In the next, Joseph is at work roofing the house; Jesus, in company with the angels, carries a beam up the ladder; while below, in front, Mary is carding wool or flax. The eleventh transfers the work, with an apparent adaptation to Holland, to the building of a boat, where Joseph is helped by Jesus, who holds a hammer and chisel, still attended by the angels; the Virgin is knitting a stocking, and the newly built house is seen in the background. In the last of the series, Joseph is erecting a fence round a garden; Jesus, with the help of the angels, is fastening the palings together; while Mary is weaving garlands of roses.

[1] Legends of the Madonna, Part III.

Here is a reproduction of the childhood of the Saviour in the terms of a homely Netherland family life, the naturalistic treatment diversified by the use of angelic machinery. The prints were a part of the apparatus used by the priests in educating the people. However such instruction may have fallen short of the highest truths of Christianity, its recognition of the simple duties of life and its enforcement of these by the example of the Son of Man make us slow to regard such interposition of the church as remote from the spirit of Christ. If, as is quite possible, these prints were employed by the Jesuits, then their significance becomes doubly noticeable. In that vigorous attempt by Loyola and his order to maintain an organic Christian unity against the apparent disruption of Christianity, such a mode as this would find a place as serving to emphasize that connection between the church and the family which the Jesuits instinctively felt to

be essential to the supremacy of the former.

III.

Whatever light the treatment of the Madonna subject may throw upon the ages in which it is uppermost in men's thoughts, the common judgment is sound which looks for the most significance in the works of Raphael. Even those who turn severely away from him, and seek for purer art in his predecessors, must needs use his name as one of epochal consequence. So many forces of the age meet in Raphael, who was peculiarly open to influences, that no other painter can so well be chosen as an exponent of the idea of the time; and as one passes in review the successive Madonnas, one may not only detect the influence of Perugino, of Leonardo, of Michelangelo, and other masters, but may see the ripening of a mind, upon which fell the spirit of the age, busy with other things than painting.

Of the early Madonnas of Raphael, it is noticeable how many present the Virgin engaged in reading a book, while the child is occupied in other ways, sometimes even seeking to interrupt the mother and disengage her attention. Thus in one in the Berlin museum, which is formal, though unaffected, Mary reads a book, while the child plays with a goldfinch; in the Madonna in the Casa Connestabile, at Perugia, the child plays with the leaves of the book; in the Madonna del Cardellino, the little S. John presents a goldfinch to Jesus, and the mother looks away from her book to observe the children; in that at Berlin, which is from the Casa Colonna, the child is held on the mother's knee in a somewhat struggling attitude, and has his left hand upon the top of her dress, near her neck, his right upon her shoulder, while the mother, with a look of maternal tenderness, holds the book aside. In the middle period of Raphael's work this motive appears once at least in the St. Petersburg Madonna, which is a quiet landscape-scene, where the child is in the Madonna's lap: she holds a book, which she has just been reading; the little S. John kneels before his divine companion with infantine grace, and offers him a cross, which he receives with a look of tender love; the Madonna's eyes are directed to the prophetic play of the children with a deep, earnest expression.

The use of the book is presumably to denote the Madonna's piety; and in the earlier pictures she is not only the object of adoration to the worshiper, who sees her in her earthly form, yet endowed with sinless grace, but the object also of interest to the child, who sees in her the mother. This reciprocal relation of mother and child is sometimes expressed with great force, as in the Madonna della Casa Tempi, in the Pinacothek at Munich, where the Virgin, who is standing, tenderly presses the child's head against her face, while he appears to whisper words of endearment. In these and other of the earlier Madonnas of Raphael, there is an enthusiasm and a dreamy sentiment which seems to seek expression chiefly through the representation of holy womanhood, the child being a part of the interpretation of the mother. The mystic solemnity of the subject is relieved by a lightness of touch, which was the irrepressible assertion of a strong human feeling.

Later, in what is called his middle period, a cheerfulness and happy contemplation of life pervade Raphael's work, as in the Bridgewater Madonna, where the child, stretched in the mother's lap, looks up with a graceful and lively action, and fixes his eyes upon her in deep thought, while she looks back with maternal, reverent joy. The Madonna of the Chair illustrates the same general sentiment, where the mother appears as a beautiful and blooming woman, looking out of the picture in the tranquil

enjoyment of motherly love; the child, full and strong in form, leans upon her bosom in a child's careless attitude, the picture of trust and content.

The works of Raphael's third period, and those executed by his pupils in a spirit and with a touch which leave them sometimes hardly distinguishable from the master's, show a profounder penetration of life, and at the same time a firmer, more reasonable apprehension of the divinity which lies inclosed in the subject. Mary is now something more than a young man's dream of virginal purity and maternal tenderness, — she is also the blessed among women; the infant Christ is not only the innocent, playful child, but the prophetic soul, conscious of his divinity and his destiny. These characteristics pervade both the treatment which regards them as historic personages and that which invests them with adorable attributes as having their throne in heaven. The Holy Family is interpreted in a large, serious, and dignified manner, and in the exalted, worshiped Madonna there is a like vision of things eternal seen through the human form.

To illustrate this an example may be taken of each class. The Madonna del Passegio, in the Bridgewater gallery, is a well-known composition, which represents the Madonna and child walking through a field; Joseph is in advance, and has turned to look for the others. They have been stopped by the infant S. John Baptist, clad in a rough skin, who presses eagerly forward to kiss Jesus. The mother places a restraining hand upon the shoulders of S. John, and half withdraws the child Jesus from his embrace. A classic grace marks Jesus, who looks steadfastly into the eyes of the impassioned John. The three figures in the principal group are conceived in a noble manner: S. John, prophesying in his face the discovery of the Lamb of God; Mary, looking down with a sweet gravity which marks the holy children, and would separate Jesus as something more than human from too close fellowship with John; Jesus himself, a picture of glorious childhood, with a far-reaching look in his eye, as he gently thrusts back the mother with one hand, and with the other lays hold of the cross which John bears.

On the other hand, an example of the treatment of the adorable Madonna is that of San Sisto, in the Dresden gallery. It is not necessary to dwell on the details of a picture which rises at once to every one's mind. The circumstance of innumerable angels' heads, of the attendant S. Sixtus and S. Barbara, the sweep of cloud and drapery, the suggestion of depths below and of heights above, of heaven itself listening at the Madonna's feet, — all these translate the mother and babe with ineffable sweetness and dignity into a heavenly place, and make them the centre of the spiritual universe. Yet in all this Raphael has rested his art in no elaborate use of celestial machinery. He has taken the simple, elemental relation, and invested it with its eternal properties. He gives not a supernatural and transcendent mother and child, but a glorified humanity. Therefore it is that this picture, and with it the other great Madonnas of Raphael, may be taken entirely away from altar and sanctuary, and placed in the shrine of the household. The universality of the appeal is seen in the unhesitating adoption of the Sistine Madonna as an expression of religious art by those who are even antagonistic to the church which called it forth.

IV.

The concentration of Raphael's genius to so large an extent upon the subject of the Madonna was not a mere accident of the time, nor, when classic forms were renewing their power, was it a solecism. The spirit of the Renaissance

entered profoundly into Raphael's work, and determined powerfully the direction which it took. When he was engaged upon purely classic themes, it is interesting to see how frequently he turned to the forms of children. His decorative work is rich with the suggestion which they bring. One may observe the graceful figures issuing from the midst of flower and leaf; above all, one may note how repeatedly he presents the myth of Amor, and recurs to the Amorini, types of childhood under a purely naturalistic conception.

The child Jesus and the child Amor appear side by side in the creations of Raphael's genius. In the great Renaissance, of which he was so consummate an exponent, the ancient classic world and the Christian met in these two types of childhood: the one a childhood of the air, unmixed with good or evil; the other a childhood of heaven and earth, proleptic of earthly conflict, proleptic also of heavenly triumph. The coincidence is not of chance. The new world into which men were looking was not, as some thought, to be in the submersion of Christianity and a return to Paganism, nor, as others, in a stern asceticism, which should render Christianity an exclusive church, standing aloof from the world as from a thing wholly evil. There was to be room for truth and love to dwell together, and the symbol of this union was the child. Raphael's Christ child drew into its features a classic loveliness; his Amor took on a Christ-like purity and truthfulness.

Leslie, in his Handbook for Young Painters, makes a very sensible reflection upon Raphael's children, as distinguished from the unchildlike children of Francia, for example. "A fault of many painters," he says, "in their representations of childhood is, that they make it taking an interest in what can only concern more advanced periods of life. But Raphael's children, unless the subject requires it should be otherwise, are as we see them generally in nature, wholly unconcerned with the incidents that occupy the attention of their elders. Thus the boy, in the cartoon of the Beautiful Gate, pulls the girdle of his grandfather, who is entirely absorbed in what S. Peter is saying to the cripple. The child, impatient of delay, wants the old man to move on. In the Sacrifice at Lystra, also, the two beautiful boys placed at the altar, to officiate at the ceremony, are too young to comprehend the meaning of what is going on about them. One is engrossed with the pipes on which he is playing, and the attention of the other is attracted by a ram brought for sacrifice. The quiet simplicity of these sweet children has an indescribably charming effect in this picture, where every other figure is under the influence of an excitement they alone do not partake in. Children, in the works of inferior painters, are often nothing else than little actors; but what I have noticed of Raphael's children is true, in many instances, of the children in the pictures of Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Hogarth, and other great painters, who, like Raphael, looked to nature for their incidents."

There was one artist of this time who looked to nature not merely for the incidents of childhood, but for the soul of childhood itself. It is impossible to regard the work of Luca della Robbia, especially in that ware which receives his name, without perceiving that here was a man who saw children and rejoiced in their young lives with a simple, ingenuous delight. The very spirit which led this artist to seek for expression in homely forms of material, to domesticate art, as it were, was one which would make him quick to seize upon, not the incidents alone, but the graces, of childhood. Nor is it straining a point to say that the purity of his color was one with the purity of this sympathy with childhood. The Renaissance as a witness to a new occupation

of the world by humanity finds its finest expression in the hope which springs in the lovely figures of Luca della Robbia.

It is significant of this Renaissance — it is significant, I think we shall find, of every great new birth in the world — that it turns its face toward childhood, and looks into that image for the profoundest realization of its hopes and dreams. In the attitude of men toward childhood we may discover the near or far realization of that supreme hope and confidence with which the great head of the human family saw, in the vision of a child, the new heaven and the new earth. It was when his disciples were reasoning among themselves which of them should be the greatest that Jesus took a child, and set him by him, and said unto them, "Whosoever shall receive this child in my name receiveth me." The reception of the Christ by men, from that day to this, has been marked by successive throes of humanity, and in each great movement there has been a new apprehension of childhood, a new recognition of the meaning involved in the pregnant words of the Saviour. Such a recognition lies in the children of Raphael and of Luca della Robbia. There may have been no express intimation on their part of the connection between their works and the great prophecy, but it is often for later generations to read more clearly the presence of a thought by means of light thrown back upon it. The course of Christianity since the Renaissance supplies such a light.

Horace E. Scudder.

THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

XIII.

THERE came a change in the weather. A vagueness fell upon the landscape. The farthest mountains receded into invisibility, and the horizon was marked by an outline of summits hitherto familiar in the middle distance. The sunshine was languid, slumberous. A haze clothed the air in a splendid visible garb of translucent, gold-tinted folds, and trailing across the dim blue of the ranges invested them with many a dreamy illusion. Athwart the sky were long sweeps of fibrous white clouds presaging rain. Since dawn they were thickening; silent in the intense stillness of the noontide, they gathered and overspread the heavens and quenched the sun, and bereaved the vapors hanging in the ravines of all the poetic glamours of reflection. A raincrow was huskily cawing on the trough by the roadside where he had perched. Dorinda heard the guttural note, and went out to gather up the fruit spread to dry on boards that were stretched from stone to stone. Dark clouds were rolling up from the west. She paused to see them submerge Chilhowee, its outline stark and hard beneath their turbulent whirl; toward the south their heavy folds broke into sudden commotion, and they were torn into fringes as the rain began to fall. The mist followed and isolated the Great Smoky from all the rest of the world.

And now the little house was as lonely as the ark on Ararat. The mists possessed the universe. They filled the forests and lay upon the corn and hid the "gyarden-spot," and came skulking about the porch, peering through the vines in a ghostly fashion. Presently they sifted through, and whenever the door was opened it showed them lurking there as if wistfully waiting or with some half humanized curiosity. Night stole on, and the ruddy flare of the fire

had heightened suggestions of good cheer and comfort, because of these waifs of the rain and the air shivering in chilly guise about the door. The men came to supper and all went again, except Pete. He was ailing, he declared, and betook himself to bed betimes. The house grew quiet. The grandmother nodded over her knitting, with a limp falling of the lower jaw, occasional spasmodic gestures, and an absorbed, unfamiliar expression of countenance. Dorinda in her low chair sat in the glow of the fire. As it rose and fell it cast a warm light or a dreamy shadow on her delicately rounded cheek and her shining eyes. One disheveled tress of her dense black hair fell over the red kerchief twisted around her neck. Her blue homespun dress lay in lusterless folds about her. The shadowy and rude interior of the room — the dark brown of the logs of the wall and the intervening yellow clay daubing; the great clumsy warping-bars; the pendent peltry and pop-corn and strings of red pepper swaying from the rafters; the puncheon floor gilded by the firelight; the deep yawning chimney with its heaps of ashes and its pulsating coals — all formed in the rich colors and soft blending of detail an harmonious setting for her vivid, definite face, as she settled herself to work at her evening "stent." Her reel was before her; the spokes, worn smooth and dark and glossy by age and use, reflected with polished lustre the glimmer of the fire. She had a broche in her hand, just taken from the spindle. For the lack of the more modern broche-holder she thrust a stick through the tunnel of the shuck on which the yarn was wound, placing the end of it, to hold it steady, in her low shoe; catching the thread between her deft fingers she threw it with a fine free gesture across the periphery of the reel. And then the whirling spokes were only a rayonnant suggestion, so swiftly they sped round and round in the light of the fire, and a musical low whir broke forth. Now and then the reel ticked and told off another cut, and she would bend forward to tie the thread with a practiced, dextrous hand.

The downpour of the rain had a dreary, melancholy persistence, beating upon the roof and splashing from the eaves into the puddles beneath. At intervals a drop fell down the wide chimney and hissed upon the coals.

Suddenly there was another splash, differing in its abrupt energy; a foot had slipped outside and groping hands were laid upon the wall. Dorinda sprang up with a white face and tense muscles. The old woman was suddenly bolt upright in her corner, although not recognizing the sound.

"Hurry 'long, D'rindy," she said peremptorily, "you-uns ain't goin' ter reel a hank ef ye don't mosey. What ails the gal?" she broke off, her attention attracted to her granddaughter's changed expression.

"Thar 's suthin' out o' doors," said Dorinda, in a tremulous whisper. "I hearn 'em step whenst ye war asleep."

"I ain't batted my eye this night," said her grandmother, with the force of conviction. "I ain't slep' a wink. An' ye never hearn nuthin'."

There was a bolder demonstration outside; a foot-fall sounded on the porch and a hand tried the latch.

"Massy on us! Raiders!" shrieked the old woman, rising precipitately, her knitting falling from her lap, the ball of yarn rolling away and the kitten springing after it.

Dorinda ran to the door — perhaps to put up the bar. But with sudden courage she lifted the latch. Outside were the ghostly vapors, white and visible in the light from within. She peered out doubtfully for a moment. A sudden rush of color surged into her face; she made a feint of closing the door and ran back to her work, looking over her

shoulder with radiant eyes; she caught up the broche, sticking it deftly in her shoe, seated herself in her low chair, and with her light free gesture led the thread across the reel.

"Massy on us!" shrilled the old woman aghast. "D'rindy, shet the door! Be ye a-lettin' the lawless ones in on us! raiders an' sech, scoutin' 'roun' in the forg — an' nobody hyar but Pete, ez could n't be waked up right handy with nuthin' more wholesome 'n a bullet — a" —

There was a man's figure in the doorway — a slow, hesitating figure, and Rick Tyler, his face grave and dubious, embarrassed by the complicated effort to look at Dorinda and yet seem to ignore her, trod heavily in, and with a soft and circumspect manner closed the door.

"I kem over hyar, Mis' Cayce," he remarked, "ez I 'lowed mebbe the boys war at the still an' ye felt lonesome, bein' ez it war rainin' right smart, an' " — he hesitated.

"Howdy, Rick — howdy!" she exclaimed, cordially. He had the benefit of her relief in finding the visitor not a raider. "Jes' sot yer bones down hyar by the fire. Airish out o' doors, ain't it? I 'm powerful glad ter see ye. D'rindy ain't much company when she air busy, an' the weavin' ain't done yit."

"I 'lowed ez I mought resk comin' up hyar wunst in a while now," he said, with a covert glance at Dorinda. "I ain't keerin' much fur the new sher'ff, kase he air a town man, an' don't know me; an' the new constable, he 'lowed over yander ter the store ez he war a off'cer o' the law, an' not a shootin' mark fur folks ez war minded ter hide out; an' Gid Fletcher hev been told ez he 'd hev others ter deal with ef he ondertook ter fool along arrestin' me agin. So I hev got no call ter stay ez close in the bresh ez I hev been, though I ain't a-goin' ter furgit these hyar consarns, nuther."

He glanced down at the glimmer of steel in his belt, where Dorinda recognized her father's pistols.

"Bes' be on the safe side," said the old woman approvingly, her nimble needles quivering in the light. "But law! I useter know a man over yander on Chilhowee Mounting, whar I lived afore I war merried, an' he hed killed fower men, — though I b'lieve one o' 'em war a Injun, — an' he hed no call ter aggervate hisse'f with sher'ffs, nor shootin'-irons, nuther. He walked 'round ez favored an' free ez my old tur-r-key gobbler. Though some said he hed bad dreams. But ez he war a hearty feeder they mought hev kem from the stummick stiddier the heart."

The young man listened with a doubtful mien. He was thrown back at his ease in the splint-bottomed chair. One stalwart leg, the boot reaching over his trowsers to the knee, was stretched out to the fire; from the damp sole the steam was starting in the warm air. On his other knee one of the shooting irons in question rested; he held it lightly with one hand. The other hand was thrust into the belt that girded his brown jeans coat. His tawny yellow hair, the ends of a deeper tint, being wet hung to his coat collar. His hat, from the broad brim of which rain-drops were still trickling, was deposited beneath the chair, and the kitten was investigating it with a dainty, scornful white mitten. He bore the marks of his trials in his sharpened features; his face took on readily a lowering expression, and a touch of anger kindled the smouldering fire in his brown eyes.

"But I hev killed no man," he said, with emphasis. "I hev hurt nobody. Ef I hed, 't would n't be no more 'n I oughter do ter g'long with the sher'ff an' leave it ter men. But I ain't done no harm. An' I don't want ter stay in jail, an' be tried, an' kem ter jedgmint, an' sech, an' mebbe hev them buzzardy lawyers fix suthin' on me ennyways."

All through this speech the old woman tried to interrupt.

"Laws-a-massy, Rick," she said at length, "ye hev got mighty tetchy sence ye hev been hid out. I ain't sayin' nuthin' agin you-uns, ez I knows on — nor agin that man that lived on Chilhowee Mounting, nuther. I can't sot myself ter jedge o' him. He war a perfessin' member, an' he hed a powerful gift in 'quirin'; useter raise the chune reg'lar at all the meetin's ez fur back ez I kin remember."

Her interest in the visit was impaired in some degree by this collision; she would have rejoiced to express her mental estimate of Rick as the "headin'-est critter in the kentry," but her hospitable instincts constrained her, and she nobly swallowed her vexation. His presence, however, "hectored her," and she seized an excuse to absent herself presently, saying that she had to get her clean plaid coat to mend, "bein' ez when it last hung on the clothes-line that thar fresky young hound named Bose stood on his hind legs ter gnaw it, an' actially chawed a piece out'n it, an' I hev ter put a wedge in it afore I kin wear it."

She creaked away into the next room, and as the door shut he turned his eyes for the first time on Dorinda. The firelight played on the reel, whirling in a lustrous circle before her, on the broche stuck in the rough little shoe, on her arm, uplifted in a graceful curve as she held the thread. Her brilliant eyes were grave and intent; her dense black hair and her dark blue dress heightened the fairness of her face, and the crimson kerchief about her throat was hardly more vivid than the flush on her cheeks.

The knowledge that her embarrassment was greater than his own made him bolder. They sat, however, some time in silence. Then, his heart waxing soft in the coveted domestic atmosphere and the contemplation of the picture before him, he said, gently,—

"They air all agin me, D'rindy."

She forgot herself instantly. She looked full at him with soft melancholy deprecation.

"They don't hender ye none," she said.

"You-uns don't sot no store by me nuther, these days, D'rindy," he went on, with a thrill of elation in his heart belying the doubt and despair in his speech.

The reel ticked and told off another cut. She leaned forward to tie the thread. She could not lift her eyelids now; still he saw the vivid sapphire iris, half eclipsed by the long black lash.

He patted the pistol on his knee.

"Would ye be afeard, D'rindy, ter marry a man ez would hev ter keep his life, and yourn, mebbe, with this pistol? Would ye be afeard ter live in his house along o' him, a hunted critter, — an' set an' sing in his door, when the muzzle of a rifle or the sher'ff's revolver mought peek through the rails of the fence? Would ye be afeard?"

He put the weapon slowly into his belt. "Would ye be afeard?" he reiterated.

The reel stopped. She turned her eyes, dilated with a splendid boldness, full upon him. How they flouted fear!

Such audacity of courage seemed to him gallant in a man; in a woman, expressing faith in his valiance, it was enchanting. He lost his slow decorum. He caught the hand that held the thread. She could not withdraw it from that strong ecstatic clutch, and as she started, protesting, to her feet, he rose too, overturning the reel; and the kitten made merry confusion in the methodical cuts.

"D'rindy," he exclaimed, catching her in his arms, "thar ain't no need ter be afeared! Word kem up the mounting — I got it from Steve Byers — ez when Abednego Tynes war tried he plead guilty, an' axed ter go on the

stand an' make a statement. An' he told the truth at last — at last! An' he war sentenced, an' the case war nolle prosequied agin me! An' ye war n't afeard! Ye would hev married me an' resked it. Ye war n't afeard!"

She was tall, and her agitated upturned face was close to his shoulder. He knew it was simply unpardonable, according to the rigid decorums of their code of manners, but the impetuosity of his joy overbore him, and he bent down and kissed her lips.

Dorinda's courage! — it was gone. She looked so frightened and amazed that he relaxed his clasp. "Ye know, D'rindy," he said apologetically, "I 'm fairly out'n my head with joy."

She stood trembling, her hand pressed to her beating heart, her head whirling. And then, he never forgot it, of her own accord she laid her other hand on his breast. "I always believed ye war *good, good, good!*"

And the wild winds whirled around the Great Smoky, and the world was given over to the clouds and the night, and the rain fell, and the drops splashed with a dreary sound down from the eaves of the house.

They did not hear. How little they heeded. Within, all the atmosphere was suffused by that wonderful irradiation of love, and happiness, and hope that was confidence. The fire might flare if it listed. The shadows might flicker if they would. It seemed to them at the moment each would never see aught, care for aught, save what was expressed in the other's eyes.

The kitten had waxed riotous in the unprecedented opportunities of the reel, still lying with all its tangled yellow yarn upon the floor. As it sprang tigerishly in the air and fell, fixing its predatory claws in another cut, Dorinda looked down with a startled air.

"Granny 'll be axin' mighty p'inted how that thar spun-truck kem ter be twisted so," she said, crestfallen and prescient. "It looks like a hurrah's nest."

"Tell her ez how 't war the cat," suggested Rick.

Dorinda shook her head dubiously.

"The cat could n't hev got it ef the reel hed n't been flunged on the floor."

"Let 's wind it inter balls, then," suggested Rick, quick at expedients. "She 'll never know it war tangled. I 'll hold it fur ye."

It was no great hardship for Rick. She lightly slipped the skeins over the wrists that had known sterner shackles. The task required her to sit near him; her face and head were bent toward him as she absorbed herself in the effort to find the end of the thread; sometimes she lifted her eyes and looked radiantly at him. He had not known how beautiful she was, — because he saw her face more closely, he thought, not averted, nor coy, as always before, — or was it embellished by that ineffable joy that filled her heart? Well for them both, perhaps, that those few moments were so happy, — or is it well to remember a supreme felicity, for this is fleeting. Yellow yarn! she was winding threads of gold. How his pulses thrilled at the lightest flying touch of her fleet hands! He looked at her, — into her eyes if he might, — at her round crimson cheek, at her clearly cut chin, at the long lashes, at the black hair drawn back from her brow, where a curling tendril drooped over the temple. And he held the yarn all awry.

It was no first class job, for this reason and her haste.

"What ails ye ter hustle 'long so, D'rindy?" he asked at last. "Ye ain't so mighty afeard o' yer granny."

"Naw," Dorinda admitted, "but brother Pete, he be at home ter-night, an' he air toler'ble fractious ef he sees his chance, an' I don't want him a-laffin' at we-uns; kase I hev hearn him say ez when young folks gits ter windin'

yarn tergether 't ain't fur love o' the spun-truck, but jes' fur one another."

Rick laughed a little, slowly. Then growing grave, "Ef ye'll b'lieve me, Pete told the word yander ter the still ez Amos Jeemes — a mis'able addled aig he be! — 'lowed ter the men at the mill ez he b'lieved ez 't war the Cayces ez rescued me, the day o' the gaynder pullin', from the sher'ff."

She paused, the bright thread in her motionless hand, her fire-lit face bent upon him.

"Amos Jeemes hed better be keerful how he tries ter fix it on we-uns!" she cried, with the tense vibration of anger, "tellin' the mill an' sech! I hev hearn the boys 'low ez 't war ten year in the pen'tiary fur rescuing a man from the sher'ff, ef it got fund out."

"Pete say ez how he jes laffed at him an' named him a fool."

"Pete air ekal ter that," she returned, with some sarcasm.

She was deftly winding the yarn once more, the fire showing a deeper thoughtfulness upon her face. Its flicker gave the room a sense of motion; the festoons of scarlet pepper-pods, the long yellow and red strings of pop-corn, the peltry hanging from the rafters, apparently swayed as the light rose and fell; and the warping-bars, with their rainbow of spun-truck stretched from peg to peg, seemed to be dancing a clumsy measure in the corner. The rocking-chair where granny was wont to sit was occupied now by a shadow, and now was visibly vacant.

She looked up into his face with an absorbed unnoting eye. He was pierced by the knowledge that though she saw him, she was thinking of something else.

"Won't the Court let the pa'son go free now, sence they know ye done no crime?" she asked.

"Naw. The pa'son air accused of a rescue, an' whether the man he rescued air convicted or no it air jes' the same ter the law ez agin him. The *rescue* air the thing he hev got ter answer fur."

She dropped her hands in her lap and threw herself back in her chair.

"Ten year in prison!" she exclaimed. Her face was all the tenderest pity; her voice was full of yearning sympathy; she cast her eyes upward with a look that was reverence itself.

"How good he war! I s'pose he knowed ye never done no harm, an' he war willin' ter suffer stiddier you-uns. I never hearn o' sech a man! 'Pears ter me them old prophets don't tech him! I never hearn o' *them* showin' sech love o' God an' thar feller-man. He rescued ye jes' fur that!"

Rick Tyler looked at her for a moment with a kindling eye. He sprang to his feet, throwing the golden skein — it was only yarn after all, a coarse yellow yarn — upon the floor. He strode across the ample rude hearth and leaned against the mantel-piece, which was as high as his head. The light fell upon his changed face, the weapons in his belt, his long tawny hair, the flashing fire in his eye. He raised his right hand with an importunate gesture.

"D'rindy Cayce, ye air in love with that man!" he said, in a low passionate voice and between his set teeth. "I hev seen it afore — long ago; but sence ye hev promised ter marry me, ef ye say his name agin, I'll kill him — I'll shoot him through the heart — dead — dead — do ye hear me — *dead!*"

She was shaken by the spectacle of his sudden anger, and she was angered in turn by his jealous rage. There was a dull aching in her heart in the voids left by the ebbing of her ecstatic happiness. This was too precious to lightly let go. She walked over to him and took hold of his right arm, although his hand was toying nervously with his pistol.

"Ye don't b'lieve no sech word, Rick," she said, "deep down in yer heart, ye don't b'lieve it. An' how kin

ye grudge me from thinkin' well o' the man, an' feelin' frien'ly, — oh, mighty frien'ly, — when he will hev ter take ten year in the pen'tiary fur givin' ye yer freedom? He rescued ye! An' I 'll thank him an' praise him fur it ev'y day I live. My love, ef ye call it love, will foller him fur that all through the prison, an' the bolts an' bars, an' gyards. An' yer pistols can't holp it."

He put her from him with a mechanical gesture and a perplexed brow. He sat down in the chair he had occupied at first; his hat was still under it, one leg was stretched out to the fire, on the other knee his hand rested; he looked exactly as when he first came into the room, but she had a vague idea, as she stood opposite on the hearth, that it was long ago, so much had happened since.

"D'rindy," he said, "he never done it. The pa'son never rescued me."

She stood staring at him in wide-eyed amaze.

He was silent for a moment, and then he broke into a bitter laugh. "I do declar," he said, "it fairly tickles me ter hear o' one man bein' arrested fur rescuin' me, an' another set bein' s'pected o' the same thing, when not one of 'em in all the Big Smoky, not one, lifted a hand ter holp me. Whether the gallus or a life sentence, 't war all the same ter them. Accusin' yer dad an' the boys at the still — shucks! Old Groundhog loant me a rifle, an' ter hear him talk saaft sawder 'bout'n it ter Amos Jeemes ye'd hev thunk he war the author o' my salvation! An' arrest the pa'son! he war a likely one ter rescue a-body! — too 'feard o' Satan! An' ef all they say air true' bout'n the word he spoke yander at the meetin' 'fore they tuk him off, he hev got cornsider'ble call ter be afeard o' Satan. Naw, sir! he never rescued nuthin' but the gaynder! Nobody holped me! Nobody on the Big Smoky held out a hand! I ain't goin' ter furgit it nuther!"

She stood looking intently at his face, with its caustic laugh upon it and his eyes full of bitterness. She knew that he secretly upbraided her as well as her people that they had made no move to save him from the clutches of the sheriff. She involuntarily turned her eyes to the gun-rack where the barrel of "Old Betsy" gleamed, and she remembered the mark it bore to commemorate the foregone conclusion of Micajah Green's death. For this she had held her hand. She felt humble and guilty, since she had acted in the interests of peace. And yet that shrewd sense, that true conscience, which coexisted with the idealistic tendencies of her nature, demanded how could she justify herself in asking the sacrifice of ten years of other men's liberty that her lover might escape the consequences of his own act; how could she dare to precipitate a collision with the sheriff, while their grievance was still fresh in their minds? Fortunately she did not lay this train of thought bare before Rick Tyler. Natures like his foster craft in the most pellucid candor.

"How 'd ye git away, Rick?" she said instead.

"I won't tell ye," he replied rudely; "it don't consarn ye ter know." Then suddenly softening, "I take that back, D'rindy. I ain't goin' ter furgit ez ye owned up ye war willin' ter marry me an' live all yer life along with a hunted man in a house that mought be fired over yer head enny time, or a rifle ball whiz in at the winder. I ain't goin' ter furgit that." Alas! he could not divine how he should remember it!

He fixed his eyes on the fire, as if moodily recalling the scene. She noted that desperate hunted look in his face which it had not worn to-night.

"I war a-settin' thar," he began abruptly, "my feet tied with ropes, and with handcuffs on," — he held his hands together as if manacled; she shuddered a little, — "an' I hearn the hurrahin' an' fuss outside whilst they was all a-rowin' over the gaynder. An' then I

hearn a powerful commotion 'mongst the dogs, ez ef they hed started some sorter game or suthin'. An' the fust I knowed thar war a powerful scuttlin' 'round the back o' the blacksmith's shop, an' a rabbit squez in a hole 'twixt the lowes' log an' the groun', — 't warnt bigger 'n a gopher's hole. An' I never thunk nuthin' 'ceptin' them boys outside would be mighty mad ef they knowed thar hounds hed run a rabbit same ez a deer."

Dorinda had sunk into her chair; her hands trembled, her face was pale.

"An' the cur'us part of it," he continued, now in the full swing of narrative, "war that the hounds would n't gin it up. They jes' kep' a-nosin' an' yappin' roun' that thar little hole. Thar sot the rabbit — she 'minded me o' myse'f, got in an' could n't git out. Thar war nowhar else fur her ter sneak, though. She sot thar ez upright an' trembly ez me; jes' ez skeered, an' jes' about ez little chance. The only diff'ence 'twixt us wuz I hed a soul, an' that did n't do me enny good, an' the lack o' it did n't do her enny harm; both o' we-uns war more pertic'lar 'bout keepin' a skin full o' whole bones 'n ennything else. An' then them nosin' hounds began ter scratch an' claw up dirt. Bless yer soul, D'rindy, they hed a hole ez big ez that thar piggin, afore I thunk ennything 'bout'n it. It makes me feel the cold shakes when I 'members ez I mought not hev thunk 'bout'n it till 't war too late. Lord! how slow them hounds seemed! though the rabbit she fund 'em fast enough, I reckon. Ev'y now an' then she 'd hop along this way an' that, an' the hounds would git her scent agin — an' the way they 'd yap! The critter would hop along an' look up at me, — I never will furgit the look in the critter's eyes ez she sot thar an' waited fur the dogs. They war in a hurry an' toler'ble lively, I reckon, but 'peared ter me ez slow ez ef ev'y one war weighted with a block an' chain. Waal, the hole got bigger an' they yapped louder, an' I got so weak waitin', an' fearin' somebody would hear 'em, an' kem ter see 'bout what they hed got up fur game, an' find that hole, I did n't know how I could bide it. The hole got big enough fur the hounds ter squeeze through, an' here they kem bouncin' in. They lept round the forge, an' flopped up agin the door so, that ef thar hed n't been all that fuss outside 'bout takin' the gaynder down, somebody would hev been boun' ter notice it. I hed ter wait fur the dogs ter ketch the rabbit an' shake the life out'n her 'fore I darst move a paig, they kep' up sech a commotion. An' when they hed dragged the critter's little carcass outside an' got ter fightin' over it, I got up. I jes' could sheffle along a leetle bit; that eternally cussed scoundrel, Gid Fletcher" — he paused. It was beyond the power of language to express the deep damnation he desired for the blacksmith. His face grew scarlet, the tears started to his angry eyes. How he pitied himself, remembering his hard straits and his cruel indignities! And how she pitied him!

He caught his breath, and went on.

"That black-hearted devil hed tied my feet so close I could sca'cely hobble, an' my hands an' wrists hed all puffed an' swelled up, whar the cords hed been — 't war the sher'ff ez gin me the handcuffs. Waal, I tuk steps 'bout two inches long till I got 'crost the shop ter the hole. Then I jes' flopped down an' croped through. I did n't stan' up outside, though 't war at the back o' the shop an' nobody could see me. Ye know the aidge o' the bluff ain't five feet from the shop; the cliff 's ez sheer ez a wall, but thar 's a ledge 'bout twenty feet down. It looked mighty narrer, an' thar war n't no vines ter swing by; but I jes' hed ter think o' them devils on t'other side the forge ter make me willin' ter resk it. Waal, thar war a clump o' sass'fras, — ye know the bark 's tough, — near the aidge. I jes' bruk one o' the shoots ter the root an' turned

it down over the aidge o' the bluff an' swung on ter the e-end o' it. Waal, it tore off in my hands, but I did n't fall more 'n a few feet, an' lighted on the ledge. An' I tossed the saplin' away, an' then I walked, — steps 'bout'n two inches long, ef that — ez fur ez the ledge went, cornsider'ble way from the Settlemint, an' 't war two or three hundred feet ter the bottom, whar I stopped. An' thar war a niche thar whar I could sit an' lay down, sorter. Thar I bided all night. I hearn 'em huntin', an' it made me laff. I knowed they war n't a-goin' ter find me, but I did n't know how I war a-goin' ter git away from thar with them handcuffs on, an' ropes 'roun' my legs; they war knotted so ez I could n't reach 'em fur the irons. I waited all nex' day, though I never hed nuthin' ter eat but some jew-berries ez growed 'mongst the rocks thar. An' the nex' morn'n'," — his eye dilated with triumph, — "the swellin' o' my wrists hed gone down, an' I could draw my hands out 'n the handcuffs ez easy ez lyin'."

He held up his hands; they were small for his size, and bore little token of hard work; the wrists were supple.

"An' then," he said, with brisk conclusiveness, "I jes' ontied the ropes 'roun' my feet an' clumb up ter the top o' the mounting by vines an' sech, an' struck inter the laurel, an' never stopped a-travelin' till I got ter Cayce's still."

He drew a long sigh, not unmixed with pleasure. He had a sense of achievement. It gave, perhaps, a certain value to his harsh experience to recount his triumphs to so fair an audience. He was looking at her with a dawning smile in his eyes, and she was silently looking at him. Suddenly she burst into sobs.

"Shucks, D'rindy, it 's all over an' done now," he said, appropriating the soft sympathy of her tears.

"An' I 'm so glad, Rick; so glad fur that. I 'd hev bartered my hope o' heaven fur it," she sobbed. "But I war thinkin' that minit o' the pa'son. They 'rested him in his pulpit, an' they would n't gin him bail, an' they kerried him 'way from the mountings, an' jailed him, an' he 'll go ter the pen'tiary, ten year mebbe, fur a crime ez he never done. Ye would n't let him do that ef ye could holp it, would ye, Rick?"

She looked up tearfully at him. His eyes gleamed; his nostrils were quivering; every fibre in him responded to his anger.

"Ef I could, D'rindy Cayce, I 'd hev that man chained in the lowest pits o' hell fur all time ter kem, so ye mought never see his face agin. An' ef I could, I 'd wipe his mem'ry off 'n the face o' the yearth, so ye mought never speak his name."

"Law, Rick, don't!" protested the girl, aghast. "I 've seen ye ez jealous o' Amos Jeemes" —

"I don't keer *that* fur Amos Jeemes," he cried, snapping his fingers. "I hev n't seen ye sit an' cry over Amos Jeemes, an' sech cattle, an' say he war like a prophet. I thought ye war thinkin' 'bout *me*, an' — an' " — he paused in mortification.

"D'rindy," he said, suddenly calm, though his eye was excited and quickly glancing, "did ye ax him ef he would do ennything fur me when I war in cust'dy?"

"Naw," said Dorinda, "nobody could do nuthin' fur you-uns, 'kase they 'd hev ter resk tharse'fs an' run agin the law. But what I want ye ter do fur pa'son air fur jestice. He never done what he war accused of. An' ye *war* along o' Abednego Tynes, though innercent. Law, Rick, ef the murderer would say the word ter sot ye free, can't ye do ez much fur the pa'son, ez hev seen so much trouble a'ready?"

"In the name o' Gawd, D'rindy, what air you-uns a-wantin' me ter do?" he asked, in sheer amazement.

She mistook the question for relent-

ing. She caressed his coat sleeve as she stood beside him. All her beauty was overcast; her face was stained with weeping; tears dimmed her eyes, and her pathetic gesture of insistence seemed forlorn. He looked down dubiously at her.

"What I want ye ter do, Rick, fur him, air right, an' law, an' jestice. Nobody could hev done that fur ye, 'cept Abednego Tynes. I want ye ter go ter pa'son's trial fur the rescue, an' gin yer testimony, an' tell the jedge an' jury the tale ye hev tole me — the truth — an' they 'll be obleeged ter acquit."

He flung away in a tumult of rage. It was exhausting to witness how his frequent gusts of passion shook him.

"D'rindy," he thundered, "ye want me ter gin myse'f up fur the pa'son; ye don't keer nuthin' fur me, so he gits back ter the Big Smoky an' you-uns. I mought be arrested yit on the same indictment; the nolle prosequi don't hender, — it jes' don't set no day fur me ter be tried. An' mebbe Steve Byers hev been foolin' me some. Ye jes' want ter trade me off ter the State fur the pa'son."

"Ye shan't go!" cried the girl. "I didn't know that about the nolle prosequi. Ye shan't go!"

He was mollified for a moment. He noticed again how pale she was. "Law, D'rindy," he said, "ye fairly wear yerse'f out with yer tantrums. Why n't ye do like other folks; the pa'son never holped me none, an' I ain't got no call ter holp him."

"Ef ye war ter go afore the squair an' swear bout'n the rescue an' sech, an' git him ter write it ter the Court fur the pa'son" —

"The constable o' the deestric' ez hangs 'roun' thar at the jestice's house mought be thar an' arrest me," he said, speciously. "The gov'nor haint withdrawn that reward yit, ez I knows on."

"Naw," she said, quickly, "I 'll make the boys toll the constable down ter the still till ye git through. The jestice air lame, an' aint able ter arrest ye, an' I 'd be thar an gin ye the wink, ef thar war ennything oncommon ennywhar, or enny men aroun'."

He could hardly refuse. He could not affect fear. He hesitated.

"Ez long ez I thunk he hed rescued ye, I did n't hev no call ter move. But now I know how 't war, I 'd fairly die ef he war lef' ter suffer in jail, knowin' he hev done nuthin' agin the law."

Her lip quivered. The tears started to her eyes. The sight of them, shed for another man's sake, excited again the vigilant jealousy in his breast.

"I 'll do nuthin' fur Hi Kelsey," he declared. "Ef ye ain't in love with him, ye would be ef he war ter git back ter the Big Smoky. He done nuthin' fur me, an' I hev no call ter do nuthin' fur him."

He looked furiously at her, holding her at arm's length. "Ye hev tole me ye love *me*, an' I expec' ye ter live up ter it. Ye hev promised ter marry me, an' I claim ye fur my wife. Say that man's name another time, an' I 'll kill him ef ever he gits in rifle range agin. I 'll kill him! I 'll kill him!" his right hand was once more mechanically toying with the pistol, while he held her arm with the other, "an' I 'll kill you, too!"

He had gone too far; he had touched the dominant impulse of her nature. Her cheeks were flaring. Her courage blazed in her eyes.

"An' I tell ye, Rick Tyler, that I am not afeard o' ye! An' ef ye let a man suffer fur a word ez ye kin say in safety, an' an act ez ye kin do in ease, ye ain't the Rick Tyler I knowed, — ye air suthin' else. I 'lowed ye war good, but mebbe I hev been cheated in ye, an' ef I hev, I 'll gin ye up. I ain't a-goin' ter marry no man ez I can't look up ter, an' say 'he air *good!*' An' ef ye 'll meet me a hour 'fore sundown, at the squair's house, ter-morrow evenin', I 'll

b'lieve in ye, an' I 'll marry ye. An' ef ye don't, I won't."

She caught up his hat and gave it to him. Then she opened the door. The white mists stood shivering in the little porch. He turned and looked in angry dismay at her resolute face. But he did not say a word, though he knew her heart yearned for it beneath her inflexible mask. He walked slowly out, and the door closed upon him, and upon the shivering white mists. He paused for a moment, hesitating. He heard nothing within — not even her retreating step. He knew as well as if he had seen her that she was leaning against the door, silently sobbing her heart out.

"D'rindy needs a lesson," he said, sternly. And so he went out into the night.

XIV.

The rain ceased the next day, but the clouds did not vanish. Their folds, dense, opaque, impalpable, filled the vastness. The landscape was lost in their midst. The horizon had vanished. Distance was annihilated. Only a yard or so of the path was seen by Dorinda, as she plodded along through the white vagueness that had absorbed the familiar world. And yet for all essentials she saw quite enough; in her ignorant fashion she deduced the moral, that if the few immediate steps before the eye are taken aright, the long lengths of the future will bring you at last where you would wish to be. The reflection sustained her in some sort as she went. She was reluctant to acknowledge it even to herself; but she had a terrible fear that she had imposed a test that Rick would not endure. "Ef he air so powerful jealous ez that, ter not holp another man a leetle bit, when he knows it can't hurt him none, he air jes' selfish, an' nuthin' shorter."

She paused for a moment, looking about her mechanically. The few blackberry-bushes, almost leafless, stretching out on either hand, were indistinct in the mist, and against the dense vapor they had the meagre effect of a hasty sketch on a white paper. The trees overhung her, she knew, in the invisible heights above; she heard the moisture dripping monotonously from their leaves. It was a dreary sound as it invaded the solemn stillness of the air.

"An' *I'm* boun' ter try ter holp him, ef I kin. I know too much, sence Rick spoke las' night, ter let me set an' fold my hands in peace. 'Pears like ter me ez that thar air all the diff'ence 'twixt humans an' the beastis, ter holp one another some. An' ef a human won't, 'pears like ter me ez the Lord hev wasted a soul on that critter."

Despite her logic she stood still; her blue eyes were surcharged with shadows as they were wistfully turned upward to the sad and sheeted day; her lips were grave and pathetic; her blue dress had gleams of moisture here and there, and a plaid woolen shawl, faded to the faintest hues, was drawn over her dense black hair. She stood and hesitated. She thought of the man she loved, and she thought of the word he denied the man in prison. Poor Dorinda! to hold the scales of Justice unblinded.

"I dunno what ails me ter be 'feard he won't kem!" she said, striving to reassure herself; "an' ennyhow" — she remembered the few immediate steps before her taken aright, and went along down the clouded curtained path that was itself an allegory of the future.

The justice's gate loomed up like fate, — the poor little palings to be the journey's end of hope or despair! A pig, without any appreciation of its subtler significance, had in his frequent wallowings at its base impaired in a measure its stability. He grunted at the sound of a footfall, as if to warn the newcomer that she might step on him. Dorinda took heed of the imperative caution, opened the gate gingerly, and it

only grazed his back. He grunted again, whether in meagre surly approval, or reproof that she had come at all, was hardly to be discriminated in his gruff disaffected tone.

She noticed that the locust leaves, first of all to show the changing season, were yellow on the ground; a half denuded limb was visible in the haze. There were late red roses, widely a-bloom, by the doorstep of the justice's house, — a large double cabin of hewn logs, with a frame-inclosed passage between the two rooms, which, but for the lack of light, might have served for another. There was glass in each of the two windows, for the justice was a man of some means for these parts; and she saw behind one of the tiny panes his bald polished head and his silver rimmed spectacles gleaming in animated curiosity. He came limping, with the assistance of a heavy cane, to the door.

"Howdy, D'rindy," he exclaimed, cheerfully, "come in, child. What sort o' weather is this!" In abrupt digression he looked over her head into the blank vagueness of the world. But for the dim light, it might have suggested the empty inexpressiveness of the periods before the creation, when "the earth was without form and void."

"It air tol'erble airish in the fog," said Dorinda, finding her voice with difficulty.

The room into which she was ushered seemed to her limited experience a handsome apartment. But somehow the passion of covetousness is an untouched spring in the nature of these mountaineers. The idea of ownership did not enter into Dorinda's mind as she gazed at the green plaster parrot that perched in state on the high mantelpiece. She was sensible of its merits as a feature of the domestic landscape at the "jestice's house," precisely as the sight of the distant Chilhowee was company in her lonely errands about the mountain. To be deprived of either would be like a revulsion of nature. She did not grudge the justice his possession, nor did she desire it for herself. She entertained a simple admiration for the image, and always looked to see it on its lofty perch when she first entered the room. There were several books piled beside it, which the justice valued more. There was, too, a little square looking-glass, in which one might behold a distortion of physiognomy. Above all hung a framed picture of General Washington crossing the Delaware. The mantelpiece was to the girl a museum of curiosities. A rag carpet covered the floor; there was a spinning-wheel in the corner; a bed, too, draped with a gay quilt, — a mad disportment of red and yellow patchwork, which was supposed to represent the rising sun, and was considered a triumph of handicraft. The justice's seat was a splint-bottomed chair, which stood near a pine table where ink was always displayed — of a pale green variety — writing-paper, and a pile of books. The table had a drawer which it was difficult to open or shut, and now and then "the squair" engaged in muscular wrestling with it.

He sat down, with a sigh, and drew forth his red bandanna handkerchief from the pocket of his brown jeans coat, and polished the top of his head, and stared at Dorinda, much marveling as to her mission. She had not, in her primitive experience, attained to the duplicity of a subterfuge; she declined the invitation to go into the opposite room, where his wife was busy cooking supper, by saying she was waiting for a man who had promised to meet her here to explain something to the justice.

"Is it a weddin', D'rindy?" exclaimed the old fellow, waggishly.

"'T ain't a weddin'," said Dorinda, curtly.

"Ye air foolin' me!" he declared, with a jocose affectation of inspecting his attire. "I hev got another coat I allus wears ter marry a couple, an' ye

don't want ter gimme a chance ter spruce up, fur fear I 'll take the shine off 'n the groom. It 's a weddin'! Who is the happy man, D'rindy?"

This jesting, as appropriate, according to rural etiquette, to a young and pretty woman as the compliments of the season, seemed a dreary sort of fun to Dorinda, so heavy had her presaging heart become. There was a trifle of sensibility in the old squire, perhaps induced by much meditation in his inactive indoor life, and he recognized something appealing in the girl's face and attitude, as she sat in a low chair before the dull fire that served rather to annul the chilliness of the day than to diffuse a perceptible warmth. The shawl had dropped from her head and loosely encircled her throat; her hand twisted its coarse fringes; she was always turning her face toward the window where only the pallid mists might be seen — the pallid mists and a great glowing crimson rose, that, motionless, touched the pane with its velvet petals. The old justice forbore his jokes, his dignities might serve him better. He entertained Dorinda by telling her how many times he had been elected to office. And he said he would n't count how many times he expected to be, for it was his firm persuasion that "when Gabriel blew that thar old horn o' his'n, he 'd find the squair still a-settin' in jedgment on the Big Smoky." He showed her his books, and told her how the folks at Nashville were constrained by the law of the State to send him one every time they made new laws. And she understood this as a special and personal compliment, and was duly impressed.

Out-doors the still day was dying silently, like the gradual sinking from a comatose state, that is hardly life, to the death it simulates. How did the gathering darkness express itself in that void whiteness of the mists, still visibly white as ever! Night was sifting through them; the room was shadowy; yet still in the glow of the fire she beheld their pallid presence close against the window. And the red rose was shedding its petals! — down dropping, with the richness of summer spent in their fleeting beauty, their fragrance a memory, the place they had embellished, bereft. She did not reflect; she only felt. She saw the rose fade, the sad night steal on apace; the hour had passed, and she knew he would not come. She burst into sudden tears.

The old man, whether it was in curiosity or sympathy, had his questions justified by her self-betrayal, and his craft easily drew the story from her simplicity. He got up suddenly, with an expression of keen interest. She followed his motions dubiously, as he took from the mantelpiece a tallow dip in an old pewter candlestick, and with slow circumspection lighted the sputtering wick. "I want ter look up a p'int o' law, D'rindy," he said, impressively. "Ye jes' set thar an' I 'll let ye know d'rec'ly how the law stands."

It seemed to Dorinda a long time that he sat with his book before him on the table, his spectacles gleaming in the light of the tallow dip, close at hand, his lips moving as he slowly read beneath his breath, now and then clutching his big red handkerchief, and polishing off the top of his round head and his wrinkled brow. Twice he was about to close the book. Twice he renewed his search.

And now at last it was small comfort to Dorinda to know that the affidavit would not, in the justice's opinion, have been competent testimony. He called it an *ex parte* statement, and said that unless Rick Tyler's deposition were taken in the regular way, giving due notice to the attorney-general, it could not be admitted, and in almost all criminal cases witnesses were compelled to testify *viva voce*. Small comfort to Dorinda to know that the effort was worthless from the beginning, and that on it

she had staked and lost the dearest values of her life. As he read aloud the prosy, prolix sentences, they were annotated by her sobs.

"Dell-law! Dorindy, 't warn't no good, nohow!" he exclaimed, presently breaking off with an effort from his reading, for he relished the rotund verbiage, — the large freedom of legal diction impressed him as a privilege, accustomed as he was only to the simple phrasings of his simple neighbors He could not understand her disappointment. Surely Rick Tyler's defection could not matter, he argued, since the affidavit would have been worthless.

She did not tell him more. All the world was changed to her. Nothing — not her lover himself — could ever make her see it as once it was. She declined the invitation to stay and eat supper, and soon was once more out in the pallid mist and the contending dusk. The scene that she had left was still vivid in her mind, and she looked back once at the lucent yellow square of the lighted window gleaming through the white vapors. The rose-bush showed across the lower panes, and she remembered the melancholy fall of the flower.

Alas, the roses all were dead!

Charles Egbert Craddock.

BACCHUS.

Listen to the tawny thief,
Hid behind the waxen leaf,
Growling at his fairy host,
Bidding her with angry boast
Fill his cup with wine distilled
From the dew the dawn has spilled:
Stored away in golden casks
Is the precious draught he asks.

Who, — who makes this mimic din
In this mimic meadow inn,
Sings in such a drowsy note,
Wears a golden belted coat;
Loiters in the dainty room
Of this tavern of perfume;
Dares to linger at the cup
Till the yellow sun is up?

Bacchus, 't is, come back again
To the busy haunts of men;
Garlanded and gayly dressed,
Bands of gold about his breast;
Straying from his paradise,
Having pinions angel-wise, —
'T is the honey-bee, who goes
Reveling within a rose!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

A MEXICAN VACATION WEEK.

FOUR o'clock in the afternoon of a mid-June day found me on the platform of the railway station at the little Mexican city of Acámbaro. The soft air had the kindly touch of the breath of the Bajío, that great depression in the central tableland which stretches from Querétaro and Morelia on the south to Lagos on the north, at a height of from five thousand to six thousand feet above the sea-level, giving beneath a tropic sun one of the gentlest climates that ever blessed the homes of men.

At half-past six o'clock that morning I had left the city of Mexico. At nine o'clock I had passed a height of over ten thousand feet above the sea, and stood shivering in the vivid sunshine and keen air of Salazar, trying to warm myself with a cup of abominable coffee, while a dozen eager-eyed curs watched anxiously for scraps of *enchiladas* and other peppery viands, which no Northern canine, I am sure, could have been persuaded even to smell of. Since then the train had dropped impetuously through pine-embowered gorges down into the magnificent great basin of the Toluca Valley, a sea-like expanse of young corn. Leaving Toluca, the highest of the Mexican state capitals, with an altitude of something like 8600 feet, we had sped all the rest of the morning through a long valley trough filled with grazing herds. In midwinter, they said, the trains sometimes ploughed their way through snow which covered this valley to a depth of several inches. This trough diminished to a narrow cañon, which opened out into all the wide world, it seemed, as we turned a corner and crept along a narrow shelf hewn for our track, halfway up the precipitous rim of a realm of checkered cultivation, spreading amongst an encampment of tent-like mountains. These mountains, which stood in social groups, their bases cut off by the lines of the land as it fell away in terraces to the northward into the Bajío, were darkly muffled in pine mantles or savagely naked with the desolation of eternal barrenness, though often a patchwork of the delicate green of young grain was thrown tenderly over their shoulders, skirts, and knees. The descents from terrace to terrace made our way turn and curve incessantly, and with the wide-spreading landscape below, revealed map-like for vast distances, we seemed to have a bird's privilege of inspection over the world. It had been a day of varied scenic interest, as in most railway trips in Mexico.

We entered Acámbaro beside the Lerma River, one of the most considerable streams of Mexico. It had first greeted us where it takes its start towards the Pacific, a clear, strong brook near Salazar. In the Toluca Valley it was spread out into blue lagoons. Down here it was a tawny, rapid, and shallow stream, with a numerous escort of Ahuahuetes, or taxus trees, like those in the venerable grove of Chapultepec. Their great trunks were wading fearlessly mid-river, and gray mosses streamed down from their branches like the tattered banners of a veteran army.

Acámbaro had been raised into some prominence as the junction for the Pacific division of the Mexican National, the great narrow-gauge railway, with the main line. The railway station, a pine-board shanty, was something to flee from, and the sight of the narrow streets of the town, near by, was like release from a nightmare.

Nearly all Mexican towns, so far as I have seen them, have features which give them distinct individuality. These proceed from their great diversity in site

and climate, from their local building-materials and architectural forms, and from the customs of their inhabitants. For many generations they have been left to their own resources, and this isolation has encouraged these variations. How unlike the growth of the smart towns of our young West, which appear all to have been cast in the same mould, or rather, cut out by the same jig-saw!

There is notable architecture almost everywhere in Mexico. Some of the humblest villages are ennobled by churches whose domes and towers would give them a proud distinction in the greatest cities of our commonplace land. The architectural inspirations of Mexico come from Spain; the art has been transplanted, not developed here. Therefore it shows characteristics of the styles which mark Spanish architectural history. Gothic, however, is sparsely represented, and its influence is seldom traced, except in the light, aerial strivings of some purely Renaissance towers. The Romanesque and Moorish are found underlying the Renaissance, which dominated Spanish architectural thought at the time of the Conquest. The Romanesque influence is manifest almost everywhere in Mexico, and sometimes with striking nobility in almost pure examples of the style. There is also much extremely florid and undignified rococo. Fortunately, this often appears subject to Moorish influence, and in such cases its usual incoherence gives way to a piquant grace.

In Acámbaro I noted some charming architectural details. There was an old carved door, weather-beaten and richly wrought in high relief. In the upper part of the two panels large and grotesque twin heads looked grimly down, their beards uniting with the ornamental work below. A cherub head peeped out from each of the two upper corners of the doorway stonework, and the figure of some saint occupied the keystone, looking very comfortable beneath the shelter of a rococo canopy. There were some naive reliefs cut in the extremely hard stone of the great basin of the fountain in the market-place, including a series of comical-looking scenes from a bull-fight. The bulls and horses were of the size of dogs in proportion to the human figures, perhaps as an indication of the superiority of men to animals. A shapely column stood in the centre of the basin, with a Corinthian capital surmounted by the Mexican coat-of-arms, — the eagle, with a serpent in its beak, perched upon a prickly pear. This was painted, and so was the neighboring church. But I can forgive paint in Mexico, except in its stage of tawdry freshness; for one rainy season and the intense sunlight of a few months are enough to tone it down into beautiful pale washes of innumerable tints, the underlying hues of perhaps a century's chromatic applications showing through here and there. The church walls and tower were suffused with roseate purple and an exquisite green like that of old bronzes.

The domes of Acámbaro were below the average of prominence and excellence prevailing in Mexico, but there were some features of the surroundings of the parochial church which atoned for this defect. The churchyard, which was across the way from a lovely little public garden filled with a tangle of vivid tropical bloom, was deeply shaded by many great ash-trees, or fresnos, which occupy a similar place in Mexico to that of the elm with us, and they fill it well. A low, plain wall surrounded the yard, rising at the entrances into large arches, whose curves were interrupted by arabesque-like notches. The yard was spacious; ample for the processional ceremonies which may not take place in the public streets anywhere in Mexico since they were forbidden by the reform constitution of 1857. The buildings adjoining the church were mostly falling

into ruin. A solitary pillar, with the fragments of two arches meeting at right angles springing from it like the branches of a tree, was all that remained of the cloisters which formerly occupied a large quadrangle, at whose corner it stood. The façade of the Capilla del Hospital (Chapel of the Hospital), which fronted on this quadrangle, was of strikingly quiet, simple beauty, fitted to the placid shade and silence of the spot. An unfinished and ruined corner tower was void of all decoration, except the rich setting of a handsome little Romanesque window in its base. There was a tall rectangular surface, flanked by wall-spaces entirely plain, and framed in by projecting lines, on one side beaded and the other fluted. The ornamentation was confined to this space. A purely Romanesque doorway was surrounded by a broad band of rich carved-work, and the entire façade was sprinkled with a constellation of stars, among which large rosettes stood here and there like suns, the whole wrought in a mellow-hued stone of a yellowish brown.

The inhabitants of Acámbaro were mostly Indians. They appeared to be very little troubled by considerations of clothing. Nearly all had some slight pretenses of raiment, however. But once in a while a stalwart man or a shapely youth, who had come in from the neighboring country regions, might be seen striding through the streets in scornful disregard of urban conventionalities; nothing on but breech-clouts and sandals. In the by-streets the children disported innocent of all attire. But somehow there was no impression of real nakedness. The warm brown color of the smooth skin, glossy as satin, seemed in itself a garment. I was reminded of what some ladies once said about a voyage they made up the Nile. They were at first embarrassed at the sight of the natives on the banks, but at last they agreed among themselves to regard them as bronze statues, and after that they got along very comfortably.

Passing through a street, I paused to look at an animated scene in a court-yard. A number of naked men were seated on the ground shelling corn, rasping it over sticks and tossing the cobs deftly over their shoulders. The brown group of laborers and the heaps of yellow ears in the sunlight made a superb color effect.

There were some pleasant-looking houses which showed the existence of a considerable upper class. In passing one handsome dwelling I saw through the open windows paintings hanging on the tastefully papered walls, and other indications of exceptional refinement. I was told that it was the home of a lady who had a library of fifteen hundred volumes or more, and who was devoted to the study of Latin and Greek literature. I found Don Alexandro, the *jefe politico*, or prefect, a genial, warm-hearted gentleman. He was a professed cosmopolitan, had spent years abroad, and was without prejudices of race or nationality. His heart went out to the American friends whose guest I was, and he did much to make their voluntary exile pleasant.

From Acámbaro northwards the railway first traversed a fertile, prairie-like valley, mountain-inclosed. One of the ranges to the westward was magnificent in form, with abrupt sides and dome-like summits, like a mass of cumulus clouds. We passed through a considerable forest of the largest mesquite-trees I had seen. They looked as if they might have been standing at the time of the Conquest, and were an indication of the finely timbered state which nearly all similar valleys of the central tableland probably once presented. These trees were larger than the average of our northern maples, although the mesquite, in its usual state, is rarely over twenty-five or thirty feet high. A mesquite growth always has an orchard-like ap-

pearance, the trees standing apart and in general form resembling apple-trees, although their foliage has a feathery fineness. In this forest the ground was covered with excellent grass, and many cattle were feeding. Some of the trees had fallen, but their prostrate trunks were putting forth foliage as vigorous as that of their erect companions. Mesquite makes one of the best of fire-woods. It is frequently the custom not to cut down the trees, but simply to lop off the branches, leaving the trunk to put forth a new growth.

The railway followed the course of the Lerma River, which led us past the important manufacturing city of Salvatierra, where the stream supplies water-power to large cotton and woolen mills. Here there were extensive fields of sugar-cane, which, we were told, was not converted into sugar, but wholly sold to be eaten in the surrounding cities, the natives being very fond of it as a *dulce*. Near by, to the northwestward, there rose the lofty mountain of Culiacan, one of the great landmarks of this part of Mexico. It is prominent from the Mexican Central Railway near Salamanca. I had seen it from nearly all directions, and from every side it appeared a perfect cone, with furrowed sides sloping uniformly to its broad base. It was evidently a volcano. There is another high mountain of the same name near the Pacific coast in the State of Sinaloa.

A friend and compatriot with me pointed out a pass in the mountains to the eastward where there was a village whose inhabitants were all bandits. He had made a trip out there one holiday with some friends. There was nothing unusual, he said, in the appearance of the place, which had its church and priest. They were courteously received and hospitably entertained, but they felt that their hosts would have cut their throats very quickly had opportunity and incentive offered.

It was near sunset when we entered upon a wide plain and drew near the city of Celaya with its group of beautiful domes, the design of a celebrated architect of the past century, Tres Guerras, and unsurpassed in symmetrical grace. They were covered with glazed tile of an old-gold hue, and glowed in the sunset rays, against the deep clear sky, as if illumined by an inner flame.

It was ten o'clock when we reached San Miguel de Allende, at present the northern terminus of the railway. There is always a mystery about a town which one enters at night for the first time. The carriage went rattling up hill for something like a league. We finally struck rough pavements where the way grew steeper. The streets were straight, and down their centres ran threads of water, gleaming away into the distance under the light of the lanterns strung overhead like the lines of a railway track reflected from the locomotive headlight.

I was dropped at a hotel, where water was pleasantly trickling into a large tank in the court. My room was plainly furnished. The brick floor was covered with a pretty matting; the bed was hard, but clean, as usually the case in Mexico. When I awoke in the morning the air seemed peculiarly pure and fresh, with a perceptible tonic quality. As the tourist in Europe often becomes a connoisseur in wines, so the traveler in Mexico becomes a connoisseur in atmospheres, recognizing many subtle and indescribable changes, from the soothing, flower-perfumed breath of warm valley depths to the invigorating airs of wind-swept heights.

Stepping to my window I found that the town was built on a gentle slope, the houses falling away before me into a wide brown valley, whose smooth undulations were bounded by a rugged mountain range. It was a gloriously spacious view. The street beneath my balcony ran up to the main plaza, terminating in an arcade. The great Gothic

church-tower which met my eyes was an astonishing feature for Mexico. Its site, with streets falling away on three sides, and the uneven contour of the city, seemed appropriate for the presiding stateliness of the style. The tower was of great breadth, lacking the airy lightness characteristic of the Gothic at its best; but it had a majesty of its own, with something of an individual quality. An interesting contrast was furnished by a fine dome not far away, one of perfect symmetry, like those of Celaya. The Gothic tower was that of the parochial church, and I learned that it was the work of an illiterate Indian, who traced with a pointed stick in the sand the working-designs of the details for the stone-masons. I repaired to the plaza, finding almost everywhere in the streets rills of clear water, from which the laden donkeys often stopped to drink as they passed. The usual little garden which occupied the plaza was terraced on three sides to give a level surface, the square being on sloping ground. I did not like the painting of the cemented sides of the terraces in imitation of brick-work, but I did like the cheery, neat aspect of the garden itself, with its four little plashing fountains, strikingly limpid; its trimmed grass and pruned trees. It was all expressive of the thorough cleanliness of the town itself, with its well-washed countenance and not a foul smell in the streets. Buildings and towers grouped finely around this Plaza de Allende, as it was called. The great church was undergoing a transformation from a plain Renaissance into the Gothic. The great tower had been completed for some time, and the old twin flanking towers were disappearing behind the incasing of the new façade. An old chapel stood at right-angles to the church, facing the yard. It had a very plain, square tower, reminding me of the severity of mediæval architecture. The yard was populated with large cypresses, a tree which seems always to have an architectural expression, so associated is it with architectural forms in southern lands; just as certain animals appear to take on the expressions of people they belong to. These cypresses played an admirable part in the composition, lending breadth and dignity to the base. Among their dark solemnity a few small young orange-trees were sporting, spangled with their golden dots. The yard was terraced three or four feet above the plaza, surrounded by a high and heavy stone balustrade, which had the charm of an indefinite coloring, produced by the weatherworn character of the latest coating of whitewash, with under-colors, from rose to aged gray and black, showing through.

Rambling through the narrow, undulating streets, I was led by my young Mexican friend, José, to the baths of El Chorro, on the southerly side of the town. We came to the foot of a precipitous slope, covered with a beautiful shady garden. Pebble-paved paths zigzagged up the hill, and clear water came hurrying down beside them with a gossiping prattle, as if telling about the lively scenes above. Banana plants, ranged along the way, languidly marshaled an army of gay geraniums to present arms to the passers. Above was the long stone bath-house, with a graceful arcaded front facing a terrace with stone seats, where at all hours in the changing lights of the day's progression views of quiet idyllic beauty were at command, looking out from under the deep overarching shade of the tall fresnos that clothed the slope. In this bosky framework appeared the clustering domes and towers of the city sloping away to the green fields and meadows down in the valley. In front, below the terrace, a number of washerwomen were at work in places constructed for them; little compartments where they knelt before scrubbing-stones inclined away from them, dipping water from the stream running close alongside.

In this stream minnows darted about, and the children of the women sported. One chubby little fellow removed a lace-work of rags, which passed for a shirt, his only garment, revealing more than it concealed, and had a merry time. But he had more trouble dressing himself again than if he had a complete suit of clothes. It was comical to see him exploring his way among the capacious holes of his garb before he found the place where his neck belonged, while his arms worked cautiously down into the sleeves, his fists appearing several times before reaching the end.

The taciturn old fellow in charge of the place shuffled about with the air of a sexton. He took a key and unlocked a door for us with the air of showing us into a receiving tomb, but it was a grotto-like place in the upper part of the building, where the water gushed out from the rocks of the cliff, forming a number of large pools, some of which were so still, glassy, and wonderfully transparent that the presence of the water was hardly to be detected. Rills flowed out from here in considerable volume, supplying not only the bathing-tanks, but the city water-works, the water being led in pipes over the place. Each householder had the perpetual right to the water on the payment of thirty dollars, and so abundant was the supply that it was left always running in the houses, the rills in the streets being formed of the waste.

We walked over the flat roof of the building and looked down into the swimming-tank for boys, whence merry cries resounded, as from bathing children the world over. Is there anything like water-sports to induce gayety and an overflow of animal spirits? The dozen or so naked boys illustrated the diversity of blood among the Mexican people, their bodies ranging through all shades, from the delicate pinkish-white of the blonde, Goth-descended Spanish-American and the light olive of the Iberian, the dusky twilight of mixed bloods, to the ruddy bronze of the pure aboriginal. Another large bathing-tank was for women, and there were several private baths in vaulted, cell-like compartments where the bather descended into a tank of smooth brick-work with water about four feet deep. This Chorro water was tasteless, but its mineral properties were testified to by the greenish deposit which it left on the rocks and masonry. It had excellent medicinal qualities and, being slightly tepid, was pleasantly refreshing. It left the skin feeling as smooth as satin.

On descending from these baths in the delicious late afternoon air it was pleasant to stroll through the beautiful neighboring rural lanes, among rich gardens and cosy country-houses, out to the Cañada de Aguacates, or Ravine of Aguacates. There were long shadows falling athwart and forming carpet-like figures, streaked and interwoven with sunlight. These lanes, smoothly paved with small stones, rambled over the hillsides and were the favorite pleasure-walks of the place. They passed over deep ravines on arched stone bridges, amid thickets of fruit-trees, where aguacates, chirimoyas, zapotes, and figs grew side by side with apples, peaches, apricots, and pears. The shade was often deep, and there were frequent glimpses out into the tawny valley, the Guanajuato treasure range — from which many millions of silver and gold had been taken and in which many more lay buried — standing a luminous purple against the mellow sunset gilding the city buildings, with the lordly great Gothic tower resembling the Erfurt cathedral in effect.

We passed an archway surmounted with a statue of Allende, the hero whose name the city has borne since Mexican independence was gained. It was an unspeakably ugly statue, and its crudeness was heightened by the tawdry paint which set forth the general's regimentals with startling would-be realism.

All this region is heroic ground. Dolores de Hidalgo, the cradle of Mexican liberty, is but a few leagues away from San Miguel de Allende, and from the high land just back of the town it could be plainly seen were it not for a projecting spur of hills in the valley. Ignacio Allende, who was the companion of Hidalgo, was born here in San Miguel de Allende, as it was then called, on January 20, 1779. His father was a Spaniard, and the family was one of the leading ones of the place. He was a captain of dragoons, and being enthusiastic for independence, he joined in the conspiracy with the patriot priest of Dolores, together with Aldama and Abasolo, fellow-officers in his regiment. Allende was with Hidalgo and his companions at Dolores when, near midnight of September 15, 1810, the famous *grito de independencia* was raised. The revolution began the next day, and the multitude, ever swelling, reached San Miguel that evening. Here, through the influence of Allende, the royal regiment joined the revolutionists, and an army was organized with Hidalgo at the head and Allende as lieutenant-general. It was queerly equipped, being armed with lances, clubs, and various agricultural implements. It marched southward, and at the little village of Atotonilco the curate took the standard with the painting of the Virgin of Guadalupe from the church, and it was made the banner of independence. The battle-cry was: "Viva la Religion! Viva nuestra Madre Santissima de Guadalupe! Viva la America y muera el mal gobierno!" (Long live religion! Long live our most holy Mother of Guadalupe! Long live America and death to the bad government!) It is notable that while the oppression of the Spaniards was a strong incentive, a leading motive in the revolution was the fear that the church would suffer through the rule of Napoleonism in Spain, and this is said to account for the active part which the priests took in the struggle. While the church took a leading part in the beginning, real Mexican liberty was not gained until the church itself was overthrown and forever separated from the state by Juarez, in the great civil war which resulted in the adoption of the reform constitution of 1857.

The first great step in the revolution was the taking of the large and immensely rich city of Guanajuato, which enabled Hidalgo to organize thoroughly. He then took up his march to Mexico over substantially the same route which we traversed by rail over the Mexican National. His army numbered one hundred thousand men when he reached the Monte de las Cruces overlooking the valley of Mexico. Here, by some strange fatality, while the Spaniards were almost panic-stricken and final victory seemed within grasp, Hidalgo withdrew without a battle. His fortunes thenceforward declined, and the first chapter in the eleven years' struggle for independence ended on July 30, 1811, with the shooting of Hidalgo, Allende, Aldama, and Jimenez in the city of Chihuahua.

One afternoon I went with José directly up the hill back of the town, following the course of a small aqueduct from one of the numerous springs in the neighborhood. The way was bordered with a hedge of cactus, the nopal bearing most refreshing tunas, or prickly pears, in abundance; while a tall cactus, with many upward-growing branches, like a candelabra, had a small berry-like fruit resembling set beads growing along the edges of its stalks. It was called the charambulla, and resembled a gooseberry. It had a bright carmine pulp filled with fine black seeds. A luxuriant *huerta*, or orchard, filled the neighboring little valley grooved into the hillside. It was a wild tangle of pear, quince, apple, and fig trees, together with grape vines, all growing so closely and disheveled that it seemed a wonder

there was any fruit at all. Abundant water and a tropic sun do wonders, however, and the fruit of San Miguel was better than the average. Improved grafts and scientific horticulture would make Mexican fruit unsurpassed. I noticed a massive wall running along the barren hillside for a considerable distance. It seemed useless in that locality, and I asked what it was for. I was told that a kind-hearted rich man had built it to give employment to the poor people, at a time when there was little for them to do and there was much distress. He might have set them about some work of utility, I thought.

The upland reached away in a moor-like expanse when we attained a height of something like a thousand feet above the valley. It was another climate already, and the cool wind swept powerfully across. Dark mountains covered with pines rose to the eastward. Immediately below was the handsome town, with streets running down hill like furrows, the lines of water in their centre glistening like silver threads.

Rambling across the fields, we came to the verge of a deep cup walled in by towering cliffs. This opened into the plain, over which there was a vast view. At our feet, seemingly almost within a stone's throw, there nestled an old stone mill. Near by were the arches of an aqueduct. A swift stream rushed past, a cascade gushed out from an opening in the wall, and lawn-like fields of green alfalfa spread around, — the whole a little landscape gem set in a sublime framework. The source of this stream was fifteen leagues away, whence it courses through an ever deepening gorge.

We scrambled down and then up beside the stream over a chaos of great boulders that strewed the way until we came to the foot of the high cascades of the Ingenio, which tumbled down in several steps over a total height of more than one hundred and seventy feet. Ingenio means a marvel, and here the marvel was said to be that an enormous serpent had fallen and caused this split in the rocks. The walls of the narrow cañon towered perpendicularly and made a most impressive solitude. In one place this wall was covered with a beautiful mantle of the Virginia creeper, the only spot where I have ever seen it growing wild in Mexico. At its foot there was a tangle of cactus.

Below the mill the stream ran into a *presa*, or reservoir, with a dam of astounding solidity and thickness. It was built of small rubble-stone, laid in cement so hard that it seemed a part of the rock itself. The basin was empty, but twenty-four hours were enough to fill it in the rainy season. The dam had been raised for over half its length something like a century before with a view to doubling the capacity of the basin, but the work had been abandoned, since the present supply for irrigation proved sufficient for the wants of the population. Along this stream there was room for many reservoirs of the same sort. The same is the case throughout Mexico, so that, should it ever be needed, the agricultural production of the country could be many times increased.

The walk back to the town was a charming one, along a level, smooth, and winding road. The groups of towers were emulated by clusters of organ cactus, shooting up slenderly to a height of forty feet or more above the humble cots in the outskirts. The hills rolled away beside the town, brown on their slopes like cheeks well tanned by a scorching sun, their piny summits bluish black in the distance. The rich verdure of gardens and orchards filled the ravines running irregularly up the hillsides, inwreathing the town with their graceful fringe. High above, perched on a crag, rose the old convent of Santo Domingo, with square, belligerent-looking towers like a castle; elsewhere on the heights was a mass of white masonry, with graceful arcades, darkly recessed,

gleaming among groves of trees. A tree of great beauty hereabouts was the pepper tree, or *árbol de Peru*, lining the highways in places and growing unusually tall. Some trees were in blossom, others were in fruit; the bunches of scarlet berries, which are in some demand in the markets as a food for tame mocking-birds, gleaming vividly. The foliage, though drooping, had a sprightly cheeriness, and if its pendent form suggested tears at all, it would be those brought to the eyes by the piquancy of the fruit! The beauty of these trees was greatly heightened by the moss draping their branches, of a hue between orange and old gold. This moss makes the fine yellow and green dyes used extensively in local manufactures.

San Miguel has a most industrious population. It is famous for the manufacture of *zarapes* and *rebozos*, or blankets and scarfs, which are, respectively, universal articles of apparel among the male and female population of Mexico. The former are made of wool and the latter of cotton or silk, both woven on handlooms, whose lively clatter may be heard in passing about half the houses in town. Great skill is attained in the manufacture of zarapes, and those of San Miguel and Saltillo are the finest in Mexico, some costing over a thousand dollars each. I saw one which had taken over a year in the making, and its value was three hundred dollars. The weaving was a marvel of fineness, and it had a very close reproduction of a painting which was shown me. In market hours, particularly on Sundays, the plaza was enlivened by the sellers of zarapes and rebozos, who went around with their goods in little piles on their shoulders, seeking customers. This plaza was the centre of activity for the place. The principal shops were there, and on one side was the fruit-market, where the venders had light tents pitched on the pavement, the fruit displayed in little heaps spread on matting on the ground. The mushy, but delicious white zapotes, with flesh much like that of a Bartlett pear, were generally surrounded by swarms of wasps. On another side of the plaza a deal of cooking was always going on; much frying over little charcoal fires. It was no wonder that crowds of peasants were attracted to buy, for the odor of meat and onions was savory even to more civilized nostrils.

The plaza was the club-room of the place, so to speak; night after night the same young men might be seen quietly chatting together on the same benches of carved stone. Some evenings there was music, and then everybody turned out, promenading around the little garden. There was a good-sized theatre, with performances every Sunday night, and often two or three other evenings in the week. Some of the traveling dramatic and operatic companies which make the round of the Mexican provincial cities are excellent.

One afternoon I sat reading in my room while the first shower of the month was falling. The rainy season was several weeks later than usual, this year. It was a goodly shower, and the rivulets in the streets were soon converted into turbid torrents. While the rain was still pouring, though very gently, I heard music in the street. It was St. John's day, and I thought it part of the celebration. I stepped to the balcony and saw a band coming, followed by a score or more of men with lighted candles. The band was playing a lively march. Ahead there ran a little boy with what looked like a tawdrily painted box-cover. The men were nearly all of the lower class, shabbily dressed. One of them carried on his head an open coffin, containing what I at first took for a doll, having something to do with the ceremonial. It was dressed in white muslin with some gilt tinsel. But as they passed below I saw that it was a dead baby, with long eyelashes and black eyes staring up to the sky. Mean-

while the rain kept dropping pitilessly on the senseless little form. Or, I fancied, since the form was senseless, was the rain pitiless, or compassionate tears from heaven! The men sheltered from the wind with one hand the candles they were carrying. The procession marched along with the martial blare of the music sounding gayly down the narrow streets, seeming strangely inappropriate to mark the entry of a little child into the kingdom of heaven.

The rains fell daily now. Every afternoon the clouds rolled up and the skies grew black. Almost over night the landscape underwent a magic transformation. The brown, sun-scorched plains turned to the loveliest of spring-time greens, and the fresh tint crept up over the gray rocks to the mountain summits.

When I returned to the capital I found that the railway, just below San Miguel, ran through a grand gorge, coursed by a river. On my upward trip I had missed this sight, having passed through in the dark. The river, usually a mere rill, was swollen to a powerful, broad-breasted current, with boats upon it for people to cross in.

Sylvester Baxter.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XXI.

The pony walked on, sometimes a little quicker, sometimes a little slower, while Geoff dreamed. No doubt Pony too had his own thoughts. His opinion was that summer had come again. He was rather a pampered little pony, who had never been put to any common use, who had never felt harness on his back, or a weight behind him, or the touch of a whip beyond that of Geoff's little switch; and he had come so far and had trotted so long that he was hot, and did not like it. He had come so far that he no longer knew which was the direction of home and the comfortable cool stable, for which he began to puff and sigh. When he came to a cross-road he sniffed at it, but never could be sure. The scent seemed to lie one time in one way, another time in another. Not being able to make sure of the way home, the pony made it up to himself in a different direction. He sauntered along, and cooled down. He took a pull at the grass, nearly snatching the loose reins out of Geoff's small hands. Then, after having thus secured the proper length, he had a tolerable meal, a sort of picnic refreshment, not unpleasant; and the grass was very crisp and fresh. He began to think that it was for this purpose, to give him a little beneficial change of diet, that he had been brought out. It was very considerate. Corn is good, and so even is nice, dry, sweet-smelling hay. But of all things in the world, there is nothing so delightful as the fresh salad with all its juices, the sweet grass with the dew upon it, especially when it is past the season for grass, and you have been ridden in the sun.

Geoff's mind was pleasurably moved in a different way. The freedom, the silence, the fresh air, entered into his little being like wine. He had not known much of the delights of solitude. A sickly child, who has to be watched continually, and who is alone in the sense of having no playmates, no one of his own age near him, has less experience than the robust of true aloneness. He had been always with his mother, or, in his mother's brief absences, — so brief

that they scarcely told in the story of his life, — under the charge of the nurse, who was entirely devoted to him. He knew by heart all the stories she had to tell, and yet would have them repeated, with a certain pleasure in the sound of the words. But his mother, — he never could be sure what she was going to say. To question her was the chief occupation of his life, and she never was weary of replying. His days were full of this perpetual intercourse. So it happened that to get out alone into the absolute stillness, broken only by the rustle of the leaves, the sound of the wind as it brought them down, the twitter of the birds, the tinkle of the little stream, was a new delight to Geoff, unlike anything that had gone before. And to see miles and miles before him, to see all round him roads stretching into the unknown, houses and churches and woods, all nameless and new, — was he riding out to seek his fortune, was he going to conquer the world, was he the prince riding to the castle where the Sleeping Beauty lay? Was he Jack, going on unawares to the ogre's castle, where he was to kill the giant and deliver the prisoners? The little boy did not, perhaps, put these questions into form, but they were all in his mind, filling him with a vague, delicious exhilaration. He was all of these heroes put together, and little Geoff Markland beside. He was afraid of nothing: partly, perhaps, because of his breeding, which had made it apparent to him that the world chiefly existed for the purpose of taking care of Geoff; and partly from an innate confidence and friendliness with all the world. He had no serious doubt that ogres, giants, and other unpleasant people did exist to be overcome; but so far as men and women were considered, Geoff had no fear of them: and he was aware that even in the castle of the ogre these natural aids and auxiliaries were to be found. He wandered on, accordingly, quite satisfied with his fancies, until the pony gave that first jerk to the reins and began his meal. Geoff pulled him up at first — but then began to reflect that ponies have their breakfast earlier than boys, and that even he himself was beginning to feel that the time for eating had come. "We can't both have luncheon," said the little man, "and I think you might wait, pony;" but he reflected again that, if he could put out his hand and reach some bread and butter, he would not himself, at that moment, be restrained by the thought that pony's hunger was unsatisfied. This thought induced him to drop his wrists and leave the pony free. They formed an odd little vignette on the side of the road: the pony, with its head down, selecting the juicy spots; the little boy amicably consenting, with his hands upon its neck. Geoff, however, to those who did not know that he was consenting, and had philosophically made up his mind to sanction, in default of luncheon for himself, his pony's meal, looked a somewhat helpless little figure, swayed about by the movements of his little steed. And this was how he appeared to the occupants of a phaeton which swept past, with two fine bay horses, and all their harness glittering and jingling in the sun. There was a lady in it, by the driver's side, and both greeted the little boy with a burst of laughter. "Shall I touch him up for you?" the gentleman cried, brandishing his whip over the pony's head. This insult went to Geoff's soul. He drew himself up out of his dreaming, and darted such a glance at the passers-by as produced another loud laugh, as they swept past. And he plucked the pony's head from the turf with the same startled movement, and surprised the little animal into a canter of a dozen paces or so, enough, at least, he hoped, to show those insolent people that he could go, when he liked. But after that the pony took matters into his own hand.

It was beginning to be afternoon,

which to Geoff meant the decline of the day, after his two-o'clock dinner. He had had no dinner, poor child, and that afternoon languor which the strongest feel, the sense of falling off and running low, was deepened in him by unusual emptiness, and that consciousness of wrong which a child has who has missed a meal. Pony, after *his* dinner, had a more lively feeling than ever that the stable at home would be cool and comfortable, and, emboldened by so much salad, wanted to turn back and risk finding the way. He bolted twice, so that all Geoff's horsemanship and all his strength were necessary to bring the little beast round. The little man did it, setting his teeth with childish rage and determination, digging his heels into the fat refractory sides, and holding the reins twisted in his little fists with savage tenacity. But a conflict of this sort is very exhausting, and to force an unreasonable four-footed creature in the way it does not want to go requires a strain of all the faculties which it is not easy to keep up, especially at the age (not all told) of nine. Geoff felt the tears coming to his eyes; he felt that he would die of shame if any one saw him, thus almost mastered by a pony: yet that he would give anything in the world to see a known face, some one who would help him home. Not the phaeton, though, or that man who had offered to "touch him up." When he heard the wheels behind him again Geoff grew frantic. He laid his whip about the pony's neck, with a maddening determination not to be laughed at any more. But circumstances were too strong for him. The pony made a spring forward, stopped suddenly, and Geoff, with a giddy sense of flying through the air, a horrible consciousness of great hoofs coming down, lost all knowledge of what was going to happen to him, and ended in insensibility this wild little flight into the unknown.

It was well for Geoff that some one who had been crossing a field close by, at this climax of his little history, saw the impending accident, and sprang over the stile into the road at the decisive moment; for the driver of the phaeton, with the best will in the world, could scarcely have otherwise avoided mischief, though he pulled his horses back on their hind quarters in the sudden alarm. Theo Warrender flung himself under the very hoofs of the dashing bays. He seized the child and flung him out on the edge of the road, but was himself knocked down, and lay for a moment not knowing how much he was himself hurt, and paralyzed by terror for the boy, whom he had recognized in the flash of the catastrophe. There was a whirl of noise, for a moment, loud shrieks from the lady, the grinding of the suddenly stopped wheels, the prancing and champing of the horses, the loud exclamations of the man who was driving to the groom, who sprang out from behind, and to his shrieking companion. The groom raised Geoff's head, and laid him on the grass at the roadside, while Warrender crept out from the dangerous position he occupied, his heart sick with alarm. "He's coming to," said the groom. "There is no harm done. The gentleman 's more hurt than the boy." "There is nothing the matter with me," cried Warrender, though the blood was pouring from his forehead, making bubbles in the dust. When Geoff opened his eyes he had a vision first of that anxious, blood-stained countenance; then of a bearded face in an atmosphere of cigar smoke, which reminded him strangely, in the dizziness of returning consciousness, of his father: while the carriage, the impatient bays, the lady looking down from her high seat, were like a picture behind. He could not remember at first what it was all about. The bearded man knelt beside him, feeling him all over. "Does anything hurt you, little chap? Come, that 's brave. I think there 's nothing wrong."

"But look at Theo! Theo's all bleeding," said Geoff, trying to raise himself up.

"It's nothing, — a trifle," said Warrender, feeling, though faint, angry that the attention of the stranger should be directed to his ghastly countenance. He added, "Don't wait on account of him. If you will let your man catch the pony, I'll take him home."

Then the lady screamed from the phaeton that the little darling must be given to her, that he was not fit to get on that pony again, that he must be driven to the village. She called her companion to her, who swore by Jove, and plucked at his mustache, and consulted with the groom, who by some chance knew who the child was. The end of the discussion was that Geoff, to his own great surprise, and not without a struggle, was lifted to the phaeton and placed close to the lady, who drew him to her, and kept him safe within her arm. Geoff looked up at the face that bent so closely over him with a great deal of curiosity, and mingled attraction and repulsion. In his giddy state, it seemed to him another phase of the dream. The sudden elevation, the rush of rapid motion, so different from his slow and easy progress, the two bays dashing through the air, the lady's perfumery and her caresses, all bewildered the boy. Where were they taking him? After all, was there really some ogre's castle, some enchanted palace, to which he was being swept along without any will of his? The little boy was disturbed by the kisses and caresses of his new friend. He was not a shy child; but he felt himself too old to be kissed, and a little indignant, and slightly alarmed, in the confusion of his shaken frame, as to where he was being taken and what was going to happen to him. The bays were grand and the lady was beautiful; but as Geoff looked at her, holding himself as far away as was possible within the tight enclosure of her arm, he thought her more like the enchantress than the good, lovely fairy queen, which had been his first idea. She was not like the ogre's wife he knew so well, — that pathetic, human little person, who did what she could to save the poor strayed boys; but rather of ogre-kind herself, kissing him as if she would like to put a tooth in him, with loud laughter at his shrinking and indisposition to be caressed. Geoff also felt keenly the meanness of forsaking Theo, and even the pony, who by this time, no doubt, must be very sorry for having thrown him, and very much puzzled how to get home. Would the groom (left behind for the purpose) be able to catch him? All these things much disturbed Geoff's thoughts. He paid little attention to the promises that were made to him of tea and nice things to eat, although he was faint and hungry; feeling not altogether certain, in his little confused brain, that he might not, instead of eating, be eaten, though he was quite aware at the same time that this was nonsense, and could not be.

But when the phaeton turned in at the gate of the Elms, and Geoff saw the high red brick house, surrounded with its walls, like a prison, or like the ogre's castle itself, his perturbation grew to a climax. The vague alarm which takes complete possession of a child when once aroused in him rose higher and higher in his mind. When the lady sprang lightly down, and held out her arms to receive him as he alighted, the little fellow made a nervous leap clear of her, and stood shaking and quivering with the effort, on his guard, and distrustful of any advance. "Nobody is going to harm you, my little fellow," said the man, kindly enough; while the lady asked why he was frightened, with laughter which confused and alarmed him more and more; for Geoff was accustomed to be taken seriously, and did not understand being laughed at. He wanted to be civil, notwithstanding,

and was about to follow in-doors, plucking up his courage: when a glance round — which showed him how high the walls were, and that the gates had been closed, and that in the somewhat narrow space inside there was no apparent outlet by which he could communicate with the world in which his mother and Theo and everybody he knew were left behind — carried a thrill of panic, which he could not overcome, through all his being. As he paused, scared and frightened, on the threshold, he saw at the further end of the inclosure a door standing a little ajar, by which some one had entered on foot. Geoff did not pause to think again, but made for the opening with a sudden start, and, when outside, ran like a hunted hare. He ran straight on, seeing houses before him where he knew there must be safety, — houses with no high walls, cottages such as a small heart trusts in, be it beggar or prince. He ran, winged with fear, till he got as far as Mrs. Bagley's shop. It was not a great distance, but he was unused to violent exertion, and his little body and brain were both quivering with excitement and with the shock of his fall. The dread of some one coming after him, of the house that looked like a prison, of the strangeness of the circumstances altogether, subsided at the sight of the village street, the church in the distance, the open door of the little shop. All these things were utterly antagonistic to ogres, incompatible with enchantresses. Geoff became himself again when he reached the familiar and recognizable; and when he saw the cakes in Mrs. Bagley's window, his want of a dinner grew into an overpowering consciousness. He stopped himself, took breath, wiped his little hot forehead, and went in, in a very gentlemanly way, taking off his hat, which was dusty and crushed with his fall, to the astonished old lady behind the counter. "Would you mind giving me a cake or a biscuit?" he said. "I don't think I have any money, but I am going to Mrs. Warrender's, if you will show me where that is, and she will pay for me. But don't do it," said Geoff, suddenly perceiving that he might be taken for an impostor, "if you have any doubt that you will be paid."

"Oh, my little gentleman," cried Mrs. Bagley, "take whatever you please, sir! I 'm not a bit afraid; and if you was never to pay me, you 're but a child, if I may make bold to say so; and as for a cake or a — But if you 'll take my advice, sir, a good bit of bread and butter would be far more wholesome, and you shall have that in a moment" —

"Thank you very much," said Geoff, though he cast longing eyes at the cakes, which had the advantage of being ready; "and please might I have a chair or a stool to sit down upon, for I am very tired? May I go into that nice room there, while you cut the bread and butter? My mother," said the boy, with a sigh of pleasure, throwing himself down in Mrs. Bagley's big chair, which she dragged out of its corner for him, "will be very much obliged to you when she knows. Yes, I am only a child," he continued, after a moment; "but I never thought I was so little till I got far away from home. Will you tell me, please, where I am now?"

Mrs. Bagley was greatly impressed by this little personage, who looked so small and talked with such imposing self-possession. She set down before him a glass of milk with the cream on it, which she had intended for her own tea, and a great slice of bread and butter, which Geoff devoured without further comment. "This is Underwood," she said, "and Mrs. Warrender's is close by, and there 's nobody but will be pleased to show you the way; but I do hope, sir, as you have n't run away from home?"

"Oh, no," said Geoff, with his mouth full of bread and butter, "not at all. I only came to see Theo, — that is Mr. Warrender's name, you know. To be

sure," he added, "mamma will not know where I am, and probably she is very much frightened; that is something like running away, is n't it? I hope they have caught my pony, and then when I have rested a little I can ride home. Is that a nice house, that tall red house with the wall round it, or do they shut up people there?"

"Ah, that 's the Elms," said the old lady, and she gave a glance which Geoff did not understand to the young woman who was sitting at work behind. "I don't know as folks is ever shut up in it," she said, significantly; "but don't you never go there, my little gentleman, for it ain't a nice house."

"The like of him could n't get no harm, Granny, even if it was as bad as you think."

"There is nobody as would n't get harm, man or woman, or even children," cried Granny, dogmatically. "It was the last place as poor Lord Markland was ever in afore his accident, and who knows" —

Geoff put down his bread and butter. "That 's my father," he said. "Did he know those people? Perhaps his horses got wild escaping from them."

Mrs. Bagley lifted up her hands in awe and wonder. "My stars!" she said, "I thought I had seen him before. Lizzie, it 's the little lord."

"That is what the lady called me," said Geoff, "as if it was my fault. Do they set traps there for people who are lords?"

XXII.

It may be imagined what the sight of Theo all bound up and bleeding was to the family in the Warren. He had not at all the look of a benevolent deliverer, suffering sweetly from a wound received in the service of mankind. He had a very pale and angry countenance, and snorted indignant breath from his dilated nostrils. "It 's nothing; a little water will make it all right," he answered to the eager questions of his mother and sisters. "Has the brat got here?"

"The brat? What brat? Oh, Theo! You 've been knocked down; your coat is covered with dust. Run for a basin, Chatty, and some lint. You look as if you had been fighting, or something." These cries rose from the different voices round him, while old Joseph, who had seen from a window the plight in which his master was, stood gazing, somewhat cynical and very curious, in the background. The scene was the hall, which has been already described, and into which all the rooms opened.

"Well," rejoined Theo angrily, "I never said I had n't. Where 's the boy? Little fool! and his mother will be distracted. Oh, don't bother me with your bathing. I must go and see after the boy."

"Let me see what is wrong," pleaded Mrs. Warrender. "The boy? Who is it? Little Markland? Has he run away? Oh, Theo, have patience a moment. Joseph will run and inquire — Minnie will put on her hat" —

"Running don't suit these legs o' mine," grumbled Joseph, looking at his thin shanks.

"And what am I to put on my hat for?" cried Minnie. "Let Theo explain. How can we tell what he wants if he won't explain?"

"I 'll run," said Chatty, who had already brought a basin and water, and who flew forth in most illogical readiness, to satisfy her brother, although she did not know what he wanted. Good-will, however, is often its own reward, and in this instance it was emphatically so, for Chatty almost ran into a little group advancing through the shrubbery, — Mrs. Bagley, with her best bonnet hastily put on, holding little Geoff Markland by the hand. The boy was in advance, dragging his guardian forward, and Mrs. Bagley panted with the effort. "Oh, Miss Chatty," she

cried, "I'm so thankful to see you! The little gentleman, he 's in such a hurry. The little gentleman" —

Geoff let go in a moment the old lady's hand, nearly throwing her off her balance; but he was full of his own affairs, as was natural. "It is me," he said to Chatty. "I came to see Theo; but I had an accident: and he had an accident. And they wanted to take me to that tall house, but I would n't. Has Theo come back? and where is pony? This old lady has to be paid for the bread and butter. She was very kind, and took care of me when I ran away."

"Oh," cried Chatty, "did you run away? And Lady Markland will be so unhappy."

No one paid any attention to Mrs. Bagley's declaring that she wanted no payment for her bread and butter; and Geoff, very full of the importance of the position, hurried Chatty back to the house. "Can I go in?" he said, breathless; "and will you send me home, and find pony for me? Oh, here is Theo! Was it the horse that tipped you on the head?" He came forward with great gravity, and watched the bathing of Warrender's brow, which was going on partly against his will. Geoff approached without further ceremony, and stood by the side of the table, and looked on. "Did he catch you with his forefoot?" said the boy. "I thought it was only the hind feet that were dangerous. What a lot of blood! and oh, are they going to cut off your hair? When I got a knock on the head, mamma sent for the doctor for me."

"Dear Theo, be still, and let me do it. How could you get such a blow?"

"I will tell you, Mrs. Warrender," said the little boy, drawing closer and closer, and watching everything with his little grave face. "Pony threw me, and the big bays were coming down to crush my head. I saw them waving in the air, like that, over me: and Theo laid hold of me here and tore me, and they kicked him instead."

"What is all this about a pony and the bays? Theo, tell me."

"He tore me all here, look, in the back of my knickerbockers," said Geoff putting his hand to the place; "but I 'd rather have that than a knock on my head. Theo, does it hurt? Theo, what a lot you have bled! Were you obliged to tear my knickerbockers? I say, Theo, the lady was pretty, but I did n't much like her, after all."

Theo, though his head was over the basin, put out his hand and seized the child by the shoulder. "What did you run away for, you little— Do you know your mother will be wretched about you? — your mother, who is worth a hundred of you." This was said through his teeth, with a twist of Geoff's shoulder which was almost savage.

"I say!" cried the child; then he added, indignantly. "I never ran away; I came to see you, because you are going to be my tutor. I did n't think it was such a long way. And pony got hungry. And so was I."

"Going to be his tutor!" It was Minnie's voice that said this, so sharply that the air tingled with the words, and Mrs. Warrender started a little; but it was not a moment at which any more could be said. The bathing was done, and Theo's wound had now to be brought together by plaster and bound up. It was not very serious. A hoof had touched him, but that was all, and fortunately not on a dangerous place.

"Take him away and give him something to eat," said the patient, but not in a hospitable voice.

"I want to see it all done," said Geoff, pressing closer. "Is that how you do it? Don't you want another piece of plaster? Will you have to take it off again, or will it stay till it is all well? Oh, look, that corner is n't fast. Press it there, a little closer. Oh, Theo, she has done it so nicely. You can't see a bit of the

bad place. It is all covered with plaster, like that, and then like this. I wish now it had been me, just to know how it feels."

"Take him away, mother, for heaven's sake!" cried Warrender under his breath.

"My dear, you must not worry Theo. He is going to lie down now, and be quiet for a little. Go with Minnie, and have something to eat."

"I am not so hungry now," said the boy, "but very much interested. When you are interested you don't feel hungry: and the old woman gave me something to eat. Would you pay her, please? Won't you tie something on, Mrs. Warrender, to hide the plaster? It does n't look very nice like that."

"Come," said Chatty, taking him by the hand. The elder sister had thrown herself into a chair at the mention of the tutor, and seemed unable for further exertion.

"Oh, yes, I am coming; but I am most interested about Theo. Theo, you have got a stain upon your cheek; and your coat is torn, too, as bad as my — Well, but he did tear my knickerbockers. Look! I felt the cold wind, though I did not say anything; not upon the open road, but when we got among your trees. It is so dark among your trees. Theo!"

"Come, come; I want you to come with me," Chatty said, hurrying Geoff away: and perhaps the sight of the table in the dining-room, and the tray which Joseph, not without a grumble, was placing upon it, became about this time as interesting as Theo's wound.

"We ought to send and tell his mother that the child is here."

"Or send him back," said Minnie sharply, "and get rid of him. A little story-teller! Theo his tutor! If I were his mother, I should whip him, till he learned what lies mean!"

Mrs. Warrender looked with some anxiety at her son. "Children," she said, "make such strange misrepresentations of what they hear. But we should send" —

"I have sent already," said Theo. "She will probably come and fetch him — and, mother" —

"My dear, keep still, and don't disturb yourself. There might be a little fever."

"Oh, rubbish! Fever! I shall not disturb myself, if you don't disturb me. Look here. It is quite true; I 've offered myself to be his tutor."

"His tutor!" cried Minnie once more, in a voice which was like the report of a pistol. Mrs. Warrender said nothing, but looked at him with a boundless pity in her eyes, slightly shaking her head.

"Well! and what have you to say against it?" cried Theo, facing his sister, with a glow of anger mounting to the face which had been almost ghastly with loss of blood.

"This is not a moment for discussion. Go and see to the child. Theo, my dear boy, if you care so much for Geoff as that — at another time you must tell us all about it."

"There is nothing to tell you, save that I have made up my mind to it," he said, looking at her with that prompt defiance which forestalls remark. "Geoff! Do you think it is for Geoff? But neither at this time nor at any other time is there more to say."

He looked at her so severely that Mrs. Warrender's eyes fell. He felt no shame, but pride, in his self-sacrifice, and determination to stand by it and uphold his right to make it in the face of all the world. But this very determination, and a consciousness of all that would be said on the subject, gave Warrender a double intolerance in respect to Geoff himself. To imagine that it was for the boy's sake was, he already felt, an imputation he could scarce endure. For the boy's sake! The boy would have been swept away before now if thought could have done it. From the first hour

he had been impatient of the boy. The way in which he clung to his mother had been a personal offense. And his mother! — ah, no, she could do no wrong. Not even in this matter, which sometimes tortured him, could he blame Lady Markland. But that she or any one should imagine for a moment that he was ready to sacrifice his time, his independence, so much of his life, for the sake of Geoff! That was a misconception which Warrender could not bear. "Don't let that little —— come near me," he said to his mother, as he finally went off, somewhat feebly, to the old library, where he could be sure of quiet. "Make the girls take care of him and amuse him. She will probably come and fetch him, and I will rest — till then" — That little ——! Warrender did not add any epithet; the adjective was enough.

"Till then — till she comes! Is that all your thought?" said his mother. "Oh, my poor boy!"

He met her eyes with a pride which scorned concealment. Yes, he could own it here, where it would be in vain to deny it. He would not disavow the secret of his heart. Mothers have keen eyes: but hers were not keen, — they were pitying, — more sad than tears. She looked at him, and once more softly shook her head. The blood had rushed again to his face, dyeing it crimson for a moment, and he held his head high as he made his confession. "Yes, mother, that is all my thought." And then he walked away, tingling with the first avowal that had he made to mortal ears. As for Mrs. Warrender, she stood looking after him with so mingled an expression that only a delicate casuist could have divined the meaning in her. She was so sorry for him, so proud of him. He was so young, not more than a boy, yet man enough to give all his heart and his life — to sacrifice everything, even his pride — for the sake of the woman he loved. His mother, who had never before come within speaking distance of a passion like this, felt her heart glow and swell with pride in him, with tender admiration beyond words. She had neither loved nor been loved after this sort; and yet it was no romance of the poets, but had a real existence, and was here, here by her side, in this monotonous little world which had never been touched by such a presence before. She said to herself that it would never come to anything but misery and pain; yet even misery was better than nothingness, and he who had loved had lived. To think that a quiet, middle-aged Englishwoman, a pattern of domestic duty, should think thus, and exult in her son's inconceivable and, as she believed, unhappy passion, is almost too much to be credible. Yet so it was.

Geoff's absence was not discovered until two o'clock, when Lady Markland, at the end of a long and troublesome consultation over matters only partially understood, suggested luncheon to her man of business. "Geoff will be waiting and very impatient," she said, with a smile. Mr. Longstaffe was not anxious to see Geoff, nor disturbed that the little boy's midday meal should have been postponed to business, though this disturbed Geoff's mother, who had been in the habit of thinking his comfort the rule of her life. She was much startled not to find him in the dining-room, and to hear that he had not come back. "Not come back! and it is two o'clock! But Black will take good care of him," she said, with a forced smile, to Mr. Longstaffe, "and I must not keep you waiting." "If you please, my lady," said the butler, "Black 's not gone with him." At this Lady Markland stared at the man, the color dying out of her face. "You have let him go out alone!" "I had nothing to do with it, my lady. The colt 's lame, and Black" — "Oh," she cried, with impatience, "don't talk to me of excuses, but go, go, and look for my child!" Then she was told that

Black had gone some time since, and was scouring all the roads about; that he had come back once, having seen nothing; and that now the coachman and gardener were gone, too. From this time until the hasty messenger arrived with Theo's hurried note, Lady Markland spent the time in such distraction as only mothers know, representing to herself a hundred dangers, which reason told her were unlikely, but which imagination, more strong than reason, placed again and again before her eyes, till she felt a certainty that they were true. All these stories of kidnapping, which people in their senses laugh at, Lady Markland as much as any, being when in her right mind a very sensible woman, came before her now as possible, likely, almost certain. And she saw Geoff, with his little foot caught in the stirrup, dragged at the pony's frightened heels, the stones on the road tearing him, his head knocking against every obstacle; and she saw him lying by the roadside, white and lifeless. She saw everything that could and could not happen, and accused herself for not having sent him to school, out of danger, — for not having kept him by her side night and day.

Mr. Longstaffe naturally looked on at this anguish with a mixture of contempt and pity. He was not at all alarmed for Geoff. "The young gentleman will have gone to visit one of his friends; he will have gone further than he intended. He may, if he does n't know the country very well, have missed his way: but we don't live in a land of brigands and bandits, my dear lady; somebody will be sure to direct him safely back." He managed to eat his luncheon by himself, after she had begged him not to mind her absence, and had left him undisturbed to confide to the butler his regret that Lady Markland should be so much upset, and his conviction that the little boy was quite safe. "He 'll be all right, sir," the butler said. "He is as sharp as a needle, is Mr. Geoff. I did ought to say his little lordship, but it 's hard to get into new ways." They said this, each with an indulgent smile at her weakness, in Lady Markland's absence. The lawyer had a great respect for her, and the butler venerated his mistress, who was very capable in her own house: but they smiled at her womanish exaggeration, all the same.

Warrender had been quite right in thinking she would come at once for Geoff. She had almost harnessed the horses herself, so eager was she, and they flew along the country roads at a pace very unlike their ordinary calm. Evening had fallen when she rushed into the hall at the Warren, in her garden hat, with a shawl wrapped about her shoulders, the first she had found. Terrible recollections of the former occasion when she had been summoned to this house were in her mind, and it was with a fantastic terror which she could scarcely overcome that she found herself once more, by the same waning light, in the place where she had been sent for to see her husband die. If she had been deceived! If the child should be gone, like his father! She had not, however, a second moment in which to indulge this fancy, for Geoff 's voice, somewhat raised, met her ears at once. Geoff was in very great feather, seated among the ladies, expounding to them his views on things in general. "Our trees at Markland are not like your trees," he was saying. "They are just as young as me, mamma says. When I am as old as you are, or as Theo, perhaps they will be grown. But I shall not like them so big as yours. When Theo is my tutor I shall tell him what I think; it will be a fine opportunity. Why, mamma!"

She had him in her arms, kissing and sobbing over him for a moment, till she could overcome that hysterical impulse. Theo had come from his room at the sound of the wheels, and the party were all collected in the drawing-room, the door of which stood open. There was

little light, so that they could scarcely see each other, but Minnie had full time to remark with horror that Lady Markland did not even wear a widow's bonnet, or a crape veil, for decency, but had on a mere *hat*, — a straw hat, with a black ribbon. She put her hand on her heart, in the pang of this discovery, but nobody else took any notice. And, indeed, in the outburst of the poor lady's thanks and questions, there was no room for any one else to speak.

"Oh, it was all right," said Geoff, who was in high excitement, the chief spokesman, and extremely eager to tell his own story before any one could interfere. "I knew the way quite well. I wanted to see Theo, you know, to ask him if he really meant it. I wanted to speak to him all by himself; for Theo is never the same, mamma, when you are there. I knew which turn to take as well as any one. I was n't in a hurry; it was such a nice day. But pony was not interested about Theo, like me, and he remembered that it was dinner-time. That was all about it. And then those people in the phaeton gave him a start. It was nothing. I just popped over his head. There was no danger except that the bays might have given me a kick; but horses never kick with their fore-feet."

Here Lady Markland gave a shriek, and clutched her boy again. "You fell, Geoff, among the horses' feet!"

"Oh, it did n't matter, mamma; it did n't matter a bit. Theo caught me, and tore my knickerbockers (but they 're mended now). He bled a great deal, and I helped Mrs. Warrender to plaster up the cut; but I was n't hurt, — not a bit; and my knickerbockers" —

It was Geoff's turn now to pause in surprise, for his mother left him, and flew to Theo, and, taking his hands, tried to kiss them, and, between laughing and crying, said, "God bless you! God bless you! You have saved my boy's life!"

Geoff was confounded by this desertion, by the interruption, by the sudden cry. He put his hand up to the place where Warrender's cut was, dimly realizing that it might have been in his own head but for Theo. "Was that what it was?" he said, wondering and unobserved in the midst of the new commotion, which for the moment left Geoff altogether, and rose around Warrender, as if he had been the hero of the day.

XXIII.

They all sat round the table and took their evening meal together before Lady Markland went back. It was not a ceremonious, grand dinner, as if there had been a party. Old Joseph pottered about, and put the dishes on the table, and handed the potatoes now and then when they were not wanted, and sometimes leaned across between the young ladies to regulate the lamp, explaining why as he did so. "Excuse me, Miss Chatty, but it 's a-going to smoke," he said; and in the mean time the family helped each other. But Lady Markland was not conscious of the defects in the service. She sat by Theo's side, talking to him, looking at him in a kind of soft ecstasy. They had been friends before, but it seemed that she had now for the first time discovered what he was, and could not conceal her pleasure, her gratitude, her admiration. She made him tell her how it all happened, a dozen times over, while the others talked of other things, and poured out her thanks, her happiness, her ascription of praise, as if he had been more than mortal, devoting herself to him alone. Lady Markland had never been the kind of woman who allows herself in society to be engrossed by a man. It was entirely unlike her, unlike her character, a new thing. She was quite unconscious of Minnie's sharp eyes upon her, of the remarks which were being made. All she was aware of, in that

rapture of safety after danger and relief from pain, was Geoff, blinking with eyes half sleepy, half excited, by the side of Mrs. Warrender, nothing hurt in him but his knickerbockers; and the young man by her side, with the wound upon his head, who had saved her child's life. Theo, for his part, was wrapped in a mist of delight for which there was no name. He saw only her, thought only of her; and for the first time began to imagine what life might be if it should ever come to mean a state in which this rapture should be permanent, — when she would always look at him so, always devote herself, eyes and lips and all her being, to make him happy.

The room lay in darkness beyond the steady light of the white lamp, shining on the circle of faces. There was not much conversation. Minnie was sternly silent, on the watch; Chatty sympathetically on the alert, too, though she scarcely knew why, because her sister was; Mrs. Warrender listening with a faint smile to Geoff's little chatter, occasionally casting a glance at the other end of the table, which she could see but imperfectly. Lady Markland spoke low, addressing Theo only, so that Geoff, as before, held the chief place. He was never weary of going over the adventures of the day.

"It is that tall house before you come to the village, — a tall, tall house, with a wall all round, as if to keep prisoners in. I know there are no prisoners now. Of course not! There are people all about in the fields and everywhere, who would soon tell the policeman and set you free. I was not afraid. Still, if the gates had been shut, and they refused to open, I don't know what one would do. The lady was like a picture in the Pilgrim's Progress, — that one, you know. I thought her pretty at first. But then she held me in her arm as if I had been a baby."

"Oh, it would be Those People!" said Minnie, moved to a passing exclamation of horror.

"Never mind that now. You must not venture out again without the groom, for it makes your mother unhappy. Theo," said Mrs. Warrender, with a smile and a sigh, "when he was a little fellow like you, never did anything to make me unhappy."

"Did n't he?" said Geoff seriously. "But I did n't know. How could I tell pony would so soon get hungry? He has n't a regular dinner-time, as we have; only munches and munches all day. But I was telling you about the tall house" —

"You must tell me another time, Geoff. Theo must bring you back with him sometimes for a holiday."

"Yes," said Geoff, "that would do better. Pony would go splendid by the side of Theo's big black. I shall come often. When I do my lessons well — I have never done any lessons except with mamma. Does Theo like teaching boys?"

"I don't know, my dear. I don't think he has ever tried."

"Then why is he coming to teach me? That, at the very bottom of it, you know, is what I wanted him to tell me; for he would not tell straight out, the real truth, before mamma."

"I hope he always tells the real truth," said Mrs. Warrender gently. "I suppose, my little Geoff, it is because he is fond of you."

Upon this Geoff shook his little head for a long time, twisting his face and blinking his keen little eyes. "He is not fond of me — oh no, it is not that. I can do with Theo very well — as well as with any one; but he is not fond of me."

"I am glad to hear that you can do with Theo," said the mother, amused.

"Yes. I don't mind him at all: but he is not fond of me; and he is sure not to teach mamma's way, and that is the only way I know. If he were to want to punish me, Mrs. Warrender" —

"I hope, my dear, there will be no question of that."

"I should n't mind," said the boy, "but mamma would n't like it. It might be very awkward for Theo. You are flogged when you go to school, are n't you? At least, all the books say so. Mamma," he went on, raising his voice, "here is a difficulty, — a great difficulty. If Theo should want to flog me, what should you do?"

Lady Markland did not hear him for the moment. She was absorbed! — this was the remark made by Minnie, who watched with the intensest observation. Then Geoff, in defiance of good manners, drummed on the table to attract his mother's attention, and elevated his voice: "Can't you hear what I 'm saying, mamma? If I were to be stupid with my lessons, and Theo were to flog me — (It is only putting a case, for I am not stupid," he added, for Mrs. Warrender's instruction, in an undertone.)

"You must not suggest anything so dreadful," said Lady Markland from the other end of the table. "But now you must thank Mrs. Warrender, Geoff, and Mr. Theo, and every one; for the carriage has come round, and it is growing late, and we must go away."

Then Mrs. Warrender rose, as in duty bound, and the whole party with her. "I will not ask you to stay; it is late for him, and he has had too much excitement," said the mistress of the house.

"And to think I might never have taken him home at all, never heard his voice again, but for your dear son, your good son!" cried Lady Markland, taking both Mrs. Warrender's hands, putting forward her head, with its smooth silken locks in which the light shone, and the soft round of her uplifted face to the elder woman, with an emotion and tenderness which went to Mrs. Warrender's heart. She gave the necessary kiss, but though she was touched there was no enthusiasm in her reply.

"You must not think too much of that, Lady Markland. I hope he would have done it for any child in danger."

This, of course, is always perfectly true; but it chills the effusion of individual gratitude. Lady Markland raised her head, but she still held Mrs. Warrender's hands. "I wish," she said, "oh, I wish you would tell me frankly! Does it vex you that he should be so good to me? This kind, kind offer about Geoff, — is it too much? Yes, yes, I know it is too much; but how can I refuse what he is so good, so charitable, as to offer, when it is such a boon to us? Oh, if you would tell me! Is it displeasing, is it distasteful to you?"

"I don't know how to answer you," Mrs. Warrender said.

"Ah! but that is an answer. Dear Mrs. Warrender, help me to refuse it without wounding his feelings. I have always felt it was too much."

"Lady Markland, I cannot interfere. He is old enough to judge for himself. He will not accept guidance from me, — ah, nor from you either, except in one way." She returned the pressure of her visitor's hand, which had relaxed, with one that was as significant. "It is not so easy to lay spirits when they are once raised," she said.

Lady Markland gave her a sudden, alarmed, inquiring look; but Theo came forward at that moment with her cloak, and nothing could be said more.

When the visitors were gone he came back into the dining-room, expectant, defiant, fire in all his veins, and in his heart a sea of agitated bliss that had to get an outlet somewhere; not in a litany to her, for which there was no place, but at least in defense of her and of himself. It was Minnie, as usual, who stood ready to throw down the glove; Chatty being no more than a deeply interested spectator, and the mother drawing aside from the fray with that sense of sympathy which silences remonstrance. Besides, Mrs. Warrender did not know,

in the responsive excitement in herself which Theo's passion called forth, whether she wished to remonstrate or to put any hindrance in his way.

"Well, upon my word!" said Minnie, "Mrs. Wilberforce may well say the world is coming to a pretty pass. Only six months a widow, and not a bit of crape upon her! I knew she wore no cap. Cap! why, she has n't even a bonnet, nor a veil, nor *anything!* A little bit of a hat, with a black ribbon, — too light for *me* to wear; even Chatty would be ashamed to be seen" —

"Oh, no, Minnie; in the garden, you know, we have never worn anything deeper."

"Do you call this the garden?" cried Minnie, her voice so deep with alarm and presentiment that it sounded bass, in the silence of the night. "Six miles off, and an open carriage, and coming among people who are themselves in mourning! It ought to have given her a lesson to see my mother in her cap."

"If you have nothing better to do than to find fault with Lady Markland" — said Theo, pale with passion.

"Oh," cried Minnie, "don't suppose I am going to speak about Lady Markland to you. How can you be so infatuated, Theo? You a tutor, — you, that have always been made such a fuss with, as if there was not such another in the world! What was it all he was to be? A first class, and a Fellow, and I don't know what. But tutor to a small boy, tutor to a little lord, — a sort of a valet, or a sort of a nurse" —

"Minnie! your brother is at an age when he must choose for himself."

"How much are you to have for it?" she cried, — "how much a year? Or are you to be paid with presents, or only with the credit of the connection? Oh, I am glad poor papa is dead, not to hear of it. He would have known what to think of it all. He would have given you his opinion of a woman — of a woman" —

"Lady Markland is a very nice woman," said Chatty. "Oh, Theo, don't look as if you were going to strike her! She does n't know what she is saying. She has lost her temper. It is just Minnie's way."

"Of a woman who wears no crape for her husband!" cried Minnie, with an effort, in her bass voice.

Theo, who had looked, indeed, as if he might have knocked his sister down, here burst into an angry peal of laughter, which rang through the house; and his mother, seizing the opportunity, took him by the arm and drew him away. "Don't take any notice," she said. "You must not forget she is your sister, whatever she says. And, my dear boy, though Minnie exaggerates, she has reason on her side, from her point of view. No, I don't think as she does, altogether; but, Theo, can't you understand that it is a disappointment to us? We always made so sure you were going to do some great thing."

"And to be of a little real use, once in a way, is such a small thing!"

"Oh, Theo, you must be reasonable, and think a little. It does not want a scholar like you to teach little Geoff."

"A scholar — like me. How do you know I am a scholar at all?"

Mrs. Warrender knew that no answer to this was necessary, and did not attempt it. She went on: "And you are not in a position to want such employment. Don't you see that everybody will begin to inquire what your inducement is? For a young man who has nothing, it is all quite natural; but you — Theo, have you ever asked yourself how you are to be repaid?"

"You are as bad as Minnie, mother," he said, with scorn; "you think I want to be repaid."

She clasped her hands upon his arm, looking up at him with a sort of pitying pride. "*She* must think of it, Theo, — everybody must think of it; ah yes, and even yourself, at the last.

Every mortal, everybody that is human, — oh, Theo, the most generous! — looks for something, something in return."

The young man tried to speak, but his voice died away after he had said "Mother!" To this he had no reply.

But though he could not answer the objection, he could put it aside; and as a matter of course he had his way. At the beginning of a thing, however apparent it may be that embarrassment is involved, few people are clear-sighted enough to perceive how great the embarrassment may come to be. Lady Markland was not wiser than her kind. She spoke of Theo's kindness in a rapture of gratitude, and ended always by saying that after all this was nothing in comparison with the fact that he had begun by saving the boy's life. "I owe my child to him," she said, — "I owe him Geoff's life; and now it almost seems natural, when he has done so much, that he should do anything that his kind heart prompts." She would say this with tears in her eyes, with such an enthusiasm of gratitude that everybody was touched who heard her. But then, everybody did not hear Lady Markland's account of the matter; and the common mass, the spectators who observe such domestic dramas with always a lively desire to get as much amusement as possible out of them, made remarks of a very different kind. The men thought that Warrender was a fool, but that the widow was consoling herself; the ladies said that it was sad to see a young man so infatuated, but that Lady Markland could not live without an adviser; and there were some, even, who began to lament "poor dear young Markland," as if he had been an injured saint. The people who heard least of these universal comments were, however, the persons most concerned: Lady Markland, because she saw few people, and disarmed, as has been said, those whom she did see; and Warrender, because he was not the sort of man, young though he was, whom other men cared to approach with uncalled-for advice. There was but one person, indeed, after his sister, who lifted up a faithful testimony to Theo. Mrs. Wilberforce, as his parish clergyman's wife, felt that, if the rector would not do it, it was her duty to speak. She took advantage of the opportunity one evening after Christmas, when Warrender was dining at the rectory. "Are you *still* going to Markland every day?" she said. "Is n't it a great tie? I should think by the time you have ridden there and back you can't have much time for any business of your own."

"It is a good thing, then," said Theo, "that I have so little business of my own."

"You say so," said the rector's wife, "but most gentlemen make fuss enough about it, I am sure. There seems always something to be doing when you have an estate in your hands. And now that you are a magistrate — though I know you did *not* go to Quarter Sessions," she said severely.

"There are always enough of men who like to play at law, without me."

"Oh, Theo, how can you speak so? when it is one of a gentleman's highest functions, as everybody knows! And then there are the improvements. So much was to be done. The girls could talk of nothing else. They were in a panic about their trees. There is no stauncher conservative than I am," said Mrs. Wilberforce, "but I do think Minnie went too far. She would have everything remain exactly as it is. Now I can't help seeing that those trees — But you have no time to think of trees or anything else," she added briskly, fixing upon him her keen eyes.

"I confess," said Theo, "I never thought of the trees from a political point of view."

"There, that is just like a man!" cried Mrs. Wilberforce. "You seize upon something one says that can be

turned into ridicule; but you never will meet the real question. Oh, is that you, Herbert? Have you got rid of your churchwarden so soon?" — for this was the pretext upon which the rector had been got out of the way.

"He did not want much, — a mere question. Indeed," said the rector — remembering that fibs are not permitted to clergy any more than to the mere laic, and perceiving that he must expect his punishment all the same, with that courage which springs from the conviction that it is as well to be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb — "it was not the churchwarden at all; it was only a mistake of John."

"Well," said his wife significantly, "it was a mistake that was quickly rectified, one can see, as you have come back so soon. And here is Theo talking already of going home. Of course he has his lessons to prepare for to-morrow; he is not a mere idle gentleman now."

Little gibes and allusions like these rained upon the young man from all quarters during the first six months, but no one ventured to speak to him with the faithfulness used by Mrs. Wilberforce; and after a time even these irritating if not very harmful weapons dropped, and the whole matter sank into the region of the ordinary. He rode, or, if the weather was bad, drove, five days in the week to his little pupil, who in himself was not to Theo's mind an attractive pupil, and who kept the temper of the tutor on a constant strain. It ought, according to all moral rules, to have been very good for Warrender to be thus forced to self-control, and to exercise a continual restraint over his extremely impatient temper and fastidious, almost capricious temperament. But there are circumstances in which such self-restraint is rather an aggravating than a softening process. During this period, however, Theo was scarcely to be accounted for by the usual rules of human nature. His mind was altogether absorbed by one of the most powerful influences of human life. He was carried away by a tide of passion which was stronger than life itself.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

TEMPTED.

Yes, I know what you say:
  Since it cannot be soul to soul,
Be it flesh to flesh, as it may;
  But is Earth the whole?

Shall a man betray the Past
  For all Earth gives?
"But the Past is dead"? At last,
  It is all that lives.

Which were the nobler goal —
  To snatch at the moment's bliss,
Or to swear I will keep my soul
  Clean for her kiss?

Andrew Hedbrook.

A BIT OF BIRD-LIFE.

The redwing blackbird is preëminently a bird of social tastes. Nearly the whole year he lives in a noisy crowd, calling, screaming, and singing from morning till night; at this time in his life his manners are of no particular interest. But in the spring, as to other birds, comes the mysterious impulse to leave the giddy throng, to retire to a quiet nook, to build a nest, and establish a family. During this pleasing episode in his ordinary history, his personality reveals itself; he is no longer simply a unit in a lively mob, but an individual with well-marked characteristics and tastes of his own, and he then becomes attractive to the student of bird ways. It is the redwing in domestic life, as the head of a family, that he comes before you now.

The blackbird nook is invariably the loveliest spot in a neighborhood, and is never hard to find, for with childlike ingenuousness he makes himself so conspicuous, and his business so apparent, that the dullest observer cannot fail to notice him. Long before you reach his vicinity you will hear his gleeful "Conk-a-ree!" (or, more correctly, "h'wa-ker-ēē!") and as you approach, his loud "Chack! chack!" challenging your right to intrude, and demanding your business in his retreat. But draw near, even if, as sometimes happens, he grows belligerent and swoops down towards your face. You will find a clump of trees at the edge of the water, generally hedged in by low, thick-growing shrubs. Part the branches in defiance of his angry protests, stoop, and you shall step into a most charming spot, his chosen home. If in a park it will be a bit of wildness left as nature planned it, unfrequented and perfectly secluded, though perhaps not ten feet from a common walk. Within the thick shrouding bushes the ground is bare, or thinly clad with low shrubs, and tall trees completely shade the leafy temple, which is cool and roomy, and refreshing in its peculiar green light. One side borders the water, and there, low among the reeds, is doubtless the homestead so highly regarded, and so poorly concealed.

But though the place be lonely you shall not enjoy it in peace, for this anxious parent, the most fussy and restless of feathered folk, will not cease to scold and scream so long as you stay, running along the branches and eying you from every side. Should his mate be sitting, she will keep silent and show herself more wary than her spouse, but if not thus engaged, she will soon appear. She differs so greatly from him that you may not recognize her till she adds her volubility to the *mêlée*, and you perceive that her voice is exactly like his. She is smaller, and of an inconspicuous gray and brown color, which better fits her for her maternal duties; but her manner of carrying herself, her restlessness, and the expressive use of the tail betray her relationship.

The redwing himself is the most conspicuous object in the landscape. Shining black from the point of the bill to the tip of the toes, his color harmonizes with nothing in nature, and his gold-fringed scarlet epaulets gleam through the trees like gems. Sit down quietly and watch him. Notwithstanding his "society" life, he has not the slightest repose of manner. He is incessantly in motion; to stand still while you look at him is impossible to a blackbird. He will walk along a small branch in such a way that it takes a close look to see that he does not put one foot before the other. He really *sidles*, but holds his body in the direction he is moving, so that one is easily deceived in the matter.

Then he will jump heavily to the next bough and walk the length of that, jerking his tail at every step, and all the time scolding and screaming at the top of his voice, till you are sure the whole bird world will be notified of the presence of an inquisitive stranger, with suspicious manners.

Should the young be out, you will quickly be informed of the fact by the presence of the modest gray mother, who will appear, perhaps, with a mouthful of food, which, however, will not prevent her uttering the blackbird "Chack! chack!" She will earnestly resent your intrusion, hopping uneasily about the tree, anxious to carry her load to the nest, yet fearing to have you see her, till at length she will slip behind the trunk, and silently take wing from the further side, while her ingenuous spouse, perfectly confident of the success of her ruse, delivers a triumphant "h'wa-ker-ēē." Such childlike faith is not to be betrayed. You have not the heart to follow that troubled mother to the clump of low bushes where her treasure is hidden; you are not here as a robber, or violator of homes, however small, but as a student of life. To-morrow you shall return and see the darlings of the redwing family out on the tree, which is much more satisfactory than to disturb the nest, and distress the owners of it.

If you keep still so long that the lively bird forgets your presence and becomes less noisy, you may see him sit down on a branch, to rest after his excitement, letting his tail hang straight down, and occasionally stretching out his long neck till the feathers stand apart, then swell out his throat and treat you to his song. If the hour is right you may see him bathe, and it is worth waiting for. He is exceedingly fond of water, and spatters and splashes with a good will; and though too careless a fellow to spend much time over his subsequent toilet, simply shaking himself violently and leaving the sun to complete the drying, yet his coat is bright and shining.

When the young family appears on the tree the spectacle is most amusing: the father, fussy as the celebrated "hen with one chicken," hopping and running over the branches, chattering all the time and occasionally offering a dainty morsel to one of the infants; the mother, busy enough trying to fill the ever hungry mouths; and the clumsy youngsters themselves, as big as their mother and exactly like her in color, too restless to keep near each other, but sidling along the branches, and hopping awkwardly about the tree, so that the mother has to seek them in a new place every time she returns from her excursions for food. For several days the feeding goes on, till the nestlings are fully feathered and one cannot tell them from their mother; and then some morning the student creeps into the blackbird nook, to find it strangely quiet and the whole family gone. It has probably quite broken up: the father has resumed his bachelor ways in the society of his kind, the full-grown young of the neighborhood enjoying life in their own fashion in a flock by themselves. The summer home-life of the blackbird is over, and you will seek him in vain in the nook. Henceforth it is the open country and the cornfields where he is to be found, under many names, but merry and voluble as ever, and here we will not follow him.

The noises a redwing blackbird can make are of great variety, more than one would suspect who has not studied him in confinement. The close acquaintance with all the sounds natural to a bird, and the emotions indicated by the different cries and calls, is perhaps the most useful knowledge to be gained by keeping him in captivity. The blackbird in the house has made every slightest sound familiar, and you never mistake him for any other, however far off or well concealed. The song of this

bird has been variously characterized, but rarely appreciated. It is, in truth, when heard away from the crowd, a wild, rich strain, recalling the woods on long summer days, the delightful odor of fresh earth and strong vegetable growth. It is impossible to describe, but no bird's song is more expressive of his life, or more suggestive of wild nature. It consists of two strains, each of which is often varied. The most commonly heard has been well represented by Gentry by the syllables "h'wa-ker-ēē," on an ascending scale. Heard nearer, however, this strain is found to consist always of four notes (one lower in the beginning), and often of six. If the ordinary notes are supposed to be *do*, *mi*, *sol*, *do*, beginning on low C, — which they nearly resemble, — the bird varies it by sometimes singing *sol*, *mi*, *do*, *mi*, *sol*, *do*, in the same octave, and sometimes by throwing in a tone between each of the original four. The whole is given with an indescribable thrill, and the final *do* is often a well-executed trill. The second strain is of similar notes, only in a minor key. If the tones cannot be said to be of sweet quality in themselves, it must be remembered that they are adapted for distant effects; and at least they are clear, perfectly suited to the open air, and not unpleasing even in a room.

But the song is the smallest of the redwing's utterances. First is his familiar harsh "Chack, chack!" expressing various emotions, being sometimes softened into "Check" and "Chick," and even, with closed bill, into a rich "Chuck." Besides this he has a shrill scream (it can be called nothing else) on a high key, a sharp, insect-like sound, and a rough aspirate when displeased, like the first sound of *h*. In addition to all these, he has one genuinely sweet, most musical note. It is a single call, which sounds like "ee-u." He gives it sometimes when flying, and in captivity when greatly enjoying anything. For instance, in bathing he will utter that note, and if one answers in a moderately close imitation, on the same key, he will repeat it. I have kept one saying it over for twenty times or more.

Poets and naturalists have exhausted adjectives in ridiculing the blackbird's song, but the reasons for the peculiar discordance of a flock — in which only they seem to have been observed — are not far to seek. In the first place, when birds begin to moult, and their usually clear, decided notes break, crack, and fail miserably, nearly every one takes refuge in silence. If he cannot sing his best, he will not sing at all; and it is extremely ineresting to hear the gentle, low trials which he will give of his returning powers when this season is over, — whispered songs as it were, till he is sure he has recovered his voice, and can pour out the full, clear song in which he delights. The blackbird is the only exception that I know to this nearly universal habit of silence, and he is so brimming over with spirits and jollity that sing he must. So he is not discouraged though his attempted "h'wa-ker-ēē" ends on the first syllable in a crack, or choke, or even in a dismal squeal, as it sometimes does. He simply pauses a moment, as if to collect his energies, and then utters his whole song, every note clearly and well, as if to say, "That was only a slip; you see I can sing yet." Then again, his song needs, for full enjoyment, to be heard alone. While in the "madding crowd" of a flock of blackbirds, noisy and garrulous as a pack of school-children, the "h'wa-ker-ēē" of one is spoiled by the scream of another, and the chack, chacks of twenty more. Listen to one bird alone in his own chosen nook, and no song in the woods seems more appropriate to the place, more to breathe the very soul of wildness.

When this bird expresses his emotions in a house, the strain is a curious medley of all the sounds he can make,

in rapid succession, as "H'wa-ker-ēē! chack, chack! (scream) ēē-u! chack, chack! (scream) chick, chick! ēē-u! h'wa-ker-ēē! (scream)," and so on for fifteen minutes without pause. His morning song is the "h'wa-ker-ēē" alone, at intervals of a minute or less. In a happy captivity he will sing thus for an hour, while yet the room is dark, and he has not touched food.

I spoke of the blackbird's fondness for water: in a cage it is impossible to keep more than a quarter of an inch of water in his dish: it is simply irresistible. The first thing he does is to spatter as much out as he can, and then with every mouthful of food, before and after and in the middle of his eating, he wants more. Seeds he cracks over the dish, and picks the fragments from the top; of mocking-bird food he takes a beakful and deliberately drops it in the water, and eats the particles daintily as they float. He is the only bird I have ever seen pay particular attention to bathing his feet. The one I have will stand on the edge of his bathing-dish, fill his beak, and pass it down over each toe in succession, letting the water flow over it, refilling as needed, and apparently scraping the whole length carefully. I have watched this very closely, while not three feet from him. The same bird learned in a few days to know his regular attendant, and while remaining for months quite wild on the approach of the gentlemen of the family, whom he saw every day, was never in the least afraid of me. From the first he ate from my fingers, and before he had been in the house a week, seeing one day a thrush standing on my knee and receiving meat from my hand, he came out of his cage, flew across the room, and alighted beside the thrush, — who instantly vacated his position, — and stood there as long as I fed him, showing no fear. A little later, when he became very ill, and so weak that he hesitated to descend his three perches for food because of his uncertain footing, he allowed me to put my hand in the cage and hold his dish up to him on the upper perch, when he would eat freely, and then, when I held up the water, drink also. For two or three days he ate in no other way, and I am confident I thus kept him alive while curing him of his ailment.

The blackbird has now lived with me eight months, and though his cage door is always open he seldom comes out, and when he does is very glad to get back. He is very observing; notices in a moment if I have anything for him to eat, and comes instantly to the side nearest to me, and calls till I offer him a bit of whatever it may be, when he descends to his beloved water-cup, tastes the morsel, and usually leaves it in one of his dishes. He had a strange experience a few months ago: he broke off the end of his bill. First the upper mandible appeared a quarter of an inch shorter than the lower, and he had great trouble in eating, though he sang as merrily as ever. In a day or two, while I was seeking advice on the subject, — which, by the way, I did not get, for no person or book, that I could find, gave any light on such a catastrophe, — he broke off the lower one to match. Since then he is as happy as ever, disturbed by nothing except the singing of one of his neighbors, whom it seems to be the aim of his life to reduce to silence. If volume would do it, success would crown his efforts, but his opponent is a plucky little fellow, and refuses to be suppressed; and so for months the unequal rivalry has continued.

The redwing blackbird is never by any chance graceful. He walks about the floor like an old man with the gout, and he has a curious fashion of thrusting his bill into a dish and then opening it, as if to pry the seed or water apart. He does the same under the edge of a towel or newspaper on the floor.

One droll little exhibition of intelli-

gence was furnished by the blackbird and a thrush. The latter chose to alight beside the cage of the former, and attempt to pull things through the wires. The indignant owner came down to the corner nearest the intruder, and began to scold, "Chack! (scream) chack! (scream)." The thrush calmly went on with his occupation, on observing which the blackbird slightly raised the wing nearest the enemy, and quivered it while repeating the remonstrance. Finding the thrush not in the least disturbed, he resorted to more severe measures, and gave a violent peck between the wires, which settled the matter. The queer thing about the performance was that both birds would pause in their demonstrations every few seconds, and look over to where I sat. I pretended not to notice them, and then they would resume hostilities, acting exactly like two quarrelsome children, who look to see if they are observed. It was certainly an intelligent acknowledgment of my position as lawmaker, as well as a recognition of the possibility of my disapproval, and above all a guilty consciousness of wrongdoing.

Olive Thorne Miller.

CHINA SPEAKS FOR HERSELF.

China, after being made known to Europe for over five hundred years by Europeans only, has at length spoken for herself. Colonel Tcheng-Ki-Tong, military *attaché* to the Chinese embassy in Paris, published last year in the Revue des Deux Mondes a series of papers which have since been reprinted in a little volume called Les Chinois Peints par Eux-Mêmes. His picture of his own country shows it in very different colors from those to which we are accustomed, and it may be objected that this time the lion is the painter; it was certainly the lion's turn. Colonel Tcheng adverts to the ignorance and injustice with which his country has been treated by travelers who are hardly familiar even with its external aspect; to the easy credence given to monstrous charges against it, as for instance that the legal punishment of unfaithful wives is being trampled to death by elephants, or that superfluous children are habitually thrown upon dung-hills to be devoured by hogs; and to the fact that the word "Chinese" is a synonym for absurdity. He claims the right for his country to be heard through her sons, and as he has lived in Europe for fifteen years, and is versed in her history, literature, and languages, he knows the standards by which his national manners and customs must be judged. Intercourse with intelligent and cultivated Frenchmen has made him critical, and taught him caution in advancing opinions and theories which cannot be vindicated by European canons of morality and taste. He is keen and observant, with an ironical wit, which his Asiatic courtesy keeps within the bounds of offense. If he were inclined to satirize the practice of Christendom, we should probably have a treatise on the subject more severe and searching than Gulliver's Travels or Montesquieu's Lettres Persanes. But Colonel Tcheng professes to desire only to give a true account of his people, and there could not be a moment when truth in their behalf would be more in season. If his statements are untrustworthy, there will be pens enough able and ready to refute them, so in the present article they have been repeated without comment.

The family is the corner-stone of the Chinese Empire. Chinese society may be defined as the totality of its families, and the Chinese family may be compared to an organized society. It attains the dignity of a religious order with a settled rule; its income constitutes a common fund, from which provision is made for the education of children, for marriage portions, for an allowance to young men beginning their career, for pensions to the sick, the aged, or those who are out of employment. The administration of the family fortune is the application of the apostolic system within the limits of kin. Real estate also belongs to the united family, and landmarks bearing the patronymic define the boundaries of every property. Each family has its own statutes, among which are recorded the joint possessions and the destination of certain revenues to the purposes named above. Each separate statute-book has also its penal code, fixing the punishments of such members as, by ill-conduct not amenable to law, shall injure the honor of the family, for the general welfare of which it is incumbent upon every one to sacrifice his individual peculiarities. But if circumstances, or irreconcilable differences of disposition, destroy the common harmony, there may be a division of the estate among the male heirs. The eldest of a family is the head; every important action is decided by him, and he signs legal papers in the name of the other members. It is usual for all the generations of one line to live in one house, so that the seven ages may sometimes be found under the same roof.

The family, thus erected into an institution, necessarily extends its influence over matters which elsewhere belong to other departments of life. The tie of blood being regarded by the Chinese as a religious bond, virtues which with us are considered as causes with them are set down as effects, and *vice versa*. Five principles are inculcated to maintain its sacredness: namely, fidelity to the sovereign, respect towards parents, union between husbands and wives, concord among brothers, and constancy in friendship. The obligations of children to parents are held as so solemn that the distinction of the former redounds to the advantage of the latter, and honors are transmitted backwards: if a public functionary is ennobled, his parents are ennobled with him, and his rank, if sufficiently high, ascends to more remote progenitors. Titles are not hereditary except for military services, and in that case descend through the eldest son only; but unless sustained by personal merit, this sort of rank is not valued. Such a conception of aristocracy must act as a constant stimulus to filial reverence, and supply parents with an additional incentive for educating their sons carefully, literary attainment being the most direct road to office in China. Fraternal affection comes next in the order of virtue, and involves almost an identification of a man's interests and advantages with his brothers'; the responsibility for mutual help and relief seems to be boundless. All kindred share these claims in some degree, and even friendship recognizes them as sacred duties: to strip one's self of one's coat for a friend who has none would not be accounted a merit in China, but the least that anybody could do. These obligations are as binding upon the poor as on the rich; people who have not the means to do much individually for others raise subscriptions among themselves to provide for the more needy of their own class. Colonel Tcheng slyly remarks that in Christian countries he has noticed that practices which he has always looked upon as matters of course are held up as miracles of grace and goodness. "With us," he says, "to assist friends who have met with ill-fortune is not a virtue, but a habit." Europeans strike him as hard-hearted and wanting

in sympathy for the misfortunes of their friends and acquaintances. At the same time he admits that the idea of succoring the ills of the stranger, of humanity, in short what we term philanthropy or general benevolence, is incomprehensible to them; they have the charity that begins at home in its widest sense, but the Christian relation of the "neighbor" is unknown to them, and by inference the Good Samaritan would have been set down as a fool, in China.

The worship of ancestors is the highest expression of filial piety and blood-love among the Chinese. Their burying-grounds, like ours, are without their towns, in the prettiest situation of the environs, — on a hillside, if there be one in the neighborhood, — and "Family Vault" is to be read on the entrance of many inclosures. The richer families build temples to their ancestors, in which are mural tablets inscribed with the name, titles, and public services of each line, forming a sort of genealogical tree. Some of these edifices contain apartments, in which the surviving members of a scattered clan meet twice a year, in the spring and autumn, at the time appointed for the semi-annual veneration of the manes, seasons of thanksgiving and solemn rejoicing. They are even built occasionally with a view to being used as villas, or summer retreats, in which family festivals, such as marriages, or the celebration of successful examinations, — to be spoken of hereafter, — are held. In this way, those who have gone before, long before, are associated in the memory and gratitude of their descendants with the important events of the present life. Throughout the provinces of the empire the inhabitants of each village are generally kinsfolk, and have a common chapel dedicated to their forefathers: "This," observes Colonel Tcheng, "is our parish church."

In a country where the family is the axis of the social system, many actions, which elsewhere are considered the special or independent concern of individual men or women, lose their personal significance, and are undertaken with reference to the *gens*, or kin-corporate. Marriage, and all that relates to it, illustrates beyond any other custom the principle of solidarity in Chinese existence. Colonel Tcheng informs us that his countrymen consider the increase of the family the sole object of marriage. This being one of the most sacred duties of man, matrimony is universal, and entered upon very early. Celibacy is condemned as a vice, and an old bachelor or an old maid is looked upon as a monster. Marriages are made while the parties are extremely young, according to our notions, and are arranged by the parents, or the next of kin, often when the future consorts are children. Love-making, courtship, engagements in our sense of the term, are unknown and impossible; women, although they go out unveiled, living in a sort of gynecæum, to which only their immediate kinsmen have access. The preliminaries are frequently managed by discreet and zealous friends, or even by respectable professional go-betweens. The first step in the alliance is a solemn ceremony of betrothal, emphasized by a festival in both families, when the contract is signed by the parents and heads of the respective houses, and the bridegroom sends the bride a pair of bracelets in token of espousal; but neither she nor he is present on this occasion. Later he sends what is known in France as the *corbeille*, or those articles of a bride's wardrobe which are not included in the *trousseau*. In China they consist of silk and cotton stuffs and embroideries, and are literally sent in a basket, or rather in several dozen very handsome ones. This is the signal for another pompous ceremony; and on the bride's part there comes in return a splendid dress to be worn on the wedding-day, which, if her future husband is already a man of rank, is

the uniform of his grade; every degree of mandarin is distinguished by his costume, and after marriage the wife wears a dress corresponding to his title. The bridegroom, moreover, sends to the lady's family presents of choice eatables, notably a peculiarly delicious sort of cake, to be distributed among the acquaintance in announcing the engagement. The marriage must be concluded within a year from this interchange of gifts. On the eve of the wedding-day there is another important transfer of goods, namely, the bride's portion, which consists of her outfit, plate, and furniture; for dower, in the sense of money, there is none. The bridegroom's family gives a state dinner, at which these objects are exhibited, and on the same evening he sends the bride a sedan-chair, trimmed with crimson satin and embroidery. The chair is accompanied by a procession of musicians and servants with lanterns and torches, a red umbrella, a green screen, and other insignia of rank. Her family also gives a grand dinner-party for the reception and display of the chair, during which the guests are regaled by the music of the band. The next day four persons belonging to the family, or friends, of the bridegroom, go to the bride's house and invite her to repair to that of her future husband. She goes in her sedan-chair, with four or eight bearers, according to his rank, and a small escort, and her arrival is announced by an explosion of fireworks. The chair is deposited in a saloon, where the family, friends, bridesmaids, and groomsmen are assembled. One of the last, — the best man, no doubt, — bearing a metallic mirror before his breast, advances to the sedan-chair, bows thrice, and a bridesmaid raises the curtains and begs the bride to descend. She accedes, still wearing her veil, and is conducted to an inner room; there the bridegroom, in his wedding-dress, receives her, and this is their first sight of each other. They are formally reconducted to the first apartment; music is playing, and a table has been laid with wine, fruits, and perfumes burning, to symbolize an altar. The pair prostrate themselves and thank the Supreme Being for their creation, the earth for their nourishment, the emperor for his protection, and their parents for their education. There is no minister of religion or civil functionary present. The bridegroom then introduces his bride to the company, and a banquet follows, during which the music, which has not ceased during the orisons, continues to play. Throughout the evening the house is thrown open, and any one can enter and see the bride, who remains standing behind a table on which there are lighted candles. On the morrow the bride takes her husband to present him to her family, and the formalities of the previous evening are partially repeated, which completes the marriage ceremonies.

Divorce is legal in China, and was in force there several centuries before our era, but it is not in favor. When a husband surprises his wife with a lover the law permits him to kill her, which removes one cause of separation from the jurisdiction of the courts. Sterility, after a fixed age, is a plea admitted by law, and gross disrespect or disobedience on the part of husband or wife to the other's parents. Adopting a child is more frequent than divorce, when there is no offspring. Colonel Tcheng asserts that divorce is unusual between persons of good position, who prefer concessions and compromises to destroying hallowed ties and making private dissensions public; in fact, that his country-people are restrained by the same considerations that influence people of reserve and refinement everywhere.

Women, although excluded by Chinese custom from society, and consequently unable to exert their power in various ways familiar to the women of the West, have an authority in the household beyond anything known in Europe or

America. The Chinawoman is her husband's equal before the law, and can buy, sell, contract, alienate, or conduct any business negotiation in his place. She has complete control of her children and of their education. Her own, although not solid according to our notions, is practical and graceful: besides domestic accomplishments, poetry and elegant literature have a place in her studies, and are often her favorite recreations; skill in painting and embroidery is held in high esteem, and the cultivation of flowers, especially within doors, is one of the daily pleasures of every woman of leisure; that charming taste and luxury is carried far beyond anything that we imagine, even with our hothouses and conservatories. Her amusements are limited: games of cards and loto are among the most exciting. "If Heaven gives her children," declares Colonel Tcheng, "and a good husband, she is certainly the happiest of her sex." Yet there is a domestic institution which one would suppose might seriously interfere with the happiness of a lady-mandarin who had children, flowers, the gift of rhyming, and even a good husband. Although polygamy is not permitted in China, except in cases where marriage is sterile (when, if the husband is unwilling to ask for a divorce, the law countenances a second wife), there is another conjugal relation recognized. Living under the same roof as the wedded wife, but in an inferior and dependent position, is an unwedded one, or the "lawful mistress," as Colonel Tcheng terms her. He thinks that this arrangement is altogether better than the furtive or transient connections which are the cause of so much grief and shame in Christian countries; he refers in vindication of it to patriarchal custom and to the story of Sarah and Hagar, but the instance is not well chosen to illustrate the peace and happiness of such a domestic practice. The Chinese proverb, Nine women in ten are jealous, is a comment on its moral effect.

There is another class of women who have no place in the household, yet who seem to hold an admitted and by no means infamous position, somewhat answering to that of the courtesans of ancient Greece, but to no modern denomination in the Western world. These women are the only female musicians, music and singing not being taught to ladies; they are well educated, talk agreeably, and have the much-prized accomplishment of making verses. Such "artists," as Colonel Tcheng calls them, are of great value in society, which in China is composed exclusively of men, women appearing only at family parties. A young man who wishes to entertain his friends hires a flower-boat, a large junk adorned like a florist's window and illuminated at night; he sends cards, supplied at the boat, on which he writes his own name, that of the female artist who will be present, and the time of meeting. The guests spend an hour with him upon the water, — the invitation being limited to this unless explicitly made longer, — and the time is passed in talk, music, making verses and *puns*, a favorite amusement among Celestials of polite education; for refreshment they have delicious tea, fruit, and sometimes a delicate repast, although eating has not much share in Chinese parties of pleasure. The aforementioned artists also allow dinners to be given at their houses, on the invitation of a person who hires them for the occasion, the talents and resources of the hostess, if so she may be styled, helping to make the evening agreeable. The young men who are invited sometimes engage companions of the same class to come with them, and add their accomplishments to the general enjoyment. These women are often clever and handsome, and their mode of life does not imply immorality: they may be well or ill conducted, — that is their own affair; but those who belong to the former category are often engaged to enliven family parties, which would

not be done in the other case. A Chinese novel which has been translated into French throws a curious light on this subject. The hero declares that he will not marry until he can find a woman who is beautiful, sweet-tempered, affectionate, clever, and accomplished. "You will have to look for your wife on the flower-boats, then," says his friend. This book is altogether an interesting supplement to Colonel Tcheng's.

An organized life of pleasure, such as can be found in Europe and to some degree in America, does not exist in China. The chapter of recreations does not say a word about out-of-door sports; even riding, to judge from the novel just referred to, is looked upon only as a mode of traveling. There are theatres and similar places of amusement, and one of the more magnificent modes of giving an entertainment is to engage one of these for the performance, and send out invitations to one's "dear five hundred friends." But apparently there is no habitual play-goer, nor any class which passes the time in going from one diversion to another. The Chinese are serious and studious, and after their first youth have little necessity for amusements that cannot be found in their homes or in the intercourse of their friends. There is probably an absence of animal spirits in the national temperament. Their calm and sedentary pleasures are for the most part of a social and singularly refined nature. The existence of rich people is organized so as to give them the constant indulgence of their tastes; they love gardens, flowers, and inactive occupations out-of-doors, and their homes provide them with all these. Birthdays and other anniversaries are constantly observed and celebrated by family gatherings and by much making of presents; there are great public holidays, the Feast of Lanterns, of Dragon-Boats, and of Kites, and parties among families and friends are made to enjoy them together. Private festivals are held in honor of certain beautiful flowers to which an allegorical significance is attached, and these blossoms have their anniversaries. On an invitation, instead of dinner, supper, dancing, etc., being mentioned as the object of the reunion, the full moon, a fine view, or the blooming of a rare plant is held out as the inducement. On these occasions, pen, ink, and paper are supplied to the guests, who compose verses against time. The subject and rhymes are often suggested, and it becomes a trial of wits, not more insipid, probably, than the recreations of the Della Cruscans, the Diversions of Parley, or the pastimes of many other literary circles. It gives a chance to display the chirography of the competitors, which holds a curious place among Chinese accomplishments. It has been gradually coming to its present elaborate significance since the year B. C. 2000. India ink (*encre de Chine*) and a camel's-hair brush are used instead of pens and fluid ink. Great importance is attached to a fine handwriting, which by its shades and curves expresses what with us can be conveyed only by the voice. The force and point given by italics and capitals but faintly represent the effect of different styles of writing in Chinese; Colonel Tcheng compares it to the modulations of fine declamation, making intelligible to the eye and preserving every gradation of the writer's thought. Excursions also are in high favor, either water-parties, or prolonged picnics among beautiful regions, where the Buddhist convents offer their hospitality instead of hotels, and make pilgrims of pleasure very comfortable.

In all these reunions, next to verse-making and another species of amusement akin to guessing riddles and charades, conversation is the principal resource. Literary topics are preferred, although metaphysical and philosophical discussions have their place; the events of the day may be touched upon, but not

politics. The total exclusion of the last is ascribed by Colonel Tcheng to the extreme politeness of his countrymen, who banish a subject which might lead to unpleasant differences in the company. We may suspect, however, that there are other reasons for their reticence, as in his little book Colonel Tcheng is virtually silent as to everything relating to the government or public affairs. Even in speaking of the laboring classes he quotes the impressions of European travelers, adroitly avoiding either confirming or contradicting them. His comparison between Chinese and European society is altogether in favor of the former. According to his account his countrymen always enjoy their social meetings, whereas even in Paris the balls and parties struck him as cold and dull, notwithstanding the dangerous charm of woman, who is excluded in the East because there men think it safest to keep out of harm's way. Accustomed to invariable refinement and good-breeding at home, he was astonished and shocked by the absence of conventional propriety among Parisians when delivered from the restraint of ladies' presence. The only society which he found really agreeable was in the artist world, and there alone, in his opinion, do people enjoy themselves.

The most interesting portion of the book is that which explains the theory of education in China. From time immemorial the value of public education has been acknowledged. There is a work extant, written before our era, that speaks of the *ancient* system of common schools in every town and village. Although, properly speaking, there is no aristocracy, there are four classes: men of letters, agriculturists, manufacturers, and tradespeople. All have the same opportunities of learning, and the competitive examinations which confer grades of honor are open to all. The object is to train the mind of the masses and diffuse knowledge universally, and so to call out latent aptitudes, wherever they exist, for the service of the state and the common profit. The end is to make thinkers rather than scholars, and the means consist in the method of instruction, and not in the list of studies. There are two schemes in use: one for children, the other for students. The first is contained in one of the sixteen discourses of the Emperor Yong Tching, called the Holy Edict, and is for the aid of parents and teachers. It lays great stress on the importance of training children early to look at the serious side of things, at principles rather than circumstances, and at laws rather than facts. The first aims of education should be to awake the attention and overcome bad habits; children should be encouraged to ask questions about what is taught them, that they may not learn merely by rote, and acquire "the bad habit of repeating with their lips while their minds are on other matters." Obedience is the great lesson to be taught by parents, — and in view of this, nobody who knows the American ethics of education can be surprised at the prejudice existing in this country against a people brought up on such principles; it is sufficient to account for their exclusion by law from the United States.

For the student the first thing to learn is "to form a resolution." A firm resolve made and persevered in will insure success in one's studies, thinks Colonel Tcheng; it has, besides, the double advantage of giving a direction to the energies and forming the character. The precepts for the student are: to analyze daily the work he has done; to review his work every ten or twenty days; to begin study every morning at five o'clock, and to give as much attention to it as a general should to his manœuvres; not to allow any interruption whatever to occur for five or ten consecutive days; not to fear being slow, but to fear making pauses; finally, to remember that time passes like lightning, — that a month

goes like a flash, another follows it, and the year is gone before we know it. These are not unfamiliar maxims to the Western mind, and we have equivalents for the proverb, "Bend the mulberry tree while it is young," which is given as an example of the many Chinese proverbs — the language is rich in that vein — referring to the importance of early training. The standard text-books treat only of mental tendencies, of duty and mutual obligation; from Colonel Tcheng's account, they must be like Telemachus, without the story.

Families who can afford a tutor educate their children at home; for poorer ones there are day and night schools in every village, not free, but so cheap that they are within the means of the humblest classes. There are also colleges in various parts of the empire; the instruction is not official, although the examinations are. There are annual examinations at the chief town at each province, before the prefect. Every candidate must pass on five subjects, each taking a day, during which he is shut up by himself in a cell, with writing materials, but no books to consult. If the candidate passes in all the branches, he goes up for examination before an imperial commissioner delegated specially to each province. There are three degrees, corresponding to B. A., M. A., and Doctor. The examinations for the second grade are triennial; they take place at the capital of each province, and the candidates are examined on three subjects, each of which occupies three days. The ordeal is so severe that out of ten thousand candidates sometimes but two hundred are graduated. The third degree is conferred at Pekin, and the examinations follow the same order as for the second. There is still a final one, which takes place before the emperor, and assigns the graduates to four ranks, according to their merit. There can be but four recipients of the highest honors, which immediately confer the title of Academician; the second are bestowed on candidates who are counted worthy to compete for admission to the academy a second time; the third qualify for clerkships in the different departments of the government; the fourth render graduates eligible for sub-prefects. The number of degrees of Doctor conferred at one time vary from two to three hundred. Promotion may always be hoped for, as it depends upon merit, and not upon age. The Academicians become members of the Imperial College, the highest body in the empire, from which the emperor's ministers are chosen. While with us or in Europe an M. D., D. D., or LL. D. begins to forget much of what he has previously learned as soon as he takes his degree, the same order of men in China pass the rest of their lives in reviewing their knowledge by holding examinations.

The rejoicings of successful candidates far exceed those in Occidental countries on similar occasions. They are celebrated by family festivals as splendid as at weddings; the parents repair to the temple of the ancestors, to honor them for the new dignity; magnificent banquets are given to all their kinsfolk and friends. The fortunate aspirant goes to announce his degree formally to his connection and acquaintance, with a band of music and an escort of friends carrying banners; as they pass, the crowd hails him like a conqueror, and falls into the procession, realizing one of Mr. Ruskin's dreams. Letters stating his degree are posted on the walls of his house and sent about like circulars. The indifference shown about the attainment of a degree in the West amazes Colonel Tcheng, who probably has not met any Harvard graduates. He concludes that it can be obtained too easily. "Suppose," he says, "that admission to the bar were determined by annual competition, the number of degrees being limited: the right of pleading would become an honor, and the professional

sentiment would rise to real pride." But there is no such analogy possible under totally dissimilar conditions. In a country where literary attainment is the sole road to political importance its credentials are necessarily valued in proportion to their effect; the influence they may command can be estimated by the Chinese mode of representation. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing; but the provincial functionaries, whose appointment, as we have seen, depends on their proficiency in their studies, are *ex officio* representatives, of an informal sort, and lay the complaints and petitions of the people in their district before the government.

The beginnings of everything in China are very ancient. The prehistoric world of the Celestials was not peopled by demigods and heroes, but by a dynasty of holy emperors, whose supernatural wisdom and longevity laid the foundations of the present prosperity of the realm. These monarchs were not hereditary; each chose his successor, and abdicated when his own powers declined. The first is called the Emperor of the Heavens, and he divided time into its celestial and terrestrial epochs. He lived eighteen hundred years, and was succeeded by the Emperor of the Earth, who lived for the same length of time, and divided the month into thirty days. The third was the Emperor of Men, and under his reign, which lasted forty-five thousand five hundred years, human society appeared; he divided his dominions into nine parts, over each of which he set a member of his family. This period corresponds to the era of cave-dwellers in modern palæontology. The fourth is known as the Emperor of Nests, under whom man tried to build wooden dwellings for himself, to defend himself against wild beasts, and to use their skins for clothing. The fifth, the Emperor of Fire, taught man how to produce and use it; he instituted domestic life, and taught the practice of barter and of recording events by means of knotted cords. His successor, Fou-Hy, introduced hunting, fishing, and the domestication of animals among mankind; he defined the four seasons, and fixed the first day of the year about where it now falls. He determined the cardinal points of the horizon, and invented stringed instruments. He also instituted marriage with its ceremonies, property, and proclaimed the eight diagrams or fundamental principles on which are based progress and philosophy. He was followed by Tcheng-Nung, the Emperor of Agriculture, who studied the properties of plants, taught the healing art, and invented canals, embankments, and dykes; during his reign the dragon first appeared, which after many mysterious visits to China took up its abode on the imperial escutcheon. Next came the Yellow Emperor, and this close connection between the first mention of the national arms and the national color suggests a new order of expansion; he created the observatory, the art of running, the bow, the ship, coinage, wind-instruments, furniture, coaches, and costume. He published a book on medicine, in which the phrase "to feel the pulse" first occurs. The administrative division of the empire was organized during his reign. The ninth emperor is said to have ruled from 2399 B. C. to 1981, at which date the historic period begins, and the holy dynasty ends. History relates that in his time great hydraulic works were accomplished during terrible inundations, the only allusion in Chinese records to anything corresponding to the Deluge of the Jewish Scriptures. But everybody will see the analogy between the preceding catalogue and the descendants of Adam: Cain the tiller of the ground, Abel the shepherd, Jabal, Jubal, Tubal-Cain, Noah the first ship-builder and vine-grower, Nimrod the mighty hunter. Colonel Tcheng draws no inferences from this, nor from the noted similarities between Buddhism

and Christianity; he himself is apparently a disciple of Confucius.

Throughout the book, however, which is merely a comprehensive sketch of Chinese views and manners, the author constantly compares the theory and practice of his country with those which he has observed in Europe, and always to the advantage of his own nation. In some cases the superiority is incontestable; in others he may be suspected of doing what is a temptation to every one in parallels of this sort, — of contrasting the highest standard in his own land with the average practice elsewhere. Besides this, keen though he is, he sometimes mistakes the bearing of usages, as for instance when he can see only a breach of etiquette in according the place of honor to the actor who recites in companies where men of rank and eminence are present; he fails to discern that at bottom this is only a finer form of that politeness which he thinks a Chinese monopoly, missing the difference between Christian and heathen courtesy. He invests with a special significance and importance manifestations in his own country which are quite common out of it, like the acclamations of the graduate by the people; he would be certain to see similar demonstrations in any Occidental town through which the baccalaureate should march with flags and a brass band, though probably nobody but Mr. Ruskin would treat it magniloquently. Where Colonel Tcheng cannot prove the injuriousness of foreign customs or their inferiority to Chinese, he ingeniously argues that, although good in themselves and useful for Europeans, they would be superfluous for his countrymen, on account of the excellence of their provisions from all time. There is a good deal of delicate Oriental subtlety and sophistry in his reasoning, but it is not always convincing.

There is one subject on which he deserves to be heard with respect by the Western world, — the relations of his government to other nations. China is blamed, he says, for her want of confidence in the outer world, whether represented by countries or individuals, and for her opposition to the general introduction of railroads, gas, and other modern improvements under the indefinite name of progress. As regards individuals, Frenchmen are roughly classed in China as missionaries, Englishmen as opium-traders, Americans no doubt being included in the same denomination. With regard to the propagandists, Colonel Tcheng, fearing lest he should be carried away by righteous indignation, quotes a passage from M. de la Vernéde, of the Free School of Political Science in Paris, the gist of which is that three hundred years ago the Jesuits went to China, and penetrated into the interior, teaching the arts and sciences, and conciliating public opinion by their amenity and adroitness. They were soon acknowledged as pacific, benevolent, and intelligent instructors, and received permission by an imperial edict to build churches, and practice and teach their doctrines. But the Dominicans and Franciscans, jealous of the influence of the Jesuits in the far East, obtained in 1772 a bull from Clement XIV. expelling them from China. The Lazarists, who replaced them, undid their good work, upset the religious ideas of the natives, rubbed their national prejudices the wrong way, and drew upon themselves the suspicion of acting as spies. The Anglo-Saxons have persisted in forcing an illicit trade forbidden by law and treaty, violating good faith, and ruining the health, morals, and fortunes of the inhabitants. "And yet we are reproached for want of confidence! How are we to learn it? . . . The essential character of Western civilization is invasive; I need not demonstrate this. Formerly barbarous hordes invaded flourishing countries, not to introduce the benefits of a new order of intelligence, but for rapine and pillage. Civilized

races follow the same course, claiming to establish happiness on earth: violence is the starting-point of their progress. . . . War and pauperism are the two scourges of humanity, and in China the idea of progress is to maintain peace and promote the common weal. The day when the Occident shall convince the Chinese that the modern spirit which creates the marvelous inventions over which we clap our hands possesses the secret of maintaining peace and promoting the common weal, on that day China will join the general confederation with enthusiasm. But have we been convinced of this? Is it known what the importations are which enter those ports which a famous treaty has opened to the world? We hoped for the perfected implements and machinery of the arts of peace, which it is the object of the government to encourage throughout the empire, but the staple of those importations has been firearms, and by way of modern civilization we are to inaugurate militarism! And we are blamed for our want of confidence! Well, at the risk of offending those who do not think with me, I will say that we hate with all our might whatever, far or near, threatens peace and rouses the spirit of combat in the human soul, imperfect enough by nature. What need have we of war, 'hated by mothers,' and what ideal would it satisfy if some day our 400,000,000 inhabitants should be armed with rifles? Is that progress? To deflect the public wealth from the channels which reason appoints, to make it contribute towards organizing all the forms of misery that spring from the use and abuse of force, is in my opinion to lower and corrupt ourselves. We shall never look at militarism as an element of civilization; far from it! We are convinced that it is a return to barbarism. . . . The foreigners who land in China have but one end, speculation, and, what is very curious, these speculators despise us because we have no confidence in them. Confidence? We can never have too little!"

Englishmen who remember the affair of the lorcha Arrow, and Americans the Burlingame treaty, may reply.

Colonel Tcheng makes exception in favor of the foreigners who honor their own nationality by the respect they show for that of others: "Diplomatists, who captivate us by their good-breeding, and who accomplish delicate missions with a courtesy and tact that do credit to their civilization; men of learning, who come to study our language and to draw from our books the wisdom of the most ancient of human societies, — these are not aliens, but friends, with whom we are proud to exchange our ideas and to dream of progress and civilization; true sons of humanity, who have nothing in common with the adventurers who swarm upon our coasts." In proof of the good-will and fair dealing of the Chinese towards Europeans who do not come to their country with sinister or too selfish designs, he adduces the Arsenal of Fou-Tcheou, founded, under the emperor's orders, by a French ex-naval officer, M. Prosper Giquet. It is a great headquarters of ship-building and civil engineering, intended to develop Chinese commerce and metallurgy. There are scientific schools attached to it; the pupils finish their education in France, and return to superintend their special branches. The administration of the arsenal is in the hands of high dignitaries of the native government, Europeans teach and direct the works, and a perfectly good understanding exists between them. Alas! since this was written the unfortified and defenseless Arsenal of Fou-Tcheou has been bombarded by a French fleet, without any declaration of war on the part of the republic. Colonel Tcheng's readers are forced to repeat, "And they are blamed for want of confidence!"

DANIEL DE FOE AND THOMAS SHEPARD.

The relations between Daniel De Foe and America are all very curious. Few Englishmen of his time were so well informed as he regarding our geography. This is true not only of South America, where, at the mouth of the Orinoco, he laid the scene of the first great American romance, but it is true of North America also. A large part of the Life of Colonel Jack, one of his best novels, describes the adventures of that hero as a bondsman in what is now the State of Virginia. So accurately is the geography of the story indicated that we can make out that the principal action goes on on plantations which occupied the site of the present cities of Georgetown and Washington. This story is the best account which we have of the condition of the white slaves of Virginia in the seventeenth century. De Foe introduces his own plan for the extinction of African slavery. This plan must be called Utopian, because it presumes on a degree of humanity among the white planters of that time which they never exhibited. It is worth notice, indeed, that De Foe's two most remarkable heroes, Robinson Crusoe and Colonel Jack, should have been, one a slave-trader, and the other a slave. It is known that one of De Foe's sons spent several years in North Carolina, and probably De Foe derived from him his intimate acquaintance with the customs of our Southern States.

It has also been observed that on the occasion of Robinson's second voyage to his island, after he had transferred the unfortunate French sailors whom he had rescued from shipwreck to a bark on the banks of Newfoundland, he was tempted, in another similar exigency, to bear away to the coast of America for provisions. For this there proved to be no necessity: the more is the pity. He would have brought to Boston the news of Queen Anne's death, and he would have had a chance to hear Mr. Willard preach from John xxi. 22, on man's acquiescence in God's disposal. If, at Judge Sewall's hospitable board, Robinson Crusoe had met with Lemuel Gulliver, who is supposed to have been in these parts at about that time, there would have been the most fortunate meeting of Sewall, the most prosaic person in American fact, with Crusoe and Gulliver, the two most interesting characters in American and Australian fiction. But alas! history is too apt to fall short of its possibilities!

I have, however, lately observed that Robinson Crusoe had a closer connection than this "might have been" with our New England notables of the first generation. Reading, the other day, in the charming autobiography of Shepard — the Chrysostom of the first church of Cambridge — of that terrible shipwreck off Yarmouth, in which he and his were all but lost, as the ship was, I felt sure that the narrative was all familiar to me before. It was only to cross the room, and take down Robinson Crusoe, to find that here was the same shipwreck in which, in that same Yarmouth harbor, the runaway lad learned his first lesson of adventure. If the reader will compare the two narratives, he will be apt to think that De Foe had heard the story of the "Windy Saturday" in which Shepard's ship went down, and that, with that iron-and-steel memory of his, he reproduced it in his account of Robinson's first voyage. The details as to place, even, are the same. For a moment, I hoped to find that Robinson and our charming New England preacher held sweet counsel together in Yarmouth, or as they pulled at the oars. But sterner fate said, "No." For De

Foe's purposes required that Robinson should be shipwrecked some years after the day of the adventure of Thomas Shepard.

I have been tempted to print the two narratives in parallel columns, — as is the custom of newspapers, when they would grind any one to powder. But, in our case, we have no one to crush, and the reader will not object, perhaps, to turning backward and forward a little. Observe, then, that Robinson set sail in a ship which was passing southward along the English coast, through the Northern Sea, or German Ocean, and that Shepard, with his family, who had sailed from Harwich, was also seeking the English Channel. I copy Shepard first: —

FROM THOMAS SHEPARD'S MEMOIR.

"So about the beginning of winter, we set sail. . . . And having gone some few leagues the wind stopped us, and so we cast anchor in a dangerous place, and in the morning the wind grew fierce . . . and drove us . . . full upon the sands, . . . and the ship was in great danger. But the Lord directed one of the seamen to cut some cable or rope, . . . and so she was turned about and beaten quite backward toward Yarmouth, quite out of our way. . . . The wind did drive us, . . . and gave us no place to anchor, until we came to Yarmouth Roads, an open place at sea, yet fit for anchorage. . . . Which when we had done, upon a Saturday morning, the Lord sent a most dreadful and terrible storm of wind from the West, so dreadful that . . . divers ships were cast away. One among the rest . . . came with us from New Castle, and he and all his men perished. But when the wind thus arose, our master cast all his anchors; but the anchors broke and the ship drave toward the sands, where we could not but be cast away. Whereupon the master cries out that we were dead men, and thereupon the whole company go to pray. But the vessel drew so near to the sands that the master shot off two pieces of ordnance to the town [of Yarmouth] for help. The town perceived it, and thousands came upon the walls of Yarmouth, and looked upon us, and pitied us. . . .

"So our master not knowing what to do, it pleased the Lord, that there was one Mr. Cook, a drunken fellow . . . an instrument to save all our lives. For he persuaded the master to cut down his mainmast. The master was unwilling to do it. . . . At last Cook calls for hatchets; he tells the master, 'If you be a man, save the lives of your passengers, cut down your mainmast.' And so, when the mast was gone, the master had one little anchor left, and cast it out. But the ship was driven toward the sand still. . . . So the master professed he had done what he could, and desired us to go to prayer. Immediately after prayer the wind began to abate and the ship stayed. . . . And so we rode it out, . . . and upon the Sabbath-day morning boats came to our vessel, . . . and my dear wife and child went in the first boat."

Thus far Shepard. I have materially abridged his account, my wish being to show simply the passages which nearly resemble Robinson's. But I think I have omitted nothing which contradicts it. Two such witnesses are not to be expected to persevere in the same order, or with the same observations, all the time. Here is Robinson Crusoe's account: —

FROM ROBINSON CRUSOE.

"The ship was no sooner got out of the Humber, but the wind began to blow and the sea to rise in a most frightful manner. . . . I expected every wave to swallow us up. . . . The sixth day we came into Yarmouth Roads. . . . Here we were obliged to come to anchor, and here we lay . . . during which

time many ships from Newcastle came into the same roads. . . . Our men were unconcerned, not apprehensive of danger, but the eighth day [after arrival], in the morning, the wind increased, and we had all hands at work to strike our topmasts. . . . By noon the sea went very high indeed, and our ship rode forecastle in, shipped several seas, . . . and we thought once or twice that our anchor had come home. . . . By this time it blew a terrible storm. I heard the master say softly to himself, 'Lord, be merciful to us, — we shall all be lost,' . . . and the like. . . . I was dreadfully frighted. . . . I got out of my cabin and looked out: . . . the sea ran mountains high; . . . two ships had cut their masts by the board, and our men cried out that a ship which rid about a mile ahead was foundered. . . . Towards evening the mate and boatswain begged the master of our ship to let them cut away the foremast, which he was very unwilling to do; but the boatswain protesting to him that if he did not the ship would founder, he consented, — and when they had cut away this mast . . . they were obliged to cut the mainmast away, too. . . . The storm was so violent that I saw what is not often seen, the master, the boatswain, and some others at their prayers, and expecting every moment when the ship would go to the bottom. . . . The master . . . ordered to fire a gun as a signal of distress . . . and a light ship . . . ventured a boat out to help us. . . . We were not more than a quarter of an hour out of our ship, but we saw her sink. We could see a great many people running along the shore, to assist us when we should come near. . . . At Cromer we landed and walked afterwards to Yarmouth, where as unfortunate men we were treated with great humanity, as well by the magistrates of the town, who assigned us good quarters, as by particular merchants and owners."

Of course one shipwreck is, to a certain extent, like another shipwreck. But here are some striking resemblances in detail. In each case, after a first detention, the vessel takes refuge in Yarmouth Roads, and anchors. In each case they suppose they are then in safety, and other vessels join them, seeking the same shelter. In each case a heavy gale strikes them in the morning, — westerly in one, southwesterly in the other; both ships lie at all their anchors, and both ships drag their anchors. In each case the master is then heard to say that they are lost, and from each ship they see a Newcastle ship founder. In each case the master is unwilling to cut away the mast, but is compelled to do so by the protest of another. In each case the master goes to prayer, "which is not often seen." In each case he fires a gun as a signal of distress, and in each case they see the people on the shore, who are watching them. In each case they are landed from the ship in boats not their own, and, as I understand it, the ship, in each case, sinks soon after.

The most remarkable differences which I observe are that in Robinson Crusoe's ship the foremast is carried away, and carries the mainmast with it; while in Shepard's case the mainmast is carried away. The drunken fellow who persuades the captain to cut down the mast is a passenger, bred to the sea, in Shepard; in Robinson, he is a boatswain of the ship. Robinson Crusoe's ship had but four passengers, and Shepard's had two hundred. But these are such variations as would have come into tradition in eighty-five years, or as a novelist might make for his purpose. My theory is that De Foe had heard the story of the "Windy Saturday," and the Sunday which followed it, from some one who was in the ship with Shepard, and that he was glad to work the detail into his story.

Edward Everett Hale.

ON HORSEBACK.

I.

"THE way to mount a horse" — said the Professor.

"If you have no ladder" — put in the Friend of Humanity.

The Professor had ridden through the war for the Union, on the right side, enjoying a much better view of it than if he had walked, and knew as much about a horse as a person ought to know for the sake of his character. The man who can recite the tales of the Canterbury Pilgrims, on horseback, giving the contemporary pronunciation, never missing an accent by reason of the trot, and at the same time witch North Carolina and a strip of East Tennessee with his noble horsemanship, is a kind of Literary Centaur of whose double instruction any Friend of Humanity may be glad to avail himself.

"The way to mount a horse is to grasp the mane with the left hand holding the bridle-rein, put your left foot in the stirrup, with the right hand on the back of the saddle, and" —

Just then the horse stepped quickly around on his hind feet, and looked the Professor in the face. The Superintendents of Affairs, who occupy the flagging in front of the hotel, seated in cane-bottomed chairs tilted back, smiled. These useful persons appear to have a life-lease of this portion of the city pavement, and pretty effectually block it up nearly all day and evening. When a lady wishes to make her way through the blockade, it is the habit of these observers of life to rise and make room, touching their hats, while she picks her way through, and goes down the street with a pretty consciousness of the flutter she has caused. The war has not changed the Southern habit of sitting out-of-doors, but has added a new element of street picturesqueness in groups of colored people lounging about the corners. There appears to be more leisure than ever.

The scene of this little lesson in horsemanship was the old town of Abingdon, in Southwest Virginia, on the Virginia and East Tennessee railway; a town of ancient respectability, which gave birth to the Johnstons and Floyds and other notable people; a town that still preserves the flavor of excellent tobacco and something of the easy-going habits of the days of slavery, and is a sort of educational centre, where the young ladies of the region add the final graces of intellectual life in moral philosophy and the use of the globes to their natural gifts. The mansion of the late and left Floyd is now a seminary, and not far from it is the Stonewall Jackson Institute, in the midst of a grove of splendid oaks, whose stately boles and wide-spreading branches give a dignity to educational life. The distinction of the region is its superb oak-trees. As it was vacation in these institutions of learning, the travelers did not see any of the vines that traditionally cling to the oak.

The Professor and the Friend of Humanity were about starting on a journey, across country southward, through regions about which the people of Abingdon could give little useful information. If the travelers had known the capacities and resources of the country they would not have started without a supply train, or the establishment of bases of provisions in advance. But, as the Professor remarked, knowledge is something that one acquires when he has no use for it. The horses were saddled; the riders were equipped with flannel shirts and leather leggings; the saddle-bags were stuffed with clean linen,

and novels, and sonnets of Shakespeare, and other baggage, — it would have been well if they had been stuffed with hard-tack, for in real life meat is more than raiment.

The hotel, in front of which there is cultivated so much of what the Germans call *sitzfleisch*, is a fair type of the majority of Southern hotels, and differs from the same class in the North in being left a little more to run itself. The only information we obtained about it was from its porter at the station, who replied to the question, "Is it the best?" "We warrant you perfect satisfaction in every respect." This seems to be only a formula of expression, for we found that the statement was highly colored. It was left to our imagination to conjecture how the big chambers of the old house, with their gaping fireplaces, might have looked when furnished and filled with gay company, and we got what satisfaction we could out of a bygone bustle and mint-julep hilarity. In our struggles with the porter to obtain the little items of soap, water, and towels, we were convinced that we had arrived too late, and that for perfect satisfaction we should have been here before the war. It was not always as now. In colonial days the accommodations and prices at inns were regulated by law. In the old records in the court-house we read that if we had been here in 1777 we could have had a gallon of good rum for sixteen shillings; a quart bowl of rum toddy made with loaf sugar for two shillings, or with brown sugar for one shilling and sixpence. In 1779 prices had risen. Good rum sold for four pounds a gallon. It was ordered that a warm dinner should cost twelve shillings, a cold dinner nine shillings, and a good breakfast twelve shillings. But the item that pleased us most, and made us regret our late advent, was that for two shillings we could have had a "good lodging, with clean sheets." The colonists were fastidious people.

Abingdon, prettily situated on rolling hills and a couple of thousand feet above the sea, with views of mountain peaks to the south, is a cheerful and not too exciting place for a brief sojourn, and hospitable and helpful to the stranger. We had dined — so much, at least, the public would expect of us — with a descendant of Pocahontas; we had assisted on Sunday morning at the dedication of a new brick Methodist church, the finest edifice in the region, a dedication that took a long time, since the bishop would not proceed with it until money enough was raised in open meeting to pay the balance due on it, — a religious act, though it did give a business aspect to the place at the time; and we had been the light spots in the evening service at the most aristocratic church of color. The irresponsibility of this amiable race was exhibited in the tardiness with which they assembled: at the appointed time nobody was there except the sexton; it was three quarters of an hour before the congregation began to saunter in, and the sermon was nearly over before the pews were at all filled. Perhaps the sermon was not new, but it was fervid, and at times the able preacher roared so that articulate sounds were lost in the general effect. It was precisely these passages of cataracts of sound and hard breathing which excited the liveliest responses, — "Yes, Lord," and "Glory to God." Most of these responses came from the "Amen corner." The sermon contained the usual vivid description of the last judgment-ah, and I fancied that the congregation did not get the ordinary satisfaction out of it. Fashion had entered the fold, and the singing was mostly executed by a choir in the dusky gallery, who thinly and harshly warbled the emotional hymns. It occupied the minister a long time to give out the notices of the week, and there was not an evening or afternoon that had not its meetings, its literary or social gathering, its picnic

or fair for the benefit of the church, its Dorcas society, or some occasion of religious sociability. The raising of funds appeared to be the burden on the preacher's mind. Two collections were taken up. At the first, the boxes appeared to get no supply except from the two white trash present. But the second was more successful. After the sermon was over, an elder took his place at a table within the rails, and the real business of the evening began. Somebody in the Amen corner struck up a tune that had no end, but a mighty power of setting the congregation in motion. The leader had a voice like the pleasant droning of a bagpipe, and the faculty of emitting a continuous note like that instrument, without stopping to breathe. It went on and on like a Bach fugue, winding and whining its way, turning the corners of the lines of the catch without a break. The effect was soon visible in the emotional crowd: feet began to move in a regular cadence and voices to join in, with spurts of ejaculation; and soon, with an air of martyrdom, the members began to leave their seats and pass before the table and deposit their contributions. It was a cent contribution, and we found it very difficult, under the contagious influence of the hum from the Amen corner, not to rise and go forward and deposit a cent. If anything could extract the pennies from a reluctant worldling it would be the buzzing of this tune. It went on and on, until the house appeared to be drained dry of its cash; and we inferred by the stopping of the melody that the preacher's salary was secure for the time being. On inquiring, we ascertained that the pecuniary flood that evening had risen to the height of a dollar and sixty cents.

All was ready for the start. It should have been early in the morning, but it was not; for Virginia is not only one of the blessed regions where one can get a late breakfast, but where it is almost impossible to get an early one. At ten A. M., the two horsemen rode away out of sight of the Abingdon spectators, down the eastern turnpike. The day was warm, but the air was full of vitality and the spirit of adventure. It was the 22d of July. The horses were not ambitious, but went on at an easy fox-trot that permits observation and encourages conversation. It had been stipulated that the horses should be good walkers, the one essential thing in a horseback journey. Few horses, even in a country where riding is general, are trained to walk fast. We hear much of horses that can walk five miles an hour, but they are as rare as white elephants. Our horses were only fair walkers. We realized how necessary this accomplishment is, for between the Tennessee line and Asheville, North Carolina, there is scarcely a mile of trotting-ground.

We soon turned southward and descended into the Holston River Valley. Beyond lay the Tennessee hills and conspicuous White-Top Mountain (5530 feet), which has a good deal of local celebrity (standing where the States of Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina corner), and had been pointed out to us at Abingdon. We had been urged, personally and by letter, to ascend this mountain, without fail. People recommend mountains to their friends as they do patent medicines. As we leisurely jogged along we discussed this, and endeavored to arrive at some rule of conduct for the journey. The Professor expressed at once a feeling about mountain-climbing that amounted to hostility, — he would go nowhere that he could not ride. Climbing was the most unsatisfactory use to which a mountain could be put. As to White-Top, it was a small mountain, and not worth ascending. The Friend of Humunity, who believes in mountain-climbing as a theory, and for other people, and knows the value of being able to say, without detection, that he has ascended any high mountain about which

he is questioned, — since this question is the first one asked about an exploration in a new country, — saw that he should have to use a good deal of diplomacy to get the Professor over any considerable elevation on the trip. And he had to confess also that a view from a mountain is never so satisfactory as a view of a mountain, from a moderate height. The Professor, however, did not argue the matter on any such reasonable ground, but took his stand on his right as a man not to ascend a mountain. With this appeal to first principles, — a position that could not be confuted on account of its vagueness (although it might probably be demonstrated that in society man has no such right), — there was no way of agreement except by a compromise. It was accordingly agreed that no mountain under six thousand feet is worth ascending; that disposed of White-Top. It was further agreed that any mountain that is over six thousand feet high is too high to ascend on foot.

With this amicable adjustment we forded the Holston, crossing it twice within a few miles. This upper branch of the Tennessee is a noble stream, broad, with a rocky bed and a swift current. Fording it is ticklish business except at comparatively low water, and as it is subject to sudden rises there must be times when it seriously interrupts travel. This whole region, full of swift streams, is without a bridge, and, as a consequence, getting over rivers and brooks and the dangers of ferries occupy a prominent place in the thoughts of the inhabitants. The life necessarily had the "frontier" quality all through, for there can be little solid advance in civilization in the uncertainties of a bridgeless condition. An open, pleasant valley, the Holston, but cultivation is more and more negligent and houses are few and poorer as we advance.

We had left behind the hotels of "perfect satisfaction," and expected to live on the country, trusting to the infrequent but remunerated hospitality of the widely scattered inhabitants. We were to dine at Ramsey's. Ramsey's had been recommended to us as a royal place of entertainment, the best in all that region; and as the sun grew hot in the sandy valley, and the weariness of noon fell upon us, we magnified Ramsey's in our imagination, — the nobility of its situation, its cuisine, its inviting restfulness, — and half decided to pass the night there in the true abandon of plantation life. Long before we reached it, the Holston River which we followed had become the Laurel, a most lovely, rocky, winding stream, which we forded continually, for the valley became too narrow much of the way to accommodate a road and a river. Eagerly as we were looking out for it, we passed the great Ramsey's without knowing it, for it was the first of a little settlement of two houses and a saw-mill and barn. It was a neat log house of two lower rooms and a summer kitchen, quite the best of the class that we saw, and the pleasant mistress of it made us welcome. Across the road and close to the Laurel was the spring-house, the invariable adjunct to every well-to-do house in the region, and on the stony margin of the stream was set up the big caldron for the family washing; and here, paddling in the shallow stream, while dinner was preparing, we established an intimacy with the children and exchanged philosophical observations on life with the old negress who was dabbling the clothes. What impressed this woman was the inequality in life. She jumped to the unwarranted conclusion that the Professor and the Friend were very rich, and spoke with asperity of the difficulty she experienced in getting shoes and tobacco. It was useless to point out to her that her *al fresco* life was singularly blessed and free from care, and the happy lot of any one who could loiter all day by this laughing stream, undisturbed by debt or ambition. Everybody about the place

was barefooted, except the mistress, including the comely daughter of eighteen, who served our dinner in the kitchen. The dinner was abundant, and though it seemed to us incongruous at the time we were not twelve hours older when we looked back upon it with longing. On the table were hot biscuit, ham, pork, and green beans, apple-sauce, blackberry preserves, cucumbers, coffee, plenty of milk, honey, and apple and blackberry pie. Here we had our first experience, and I may say new sensation, of "honey on pie." It has a cloying sound as it is written, but the handmaiden recommended it with enthusiasm, and we evidently fell in her esteem, as persons from an uncultivated society, when we declared our inexperience of "honey on pie." "Where be you from?" It turned out to be very good, and we have tried to introduce it in families since our return, with indifferent success. There did not seem to be in this family much curiosity about the world at large, nor much stir of social life. The gayety of madame appeared to consist in an occasional visit to paw and maw and grandmaw, up the river a few miles, where she was raised.

Refreshed by the honey and fodder at Ramsey's, the pilgrims went gayly along the musical Laurel, in the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, which played upon the rapids and illumined all the woody way. Inspired by the misapprehension of the colored philosopher and the dainties of the dinner, the Professor soliloquized: —

"So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of wealth they thinly placëd are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet."

Five miles beyond Ramsey's the Tennessee line was crossed. The Laurel became more rocky, swift, full of rapids, and the valley narrowed down to the river-way, with standing room, however, for stately trees along the banks. The oaks, both black and white, were, as they had been all day, gigantic in size and splendid in foliage. There is a certain dignity in riding in such stately company, and the travelers clattered along over the stony road under the impression of possible high adventure in a new world of such freshness. Nor was beauty wanting. The rhododendrons had, perhaps, a week ago reached their climax, and now began to strew the water and the ground with their brilliant petals, dashing all the way with color; but they were still matchlessly beautiful. Great banks of pink and white covered the steep hillsides; the bending stems, ten to twenty feet high, hung their rich clusters over the river; avenues of glory opened away in the glade of the stream; and at every turn of the winding way vistas glowing with the hues of romance wrenched exclamations of delight and wonder from the Shakespearean sonneteer and his humble Friend. In the deep recesses of the forest suddenly flamed to the view, like the splashes of splendor on the sombre canvas of an old Venetian, these wonders of color, — the glowing summer-heart of the woods.

It was difficult to say, meantime, whether the road was laid out in the river, or the river in the road. In the few miles to Egger's (this was the destination of our great expectations for the night) the stream was crossed twenty-seven times, — or perhaps it would be more proper to say that the road was crossed twenty-seven times. Where the road did not run in the river, its bed was washed out and as stony as the bed of the stream. This is a general and accurate description of all the roads in this region, which wind along and in the streams, through narrow valleys, shut in by low and steep hills. The country is full of springs and streams, and between Abingdon and Egger's is only one (small) bridge.

In a region with scarcely any level land or intervale, farmers are at a disadvantage. All along the road we saw nothing but mean shanties, generally of logs, with now and then a decent one-story frame, and the people looked miserably poor.

As we picked our way along up the Laurel, obliged for the most part to ride single-file, or as the Professor expressed it, —

> "Let me confess that we two must be twain,
> Although our undivided loves are one," —

we gathered information about Egger's from the infrequent hovels on the road, which inflamed our imaginations. Egger was the thriving man of the region, and lived in style in a big brick house. We began to feel a doubt that Egger would take us in, and so much did his brick magnificence impress us that we regretted we had not brought apparel fit for the society we were about to enter.

It was half past six, and we were tired and hungry, when the domain of Egger towered in sight, — a gaunt two-story structure of raw brick, unfinished, standing in a narrow intervale. We rode up to the gate, and asked a man who sat in the front-door porch if this was Egger's, and if we could be accommodated for the night. The man, without moving, allowed that it was Egger's, and that we could probably stay there. This person, however, exhibited so much indifference to our company, he was such a hairy, unkempt man, and carried on face, hands, and clothes so much more of the soil of the region than a prudent proprietor would divert from raising corn, that we set him aside as a poor relation, and asked for Mr. Egger. But the man, still without the least hospitable stir, admitted that that was the name he went by, and at length advised us to "lite" and hitch our horses, and set on the porch with him and enjoy the cool of the evening. The horses would be put up by and by, and in fact things generally would come round some time. This turned out to be the easy way of the country. Mr. Egger was far from being inhospitable, but was in no hurry, and never had been in a hurry. He was not exactly a gentleman of the old school. He was better than that. He dated from the time when there were no schools at all, and he lived in that placid world which is without information and ideas. Mr. Egger showed his superiority by a total lack of curiosity about any other world.

This brick house, magnificent by comparison with other dwellings in this country, seemed to us, on nearer acquaintance, only a thin, crude shell of a house, half unfinished, with bare rooms, the plastering already discolored. In point of furnishing it had not yet reached the "God bless our Home" stage in crewel. In the narrow meadow, a strip of vivid green south of the house, ran a little stream, fed by a copious spring, and over it was built the inevitable spring-house. A post, driven into the bank by the stream, supported a tin wash-basin, and here we performed our ablutions. The traveler gets to like this freedom and primitive luxury.

The farm of Egger produces corn, wheat, grass, and sheep; it is a good enough farm, but most of it lies at an angle of thirty-five to forty degrees. The ridge back of the house, planted in corn, was as steep as the roof of his dwelling. It seemed incredible that it ever could have been ploughed, but the proprietor assured us that it was ploughed with mules, and I judged that the harvesting must be done by squirrels. The soil is good enough, if it would stay in place, but all the hillsides are seamed with gullies. The discolored state of the streams was accounted for as soon as we saw this cultivated land. No sooner is the land cleared of trees and broken up than it begins to wash. We saw more of this later, especially in North

Carolina, where we encountered no stream of water that was not muddy, and saw no cultivated ground that was not washed. The process of denudation is going on rapidly wherever the original forests are girdled (a common way of preparing for crops), or cut away.

As the time passed and there was no sign of supper, the question became a burning one, and we went to explore the kitchen. No sign of it there. No fire in the stove, nothing cooked in the house, of course. Mrs. Egger and her comely young bare-footed daughter had still the milking to attend to, and supper must wait for the other chores. It seemed easier to be Mr. Egger, in this state of existence, and sit on the front porch and meditate on the price of mules and the prospect of a crop, than to be Mrs. Egger, whose work was not limited from sun to sun; who had, in fact, a day's work to do after the menfolks had knocked off; whose chances of neighborhood gossip were scanty, whose amusements were confined to a religious meeting once a fortnight. Good, honest people these, not unduly puffed up by the brick house, grubbing away year in and year out. Yes, the young girl said, there was a neighborhood party, now and then, in the winter. What a price to pay for mere life!

Long before supper was ready, nearly nine o'clock, we had nearly lost interest in it. Meantime two other guests had arrived, a couple of drovers from North Carolina, who brought into the circle — by this time a wood-fire had been kindled in the sitting-room, which contained a bed, an almanac, and some old copies of a newspaper — a rich flavor of cattle and talk of the price of steers. As to politics, although a presidential campaign was raging, there was scarcely an echo of it here. This was Johnson County, Tennessee, a strong Republican county: but dog-gone it, says Mr. Egger, it 's no use to vote; our votes are overborne by the rest of the State. Yes, they 'd got a Republican member of Congress, — he 'd heard his name, but he 'd forgotten it. The drover said he 'd heard it also, but he did n't take much interest in such things, though he was n't any Republican. Parties is pretty much all for office, both agreed. Even the Professor, who was traveling in the interest of Reform, could n't wake up a discussion out of such a state of mind.

Alas! the supper, served in a room dimly lighted with a smoky lamp, on a long table covered with oil-cloth, was not of the sort to arouse the delayed and now gone appetite of a Reformer, and yet it did not lack variety: cornpone (Indian meal stirred up with water and heated through), hot biscuit slack-baked and livid, fried salt-pork swimming in grease, apple-butter, pickled beets, onions and cucumbers raw, coffee, so-called, buttermilk, and sweet milk when specially asked for (the correct taste, however, is for buttermilk), and pie. This was not the pie of commerce, but the pie of the country, — two thick slabs of dough, with a squeezing of apple between. The profusion of this supper staggered the novices, but the drovers attacked it as if such cooking were a common occurrence, and did justice to the weary labors of Mrs. Egger.

Egger is well prepared to entertain strangers, having several rooms and several beds in each room. Upon consultation with the drovers, they said they 'd just as soon occupy an apartment by themselves, and we gave up their society for the night. The beds in our chamber had each one sheet, and the room otherwise gave evidence of the modern spirit; for in one corner stood the fashionable æsthetic decoration of our Queen Anne drawing-rooms, — the spinning-wheel. Soothed by this concession to taste, we crowded in between the straw and the home-made blanket and sheet, and soon ceased to hear the barking of dogs and the horned encounters of the drover's herd.

We parted with Mr. Egger after breakfast (which was a close copy of the supper) with more respect than regret. His total charge for the entertainment of two men and two horses — supper, lodging, and breakfast — was high or low, as the traveler chose to estimate it. It was $1.20: that is, thirty cents for each individual, or ten cents for each meal and lodging.

Our road was a sort of by-way up Gentry Creek and over the Cut Laurel Gap to Worth's, at Creston Post-Office, in North Carolina, — the next available halting place, said to be fifteen miles distant, and turning out to be twenty-two, and a rough road. There is a little settlement about Egger's, and the first half mile of our way we had the company of the school-mistress, a modest, pleasant-spoken girl. Neither she nor any other people we encountered had any dialect or local peculiarity of speech. Indeed, those we encountered that morning had nothing in manner or accent to distinguish them. The novelists had led us to expect something different; and the modest and pretty young ladies, with frank and open blue eyes, who wore gloves and used the common English speech, had never figured in the fiction of the region. Cherished illusions vanish often on near approach. The day gave no peculiarity of speech to note, except the occasional use of "hit" for "it."

The road over Cut Laurel Gap was very steep and stony, the thermometer mounted up to 80°, and notwithstanding the beauty of the way the ride became tedious before we reached the summit. On the summit is the dwelling and distillery of a colonel famous in these parts. We stopped at the house for a glass of milk; the colonel was absent, and while the woman in charge went for it, we sat on the veranda and conversed with a young lady, tall, gent, well favored, and communicative, who leaned in the doorway.

"Yes, this house stands on the line. Where you sit you are in Tennessee; I 'm in North Carolina."

"Do you live here?"

"Law, no; I 'm just staying a little while at the colonel's. I live over the mountain here, three miles from Taylorsville. I thought I 'd be where I could step into North Carolina easy."

"How 's that?"

"Well, they wanted me to go before the grand jury and testify about some pistol-shooting down by our house, — some friends of mine got into a little difficulty, — and I did n't want to. I never has no difficulty with nobody, never says nothing about nobody, has nothing against nobody, and I reckon nobody has nothing against me."

"Did you come alone?"

"Why, of course. I come across the mountain by a path through the woods. That 's nothing."

A discreet, pleasant, pretty girl. This surely must be the Esmeralda who lives in these mountains, and adorns low life by her virgin purity and sentiment. As she talked on, she turned from time to time to the fireplace behind her, and discharged a dark fluid from her pretty lips, with accuracy of aim, and with a nonchalance that was not assumed, but belongs to our free-born American girls. I cannot tell why this habit of hers (which is no worse than the sister habit of "dipping") should take her out of the romantic setting that her face and figure had placed her in; but somehow we felt inclined to ride on further for our heroine.

"And yet," said the Professor, as we left the site of the colonel's thriving distillery, and by a winding, picturesque road through a rough farming country descended into the valley, — "and yet why fling aside so readily a character and situation so full of romance, on account of a habit of this mountain Helen, which one of our best poets has almost made poetical, in the case of the pioneer tak-

ing his westward way, with ox-goad pointing to the sky: —

"'He 's leaving on the pictured rock
His fresh tobacco stain.'

"To my mind the incident has Homeric elements. The Greeks would have looked at it in a large, legendary way. Here is Helen, strong and lithe of limb, ox-eyed, courageous, but woman-hearted and love-inspiring, contended for by all the braves and daring moonshiners of Cut Laurel Gap, pursued by the gallants of two States, the prize of a border warfare of bowie knives and revolvers. This Helen, magnanimous as attractive, is the witness of a pistol difficulty on her behalf, and when wanted by the areopagus, that she may neither implicate a lover nor punish an enemy (having nothing, this noble type of her sex, against nobody) skips away to Mount Ida, and there, under the ægis of the flag of her country, in a Licensed Distillery, stands with one slender foot in Tennessee and the other in North Carolina" —

"Like the figure of the Republic itself, superior to state sovereignty," interposed the Friend.

"I beg your pardon," said the Professor, urging up Laura Matilda (for so he called the nervous mare, who fretted herself into a fever in the stony path), "I was quite able to get the woman out of that position without the aid of a metaphor. It is a large and Greek idea, that of standing in two mighty States, superior to the law, looking east and looking west, ready to transfer her agile body to either State on the approach of messengers of the court; and I 'll be hanged if I did n't think that her nonchalant rumination of the weed, combined with her lofty moral attitude, added something to the picture."

The Friend said that he was quite willing to join in the extremest defense of the privileges of beauty, — that he even held in abeyance judgment on the practice of dipping; but when it came to chewing, gum was as far as he could go as an allowance for the fair sex.

"When I consider everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment" —

The rest of the stanza was lost, for the Professor was splashing through the stream. No sooner had we descended than the fording of streams began again. The Friend had been obliged to stipulate that the Professor should go ahead at these crossings, to keep the impetuous nag of the latter from throwing half the contents of the stream upon his slower and uncomplaining companion.

What a lovely country, but for the heat of noon and the long wearisomeness of the way! — not that the distance was great, but miles and miles more than expected. How charming the open glades of the river, how refreshing the great forests of oak and chestnut, and what a panorama of beauty the banks of rhododendrons, now intermingled with the lighter pink and white of the laurel! In this region the rhododendron is called laurel, and the laurel (the sheep-laurel of New England) is called ivy.

At Worth's, well on in the afternoon, we emerged into a wide, open farming intervale, a pleasant place of meadows and streams and decent dwellings. Worth's is the trading centre of the region, has a post-office and a sawmill and a big country store; and the dwelling of the proprietor is not unlike a roomy New England country-house. Worth's has been immemorially a stopping place in a region where places of accommodation are few. The proprietor, now an elderly man, whose reminiscences are long *ante bellum*, has seen the world grow up about him, he the honored, just centre of it, and a family come up into the modern notions of life, with a boarding-school education and glimpses of city life and foreign travel. I fancy that nothing but tradition and a remaining Southern hospitality could induce this private family to suffer the incursions of the wayfaring man. Our travelers are

not apt to be surprised at anything in American life, but they did not expect to find a house in this region with two pianos and a bevy of young ladies, whose clothes were certainly not made on Cut Laurel Gap, and to read in the books scattered about the house the evidences of the finishing schools with which our country is blessed, nor to find here pupils of the Stonewall Jackson Institute at Abingdon. With a flush of local pride, the Professor took up, in the roomy, pleasant chamber set apart for the guests, a copy of Porter's Elements of Moral Science.

"Where you see the Elements of Moral Science," the Friend generalized, "there 'll be plenty of water and towels;" and the sign did not fail. The friends intended to read this book in the cool of the day: but as they sat on the long veranda, the voice of a maiden reading the latest novel to a sewing-group behind the blinds in the drawing-room; and the antics of a mule and a boy in front of the store opposite; and the arrival of a spruce young man, who had just ridden over from somewhere, a matter of ten miles' gallop, to get a medicinal potion for his sick mother, and lingered chatting with the young ladies until we began to fear that his mother would recover before his return; the coming and going of lean women in shackly wagons to trade at the store; the coming home of the cows, splashing through the stream, hooking right and left, and lowing for the hand of the milker, — all these interruptions, together with the generally drowsy quiet of the approach of evening, interfered with the study of the Elements. And when the travelers, after a refreshing rest, went on their way next morning, considering the Elements and the pianos and the refinement, to say nothing of the cuisine, which is not treated of in the text-book referred to, they were content with a bill double that of brother Egger in his brick magnificence.

The simple truth is that the traveler in this region must be content to feed on natural beauties. And it is an unfortunate truth in natural history that the appetite for this sort of diet fails after a time, if the inner man is not supplied with other sort of food. There is no landscape in the world that is agreeable after two days of rusty bacon and slack biscuit.

"How lovely this would be," exclaimed the Professor, "if it had a background of beefsteak and coffee!"

We were riding along the west fork of the Laurel, distinguished locally as Three Top Creek, — or rather we were riding in it, crossing it thirty-one times within six miles; a charming wood (and water) road, under the shade of fine trees, with the rhododendron illuminating the way, gleaming in the forest and reflected in the stream, all the ten miles to Elk Cross Roads, our next destination. We had heard a great deal about Elk Cross Roads; it was on the map, it was down in the itinerary furnished by a member of the coast survey. We looked forward to it as a sweet place of repose from the noontide heat. Alas! Elk Cross Roads is a dirty grocery-store, encumbered with dry-goods boxes, fly-blown goods, flies, loafers. In reply to our inquiry, we were told that they had nothing to eat, for us, and not a grain of feed for the horses. But there was a man a mile further on, who was well to do and had stores of food, — old man Tatem would treat us in bang-up style. The difficulty of getting feed for the horses was chronic all through the journey. The last corn crop had failed, the new oats and corn had not come in, and the country was literally barren. We had noticed all along that the hens were taking a vacation, and that chickens were not put forward as an article of diet.

We were unable, when we reached the residence of old man Tatem, to imagine how the local superstition of his wealth arose. His house is of logs,

with two rooms, a kitchen and a spare room, with a low loft accessible by a ladder at the side of the chimney. The chimney is a huge construction of stone, separating the two parts of the house; in fact, the chimney was built first, apparently, and the two rooms were then built against it. The proprietor sat in a little railed veranda. These Southern verandas give an air to the meanest dwelling, and they are much used; the family sit here, and here are the wash-basin and pail (which is filled from the neighboring spring-house) and the row of milk-pans. The old man Tatem did not welcome us with enthusiasm; he had no corn, — these were hard times. He looked like hard times, grizzled times, dirty times. It seemed time out of mind since he had seen comb or razor, and although the lovely New River, along which we had ridden to his house, — a broad, inviting stream, — was in sight across the meadow, there was no evidence that he had ever made acquaintance with its cleansing waters. As to corn, the necessities of the case and pay being dwelt on, perhaps he could find a dozen ears. A dozen small ears he did find, and we trust that the horses found them.

We took a family dinner with old man Tatem in the kitchen, where there was a bed and a stove, — a meal that the host seemed to enjoy, but which we could not make much of, except the milk; that was good. A painful meal, on the whole, owing to the presence in the room of a grown-up daughter with a graveyard cough, without physician or medicine, or comforts. Poor girl! just dying of "a misery."

In the spare room were two beds; the walls were decorated with the gay-colored pictures of patent-medicine advertisements — a favorite art adornment of the region; and a pile of ancient illustrated papers with the usual patent-office report, the thoughtful gift of the member for the district. The old man takes in the Blue Ridge Baptist, a journal which we found largely taken up with the experiences of its editor on his journeys roundabout in search of subscribers. This newspaper was the sole communication of the family with the world at large, but the old man thought he should stop it, — he didn't seem to get the worth of his money out of it. And old man Tatem was a thrifty and provident man. On the hearth in this best room — as ornaments or *memento mori* — were a couple of marble grave-stones, a short head-stone and foot-stone, mounted on bases and ready for use, except the lettering. These may not have been so mournful and significant as they looked, nor the evidence of simple, humble faith; they may have been taken for debt. But as parlor ornaments they had a fascination which we could not escape.

It was while we were bathing in the New River, that afternoon, and meditating on the grim, unrelieved sort of life of our host, that the Professor said, "Judging by the face of the Blue Ridge Baptist, he will charge us smartly for the few nubbins of corn and the milk." The face did not deceive us; the charge was one dollar. At this rate it would have broken us to have tarried with old man Tatem (perhaps he is not old, but that is the name he goes by) over night.

It was a hot afternoon, and it needed some courage to mount and climb the sandy hill leading us away from the corn-crib of Tatem. But we entered almost immediately into fine stretches of forest, and rode under the shade of great oaks. The way, which began by the New River, soon led us over the hills to the higher levels of Watauga County. So far on our journey we had been hemmed in by low hills, and without any distant or mountain outlooks. The excessive heat seemed out of place at the elevation of over two thousand feet, on which we were traveling. Boone, the county-seat of Watauga County, was

our destination, and, ever since morning, the guide-boards and the trend of the roads had notified us that everything in this region tends towards Boone as a centre of interest. The simple ingenuity of some of the guide-boards impressed us. If, on coming to a fork, the traveler was to turn to the right, the sign read,

To Boone 10 M.

If he was to go to the left, it read,

.M 01 ɘnooᗺ oT

A short ride of nine miles, on an ascending road, through an open, unfenced forest region, brought us long before sundown to this capital. When we had ridden into its single street, which wanders over gentle hills, and landed at the most promising of the taverns, the Friend informed his comrade that Boone was 3250 feet above Albemarle Sound, and believed by its inhabitants to be the highest village east of the Rocky Mountains. The Professor said that it might be so, but it was a God-forsaken place. Its inhabitants numbered perhaps 250, a few of them colored. It had a gaunt, shaky court-house and jail, a store or two, and two taverns. The two taverns are needed to accommodate the judges and lawyers and their clients during the session of the court. The court is the only excitement and the only amusement. It is the event from which other events date. Everybody in the county knows exactly when court sits, and when court breaks. During the session the whole county is practically in Boone, men, women, and children. They camp there, they attend the trials, they take sides; half of them, perhaps, are witnesses, for the region is litigious, and the neighborhood quarrels are entered into with spirit. To be fond of lawsuits seems a characteristic of an isolated people in new conditions. The early settlers of New England were.

Notwithstanding the elevation of Boone, which insured a pure air, the thermometer that afternoon stood at from 85° to 89°. The flies enjoyed it. How they swarmed in this tavern! They would have carried off all the food from the dining-room table (for flies do not mind eating off oil-cloth, and are not particular how food is cooked), but for the machine with hanging flappers that swept the length of it; and they destroy all possibility of sleep except in the dark. The mountain regions of North Carolina are free from mosquitoes, but the fly has settled there, and is the universal scourge. This tavern, one end of which was a store, had a veranda in front, and a back gallery, where there were evidences of female refinement in pots of plants and flowers. The landlord himself kept tavern very much as a hostler would, but we had to make a note in his favor that he had never heard of a milk punch. And it might as well be said here, for it will have to be insisted on later, that the traveler, who has read about the illicit stills till his imagination dwells upon the indulgence of his vitiated tastes in the mountains of North Carolina, is doomed to disappointment. If he wants to make himself an exception to the sober people whose cooking will make him long for the maddening bowl, he must bring his poison with him. We had found no bread since we left Virginia; we had seen corn-meal and water, slack-baked; we had seen potatoes fried in grease, and bacon encrusted with salt (all thirst-provokers), but nothing to drink stronger than buttermilk. And we can say that, so far as our example is concerned, we left the country as temperate as we found it. How can there be mint-juleps (to go into details) without ice? and in the summer there is probably not a pound of ice in all the State north of Buncombe County.

There is nothing special to be said about Boone. We were anxious to reach it, we were glad to leave it; we note as to all these places that our joy

at departing always exceeds that on arriving, which is a merciful provision of nature for people who must keep moving. This country is settled by genuine Americans, who have the aboriginal primitive traits of the universal Yankee nation. The front porch in the morning resembled a carpenter's shop; it was literally covered with the whittlings of the row of natives who had spent the evening there in the sedative occupation of whittling.

We took that morning a forest road to Valle Crusis, seven miles, through noble growths of oaks, chestnuts, hemlocks, rhododendrons; a charming wood road, leading to a place that, as usual, did not keep the promise of its name. Valle Crusis has a blacksmith shop and a dirty, fly-blown store. While the Professor consulted the blacksmith about a loose shoe, the Friend carried his weariness of life without provisions up to a white house on the hill, and negotiated for boiled milk. This house was occupied by flies. They must have numbered millions, settled in black swarms, covering tables, beds, walls, the veranda; the kitchen was simply a hive of them. The only book in sight, Whewell's Elements of Morality, seems to attract flies. Query, Why should this have such a different effect from Porter's? A white house, a pleasant-looking house at a distance, amiable, kindly people in it, — why should we have arrived there on its dirty day? Alas! if we had been starving, Valle Crusis had nothing to offer us.

So we rode away, in the blazing heat, no poetry exuding from the Professor, eight miles to Banner's Elk, crossing a mountain and passing under Hanging Rock, a conspicuous feature in the landscape, and the only outcropping of rock we had seen: the face of a ledge, rounded up into the sky, with a green hood on it. From the summit we had the first extensive prospect during our journey. The road can be described as awful, — steep, stony, the horses unable to make two miles an hour on it. Now and then we encountered a rude log cabin without barns or outhouses, and a little patch of feeble corn. The women who regarded the passers from their cabin doors were frowzy and looked tired. What with the heat and the road and this discouraged appearance of humanity, we reached the residence of Dugger, at Banner's Elk, to which we had been directed, nearly exhausted. It is no use to represent this as a dash across country on impatient steeds. It was not so. The love of truth is stronger than the desire of display. And for this reason it is impossible to say that Mr. Dugger, who is an excellent man, lives in a clean and attractive house, or that he offers much that the pampered child of civilization can eat. But we shall not forget the two eggs, fresh from the hens, whose temperature must have been above the normal, nor the spring-house in the glen, where we found a refuge from the flies and the heat. The higher we go, the hotter it is. Banner's Elk boasts an elevation of 3500 to 3700 feet.

We were not sorry, towards sunset, to descend along the Elk River towards Cranberry Forge. The Elk is a lovely stream, and, though not very clear, has a reputation for trout; but all this region was under operation of a three-years game law, to give the trout a chance to multiply, and we had no opportunity to test the value of its reputation. Yet a boy whom we encountered had a good string of quarter-pound trout, which he had taken out with a hook and a feather rudely tied on it, to resemble a fly. The road, though not to be commended, was much better than that of the morning, the forests grew charming in the cool of the evening, the whippoorwill sang, and as night fell the wanderers, in want of nearly everything that makes life desirable, stopped at the Iron Company's hotel, under the impression that it was the only comfortable hotel in North Carolina.

Charles Dudley Warner.

SOUTHWESTERN KANSAS SEEN WITH EASTERN EYES.

EASTERN ideas get ruthlessly shaken when one enters the actual life of the much-written-about Great New West. The state of mind of a little boy of my acquaintance, who, on being sent to school in Germany, wrote home in his first letter, "I don't like Germany at all. They drink beer," and in the second, "I don't like Germany. We drink beer," finds its parallel in the feelings of many a homesick emigrant who goes to the frontier without the important preparation of a temporary residence in the Middle West. Slowly and surely, without making much note of the process, is the Easterner transformed into a new type of man as he comes under the influence of that wonderful fascination which has led to the proverb, —

> "The American haven of eternal rest
> Lies ever just a little further west."

It is sometimes said that "the perfect American is an Eastern man with a Western veneer." But though the East has been stimulated and enlivened in its migration westward, yet the modifying process is not an easy one; neither can it be carried on without loss in some directions, which the enthusiastic pioneer is very likely to overlook. Perhaps a fitting subject for the representative American novel, which critics sometimes tell us is yet to be written, might be found in the conflict between Eastern and Western ideas which is now going on in many a soul on the Western plains.

No State or Territory west of the Mississippi has had a greater infusion of New England blood at its earliest settlement than the one which is the geographical centre of the country. "New England emigration saved Kansas," said a Boston man on one occasion. "No," was the reply of a Westerner, "but it has done a greater thing. It has Americanized the Yankee." Both statements contain some truth.

The true Kansan loves to recount the events which have made the history of his State remarkable. There was the great immigration in 1854, when the Northern conscience was aroused to prevent the extension of slavery, and company after company of settlers, in canvas-topped wagons, moved westward, singing the songs of Whittier. Then came the border war, in which "Bleeding Kansas" was for several years the centre of the nation's thought. In 1861 Kansas entered the Union, and during the great conflict that followed she sent into the army and lost by death a larger proportion of her citizens than any other loyal State. After the war was over there were years of business depression, Indian raids, drought, and grasshoppers, justifying the motto *Ad astra per aspera*, which is borne on the coat of arms of the State. Yet, though its history has had so much of conflict, it has had much of encouragement also. We well remember how Easterners and foreigners gazed with wondering eyes upon the great sheaves and tall corn-stalks of the Kansas exhibit at Philadelphia in 1876. Since then severe droughts have again occurred, but now, after a few years of large crops, the vacant lands of Kansas are fast filling with settlers.

To Southwestern Kansas we took our journey from the shores of the Atlantic while the early fall flowers were blooming. We feasted our eyes on the hills of Berkshire County and New York, brilliant in autumn colors, with the homesickening reflection that we were soon to be out of sight of trees and rocks and hills, and after a journey of nearly three days we steamed into the Union Depot at Kansas City, with its labyrinth of railroad tracks. Then we

bade good-by to the comforts of Pullman cars and the services of railroad porters for a tedious journey of thirteen hours in a crowded "local," over one of the unfinished railroads, with alphabetical names, that are resting in a state of indecision as to their future course. At first the stations were frequent, and the otherwise monotonous scenery was varied by large villages, with fine farms and orchards and streams of water fringed with great trees. Then the towns grew smaller and rarer. The river beds seemed nearly dry. At increasing intervals we passed tiny farm-houses of wood, or stone, or sod, each having the inevitable melon-patch and perhaps a bed of peanuts or sweet-potatoes; and now and then appeared an emigrant wagon, with green body, red wheels, and canvas sheeting, slowly toiling across the solitary plain. There were large reaches of landscape thickly covered with dwarf sunflowers, whose golden heads seemed but a little larger than the ox-eye daisies of our Eastern meadows. Acres upon acres of the stalks of corn or sorghum cane stood like regiments of soldiers in solid phalanx; hawks in great numbers flapped their wings over the fields where wheat or millet had lately been harvested; but between the tracts that had been cultivated lay vast stretches of unbroken prairie, its dry, dead grass variegated by golden-rods and other yellow or blue fall flowers. After the daylight faded the tedious evening ride was varied by a salute of appropriate Kansas weather, a sudden storm of high wind, with thunder, lightning, and hail, which, however, our train passed quickly through. Variety was also given by the stories told by a young man behind us, who was instructing another, evidently a "tenderfoot," as a new-comer is called, in the ways of the country to which he had come. "Why," we could hear him say, "the landlord said he should not put up any partitions in his hotel. He could n't afford such a waste of room. He could put a man to sleep in the width of space that a wall would take up."

The car, which had been full when we left Kansas City, was gradually emptied, until it contained, beside ourselves, only one woman and about a dozen men, who, in the dull evening glare, looked to our unaccustomed eyes like uncouth barbarians; and when, about one o'clock at night, we reached the little town that is the temporary railroad terminus, it was with some dejection of mind that, in common with several fellow passengers, we took an omnibus for the house of entertainment recommended by our conductor as the "only first-class hotel in the city." Separate rooms were out of the question, but the courteous landlord, after canvassing his resources, succeeded in giving each of us a couch, or the fraction thereof, for the remainder of the night. But though accommodations were limited the kindly attention we received revived our sinking spirits. In the morning, after a good breakfast, we resumed our journey, and after a ride of two hours southward across prairie we took, with much curiosity, our first view of the town of Cleopatra, that has now been our home for eight months.

The city was born just five years ago. This means that at that time some men from a point further east came here "prospecting," selected a town site, formed themselves into a town company, purchased the land from the government, obtaining the necessary papers, marked out city limits, and chose a mayor and councilmen, and then this was a city. The place at first contained twenty or thirty inhabitants, living together for a while in barracks, like soldiers. The "old settlers" of that not very distant period love to relate the infancy of the little settlement, and to show the picture, painted by one of the town fathers, of the miniature city, which consisted of one long, rude frame-

building (the barracks), now made into a barn for a sheep ranch, and beside it a single tent, with slanting stove-pipe chimney, occupied by one man, whose wife was his companion. The picture also shows a noble dog, the pet of the little community, and all around nothing but blue sky and green-brown prairie.

It must be confessed that a city to which all building material and provisions and implements must be brought seventy miles over a roadless prairie does not present many of what we are accustomed to call "city advantages." But the men made a grocery store out of an emigrant wagon, and went bravely to work, marking out streets, breaking prairie, and planning for sites of public buildings, and soon little houses began to appear.

Since then this baby city has passed through the various trials incident to childhood. It has had no mushroom growth like that of the railroad termini and the mining towns, yet as the county-seat and the trading centre of a promising stock-raising and agricultural district it has held its way hopefully through its vicissitudes, and is now both prosperous and expectant.

A year or two after the town was founded, the great "county-seat fight" occurred. The little town of Rival in the north of the county (the railroad terminus already mentioned, although this was before the time of the railway) wished to supersede Cleopatra as county-seat, and an election was held. There were less than two thousand people in the county, including men, women, and children, but cattle-men and cowboys from other counties gave volunteer assistance, and more than four thousand votes were counted. Much threatening passed between the Cleopatra men and the Rivalites, and toward night something of a riot occurred. The votes were partially sifted at last, and it was decided that Cleopatra should remain the county-seat.

A year or so later came the railroad excitement. A railroad goes where it pleases, and usually keeps its own counsel. But the news had gone forth that the railroad was coming to Cleopatra, and the town was "booming." A railroad, however, changes its mind sometimes, and one Sunday, fourteen miles of track that had been completed nearly to the city was taken up, to be laid in another direction. Monday morning found the town, which on Saturday had been so elated, in great depression, and many of its people lost heart and moved away. But Cleopatra is still sanguine of having a railroad. The agents of the great roads of the region are often interviewed and entertained, and the land agents are constantly assuring us that it is "as certain as fate" that the cars will be here before many months.

Next to a railroad for itself, the great desire of Cleopatra is to have the one that comes to Rival extended westward, so that that city may lose its present importance as a terminus. To a looker-on, the local jealousy of neighboring towns is amusing. The typical Western man thinks that he can prove by mathematics and geography that the city in which he has cast his lot cannot fail of greatness, and one chief object of his life is to advance its interests. The events which cause anxiety to the residents, such as prevailing sickness or town disturbances, are seldom mentioned in the local paper. It would not be politic. They might hinder immigration. But whatever is detrimental to a rival town is promptly and fully reported. A man comes into Rival by rail, and inquires for Cleopatra. "Cleopatra?" says the Rivalite. "Seems to me I've heard of such a place. Hullo, you" (turning to another), "do you know where Cleopatra is?" "Why, yes," is the answer, "I believe there is a little place by that name off south, but there don't nobody go there, and there ain't no road to it, only a cowpath." Even the transient

visitor is soon influenced by the local enthusiasm, and is ready to affirm that all the advantages of the region are concentrated in the spot where he happens to be.

The "county-seat fight" already mentioned is the only case of lawlessness that has ever occurred in Cleopatra. It has been a most well-behaved town for one on the border, and plumes itself not a little on its "good society," as compared with some of its neighbors. We walk through its streets with the same sense of quiet and law protection as in a New England village. Yet the wise will sometimes say, "Other frontier towns have had their bloodshed. Our turn may yet come." Once indeed, but a few weeks ago, it seemed that perhaps the time had come, when the temperance men of the town determined that at all hazards the state prohibitory law should be enforced. For a week the town was in agitation. Cowboys from the ranges came into town wearing their revolvers, threats were in the air, ladies avoided Main Street, and men walked around silent and with stern faces. The whole community waited as though beside a muttering volcano. Then the crisis passed, and for a time, at least, prohibition held sway.

On our arrival at Cleopatra, that autumn morning, we found a compact little settlement of from five hundred to one thousand people. We were unable to learn the number exactly, for pioneers do not stand still to be counted, and a wise man hesitates to accept the local census of a Western city. Through the middle of the town ran the arterial Main Street, flanked by wooden sidewalks and lined for half a mile on each side with little shops, most of them having the square sham or "battlement" front. The town contained two church buildings, a brick court-house, a school-house for three schools, a flouring mill, and a disused mill for making sorghum sugar. For the rest, it was made up of little private houses, containing usually from one to five rooms, and, at first sight, seeming to have been dropped down helter-skelter on the prairie; but a little familiarity soon showed us that there was method in the madness, which time and labor on the prospective streets would develop.

During the months that have elapsed since our arrival, the appearance of the town has been considerably changed. Several blocks have been built on Main Street, of brick or a soft red stone that is quarried in the neighborhood. A number of larger and finer houses have been built on a rise of the prairie at the north of the town, which has therefore been dubbed "Quality Hill" by the populace; and just now, under the influence of the news that a railroad company is preparing to send a branch in this direction, the town is having a bigger "boom" than ever before, and buildings of all sizes are going up on every side.

The interiors of the houses present all the degrees from furniture consisting chiefly of a trunk and some dry goods boxes to rich furniture with pianos and choice pictures; yet these differences depend less upon the worldly possessions of the people than upon the length of time since their arrival. Many a family living in one room with a few utensils has household goods waiting somewhere till a house can be built to put them in.

The little trees that have been planted in the city are still too small to obstruct the view, and all the larger houses and two or three windmills for raising water can be seen for miles around. The town looks very pretty as seen in the distance, and is the chief landmark of the region. To one within the city, however, the unfinished streets and buildings give an unpleasant feeling of disorder and discomfort, like that of a spring house-cleaning or a May moving. But a few weeks' residence usually enables one to look at all things as tem-

porary, and therefore endurable, like the discomforts of travel, or the inconveniences of a camping-out excursion.

Most of the men in the town are capitalists in a small way. Speculation abounds, and money changes hands fast. A financial authority has said that the country must be rich which does not make use of small coin. Except in the post-office the smallest money recognized here, either in prices of goods or in making change, is the "nickel." Every two or three doors on Main Street we find a land-office, and land business is now brisk; but in a few months any one who wishes to "prove up" a good claim must go west to the next county. Trades of all kinds are starting, and every skillful workman has his hands over-full. Almost every man has two or three kinds of business and turns from one to another with amazing facility. In a certain sense the most successful man is the most versatile man. There are a dozen or more lawyers in town, but each gives a part of his time to other business. Here is one who has been a judge and a professor in a law school, but is now seeking health and fortune by dividing his time between a law office and a sheep ranch. His accomplished daughter is thinking of opening a private school in town, but in the interim spends a few days in the saddle herding her father's sheep. Here is another lawyer, who is also a land agent and has a hog-ranch in the country; soon he transfers this to his partner, and takes charge of one of the local newspapers. Here is a man holding several county offices, but also superintending a coal and lumber yard. Some of his capital he invests in a grocery, and he is also engaged in cattle business in the Indian Territory. Almost every man has his farm outside, which he cultivates himself or by proxy, or is simply holding to await rise in land values.

But, notwithstanding the restless change of occupation, the streets seem full of idle men. Here are new-comers, "land-lookers," and farmers and stockmen from the country, gathered in knots at the corners trying to make a trade. Men temporarily out of employment stand with hand in their pockets watching their chances. Main Street, therefore, looks lazy, and has an air of listless waiting.

A walk of five minutes from the court-house in any direction brings one out on the open prairie; then for a few miles there are farms, with here and there a settler's dwelling, and beyond, on the south and west, lie the great stock-ranges.

On three sides of the town, at a distance of four or five miles, flows Wolf Creek, having, like most capricious Western rivers, a great bed, washed out by short-lived floods, with a little water and a great deal of sand. It is usually fordable at almost any point, but after a heavy rain, it is suddenly transformed into a mighty river, cutting off all communication between the country people and the town. In the distance, its course is shown by a straggling row of small cottonwoods and willows, twisted and broken by the floods. At the fords, posts are erected showing the depth of the stream and the heights to which the river has risen in various May freshets.

Thirty miles away lies the town of L——, our nearest eastern neighbor, a busy and rough cattle market, whose reputation in the region has suffered from its having been the scene of various acts of cowboy lawlessness. Two hours' drive southward would take us across "The Strip," a belt of land which the government is selling for the benefit of the Osage Indians, and into "The Nation," as the Indian Territory is often called. But the Indians themselves are mostly far away in the eastern and southern parts of the Territory, and on crossing the border we find it difficult to realize the fact, recorded in an ancient geography, that

"Chocktaw, Chickasaw, Cheri-o-kee
Indians live in this Territo-ree."

Three days' journey by saddle southwest will take us across the sand hills and salt plains of the Territory into the great Texas Pan Handle. West of us, in the next county, there are as yet only a few settlements, but the tide is rolling on, and even now a company of men from Cleopatra are "prospecting" for a town site in the next county west.

Sometimes we drive in our spring wagon to Rival; not often, for we are too loyal to Cleopatra to do our trading in a rival city, even though the want of a railroad somewhat increases the cost of goods in our own stores. But we cannot be wholly independent of the town which has the nearest railway station. We do not see the cars, for the one daily passenger train both arrives and returns in the night. Yet even the track is a welcome sight to the prairie dweller, for it connects him with his early home and Eastern friends, and the great world of civilization on whose edge he dwells.

In the fall, winter, and early spring, prairie fires form a prominent feature of the landscape, and are a source of great danger to the inhabitants of the plains. Some of these fires are "put out" (that is, kindled) by the settlers at times when fire can be controlled, as a means of protection from wandering fires. Careless is the traveler who ventures far over the prairie without carrying matches so that he may burn for himself a place of safety in case of danger. A fire-guard is ploughed around the town, and every little country home is encircled by several furrows where fire can be fought. Often in an evening we can see eight or ten fires, dotting the line of the horizon at distances which we cannot guess. Sometimes in a rising wind a fire threatens the town or the neighboring farmhouses, and the men gather to beat it back, and send counter-fires to meet it. The main fire-line leaps along roaring and crackling in the tall grass, and leaving behind miles of black, smoking ground, soon to be covered with a soft carpet of yellow green; but it also leaves side-fires and back-fires, which must be watched and guarded by those who are fighting fire with fire. Prairie fires in the distance, in a still evening, are very pretty things to see, but when wind and fire combine to resist human control, the feeling sometimes changes to excitement and terror.

Even more than in older communities do the people here talk much about the weather, and the opinions held regarding it are various enough to prove the truth of the definition, "Pleasant weather is a state of the mind in which it enjoys itself." It does not take long for the settler who is well and prosperous to share a little the Western man's enthusiasm; but a new-comer usually feels that a climate in which the mercury is liable to change twenty or thirty degrees in a single hour is open to criticism. Even to the old resident the weather brings a continual round of surprises. When the winter northers blow, and for days we spend all our energies to keep from freezing, we almost refuse to believe what we certainly know, — that this is, on the whole, a warm climate; that, except for the northers, the winters are mild; that farmers do their ploughing in midwinter, and plant their potatoes in February; and that animals pasture without shelter the whole year through. Yet even during the heated summer the nights are always cool.

The heavy rains fall mostly from April to June. The later summer and autumn are rather dry, and November, bleak and dreary month on our Eastern shores, is usually considered a delightful season here. Winter storms sometimes bring a dry powdery snow, which blows fiercely in our faces, and makes drifts in the cañons, but seldom whitens the general surface of the ground, or prevents the herds from finding pasture.

A wet and heavy snow, if it does come, is a sad calamity, for it takes away the food of thousands of grazing animals.

Dust is everywhere, inflaming the eyes, sifting through cracks, and rising in sand storms under the influence of a high wind. Mud, so great a trial in Eastern Kansas, is here little known. For a few hours after a heavy rain it plasters our overshoes, and almost holds us to the ground, but suddenly it is gone. Here are no swamps, no marshes of stagnant water, no damp night air. The enthusiastic resident assures you that there is no malaria, as in Eastern Kansas, — "That is impossible where drainage is so perfect." Yet one soon learns that there is the same tendency to bilious diseases that is found in most parts of the West, and that fevers are frequent.

But the most remarkable feature of the climate is the wind, which sweeps past us from north to south, from south to north again, without a wind-break between us and the North Pole. It would be too much to say that the wind *always* blows in Kansas, but one who is in the process of acclimation feels that the pauses are both rare and short. Down upon us, often without a moment's warning, sweeps a norther, usually of three days' duration. Then the weather gradually moderates, and the wind changes to the south, to be succeeded shortly by another northern gale. Now and then we have an equally strong and trying south wind, a genuine sirocco from the Staked Plain of Texas, hot to our hands and cheeks, and almost irresistible in its force.

Occasionally in the spring there comes a day that seems to have all zones and seasons condensed into its brief space. Two or three such days are indelibly fixed in my memory. The morning may dawn upon us clear, cool, and soft, with sparkling dew, and the song of a thousand meadow larks. The sun comes grandly up above the clean-cut horizon. We feel no languor. It is a delight to live and breathe and move. The sun mounts toward the zenith, and the air begins to grow hot. It is insufferably hot. There is no tree, no hill, no rock, to give a cooling shade, and the deep-blue sky contains no passing cloud to give us a moment's respite from the sun's blinding rays. We think regretfully of the umbrella that yesterday's wind turned inside out, and determine to put up a tent as soon as the weather is cool enough to encourage the effort.

But atmospheric stillness never lasts long in Kansas. The wind begins to blow, and our stifling breath grows more free. From the south the wind comes, reaching our ears with a murmuring sound before we feel it in our faces. The prairie grass and fields of grain rise and fall, first in waves, and then in heaving billows. The wind increases in force and becomes a sirocco, scorching our faces worse than the hottest rays of the sun could do. There is no dignity in walking. We struggle with our skirts and wraps. We tie our hats down, we hold on to them with both hands, and still they escape us, and we rush madly after them. The clothes on the line at the next door flap wildly around, beating out their hems and splitting in every weakened spot, while the washerwoman is striving to keep her balance long enough to rescue them before their total destruction; lucky is she if they are not snatched from her grasp and scattered far over the prairie never to be recovered. Great tumble-weeds come rolling like hoops across the plain. Here comes a market-basket escaped from the hand of some urchin who for a moment forgot to be vigilant. We start to catch it for him, but it eludes us, and goes bumping over the prairie for half a mile or more, and is soon out of sight. A canvas-covered carriage is seized by the wind and rolled down the street. On the next house comes toppling down the stove-pipe chimney. Three or four

"claim shanties" are laid over on their sides, and the builders of the large house in the upper part of the town will have to begin to-morrow putting up their frame anew. We think about tornadoes and cyclones, and then remark quietly, "This is n't anything; just an ordinary straight blow." Clouds of dust fill the air, penetrating the thickest veils, reddening our eyes, and sifting through the cracks of doors and windows to the utter ruin of all good housekeeping. The only comfort is in the thought that this state of things cannot last long; a change will surely come soon.

And here it comes. In the southeast, a black cloud appears, moving rapidly. We look anxiously to see if it is funnel-shaped, and a few nervous persons retreat to their cellars, or caves (that is, artificial excavations that serve as outside cellars for some of the houses). But this is not a tornado, only a Kansas shower. First comes a cloud of dust, sweeping with the rapidity of a whirlwind, and veiling the town from sight. The lightning blinds our eyes, and streaks the black sky with chains of light. Housewives bring sheets and pieces of old carpet to stop the cracks of the doors and windows on the windward side, and "hurry" must be the word, for in a moment the rain is upon us, not in drops, but in blinding sheets moving horizontally along. In a few moments the roadways are streams of running water, the tubs and rain barrels and cisterns are overflowing. The farmers exultingly exclaim, "This insures the corn crop," and the local editor writes for his item column, "What slanderer said 'Drouthy Kansas'?"

It is no longer rain; it is sleet and hail. Next comes a rift in the clouds, a perfect arch of rainbow, and the clouds roll away out of sight, leaving the clean-washed earth dotted with flowers. The afternoon wanes. The winds are still. The sun sinks in a blaze of golden glory, and almost without a twilight the day is ended. In the ocean of dark blue ether above and round us, the moon and stars are shining. It is the perfection of glorious night. We linger in its beauty, unwilling that sleep should claim the best hours of the twenty-four, but at last, the thought of to-morrow's labors and vicissitudes drives us to our couch. We fall asleep, to awaken perhaps in a few hours and find that the bed-covering is insufficient. We wrap ourselves in all the blankets we can find, but are still cold, and grow colder. The south wind has given place to a norther, which creeps in through the seams of the windows, lifts the carpet in billows, and drives us back to our warmest flannels, and our rekindled fires.

In weather, as in almost all phases of this prairie life, it is the unexpected which usually happens. What adjective is there, applicable to weather, that may not be used in the superlative degree here! I do not wonder that this is called "Sunny Kansas," but it is also windy Kansas. Yes, it is drouthy Kansas, but it is also fertile, beautiful Kansas.

M. H. Leonard.

GARIBALDI'S IDEAS.

On the 9th of November, 1861, Garibaldi left Naples for Caprera. It was the turning point of his career. He had created an army and conquered a kingdom in a campaign so marvelous that its story reads more like an epic poem than a military history. He had silenced the cavils of men who called

him only a brilliant leader of guerrilla bands, by defeating on the banks of the Volturno thirty-five thousand disciplined and well led troops with an army of half their number. He had achieved the last and greatest conquest that a man can make, — the conquest of himself, for sooner than sow dissension among Italian patriots he had given up his purpose of marching on Rome, and had surrendered his dictatorship to the Sardinian king.

Up to that time Garibaldi's character was one of rare beauty. He was always perfectly honest and completely sincere; but the sweetness of disposition, the unsuspicious nature leading him to believe other men to be as honest as himself, the infinite pity and tenderness towards the weak and suffering, the sublime and total self-forgetfulness — those qualities which made men love him more, if possible, than they admired him — waned sadly and steadily during his later years. He lost faith in God and in man. He became harsh, suspicious, misanthropic. He seemed to think that he was the only honest, intelligent patriot in Italy, and he tolerated no dissent from his opinions among his nearest and most devoted friends. He abused indiscriminately religion, government, and science; the monarchists, the Mazzinians, and even the survivors of The Thousand; and though he sometimes professed to love King Humbert, he publicly praised the crazy regicide Passanante as a hero. To this strange and pitiful change of Garibaldi's whole moral nature, his writings give ample and saddening testimony.

Garibaldi was by no means an illiterate man. He was a good mathematician. He spoke German, Spanish, French, and English with fluency, and was familiar with the history of Rome and to some extent with that of modern Europe. He had read romances, poetry, military treatises, and books of science, theology, and philosophy. Intellectually, however, he always remained a child, and the effect upon his mind of this heterogeneous reading was what it would have been upon a school-boy. He could not understand why the frothy novels of Guerazzi were not as great as the romances of Victor Hugo, and he firmly believed Alexander Dumas, *père*, to be the greatest author the world had produced.

In addition to the innumerable letters which Garibaldi published during his later years, he wrote soon after the events of 1849 a brief autobiography. In 1867 he wrote his first historical romance, Clelia, or the Rule of the Monk, which was translated into English by Jessie White Mario. Two years later he wrote Cantoni the Volunteer, and after his campaign in France he wrote his third romance, entitled The Thousand. He also confided to his son Menotti a new autobiography, covering the period between 1850 and 1870, with the order that it should not be published until after his death. As yet, Menotti has not published it, and there can be little doubt that the fact is creditable to his good sense and filial piety.

Whatever Garibaldi wrote prior to the close of his Neapolitan campaign was worthy of him. His early autobiography was modest and simple. He had a story to tell, and he told it in a direct and forcible way. The writer evidently had no thought of his style, but thought only of what he had to say. The contrast between the simplicity of this autobiography and the turgidity of Garibaldi's romances is as marked as that between the moral tone of his first and his latest writings.

In his addresses to his troops Garibaldi was always happy. Written by an enthusiast, they were adapted to kindle enthusiasm. At times they were genuinely eloquent, and the well-known order of the day issued on the eve of the retreat from Rome in 1849 will live forever. His speeches were always brief and often admirable, and though they

were sometimes distasteful to the diplomatists, it was because diplomacy cannot always tolerate frankness.

Of the romances, while they were all miraculously bad, it may be said that their badness was progressive. Clelia is less utterly stupid than Cantoni, and The Thousand is even more preposterous than its predecessors. Clelia was written partly before and partly after Mentana, and the last chapters describe the affair of Villa Glori and the abortive attempt at insurrection in Rome. Cantoni is a romance of the Roman republic of 1849; and The Thousand purports to tell in the guise of a romance the true story of the Conquest of Sicily and Naples. The imaginative part of these romances might have been written by a boy of fourteen whose imagination had been fed by Dumas's novels. The historical parts are thrust in chiefly as episodes, and with a complete disregard of what precedes and what follows them. The characters are colorless and lifeless. The heroines, of whom each book has several, are all precisely alike, — young women of great beauty and all possible virtues; the heroes are brave young soldiers, each one of whom is precisely like all the others; and the villains are all priests of unspeakable depravity. In point of style, one would fancy that nothing could be more vicious and bombastic than Clelia, were it not that Cantoni and The Thousand are in this respect really and unmistakably worse. All three would long ago have been forgotten were it not that they contain what Garibaldi fancied were his ideas on religion, politics, and human society.

It was at one time the habit of good Protestants in this country to look on Garibaldi as a defender of the faith. There is no doubt that Garibaldi protested with great vigor against the rulers of the Roman church, but there was never a time when he could properly be classed as a Protestant.

He early abandoned the Roman Catholic Church, but even throughout his wild career in South America, where his exploits bore a dangerously close resemblance to piracy, he retained a belief in God, and a respect for Christianity. His mother was a devout woman, and he could not but reverence her religious faith. In his autobiography he says of her, "I have in fancy seen her on her knees before the Most High — my dear mother! pleading for the life of her son; and I have believed in the efficacy of her prayers." He says of Ugo Bassi, the patriot priest, "Bassi was a true servant of Christ; one of the line of Christian apostleship, in all the purity and holiness of the divine institution," and he exclaims, "We Italians wish to be of the religion of Christ." He recognizes that God rules, and speaks of "Those unforeseen and important events which, I love to say, are evidently brought about by the hand of Providence." He even confesses that he sometimes prayed, for in describing the death of Anita, he says, "I prayed for forgiveness, for I thought of the sin of taking her from her home." Certainly these expressions of belief in God and of respect for the religion of Christ are not sufficient to form a creed that would be acceptable to any Protestant evangelical sect, but they are sufficient to show that at the time the autobiography was written Garibaldi was not an atheist, nor an enemy of revealed religion.

During the Sicilian campaign Garibaldi was accompanied by Father Pantaleo, a courageous and patriotic monk, under whose influence, perhaps, Garibaldi seemed for a time ready to believe that a man could be both priest and patriot. Says Guerzoni, the best of his biographers, "He not only tried to win the 'good priests' with proclamations, but he searched them out, wished to have them about him, fêted them, followed them into their churches, and bowed before their

altars." In a proclamation issued at Naples he spoke of "the good monks of La Gancia and the noble hearted priests of the Neapolitan continent." He did not cease to denounce the Pope, but it was chiefly as the Italian ruler, who had brought in the hated French troops to oppress his people. No one can believe that Garibaldi, with his habitual hatred of intrigues and scorn of hypocrisy, was during this time trying to win the support of the priesthood by intrigue and hypocrisy. He had found Pantaleo an honest fellow and a great help to him, and he was ready to believe that there were other priests equally worthy of confidence. At the very time that he was thus striving to make friends with the priesthood, he presented Gavazzi, the most violent of Protestants, with a church in Naples. This was not the act of one who was hoping to buy the favor of the priests, but rather of one who respected religion, and dreamed of a "free church in a free state." He afterwards said during his triumphal tour of Lombardy: "It is in vain my enemies try to make me out an atheist, a blasphemer. I believe in God. I am of the religion of Christ, not of the religion of the Popes." His knowledge of the religion of Christ was undoubtedly extremely vague, but he was so far from being an atheist that he was anxious to be known as a Christian.

In 1862, Garibaldi was lured by Rattazzi, the Prime Minister, into the net of Aspromonte. He felt that he had been betrayed, and he knew that it was in accordance with the order of the king to whom he had given half of Italy that he had been struck down by an Italian bullet. Lying on his couch in the prison-cell of Varignano he began his first "historical romance," and it is not strange that the book should show the bitterness of the writer's disappointment. His faith in man was fatally shaken, but he still believed vaguely in God. He introduced himself as one of the *dramatis personæ* of Clelia, and described his home at Caprera as a place where "God is worshiped as he should be, in purity of spirit, without formalism, fee, or mockery." He no longer, however, believed in the possibility of the existence of an honest priest. The Garibaldi of Clelia "hates the priesthood as a lying and mischievous institution, but is ready, so soon as they divest themselves of their malignity and buffoonery, to welcome them with open arms to a nobler vocation, a new and honest profession, and to urge men to pardon their past offenses, conforming in this, as in other acts, to a spirit of universal tolerance. Though not suffering them as priests, he pities and yearns toward them as men; for priests he regards as the assassins of the soul, and in that light esteems them more culpable than those who slay the body." This is a sufficiently sweeping condemnation of the church, but the man who a year before had said "I am of the religion of Christ" asks the readers of Clelia, "Is it not surprising that, in spite of the light of the nineteenth century, a people should be found willing to believe the blasphemous fables called the doctrines of the church?" For some time after the publication of Clelia, Garibaldi retained his belief in the existence of a personal God, but he never again wrote of religion except with hatred and contempt.

There is a good deal of hearty abuse of the priests in Clelia; but in Cantoni, the author gives a freer rein to his vituperation. He usually speaks of the church as "the shop," though he occasionally calls it "the cloaca," or with more exactness of definition, "the cloaca of prostitution and infamy." The priests are "wolves," "crocodiles," "ministers of Satan," and "vipers," who "cover every horrible crime with the mantle of hypocrisy." Protestantism does not fare much better than Romanism, for Garibaldi describes it as "that Babylon

of sects called Protestantism, composed of shopkeepers who are perhaps a little less bad than those of the grand Roman cloaca, but who are nevertheless priests and enemies, and disturbers of human brotherhood." Of Christ, he speaks in a rather kindly way, remarking that he "contributed not a little to propagate the dogma of human emancipation," but he adds: "It is now proved that Christ never called himself God. On the contrary, to the flatterers . . . who wished to deify him, he replied, 'I am a son of man.'" In Cantoni, the existence of God is neither affirmed nor denied, but it is evident that Garibaldi had finally lost his belief in a personal God, for having spoken of "The Infinite," he remarks, "Time is infinite; space is infinite; matter is infinite. We may imagine an infinite intelligence, an hypothesis that might be of service to the cause of universal brotherhood." This remark was repeated in substance in The Thousand, and it represented all that was left of the simple faith in God and the religion of Christ which the Garibaldi of the autobiography modestly professed. The Thousand is one prolonged howl against religion, but it contains few abusive epithets that had not been previously used in Cantoni, and there is therefore no sufficient excuse for quoting its wearisome billingsgate.

The Thousand was written in 1872. In 1879, Garibaldi wrote a letter to a crack-brained enthusiast known as Baron Swift, who had started an atheistic propaganda in Venice. In this letter he spoke of Swift and himself as "we atheists." About the same time he wrote, in the guise of a letter, what he evidently meant to be a proclamation. The letter was as follows, —

"Dear Friends, — Man has created God, not God man."

Garibaldi never retracted this open profession of atheism, and though Guerzoni says that his religion was the "philosophical deism of Jean Jacques," he gives us no reason to believe that Garibaldi was insincere when he proclaimed himself an atheist.

Garibaldi's political faith underwent as great a change as his religious faith. In his youth he was a follower of Mazzini, and called himself a republican; but he concerned himself little with Mazzini's political philosophy, and with the practical good sense which then characterized him, he recognized that the first duty of Italians was to drive out the foreigner. He once wrote, "I care not whether we have a republic or a monarchy, so long as United Italy is free to choose what government she wishes." When Cavour invited him to serve under the Sardinian king against the Austrians, he gladly accepted the offer, and during the most glorious period of his life he was a loyal supporter of the monarchy.

But after the royal army attacked him at Aspromonte, Garibaldi began to denounce, in his writings, first the Moderates, or followers of Cavour and Ricasoli, and then the Italian government. In Clelia the Moderates were characterized as "always indissolubly bound to the chariots of selfishness," and as "waiting at whatever cost until the manna of freedom should fall from heaven into their mouths, or the foreigner should come to their relief and set their country free;" and in Cantoni they were referred to as that "caste of cowards that priestly education has implanted in Italy under the name of Moderates." In the latter book the Italian government is "a conventicle of wretched men," unworthy to be called a government; "a government always hypocritical, always perverse, and always hostile to, and ready to exterminate, the volunteers." It is charged with having tried to induce the people of Palermo to stop the march of the volunteers, and thus "to stifle in its cradle that stupendous enterprise that

was destined finally to constitute Italy." This "miserable government," after Garibaldi had passed the Straits, "collected all its sycophants in Naples, and while it deceived the Bourbon king with crafty intrigues, it fomented a revolution in order to overthrow him, and to paralyze the army of the people that had already won ten victories." "We firmly believe," exclaims the author of Clelia, "that a more cowardly government than the Italian cannot be found in ancient or modern history."

Not content with denouncing the Moderate party and the government, Garibaldi denounced Mazzini and his followers. In Naples, during his dictatorship, Garibaldi had spoken of Mazzini as his "friend," and during his visit to England he had toasted "Mazzini, my master." But in Cantoni he charges Mazzini with gross incompetence as virtual dictator of Rome in 1849. He was "without the capacity to command, and he would not tolerate either the commands or the advice of any one;" and with his followers was accustomed to say, "We alone are pure, we men of republican principles, for we want the republic even when it is impossible to have it." "For them, as for the priests, Marsala was a defeat and Mentana a triumph." In The Thousand, the Mazzinians are charged with having, on the eve of the battle of Mentana, induced thousands of volunteers to desert "under the pretext of returning home to proclaim the republic and to raise barricades."

Garibaldi's own gallant soldiers, who had accepted commissions in the royal army, also had their share of abuse. In Cantoni, he asks, "Where are the seventy of Cairoli, the thousand of Marsala?" and answers, "To-day they are making love; they are crowding the *cafés* and the theatres; and many of them, thinking that they are serving the country, have put on a livery and serve a perverse government." The peasantry fail to please the author of The Thousand, who says, "they do not belong to us, but to the priests," and "there is no instance of one of them having been found among the volunteers." Doctors, professors, and scientific men also fall under the ban. In The Thousand, he asks in reference to parliament, "How can one have faith in five hundred individuals, most of whom are professors?" and he adds, in a note, that while many of his friends have belonged to this class, "they have hitherto proved so bad in governments and parliaments that I despair of them." In Cantoni, not only scientific men, but science itself is denounced, and Garibaldi asks, "if learning and science are really any better than idiocy?" Having thus expressed his disapproval of nearly all classes of men, the aged misanthrope denounces the whole human race collectively as a "family of apes," and exclaims, "I cover my face with shame at belonging to this race of asses." In his last years Garibaldi praised no one except the cowardly assassins who tried to kill the Emperor of Germany, the King of Spain, and the King of Italy. It was in honor of these wretches that he wrote the most shameful of his many pitiable letters.

There was but one form of government which Garibaldi approved, and that was an elective despotism. "The liberty of a nation," he informs us in Clelia, "consists in the people choosing their own government, and this government should be dictatorial or presidential; that is to say, directed by one man. . . . The dictatorship should be limited to a fixed period," and "it must be guarded by popular rights and public opinion from becoming either excessive or hereditary." In The Thousand, the same idea is expressed: The dictator should have a guard of "ten lictors," and the country should be defended in time of war by "the armed nation." There should be no "written laws," but the

dictator should administer justice "in the public piazza." Judging from Garibaldi's own writings, there was no man living in Italy, except himself, whom he could have regarded as fit to be dictator. If any other member of the "family of apes" had been made dictator, and ruled without laws, he would have been made very uncomfortable by the daily denunciations which Garibaldi would have hurled at him.

What were the causes which worked this unhappy change in the simple-minded noble leader of The Thousand? Doubtless it was due to illness and disappointment working on a mind by no means strong. Garibaldi undoubtedly had a genius for war. He was an able tactician, as his dispositions made on the field of the Volturno showed. General Manteuffel, who was assuredly a competent critic, wrote of him: "The tactics of General Garibaldi were characterized by great rapidity in movements, by wise dispositions during the heat of battle, and by an energy and brilliancy of attack that depended in part on the moral qualities of his soldiers, but that also showed that the general never forgot for a single instant the objective point of a battle, which is to dislodge the enemy from his positions by a rapid, vigorous, and resolute attack;" and Manteuffel also added, speaking of the campaign in the Vosges: "The successes of the general were partial, and had no results, but had General Bourbaki followed his counsels, the campaign of the Vosges would have been the most fortunate of those fought by French armies in 1870–71." Nevertheless, Garibaldi's real greatness was moral and not intellectual, and the pitiable follies which he committed whenever he attempted to meddle in matters of administration and statesmanship sufficiently proved his total lack of judgment outside of purely military affairs.

He was bitterly disappointed when the arrival of the Sardinian army at Naples compelled him to abandon his intended march on Rome. He was again disappointed when the royal government in 1862 interfered to put a stop to his mad attempt to make private war on Austria at Sarnico. He was again disappointed when Pallavicini captured his band of red-shirts on the heights of Aspromonte, and his last and heaviest disappointment was the defeat of Mentana. He could not comprehend that a citizen of Italy, however popular he might be, had no right to raise armies and declare war against Austria, France, or the Papal government, and he could not but feel exasperated against the monarchy which thwarted his wild expeditions, and the sober citizens who supported it.

During the last years of his life, Garibaldi was a martyr to rheumatism. He suffered incessant pain, and was for much of the time a helpless cripple. He lay on his bed and thought of the failure of his efforts to liberate Venice and Rome, and of the later successes of diplomacy and Prussian armies, which gave to Italy the coveted cities, and opened an era of peaceful and prosaic prosperity in which no place was found for the leader whose life had been spent in the camp of enthusiastic volunteers. The old man felt that he had lived too long; that Italy no longer needed him; and that there was nothing left for him but to endure his physical tortures, and the humiliations put upon him by those members of his family who lacked the good sense and honesty of his elder son Menotti. A strong-brained man might have grown stronger and better in the furnace of pain and disappointment, but it made Garibaldi a bitter misanthrope, — a furious blasphemer of God and man.

But the splendor of a unique career cannot be marred by a brief old age embittered by pain and disappointment. The Garibaldi who led the thousand from Marsala to Naples was an ideal hero, and

his fame is and will be forever one of the noblest treasures of the race. The Garibaldi of those last sad years at Caprera was another man, and one can feel nothing but pity when listening to the wild cries wrung from him by the sharpest of bodily, and the bitterest of mental pain.

W. L. Alden.

ROSES.

Blow, roses, blow
Your pink and snow,
Your gold and red,
Ere June hath fled.

Your time is brief
For bud and leaf;
But in your hour
Of perfect flower,

Who doth not wait
Upon your state;
Who doth not own
That you alone

Hold Beauty's dower
From flower to flower,
And reign alone
On Beauty's throne?

What though your stay
Be but a day,
Your bloom and breath
Survive your death,

Haunt all the year,
So sweet, so dear
You made the day
Of your brief stay.

So, seeming dead,
Some brief lives shed
After their close
Sweets like the rose.

Nora Perry.

dictator should administer justice "in the public piazza." Judging from Garibaldi's own writings, there was no man living in Italy, except himself, whom he could have regarded as fit to be dictator. If any other member of the "family of apes" had been made dictator, and ruled without laws, he would have been made very uncomfortable by the daily denunciations which Garibaldi would have hurled at him.

What were the causes which worked this unhappy change in the simple-minded noble leader of The Thousand? Doubtless it was due to illness and disappointment working on a mind by no means strong. Garibaldi undoubtedly had a genius for war. He was an able tactician, as his dispositions made on the field of the Volturno showed. General Manteuffel, who was assuredly a competent critic, wrote of him: "The tactics of General Garibaldi were characterized by great rapidity in movements, by wise dispositions during the heat of battle, and by an energy and brilliancy of attack that depended in part on the moral qualities of his soldiers, but that also showed that the general never forgot for a single instant the objective point of a battle, which is to dislodge the enemy from his positions by a rapid, vigorous, and resolute attack;" and Manteuffel also added, speaking of the campaign in the Vosges: "The successes of the general were partial, and had no results, but had General Bourbaki followed his counsels, the campaign of the Vosges would have been the most fortunate of those fought by French armies in 1870–71." Nevertheless, Garibaldi's real greatness was moral and not intellectual, and the pitiable follies which he committed whenever he attempted to meddle in matters of administration and statesmanship sufficiently proved his total lack of judgment outside of purely military affairs.

He was bitterly disappointed when the arrival of the Sardinian army at Naples compelled him to abandon his intended march on Rome. He was again disappointed when the royal government in 1862 interfered to put a stop to his mad attempt to make private war on Austria at Sarnico. He was again disappointed when Pallavicini captured his band of red-shirts on the heights of Aspromonte, and his last and heaviest disappointment was the defeat of Mentana. He could not comprehend that a citizen of Italy, however popular he might be, had no right to raise armies and declare war against Austria, France, or the Papal government, and he could not but feel exasperated against the monarchy which thwarted his wild expeditions, and the sober citizens who supported it.

During the last years of his life, Garibaldi was a martyr to rheumatism. He suffered incessant pain, and was for much of the time a helpless cripple. He lay on his bed and thought of the failure of his efforts to liberate Venice and Rome, and of the later successes of diplomacy and Prussian armies, which gave to Italy the coveted cities, and opened an era of peaceful and prosaic prosperity in which no place was found for the leader whose life had been spent in the camp of enthusiastic volunteers. The old man felt that he had lived too long; that Italy no longer needed him; and that there was nothing left for him but to endure his physical tortures, and the humiliations put upon him by those members of his family who lacked the good sense and honesty of his elder son Menotti. A strong-brained man might have grown stronger and better in the furnace of pain and disappointment, but it made Garibaldi a bitter misanthrope, — a furious blasphemer of God and man.

But the splendor of a unique career cannot be marred by a brief old age embittered by pain and disappointment. The Garibaldi who led the thousand from Marsala to Naples was an ideal hero, and

his fame is and will be forever one of the noblest treasures of the race. The Garibaldi of those last sad years at Caprera was another man, and one can feel nothing but pity when listening to the wild cries wrung from him by the sharpest of bodily, and the bitterest of mental pain.

W. L. Alden.

ROSES.

Blow, roses, blow
Your pink and snow,
Your gold and red,
Ere June hath fled.

Your time is brief
For bud and leaf;
But in your hour
Of perfect flower,

Who doth not wait
Upon your state;
Who doth not own
That you alone

Hold Beauty's dower
From flower to flower,
And reign alone
On Beauty's throne?

What though your stay
Be but a day,
Your bloom and breath
Survive your death,

Haunt all the year,
So sweet, so dear
You made the day
Of your brief stay.

So, seeming dead,
Some brief lives shed
After their close
Sweets like the rose.

Nora Perry.

ENGLAND, RUSSIA, AND INDIA.

As a handy compendium, full of reliable and accurate information relating to the Anglo-Russian dispute, Mr. Charles Marvin's The Russians at the Gates of Herat[1] is by far the best book of its kind out of many that have been offered to the reading public. As a polemic the volume will be perused with a certain amount of caution. That its author came specially qualified to his task must be admitted at the outset. Mr. Marvin is a zealous patriot, and possesses the rare impartiality, as he reminds us himself, of being "both a Russophile and a Russophobe." He has long been convinced of the blindness of English statesmen to the real objects of the Russian advance in Central Asia, and has for years devoted himself, in a field which a unanimous if tacit consent has wholly surrendered to him, to what he calls "the sacred task of safeguarding India from the menace from the north."

At one time Mr. Marvin was little more than a voice crying in the wilderness. The English public not only declined to share his apprehensions, but even doubted their sincerity. That ungrateful period of his agitation Mr. Marvin has outlived. Thanks to the spasmodic rapidity of recent Russian expansion in Central Asia, he has obtained a hearing in the Tory press and on the Tory platform, while his followers are now numerous enough to constitute a political party of themselves, were they not already members of the Tory organization. It is, in fact, impossible to overlook the circumstance that the influence Mr. Marvin has come to wield by his books and his speeches is distinct from that felt when a great orator rallies his countrymen to common resistance in some hour of national danger.

It is true that Mr. Marvin has done a certain amount of positive good. His pamphlets and writings have thrown a greater flood of light on the geography and politics of Central Asia than many wars could have contributed. He has quickened the languid parliamentary interest in "our Indian empire." Beyond this his agitation has been harmful. It has tended to create a chronic distrust of each other on the part of two great powers. While in the eyes of Europe it has unduly magnified the resources of the Czar, in the eyes of Russia it has unduly dwarfed the military capacity of Great Britain. The policy, advocated by Mr. Marvin, of haggling over particular lines and swearing by frontiers hard and fast has been a virtual confession — and must have been regarded as such by the Russians — that once the approaches are in the hands of the northern power, once an advantage has been gained by that power in the delimitation of the frontier, India is irretrievably lost to the English. The idleness of supposing that the mere possession of a favorable boundary line by Russia places India at the mercy of "the northern menace" is obvious; yet it is upon this supposition that the alarmists found their case. Hitherto they have but poorly sustained the thesis that Russia desires the possession of India. That the Czar needs India, which is the real point, has not even been asserted.

To fairly judge of her aims in Central Asia, Russia's movements must be viewed as a whole, and with a due regard to the larger aspects of racial and national development. It must first be remembered that Russian expansion is no modern phenomenon, but a secular process belonging to the whole period

[1] *The Russians at the Gates of Herat.* By CHARLES MARVIN. With Maps and Portraits. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885.

of the life of the empire. Originally it seemed a mere recoil from the fiscal oppressions of the central authority; in modern times it has worn the guise of a military advance. Yet that it has been a true movement of the people must be apparent to those who have noticed the rapidity with which not only Siberia, but all parts of Russia's Asian territories are being colonized from her possessions in Europe. Unprecedented in history, owing as much to the extent of the field open to it as to the remarkable virility of the forces at work, presenting itself at one time as conquest and at another as peaceful absorption, Russian development has been as altruistic in some of its results as most of its aims have been constructively self-seeking. Thus in opening up vast tracts of land to the agricultural or commercial enterprise of her people, Russia has sheltered many an oasis of human vegetation from the shifting sands of barbaric anarchy and power. Descending with a gentle and irresistible gravitation into the Central Asian desert, her civilization has connected stagnant pool and poisoned lagoon with the healthy saline flood of human progress. A high civilization like that of the English, the Tatar races could scarcely have assimilated: Russian culture, with its Asiatic foundations, had an appropriate and natural mission among the dwellers of the steppe. That the Tatar should first modify the Russian and ultimately come to be taught by him is one of those natural adaptations of ends to great purposes that of itself seems to justify the manner in which the problem of ethnological elevation is being carried towards solution in Central Asia.

But Russian capacity for elevating semi-barbarous tribes in no sense implies Russian fitness for completing the work of civilization in India. Hence the danger of the natives welcoming the Czar with open arms is by no means great. Mr. Marvin lays emphasis on "the disaffected elements," and hints at the ease with which a collapse of the English rule might be brought about. Does Mr. Marvin seriously believe that the thoughtful and highly intelligent Hindus are prepared to hand over the privileges they now enjoy under British tutelage in exchange for the spy system, the passport regulations, the press censure, the secret tribunals, the "administrative processes" of the "White Czar"? If Russia, as in one place Mr. Marvin admits, apparently to save himself from an untenable position, has no intention of holding and occupying India, and the fact is as notorious as he represents it to be, what probability is there of a rising to welcome an invader who has no intention of remaining in the country? And if Russia has no intention of holding and occupying India, why does Mr. Marvin declare it (page 125) to be the express aim of Russia "to drive us [the English] out of India" by means of a large force of troops previously concentrated in trans-Caspian territory?

The possibility of an invasion of India, no one need doubt. That there are officers in the Russian army who would willingly take part in such an enterprise is indisputable. The "military tradition" of English leader-writers' commonplace, that the cost of absorbing the Khanates is to be recouped in the spoils of Delhi and Lahore, may not yet be forgotten in the wild songs of the Cossack camp-fire along the Central Asian plain. But these things do not create a fixed policy of invasion cherished for whole centuries. If the Russians are warlike, they are the most realistic nation in Europe. In this question of India they have had plenty of time in which to count the cost, and there is no doubt that they have counted it. The idea of a serious attack upon India without the intention of carrying a possible success to its logical and military conclusion is not to be entertained.

alleged connection of statement with illustration is not at all proved. The habit of learning Russian in Central Asia is as common as is that of acquiring French at St. Petersburg.

It ought to be added, in conclusion, that none of the three writers named know anything personally, that is to say at first hand, of the disputed territory. In this respect Mr. Marvin, who has never been nearer Afghanistan than Baku, is no better off than Mr. Towle. It is mainly a knowledge of the Russian language that has rendered Mr. Marvin an authority in this matter, just as it is a want of that knowledge which makes so many of the books written on the subject practically valueless.

TWO ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.

The conditions of the literary life in America are less determined than they are in England. The only organization within which authorship may be said to find substantial shelter is journalism, and this profession is so exacting and so inimical to most forms of literature, that those who have most serious thoughts of the literary life are rather desirous of escaping from journalism than of using it as a vantage ground. It might seem at first blush as if the universities and colleges would offer a desirable fastness from which to send out ventures in literature; but the academic life is a somewhat sterile one; it is with us so identified with the pedagogic that the energies of the professor, if they move the production of books, are most likely to be occupied with the tools of the profession. Text-books in abundance issue every year from college faculties, but very few contributions to humane literature. The academic life again is so specialized that even the professor of English literature rarely produces work upon which his successor or associate may comment. His attitude toward the subject of his teaching is too critical to allow him much freedom of mind, and he is besides so conscious of his position that he is undermined in his resolution, and rendered abnormally sensitive to the criticism of others as well as of himself. The professors in other departments are still further removed from the possibility of being littérateurs by the whole course of their training and the limitations of their profession.

The constitution of the English universities, on the other hand, directly encourages and sustains the literary life. This is not to say that literature in its freest expression is not there, as here, outside the walls of the college, but that a man of literary taste and ambition may deliberately possess himself of academic situations which will make it possible for him to lead a literary life, free from fret and carking care; and also that the prizes for scholarship offered by the universities distinctly suggest to the student literary occupation. A man, in other words, with fortune enough to secure him a university education, may hope to win a Fellowship which will demand only slight academic duties, leaving him free to devote himself to literature; and a student devoted to learning who falls into such a place will, by the very force of his own nature, be urged into literary production. Thus the university, by a provision which enlarges the scope of university life, is more than a training-school for immature minds; it is a society of scholars, and as such, directly encourages and sustains the literary life.

The Memoirs[1] of the rector of Lincoln College illustrate this point in an interesting fashion. He represents a distinct class of professional Englishmen. To the learned professions is added one so clearly defined as to offer a goal for ambition as well understood and recognized as the army, the church, or the bar. "There never was any question as to my destination. It was assumed from the cradle upwards that I was to go to Oxford, and to be a Fellow of a college. From about 1825 [when he was not twelve] onwards, a Fellowship of Oriel was held up to me as the ideal prize to which I was to aspire. I was never diverted or distracted from this goal of ambition by any alternative career being proposed to me. I was to go to Oriel, of course, as a commoner, — there were no scholars in those days, — and then it would depend upon what talents I might give proof of whether a Fellowship of Oriel were within my reach or not." He went to Oxford to reside in 1832, and his life thereafter was passed under academic influences. For fifty years a resident member of the university, and for at least the latter half of that period one of the most conspicuous figures there, well may he conclude his memoirs with the words: —

"There seems to have fulfilled itself for me that adage of Goethe which, when I first came upon it, appeared a mere paradox: —

> 'Was man in der Jugend wünsche,
> Hat man im Alter die Fülle.'

Of that which a man desires in youth of that he shall have in age as much as he will."

We speak of him as a conspicuous figure at Oxford, but there is a charmed circle in England, as in every highly organized people, within which dwell men and women who are without fame in the wide world, yet have a positive reputation among the historians of fame, so that, as in the case of Mark Pattison, one such cannot die without instantly giving rise to long obituaries in the leading journals. Probably many Americans heard for the first time the name of this Oxford scholar when they read in the English weeklies of his death, and found the papers for weeks afterward occupied with reminiscences and characterizations.

His contributions to literature, few in number, are of a high order, and are likely to preserve his fame more even than this autobiography, which will serve to explain him to those already interested in his career. His Isaac Casaubon, especially, a masterly piece of biographic work, will bring him the respect of all students of literature. If he could have written his study of Scaliger he would have placed himself even more emphatically in the ranks of the greater men of letters in England. These works, as well as his study of Milton, came near the end of his career, when he had firmly established his reputation among his peers. The very lateness of the fruit is characteristic of the slow ripening of his powers, but none the less does his literary production confirm what we have said as to the aid which the university affords the literary life. Pattison was predestined for literature, and yet, when one studies the conditions of his life, it seems impossible to believe that the results finally reached could have been attained by him in any other profession.

Indeed, the slowness of his development and the long concealment of his consciousness of a vocation give a singular charm to his Memoirs. He seems to look back upon his youth and early manhood with an odd mingling of pity and contempt. The frankness with which he writes makes the book possess the true flavor of autobiography. He is concerned with his mental and spiritual growth, and so deeply interested in

[1] *Memoirs.* By MARK PATTISON, late Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

it is he that he is willing to spread upon the record the testimony of his memory to what can scarcely be regarded as less than donkeyish stupidity in youth. He was sent to college, and accepted the destiny planned for him apparently without a doubt as to its wisdom. Under conditions of extreme poverty it is hardly credible that he would have been selected for an academic career. Trollope deliberately disclosed his own slowness of development in his autobiography, and Pattison's revelation of his dullness may be placed above Trollope's for candor and penetration. Trollope turns upon his boyhood with a half revengeful air; Pattison is curiously interested in the young fellow whom he remembers, and relates tales of his *gaucherie* and general mental clumsiness which would amaze one if he did not perceive that the author was all the while intent on a psychological study. He had not had the rough introduction to life which a public school gives; he had been brought up in a Yorkshire rectory, amongst women chiefly, leading a solitary life and fumbling about for the thread of his being. Thus, when he went up to Oxford he was thrown into a singular bewilderment. He could not adjust his preconceived notions of the place and life there to the actual facts and conditions; least of all could he adjust himself to his surroundings.

"I was not all at once made aware," he says, "of this want of conformity between myself and others of my age; I arrived at the apprehension of it slowly, after many vain experiments and successive failures to establish a good understanding with one after another. . . . My weakness of character was such that I came to the conclusion in the end that the fault or defect, whatever it might be, was in *me*. *They* could not be all wrong, and they seemed to have no difficulty in getting on with each other. My boyish inexperience was such that I could not understand how it could be that the others, many of whom were below me in attainments, were before me in manliness of character; that they dared to assert themselves as they were, while I was deficient in character, and hid, instead of standing by, the small amount I possessed. This inability to apprehend the reason of my social ill success had a discouraging consequence upon the growth of my character. I was so convinced that the fault was in me, and not in the others, that I lost anything like firm footing, and succumbed to, or imitated, any type or set with which I was brought in contact, esteeming it better than my own, of which I was too ashamed to stand by it and assert it. . . . The consequences to me of this relation to others did not end with mutability and chameleon-like readiness to take any shade of color. The sense of weakness being thus daily and hourly pressed upon me grew internally painful. I felt humiliated and buffeted, and as if I were destined to be the sport and football of my companions. Out of this consciousness grew a general self-consciousness, which gained ground rapidly upon me, and became a canker in my character for years afterward. I, who had come up to Oxford a mere child of nature, totally devoid of self-consciousness to such a degree that I had never thought of myself as a subject of observation, developed a self-consciousness so sensitive and watchful that it came between me and everything I said or did. It became physical nervousness. I thought every one was watching me; I blushed and trembled in company when I spoke or moved, and dared not raise a glass to my lips for fear it should be seen how my hand trembled. Before I said anything I had to think what would So-and-so think *of me* for saying it. A morbid self-consciousness was in a fair way to darken my life, and to paralyze my intellect."

He makes a faint defense of this "dressing the window for customers"

as probably an inherited failing, and remarks in passing that his sister, who lives in literature as Sister Dora, in Miss Lonsdale's book — "romance," Pattison calls it — showed the same tendency. "She spent a faculty of invention" he remarks, a little viciously, "which would have placed her in the first rank as a novelist, in embellishing the every-day occurrences of her own life." It is more to the point to observe that his own mental and physical awkwardness, largely the result of his isolation followed by a sudden plunge into the world, gave way not before resolution, but before the gradual command which he acquired of himself under the discipline of a will set doggedly to attain the result for which he had been sent to Oxford. Again and again he fails to secure a Fellowship and the reader is disposed to think that this period of failure was really a more determining one in Pattison's mental and moral development than the autobiographer recognizes.

The whole book impresses upon one the power which this university life has to absorb the thought of a really strong man. In looking back upon his earlier days, Pattison is stirred by the recollection of the academic battles. It is true that he writes from within the walls which he had never left, but he writes after an enlargement of mind through contact with great religious movements, with scholarship, and with literature, which would seem sure to correct a too narrow and parochial view. How moved he was by his final success in securing a Fellowship appears when he writes: —

"I had seen with the despair of an excluded Peri all the gates of all the colleges shut against me, and here in the most unlikely quarter of Oxford, I had really got the thing I had so eagerly desired. I was quite off my head for two or three days, and must have exhibited myself as a *jeune étourdi* in the eyes of the Rector and Fellows of Lincoln." It is noticeable, however, that the attainment of his wishes, so far from making him merely complacent, was really the means of a further development of his powers, for it was not long before he was heartily engaged in effecting reforms in the management of the college. So completely did he identify himself with Lincoln that when his failure to be chosen Rector resulted in a reactionary movement, he became almost paralyzed in his will, secluded himself, and led for a long time a half torpid existence. Again his defeat opened the way for a larger, wider interest, and he took part in the general movement of university reform. He was finally chosen to the office which he had lost, and the tenor of his life thenceforward moved on without much disturbance.

We have omitted to dwell upon the religious side of Pattison's character, though it forms an interesting, and to some justifying, portion of his autobiography, because we desired chiefly to call attention to the picture which his life presents of a scholar's career, with special reference to the bearing it has on the literary life. The doggedness with which Pattison overcame difficulties, the half-blind manner in which he pushed forward in his studies, and the final breadth and accuracy of his learning might have been repeated in other forms had he been thrown upon the open world of London; but it is clear that the half-monastic life which he led was singularly adapted to shape a character so divided in weakness and strength as his was, and to occasion at last the literary productions which certainly would not have proceeded from him under other conditions.

The university, however, is not the only English organization which fosters literature and makes a vantage-ground for the man of letters. As it is demonstrably more efficient in this respect than its American congener, so the civil service of England has offered a more

convenient shelter for the littérateur than the same service in America. Our government, indeed, has not been slow to recognize authors, but it has been chiefly in the way of rewards in the diplomatic service for those who have already won a certain distinction. Now and then, notably in the case of the New York Custom House, government offices have served as means of support to hard-working literary men, but the general insecurity which has hitherto attached to this employment, and the peril to one's self-respect in seeking appointments, have hindered such men from counting upon this resource. One of the probable results of a service organized upon the merit system is the attraction to it of men capable of clerkly labor, but chiefly ambitious of literary fame. The freedom from concern which enables one to lay aside his business mind, like an office coat, when the clock strikes three, and don the literary habit, is especially necessary to the calm and cheerful pursuit of literature. Such a state of things exists in London to-day, and may be confidently predicted of Washington, New York, and other cities, in the near future.

The memoirs of Sir Henry Taylor[1] do not precisely illustrate this, for his connection with the civil service was rather the result of a tradition holding in the higher ranks of the service, by which men of education easily found their way into positions less strictly clerical. His career nevertheless points the moral which we have been drawing, for it illustrates the ease with which one may lead a divided life, giving his formal half to government service, and enjoying, without detriment, a poet's occupation and fame. The division is not an uncommon one in England, and in Sir Henry Taylor's case there was not only a delightful literary life, but a very serviceable official one. If he had not written Philip Van Artevelde, Taylor would yet have had an honorable place in the administration of government, for though his position by his own choice was a subordinate one, he rendered very effective service in the Colonial office, and brought high principle and intelligent thought to bear upon administrative economy.

We can easily dismiss the book as a demonstration of the ease with which literature and officialism are combined, and resort to it for its very agreeable record of reminiscences. Indeed, at this distance we do dismiss, in reading, much of the detail which Taylor the under-secretary indulges in respecting his affairs during office hours, and confine ourselves to what Taylor the poet does and says when he is at liberty. The air of the book throughout is extremely agreeable and well-bred. Possibly recent examples served as warnings to avoid disagreeable personalities; at any rate, the kindly and discriminating author distinctly avoids a censorious judgment of others, and in treating of his own life and affairs maintains a decent reserve. Yet the book is not without its own little confidences. We are a little amused at first at the familiar manner in which the author speaks of his wife as Alice; but if he can do it for his own pleasure, we certainly share that pleasure. One comes to take a most friendly interest also in the old man's fond preference for the society of girls, and there is a light rustle of muslins, especially in the closing chapters, which falls upon the ear with a grateful delight. Here is a little touch which shows that in his interest in girls, he gave as well as received: —

"If my change of air has not done much for me, I have at least had a very pleasant change in other respects, being on a visit here to the Prescotts, with whom I spent some two or three months of last summer, while Alice was at Tun-

[1] *Autobiography of Henry Taylor*, 1800-1875. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1885.

bridge Wells; people abounding in kindness of all sorts, and hospitable beyond all human hospitality of modern times. They have had with them, since January, the whole of the family of Stephen Spring Rice, — his wife and 'the tuneful nine,' his children, and their governess and servants, — in all, seventeen souls; and the house is as 'cheerful as a grove in spring,' and music goes on from morning till night, — pianoforte, harp, violin, violoncello, and voices of all kinds, and, I may also say, of all ages; for yesterday I heard a song very beautifully sung by a lady seventy-seven years old. The music all day long, and not the performing only, but even the practicing, suits me, — better than it would you, I dare say, — for I have an ignorant fondness for music which is by no means fastidious. And then there is a great deal of girl-life going on, which is alway full of interest for me; and there is one very fine creature of the girl-kind, ingenuous, noble, and free, who, though not of the house, is always in and about it, playing croquet on the lawn by day, or making music in the evenings, and concerning whom — a girl I had never seen till last week — I was seriously consulted by a man of whom I know almost as little. And when I see the sort of holiday-life that is led at such a place as this, I hardly wonder that so many a man (like Jacob) finds a wife at a watering-place."

In such leisurely fashion the book runs on, the half-serious, half-idle gossip of an old man who, from his corner, looks out on the world in which he has played no unimportant part, while he has all along retained a good portion of his independence and has used well his higher gifts. His amiability does not stand in the way of a shrewd characterization, as well as discriminating judgment of men and affairs. He has almost the air of a champion when speaking of Aubrey de Vere, whom he admires greatly, and his loyalty to Wordsworth is dignified as well as enthusiastic. How cleverly he can sketch a group of people — no easy task — may be seen in an off-hand letter which he writes to Aubrey de Vere from a country-house where he was staying at the time. After rapidly jotting down the men of science and letters, he adds: —

"Then comes a good-humored-looking Captain and Mrs. Baring; an Alick Baring; a Mr. Beach; a Lord Giffard, pleasant but sanguinary, for he had killed sixty-five tigers, eleven elephants, and a multitude of bears; a Mr. Gowan, fulfiller of all knowledge, it is said, whose walk into the room was as if he had the knowledge in a bowl between both hands and was afraid of spilling it; or like the walk of a man who knows that he is always on the edge of a precipice; or like the walk of a monthly nurse in a darkened room, who knows not what she may knock against next — only he seemed to be himself the object of his own nursing; he said nothing (except a few words once a day to make silence audible, and to assure us that he was not the *ghost* of a nurse), and he expected nothing and was in nobody's way; and at the end of his visit his servant wrapped him carefully up and put him into a fly to be taken away. He probably left no impression on many of us; but on me he left rather a peculiar impression — of a noiseless and passionless existence; a human being who gave nothing, asked nothing, said nothing, did nothing, felt nothing, and was perfectly contented with himself and everybody else; how cautiously he sat down! 'weighing his spread vans,' while the nether part gradually lowered itself to within flumping distance, and then flumped; Lord de Mauley, cultivated, refined, and distinguished-looking, and he might have been agreeable, but his favorite son is in the Crimea, and he looked as if the waters of the Black Sea had gone over his soul."

It would be easy to go on picking

out entertaining passages from a book which reflects a generous, lively nature. The best things, as we have hinted, are quite independent of the foreign office, but we suspect that Sir Henry owes much of his genialty to the freedom which his hemispherical life permitted. At any rate, we cannot help recognizing the delightful possibilities which lie for men of letters in such conditions as were his. We are aware that much else than the mere formal condition of a civil service on the merit system determines such literary life either in England or in America, and we have no wish to plead for a mere repetition of conditions. The literary life is more self-determined than to be dependent upon any such conditions, and possibly the difficulties which it is passing through in America are fitting it for a freer, more influential future. Be this as it may, until America offers something better, we must continue to think that in the organization of English life, the Pattisons and Taylors have a capital chance for making the most of themselves.

PARADISE FOUND.

When the historian of literature renders his account of the scientific writings of the nineteenth century, he will have an interesting chapter on the semi-scientific books which were devoted to the task of reconciling the old mythologies to modern learning. No part of his task will be more charming than that which sets forth the many efforts to determine the seat of paradise, that fair cradle of the golden youth of man, whence he was driven to the toil and woe of the rude outer world. It will be interesting for the student of after times to trace how the early writers at first approached this problem with easy minds; how in the days of Hudibras, the scholar

> "Knew the seat of paradise,
> Could tell us in what degree it lies;
> And, as he was disposed, could prove it
> Below the moon or else above it."

Coming to the day when scientific methods were more critical, he will see that the question of the geographical seat of paradise became involved with the problem of the origin of the genus homo. Suppositions became gradually more and more complicated by known facts; one by one all possible seats of paradise were tried and found wanting. Doubtless, the end of it all will be the conviction that there was no paradise of place, or paradise of condition for man; that for the golden age he must look to the future, and if the garden of Eden is to be found, it will be in the time to come and with an ever improving man.

Dr. Warren's very interesting work[1] will probably come near the end of this series of paradise books, for unless we go "above the moon," as Hudibras suggests that his ingenious explorer Burnet could do, there is no place in the world for further searching. It is a conspicuous merit of our author that he effectively demolishes all the other possible suppositions, showing that, if it was anywhere in the world, the seat of paradise must have been at the north pole; and if at any time in the earth's history, it must have been during the age, late

[1] *Paradise Found: The Cradle of the Human Race at the North Pole.* A Study of the Prehistoric World. By William F. Warren, S. T. D., LL. D., etc., President of Boston University. Pages xxiv., 505. 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

in a geological sense, but vastly remote in terms of human history, when about the north pole there was, for a while, a temperature much higher than that which now prevails there, and a geography very different from that of to-day. If the paradise people are dislodged from these nearly inaccessible grounds, we may hope that they will never more trouble the busy world with their tedious though beautiful speculations.

The reader will find that the book is divided into two sections. The second treats of the ethnic traditions which seem to refer the origin of man to the extreme north; the first, of the geological facts which support the hypothesis that man originated about the north pole, and that while dwelling in that region he acquired a rather high degree of culture, and had many facts impressed upon his mind which clung in his religious memories long after the change of climate had expelled him from his earliest home. The second part of the treatise concerns a field in which the training of the author admirably fits him for his task. It seems to the present writer that if this part of the argument had been presented at the outset, the book would have gained in strength by the change. There can be no question that the selected traditions bearing on this point, which are presented by Dr. Warren, seem at first sight to warrant the hypothesis that the ancient peoples of Asia had once dwelt in very high latitudes. The array of authorities is strong, and the form of presentation extremely good. If this part of the work is to be definitely overthrown, it will have to be accomplished by an expenditure of scholarly labor not less than that which the author has given to its construction. Without undertaking this impossible task, the wary reader will see grave reasons to doubt the value of this array of evidence, — reasons which he will draw from other experiences with the same sort of evidence used for similar ends. He will remember the charming episode in modern semi-science made by the curious researches of Taylor, Piazzi, Smyth, and others of their sect, into the history of the great pyramid. There only a part of the facts are of the traditional sort; the remainder are as hard as Egyptian syenite and as sharp as the clean angles of perfect masonry. Yet even there a well-trained man of science, who mixed faith with his mathematics, and allowed a little conjecture to cloud his equations, converted an astrologist's observatory and a tomb into a record of supernatural knowledge and a prophecy of things to be. An even better sign of the danger that lies in such proof is found in the fact that the very myths which seem to agree in assigning hyperborean regions for the cradle of the human race equally agree in the statement that man was suddenly created from the earth by the direct exercise of the divine will. There are now few educated men who would attach any value, as fact, to this ancient and universal idea of a sudden miraculous creation of the human race. Yet if the consensus of statement is to be taken as evidence that the race originated about the north pole, it should be accepted as of equal value as to the origin of the species. Accepting the evidence which the learned author so well sets forth to show that ancient peoples had a vague notion that they came originally from the high north, and giving him his claim that their traditions describe an aspect of the heavens and a succession of day and night in their race's cradle which are fairly reconcilable with the conditions of circumpolar regions, we may still explain these facts without encountering those inseparable difficulties which our author has to face in his effort to plant the primitive man within the arctic circle, leaving him there until he had developed his arts, his civilization, and a sublime religious belief.

The Eden of the imagination had to be placed beyond the realm of familiar experience, the more remote the better. The far north afforded an admirable field for speculative creation. It is not unreasonable to believe that, at a very remote time, certain peoples had so far developed the conceptions of the earth's form and its general relations to the sun, that some forgotten Kepler would have been able to conceive all the measure of truth concerning the arctic astronomy which the most willing interpreter can find in these shadowy myths. The mysterious north, with its icy girdle and changing days, has proved even in our own time a fascinating field for speculations which, even in minds of modern culture, have engendered strange beliefs. To this day, there are many who strongly cling to the absurd notion that in the untraversed ice fields about the pole there may be a region of paradisical perfection of climate. Twice within the last two centuries, once in Germany and again in America, the delusion of "Symmes' Hole" has possessed adventurous spirits, and led to the invention of most extreme conceptions as to the conditions of life in an under world, the entrance of which lay at the "navel of the earth," the north pole. We have only to assume that, among these pole seekers of the remote past, there was some Keplerian spirit searching with all of Dr. Warren's enthusiasm for the site of the human cradle, to find the origin of these myths, and to account for their modicum of truth to nature. In a word, it is much easier to assume that the myths which seem to show that man knew the polar lands were built on certain simple and early attained conceptions of the earth's figure, than that they embody the actual experience of the earliest men, gained while living within the arctic circle.[1]

We now turn to the first part of Dr. Warren's book, that which treats of the astronomical and geological aspects of the question. Here he is much at sea, and sorely puzzled to find a pilot. At the outset he is met with the difficulty arising from the polar climate. This he explains by the supposition that this earlier stage of man took place at a time when the inter-arctic climate was much warmer than at present; when there was a more connected land mass in the arctic regions than now exists there. Such conditions he finds indeed in the Miocene period. At that time a vegetation, comparable to that now found in Alabama, flourished to within twelve degrees of the pole, and may once have existed at the geographic pole, if there was land there for it to rest upon. But our author omits to reckon with several serious difficulties which he must encounter in placing man in so remote a time. No trustworthy evidence has yet been found that will place man in the Miocene period. No one who has attentively studied the time ratios of the tertiary age will venture to estimate the period of this Miocene warmth about the pole at less than a million years in the past; and if we accept the best evidence of geology, we will be compelled to assign an even more remote position for that period. Taking the least possible estimate, we should be compelled to assume that the peoples who have these traditions of the high north had preserved a vivid memory of their ancient dwelling place for a duration more than one hundred times as great as the historic period. Fur-

[1] The great detail which may be shown in such speculations is well indicated in Captain Symmes' project for entering the "hole" which his imagination pictured. He had a vessel constructed for the expedition, which was to take himself and a select party of cranks to the interior world. Foreseeing danger when he turned the sharp edge which separated the outer from the inner sea, he had his ship constructed with masts which could be quickly lowered, so that they might not be snapped by the strain brought upon them in making the turn. Fortunately for this erratic genius, he died before setting out on his voyage, and the ship was turned to other uses.

thermore, that in their arts, their literature, and their religious customs, these men had remained essentially unchanged for this vast period. When we consider that all the evidence we have goes to show the men of ten thousand years ago to have been in an exceedingly primitive state of savagery, we see how violent is this strain upon our powers of belief. To take the ground of the author, we must suppose that an original culture had disappeared, and been replaced by a state of long-enduring savagery, from which culture again emerged, the previous traditions of original civilization alone remaining to mark the pristine state of life about the pole. But we are only at the beginning of the difficulties that surround this hypothesis; the author himself admits some of these. After securing the relative warmth of climate necessary to his view by removing the cradled state of man to a time when we have no trustworthy evidence that the race existed, he finds it necessary to reckon with the long polar night. He cannot venture to embrace any of the various hypotheses concerning the change in the position of the polar axis, for the principal traditional support of his hypothesis is found in statements which the myths make as to the nature of the day and night, and the motion of the stars, which could only occur at the geodetic pole. He has to explain how the people of this hyperborean Eden could fit into the polar system of sunshine and darkness. His treatment of this question is a skillful piece of fencing with facts, but utterly unsatisfactory. He claims that the night is much shorter than it is shown by experience to be, even at points several hundred miles from the pole, giving great value to the moonlight and to the aurora borealis. He makes out that there is hardly any night at all in the regions beneath the pole. Almost every arctic navigator who has ventured in high latitudes dwells with painful reiteration on the miseries of that period of darkness, even when accompanied by starlit skies and relieved by the lesser lights of morn and the flickering glories of the false aurora. Men come from their imprisonment bleached and saddened by the deadly darkness, which inevitably kills all but the stout-hearted and vigorous men who are selected for such trials, chosen for their task as are those of the forlorn hope in the worst enterprises of war. Let us fancy the women and children, the aged and weak of the arctic paradise, doomed each year to the four months of darkness: can we conceive it an Eden to them? Here the author will have to put in another hypothesis, and people his Eden with a folk who fattened on that which kills their descendants.[1]

It is to be remembered that all the while the dwellers in the arctic paradise were enduring the trials of an annual night, there were lands to the south of them equally blest in their climates and free from the evils of the polar regions. By the theory these lands were untenanted by man, and open to the first comer. It will be necessary to add a hypothesis to account for the fact that these primitive people preferred to retain this land of an annual day and night rather than to remove to regions where there was a diurnal system, which is much more satisfactory to their descendants. It is also to be remembered that the present state of our knowledge of the tertiary age shows that the period of Miocene warmth was a geologically brief interlude between times of glacial cold. There is clear proof that during a part of that period there was a

[1] We are not without experiments on the influence of darkness on human beings of our day. Some years ago an effort was made to use the great chambers of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky as a place of abode of consumptives. The air is pure and dry, and the temperature at least as good as that of the arctic paradise could have been. The results were disastrous in the extreme, the effect of darkness overcoming the benefits arising from the equable temperature and pure air.

development of glacial conditions about the north pole comparable to that of the last ice time. During this period of Miocene glaciation, vast ice sheets extended to the sea level in the neighborhood of Turin in the valley of the Po. In the earlier Eocene period there was also apparently a time of extreme glaciation. It is likely that the warm circumpolar climate came between these two ice times. So, to have man born at the pole, it would have been necessary to import his ancestry into that region, and to withdraw the new-made man directly afterwards.

There is, however, another and much more serious objection to the whole hypothesis. This arises from the facts which we have concerning the origin of man. There is no doubt that man came from a group of animals closely akin to the anthropoid apes. All these forms of animals are now, and, as far as the negative evidence of the paleontological record goes, always have been dwellers in low latitudes, none of their remains having been found anywhere near the arctic circle. If we are to make assumptions, we must assume that the cradle of the human race was somewhere in the field occupied by its ancestors. The cautious naturalist will avoid this and all other similarly imperfect assumptions; but if compelled to surmise in matters which are not as yet ready for hypothesis, he must say with Darwin and all other careful students of the field that man probably took shape in the tropical region.

Thus the main points on which the author must rely for the maintenance of his hypothesis, the very foundation on which he must erect his edifice, fail to give him support; they seem, indeed, to serve him in no way. It is, therefore, not of such importance to note the fallacies which everywhere beset the progress of his argument on the geological part of his subject. In his collection of authorities we find the most uncritical association. Authors worthy of all credit are jumbled with those who have no right to be heard.

It is perhaps in his effort to show the paradisical conditions of the polar climate during man's cradle period that we find the wildest assumptions. Of that climate we know but one fact of any importance: namely, that it permitted the growth of a tolerably luxuriant vegetation, of a character somewhat like that which now exists in the region about the Lower Mississippi. In other words, we can fairly conjecture that the temperature in the winter season did not often go to near zero of Fahrenheit, and can assume that the rainfall was not very small. We can grant no more than this as the basis for the rhapsodies which our author indulges in concerning the climate. If the geologist was forced to make a picture of the probable climate of the circumpolar regions during the Eocene time it would not be one which would suit a paradise. He would picture it as a land of perpetual fogs and endless rain, a warmer Hebrides, a milder South Alaska. He would doubt its fitness for grain culture and question whether the existing or other useful species of grain had yet been developed. He would doubt the existence of any very useful fruits, and even more strongly doubt the presence then and there of any of our domesticated animals. If compelled to account for the food of a hyperborean Eocene man, he would suggest that he was probably a fish-eating savage, who had a hard wrestle for a living. All this would be conjecture, but unlike that of our learned author it would rest upon a foundation of well-affirmed facts.

Another fatal defect of methods visible throughout this portion of the work is seen in the way in which our author overlooks the task of connecting his evidence. Having *shown* by a mixture of proof and assumptions that the Miocene lands about the pole were the seat of a

beautiful climate, and having set forth that there are certain traditions that seem to prove among the ancients a knowledge of circumpolar conditions, he regards his argument in favor of a polar seat of paradise as established for that time and place, ignoring the great difficulty of proving that man was there during the brief time while the Miocene warmth prevailed in high latitudes. Again and again, we have such gaps in the evidence passed by as if they were of no moment; but it is not worth while to give them separate mention. The whole of the book, as far as it treats of the physical facts, is in its methods apart from the ways of modern natural science. The author seems to be laboring under a grave misapprehension as to the scientific method, — a misapprehension common to many writers who, without training in the method of physical research, try to cast the data of science into a form to support their theories. They make avail of the scientific method in part alone. They see that the naturalist uses hypotheses in groping for truth, therefore they proceed to construct hypotheses also; but they fail to apprehend the checks which the well-trained student of nature puts upon the use of the imagination in research. If he submits to the canons of modern inquiry, the naturalist first assembles his facts before him, using due criticism to exclude imperfect observations, or at least to qualify all such observations by some sign of doubt. Then he tries to imagine some known cause, or some cause that comes into the nearest relation to known causes, which may explain the phenomena. His imagined explanation must stand criticism from two points of view: First, it must not rest on any other unverified hypothesis; second, it must be the simplest possible explanation of the phenomena which he can conceive. This is only the beginning of the true investigator's work. He must now take care that he be not captivated by the offspring of his mind, but reviewing the facts with which he is dealing he must narrowly scrutinize them to see if they are really explained by the hypothesis. Here, indeed, the master of this sublime art of interrogating nature shows his power. The first part of his path may have been laborious; the second, however, is the real steep on which many fall. If men of general literary training could be brought to see the difficulty of this part of scientific inquiry and the worthlessness of all work in which it is neglected, we should have fewer books of this sort.

The natural world contains an infinite variety of facts; each of these facts will take shape according to the mind that views it; they are clouds that are "backed like a whale" or "very like a camel," as the spirit inclines to see whale or camel when it looks upon them. If an eager soul, fired by a brilliant conception, rushes to the world of phenomena for proof of his idea, this kindly nature will fool him to the top of his bent. Swedenborg says sadly that the spirits about him were prone to deceive him; so, too, it was in science until a few learned how to bring these treacherous witnesses to book.

In one regard this Paradise Found will prove extremely satisfactory to every man of science. If we read it aright it marks an abandonment of all the dogmatic grounds which have so long separated naturalists from theologians. It is good indeed to find a distinguished divine, the president of an orthodox institution of learning, who is willing to regard the question of the origin of man as a matter debatable on physical evidence alone; who feels that the precious interests of Christianity are not bound for life or death to the literal text of ancient traditions. In this regard the naturalist will be glad to welcome the author as a man of science, however much he may question his use of the methods of the art.

To the general reader this book will be welcome on account of its great store of well presented traditions, as well as on account of the felicity of its style and the charming spirit of open-minded, frank inquiry which everywhere pervades it.

A CHAT IN THE SADDLE.

THIS is in all ways a very attractive book.[1] It is beautifully printed, the illustrations are interesting, and the subject is discussed in a sensible and very agreeable manner. Such treatment is well deserved, for there is no form of exercise which is at all equal to riding on horseback. There is nothing moreover which is so valuable to a people for the development of manly qualities of mind and body, and which ought therefore to be so thoroughly cultivated. We of the East in this country are natural lovers of the horse, but our attention has been given wholly to the trotting variety of the noble animal, and the far finer and better art of horsemanship has sunk into neglect. Within a few years, however, the tide has turned, and riding is becoming every day more popular and more generally practiced. Colonel Dodge's volume indeed is in itself the best proof of this encouraging fact. Fifteen or even ten years ago the author of Patroclus and Penelope would have been like one crying in the wilderness. Now we hope and believe that his readers will be counted by the hundred. The last part of the book is devoted to instructions to a beginner which in the main are sound and judicious. Colonel Dodge has a real love for a horse, which is not so common a quality as might be supposed, and all that he says as to kind treatment and abundant caresses may be read with profit by all, even by those persons who think that the last word on riding is known to them. He speaks very modestly of his own performances, but we are sorry to say that we fear there are very few amateurs among us who have done nearly as well. Colonel Dodge has studied the French system of training, a sealed book to most of our horsemen, and on this he of course, and very wisely, founds his teaching. He makes, however, one or two singular mistakes. For instance, he directs his pupil to use the right leg in order to make the horse lead with the left shoulder at a gallop. If the gallop were a diagonal movement this would be correct. But the gallop is a lateral movement, that is, the legs of the horse on the same side move together, which is, of course, the reverse of the trot or walk. In order, therefore, to make the horse lead to the left, the left hind-leg must be set in motion, and that is done by the left leg of the rider. Colonel Dodge falls into this error, it would seem, from not having sufficiently analyzed the movements of the horse, and from not laying enough stress on the suppling of the hind-legs which furnish all the propelling power. Control those, and everything else follows. The suppling of the fore-hand comes next in importance, but the motive power is behind the saddle and not in front of it. The fault of the Baucher system is in giving too much attention to the fore-hand, neck, and mouth, and too little to the loins and hind-legs. The first thing in horsemanship is to be able to move the horse forward, and that must be done by the rider's command of the animal's hind-legs. Establish your

[1] *Patroclus and Penelope.* A Chat in the Saddle. By THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

current of movement first, and then regulate and control it. The modern French method, under the disciples of Baucher, has made precisely this change of system, and with the best results. The gaits have been stimulated, the stride lengthened, the forward movement quickened, and yet the suppling of the forehand and the neck has not been diminished. In order, however, to control the hind-legs of the horse, and obtain these results, the rider must use his own legs, and this again is a point which Colonel Dodge does not emphasize enough. He seems in writing, although certainly not in his own practice, to mix up seat and legs and stirrups. Stirrups, in the first place, have nothing to do with seat, for a really first-rate seat can in fact only be made by riding without them, as Colonel Dodge certainly knows from experience. Yet, very surprisingly, he never tells his pupil, and he nowhere says that the best, if not the only way to make a good seat is by constantly riding a sharp-trotting horse without stirrups, in accordance with the advice of Whyte Melville, and indeed of all other masters of the art. In the second place, the seat ought to be wholly distinct from the legs below the knee, which should be perfectly free to produce the effects necessary to control and manage the horse with any degree of delicacy or force. But this perfect and essential freedom of the lower leg can only be obtained by the steady work without stirrups. There are other points on which we disagree with Colonel Dodge, as, for example, in regard to the rack and single-foot, the use of which he defends and even advocates. These are at best but bastard and false gaits, which can only be cultivated at the expense of the true gaits, and the best course is to abandon them altogether. There may be conditions under which they have their uses, but these conditions certainly do not exist in this part of the world.

It is not necessary, however, even if we had space, to discuss here the technical details of horsemanship. In the main, as we have said, Colonel Dodge's instructions are sound and good, and can be read with profit by all horsemen and even, we venture to think, by many of our fox-hunters. The chief merit of the book is that it calls attention to the fact that there is a great deal in riding besides being carried by a horse and sticking on him somehow or other. Colonel Dodge, in a word, shows that the true art stretches far beyond those restricted limits. He teaches the important lesson, so very much needed here at this time, that there is a deal of fine riding outside of the hunt-clubs of this country, and even of England as well. The following sentence indeed should be written up in the premises of every hunt-club, country-club, and jockey-club in the United States. "It is the general impression among men who ride to hounds, and still more among men who pretend to do so, that leaping is the *ultima thule* of equestrianism; and that a man who can sit a horse over a four-foot hurdle has graduated in the art of horsemanship. The corollary to this error is also an article of faith among men who hunt, that is, that no other class of riders can leap their horses boldly and well. But both ideas are as strange as they are mistaken." In one word, this book teaches us to be liberal in our ideas, and to realize that the riding of an English groom is not the *ne plus ultra* of horsemanship. The noble and manly art of riding is just beginning to develop in this country, and it ought to be encouraged and strengthened in every possible way. There is at this moment danger of its being injured, and of its growth being retarded by its falling into the hands of small sets of men, who know no other standard than their own very narrow one, who have a tendency to convert cross-country riding and fox-hunting into steeple-chasing and a fierce competition in jumping, who hunt to

jump fences instead of jumping fences in order to hunt, and who thus and in divers other ways disgust and drive off many persons whom, in the interests of riding, they should strive to conciliate. These very men are bold riders and often real lovers of the horse, but they are unintentionally standing in the way of what they wish to promote. The riding community hereabouts requires just at this time a little liberal education. It needs to learn respect for various methods, and to appreciate the work done by various nations. In driving the trotting horse no one approaches the American; in racing and cross-country riding England stands at the head; but we must go to France for the best system of managing and developing the *cheval de promenade*, and for the best methods of training. We are in danger here of forgetting all this, and nine riding men out of ten, who perhaps never heard of Baucher, will sneer at the French system of training as circus tricks, without being aware that it is purely scientific; that its one object is complete control of the horse, and that the man capable of training a horse properly must of necessity be a fine rider, with coolness of temper, strength of seat, intelligence of hand, patience, courage, and discretion. Colonel Dodge's book is liberalizing, and it should be heartily welcomed on this account if on no other. It may be both warmly and safely commended to all lovers of horses and to all who ride. We need to widen our horizon and elevate our standards, and this volume is the first effort we have seen by any American horseman to do both.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

Francisque Sarcey is to-day the foremost critic in French dramatic literature, and in a country where the stage holds so high a place in the opinions of both native and foreign audiences, the judgment of an authority such as Sarcey is often final, and always awaited with interest. His own contributions to literature have not been either frequent or important, for he has given his strength to the business of his life, the rapid composition of critical notices of new plays, new operas, new books, and even new pictures, — all the world of art is his, over which for many years he has held absolute sway. He has succeeded to Jules Janin, in the place he holds in public estimation, but he has brought to his task many qualifications which Janin lacked, and he has therefore been able to hold his own against the growing force of critics engaged in enlightening the world as to what it ought to think of the last novelty. Following the example of so many of the living leaders of literature, both in England and in France, he has determined to tell his own story, and thus avoid the risks incidental to posthumous biography. His book has the charm of that first condition of successful literary work in France, a clear style, simple, succinct, and well sustained.[1] It is much better in this regard than the recent biography of Michelet, in which his widow has published so much of her grief and admiration that the story, as Michelet told it, has lost a great deal of its interest. Sarcey's book has the advantage over that of Maxime Ducamp that it is shorter, and that it is his own story. Ducamp wants to make his recollec-

[1] *Souvenirs de Jeunesse.* Par Francisque Sarcey. Paris: Ollendorff. 1885.

tions exhaustive, and so many worthies of all ranks figure in the pages of his two bulky volumes that they leave no very distinct impression of anybody. Sarcey tells the plain, straightforward story of his literary life, his training as child and boy and man, his hard work as a teacher, and his sudden and successful emancipation into the world of letters. It has that rare merit in a French book, not professedly religious, of being perfectly clean. It gives a capital sketch of domestic life in a modest sphere, and shows how in France fair ability, with hard work, finds its recognition, and secures its possessor, in the end, a fair place. As a child, he heard his father, a village school-teacher, read the best French dramas, and from that day he was unconsciously beginning to train himself for the future dramatic critic of the leading journal of Paris. In Paris itself, in the outset of his studies in the Normal School, he became one of the enthusiastic disciples of Chevé, the leader of the school of Tonic Sol Fa instruction in music. He was brought into the charmed circle of those who believed in it as if it were the only solution of music for the people, by his schoolfellow, Edmond About, who in this and in other respects was a sort of mental sponsor for Sarcey. The story of Chevé and of his predecessors, Galin and Aimé Paris, is admirably told; and it is well worth the telling, for it is an example of unselfish devotion to a cause that, in the eyes of its champions, was worthy of every sacrifice. To-day, in France, there are hundreds of thousands of men and women enjoying music through the system that is here described, and even in the modest beginnings of the same method in this country there is some encouragement for those who have an abiding faith in the power of ideas and their vitality. Far more important is Sarcey's description of the rise and progress of the "École Morale," the alma mater of so many of the leading and representative men of modern France. Sarcey's immediate contemporaries were Taine, About, Weiss, Challemel-Lacour, Prévost-Paradol, — men whose training and ambition were to fit themselves to become professors, for in France the scholastic hierarchy is absolute, and the Minister of Education in Paris appoints the faculty of the provincial schools on an entirely irresponsible basis of authority; there are no local boards to be consulted, no examiners to be faced, — the graduate of the Normal School is assigned his post, and the reports of successive inspectors and a little influence carry him from one end of France to another, until he finally arrives at that elysium of every Frenchman, Paris itself, with the certainty of a pension at the end of thirty-five years of service, and the possibility of the university, the academy, and even the ministry, as the great prizes in the long race for pedagogic honors. Three years at the Normal School in Paris supply plenty of material for an account of training utterly unlike that of our colleges, or those of England and Germany, and well worth comparing to our own very different system. The business of teaching began for Sarcey at Chaumont, in 1851; then it was taken up at Lesneven, carried on at Rodez, and completed at Grenoble. Each change was made by an arbitrary exercise of authority, and often there was abundant reason for it, for Sarcey is perfectly frank and ingenuous in telling his story, but he does it in such a way as to show admirably all the faults of such a system of centralization. Teaching classics in each of the successive classes, then rhetoric, then philosophy, there was no question of consulting the teacher's own fitness, or even that of his colleagues, for their respective tasks. The principal of each local college has a certain limited authority, but it is thrown into the shade by the inspectors, who come di-

rectly from the central bureau at Paris, are clothed with something of the sovereign power vested there, and make and unmake the professors by their reports, which are of course often influenced by personal and political likes and dislikes, and are always hidden under the veil of official secrecy, so that no man subject to the power of the minister knows when and how it will reach him. The only thing certain is that, after thirty-five years of work, there will be a pension of three hundred francs as the final outcome of a life of toil and sacrifice and struggle. So strong is the native French love of order and orderly occupation that nothing short of the crass stupidity of the Empire drove some of its ablest opponents from the comparative obscurity of their subordinate posts under the government, in the multifarious administration, into public life, and, of course, into active opposition. In this way the ranks of those who were growing bold in their attacks and outspoken in their opinions were recruited from the teachers, the Normal School especially supplying subtle minds and trained pens. Sarcey took the tide on the flood, and after the success of a few experimental essays in the Figaro, resigned his appointment and began his new life in Paris. His souvenirs end at this point, and it rests with the public to decide whether or not they shall be continued, so as to tell the story of his later triumphs and the advantages of his assured position. His book is an admirable example of the merits of his style, with the clear, crisp, sharp, sententious writing that comes from thorough training, and long experience of just what to say and what to leave unsaid. It gives a capital picture of the life of the class of which he is so good a representative, of plain, honest, modest, industrious *bourgeois*, raised above the peasant in intelligence or education, and free from the vices and the faults of the aristocracy, but ambitious to learn and to do, proud of its hard earned successes, and thoroughly alive to the distinction that lifts the man of letters, who has made his mark, out of the rank and file of the great army of office-holders. The story of Sarcey's training and of his emancipation from the bureaucracy into the noble army of free lances of letters is a characteristic bit of modern French life, little known outside the charmed circle, and well worth the reading, both because it is so well told, and because it deserves the telling, as a side light upon the shifting drama of the France of our own day.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

DOUBTLESS there are persons so happily constituted by nature that, metaphorically speaking, they can "shut up shop" at a moment's notice, and go junketing with a merry comrade, or at least can enjoy all the legal holidays in their lot without suffering Black Care to follow them. But the most of us live under a very different dispensation: when we are not pursuing our occupation, our occupation is diligently pursuing us; in truth, we are not long in discovering that there is no earthly paradise but our tyrant has an extradition treaty with that country; no reputed free soil, but a fugitive slave law is in force there. Everywhere we meet our fellow-runaways. From being runaways ourselves, we are able to detect others in like case. Moreover, some of

these fled too hastily to fit themselves with a proper disguise, and therefore their shop garments do bewray them. And again, while we have been in conversation with them, — even as the word was upon their lips, have they not been nabbed by the Demon of Brown Study, and spirited away before our very eyes? We smiled indulgently upon the unceremonious manner of their leave-taking, knowing that in this respect we had much to be remitted to ourselves. All vocations are represented by these refugees; and where any two of like occupation meet, a third person shall overhear much that might be termed shop-talk; thus merchant converses with brother merchant, school-teacher with school-teacher, farmer with farmer, each two in an idiom of their own, the import of which but vaguely reaches the intelligence of the uninitiate. Of all these fugitive shop-keepers, the writer, though seemingly most free, is perhaps least able to snap the charmed tether that binds him to his occupation. Wherever he goes, he still must be gathering, in the interest of a recondite and incalculable fund technically known as Material. So, although he may decree to himself a vacation, drop his faithful implement, the pen, and leave behind him the four walls of his shop, it is only to find himself in a larger shop, where the abundance of riches is like to prove an embarrassment. His scope of inquiry has a Socratic breadth, including all manner of men, their occupations and amusements. It is his business to know something of everything, from the generation of antique gods to the combinations, human and circumstantial, that seat prime ministers and the presidents of republics. He aims to know what life is in a trapper's or a squatter's hut in the unkempt western wilderness, and what it is in the courtly circles of the metropolis. It is within his province to understand the processes employed in a paper-mill, and the delicate craftsmanship given to the making of a watch. To him there is nothing great or small, since with a stroke of the pen he can render marvelous the dullest commonplace, or can reduce a hero to the figure which he is said to present to his valet.

It is probably not well understood outside the profession how extreme is the impatience which seizes upon the *littérateur* at beholding any cultivable ground left fallow. I once heard one of the craft remark to another: "What a pity it is your friend does not write her memoirs, or at least put the material in some clever person's hands to work up: if I were you, I would *nag* her until she let me do it!" Such, commonly, is the writer's abhorrence of waste that his economic and utilitarian principles are applied selfward as well as to the outer world. With Heine he might affirm,

> "Out of my own great woe
> I make my little songs."

He can't afford to let any tender or romantic passage in his own experience go tithe-free; it must be turned to account to swell the bulk of Material. The note-taking instinct never slumbers. In the midst of some delightful vagary, he must catch himself up, to recall how it originated, and to determine whether it be worth clapping into some pigeon-hole of the memory for use hereafter; if he walks with Nature, he looks and listens with shrewd inquisitorial eye and ear, having intent to report every trick of manner, every tone and syllable of her artless confidence; if he reads a book, he is not without the impulse to lay up serviceable quotations.

It may be observed that the literary adept has a way of engaging his friends and acquaintances in conversation upon the particular subject in which he happens to be interested. He does this in so skillful a manner that his obliging fellow-conversationalists never suspect the turn they have served; indeed, it takes one of his own trade, acquainted

with all its methods and exigencies, to discover his social thrift. Otherwise, how should I have guessed that the distinguished preacher, who came down from his study to chat with us for a few moments, was endeavoring to compensate for the interruption by laying us all under contribution to the sermon left unfinished upstairs? With an apparently careless, "I have been thinking," he drew the conversation into the channel in which his own thoughts were running. So I surmised at the time, and was agreeably corroborated in my supposition when a few days later I had the pleasure of reading the sermon in print.

It not infrequently happens that those who live under the same roof with a literary workman acquire an almost professional zeal in looking after the interests of the shop, constituting themselves a reportorial association to lay before him whatever in their daily experience and observation they may deem of use as Material. Such service being based upon love, and totally disconnected from lucre, is a department in literary hackwork which has never yet received the recognition to which it is entitled by desert.

— It does not seem to me that Henry James has quite got at the heart of the matter, when he says in his recent article on George Eliot that the marriage of "the nunlike" Dinah Morris "shocks the reader, who sees in it a base concession." He calls it a "trouvaille" of Mr. Lewes', and rejoices to exonerate George Eliot from having conceived it Nevertheless, her responsibility as an artist and moralist is deeply involved in the marriage, as she declares in one of her letters that she "accepted the idea at once, and from the end of the third chapter worked with it constantly in view." This statement proves that the union was deliberately planned all through the development of the story and of the characters, so that it cannot be considered in the light of a convenient concluding accident. If Dinah be "nunlike," she was nevertheless created for marriage; but to apply the term "nunlike" to her indicates a confusion of ideas. Her saintliness is not of Catholic origin. Methodism and Quakerism produce spiritual and ascetic women without the tendency to celibacy. Lucretia Mott is an instance of such development on a stage of action which gave her character some historical significance, and she was a wife at eighteen; and George Eliot's aunt, whose religious experience suggested Dinah Morris to the author, was herself a married woman.

The essential reason for the marriage, however, lies in Adam's own nature and history. In real life, such a man would certainly marry, and in the novel, it is artistically right that he should marry the woman who serves as a link to bind together all the various persons and interests of the story. This office of Dinah's, as the unifying principle in the story, must not be overlooked in any adequate criticism. To say that a more buxom mate would have been more suitable to Adam, if marry he must, is simply, as George Eliot remarks of a criticism which some one made on the plot of The Mill on the Floss, to say that a book entirely different from Adam Bede should have been written. Surely, it would not have been well to end with the vague statement that after a while Adam married somebody, and it would also have been poor art to introduce another woman into the body of the narrative, who would have diverted attention from the contrasted characters of Dinah and Hetty. I contend that it is not only natural that Adam should marry, but it is artistically necessary, in order that the tragedy may not be over-weighted. Neither Arthur nor Hetty is a character of sufficient moral import to entail lasting consequences of a fatal nature on deeper

souls. The agony of Hetty's wanderings and death; Arthur's lifelong regret, with the especial sting in it, that it is useless; Adam and Dinah so pained that they can never take any after happiness quite joyfully, — these suffice. George Eliot knew life and art too well to destroy the harmony between cause and effect by making the tragedy greater still. She was not young when she wrote, and she had known how the heart heals even over a wound from which the soul never quite recovers. Hetty is too slight a thing to move more terrible issues. Had the result of their sins been greater, the reader might have been stirred to irritation against Arthur and Hetty, but George Eliot wishes them to be seen through the medium of pity, — a sort of light which, if not in all senses an artistic light, seems still to partake intimately of the nature of divine art.

— Probably few of us would be greatly strengthened in the secretly cherished dogma of auto-infallibility, could we foresee to what mutation our present opinions, tastes, desires, sympathies, and adherencies would be subject during the next twenty years. We are right to think and feel as we do now (no doubt of that!). Shall we be right also when, by and by, we find ourselves at the very antipodes of our own present estate of thought and feeling? We are not mood-slaves, nor faith-breakers, nor time-servers, yet what vagrancy and zigzagging our line of travel presents! Stability wins our allegiance; any fickleness of judgment or of will offends us, and turns us away from him who betrays it; we so repel the thought of unsteadfastness in our own purpose and conduct that we are almost ready to announce it a species of virtue to be established, though for the worse, and a species of vice to change, though for the better.

As to mental mutability, the world might be divided into three classes: those who frequently and inconsequently change their minds and who are scarcely more conscious than are other ephemeræ of the metamorphoses undergone; those who *consent* to change their minds, dreading not to forsake the old domicile of opinion and purpose if the spirit's growing life shall be better accommodated in the new; and those who change their minds *under protest*, grieving at what they regard as evidence of instability in themselves. Such, —

> "Knowing the heart of man is set to be
> The centre of this world, about the which
> These revolutions of disturbances
> Still roll,"

consider that it is laid upon them to maintain a kind of centric immobility, failing of which, nothing less than the destruction of their whole starry system would result. Apparently, they forget that the "heart of man," as well as its fluctuating satellites, has an orbit to accomplish in space, which it does, by its own law of motion.

We should perhaps feel less poignantly those alterations which, without our fault, come over our spiritual existence, if we but reflected that, however sudden and startling our discovery of them, their progress has been steady, and not violent. "Yesterday this day's madness did prepare;" so, if the case be lamentable, the votive cup of our tears belongs to yesterday rather than to the present day. We might do worse than to temper the sharpness of regret, thus, with a drop or two from the vial of fatalism. Who does not feel that in himself are various selves, each destined, by a hidden but just plan of rotation, to have its turn and ascendency? It belongs to the statesmanship of self-government to find and declare the unity running through all these successive administrations. But it is urged, "There is in me a Protean spirit that baffles inspection." How then? Is not our Proteus like its namesake of old, that after so many antic transformations and sly evasions was at last cornered and brought to reveal

to the Argive heroes returning from Troy what they sought to learn regarding their fortunes?

If the physical self is completely renovated once in every seven years, and if in the course of a lifetime we have been provided with so many different tenements, why may there not have been as many different tenants? In one view of the case, it would seem a pity that nature should give us so many new bodies, and there make a stay of her benevolence, leaving us with the same old minds!

If, some grounds of former belief or action having been relinquished, I am accused of unsteadfastness, nothing daunted, nothing disheartened, let me reply, "You are mistaken; I have not changed my mind, — but my mind has changed me." I would not stand out against the authority of this resident vicegerent, obeying which it is possible to feel an almost jocund irresponsibility as to consequences. I would heed the royal edict of Antoninus, "Reverence the faculty which produces opinion."

Observing that Nature abhors a standstill not less than she does a vacuum, that growth and change are everywhere bound together, and that it is the inorganic and senseless which change least effects, I no longer covet static existence; rather am I thankful that the mind in me is of convertible stuff, and so constituted that it can beat Change on its own ground. It might have been reverie — yet I thought myself fully awake, when lately I heard the Muses chanting this song,

OF THE CONSTANT.

I AM not constant as yon constant rocks,
That have their bases under ocean's floor,
That yield no piteous span, receive no score,
Though ships make thither, waves deal shocks on shocks;
I am but constant as the sea, whose flocks,
How wide soe'er they wander, evermore
Morning and evening crowd the vacant shore
At beck of her who smiles through silvery locks, —
Constant but as the oak, now bare and dry,
That soon the genial season shall restore
And its gray arms with fluttering honors fill, —
Or as the violet, that seems to die,
Yet can its azure angel lift it still
To greet the coming springtime as before.

— In Lounsbury's Life of Cooper (of which let me say, in passing, that it seems to me a model for that kind of writing) occurs the following comment: "There are those with great faults which please and impress us far more than those in which the component parts are better balanced." The criticism is applied to Cooper's novels, which the biographer considers as belonging to the class here described. Whether we think this judgment just or not with respect to Cooper, the remark contains a general truth, easily recognized as applicable to certain of Cooper's fellow craftsmen; to Dickens, for instance, whose extraordinary powers will always continue to impress those who are the quickest to see and feel his imperfections. But the above-quoted sentence struck me at once on reading it as being significant with regard to Cooper himself as well as his works.

Cooper was a man whose worst defects were more readily seen by the outside world in general than his good qualities. It is not surprising that his brusqueness of manner, which in the excitement of discussion often looked like violence, his lack of patience with other people's opinions, his contempt for which he sometimes was not at the pains to conceal, should have repelled a great many of his acquaintance. Yet those who could see below the surface, and who had opportunity to observe him in his domestic relations, must have felt that while there was much in him to forgive there was also much to love and honor. In this respect Cooper is a type of many others, men and women, whom I, for one, find no difficulty in tolerating, even liking, partly, perhaps, for the reason that they fare so badly with the majority. It is a question of taste, doubtless, and they who

prefer a negative character, incapable of giving offense, to one in which faults and virtues are prominent alike, have a right to their preference. It is very unwise and a mark of inexperience to undervalue an amiable disposition; but, on the other hand, the lack of it may be compensated for by other admirable and lovable qualities, and pure negativity is often the most irritating thing possible. That the irritation is not altogether reasonable and justifiable does not help the matter. Yet complain as we may of the superficial judgments so common in the world, and however much we are disinclined to follow or be led by them, it is impossible to deny that such surface estimates are after all the only ones practicable, as the world goes. The fact is unmistakable, whether we like it or not, that our acquaintance judge of us by the appearance, the outside, not by the inner truth of our being. It can hardly be otherwise. Inner and outer ought to correspond, but who will give us credit for lovely qualities of the spirit that persist in hiding themselves shyly?

Cooper and those who resemble him forget the outside, — do not realize that to escape the imputation of arrogance, violence, and conceit they must avoid the appearance of anything that may be mistaken for these unlovely traits, since a world not made up of Solomons will not spend time or thought in distinguishing show from substance. Every day one lives, the plainer it becomes that one's influence depends almost wholly upon one's personality, and not only on *what* one says and does, but *how* it is done and said. The speech or action gains weight and credit from the speaker or doer; the same thing said differently by a different person will produce comparatively little impression. Let a man give utterance to what is in reality a well-considered opinion in an eager and hasty fashion, the opinion will be taken not for what it is worth in itself, but as partaking of the ill-advised rashness with which it has been pronounced. Few people are sufficiently interested in an impersonal subject, in the discussion of any more or less abstract truth for its own sake, to overlook anything not to their taste in the manner of their interlocutors, or to prevent prejudice with regard to the speakers from biasing their reception of the words spoken.

Whoso is a really ardent advocate of a special truth or theory, let him then take heed to the fashion of his advocacy, since a small thing may lose him his cause. It will be little comfort to complain of the folly of his hearer, whom, had he had been wise and well informed, the pleader would have had no need to enlighten. Our characteristic modes of behavior and speech may not express us wholly, and therefore not altogether truly; yet how can we deny that, after all, these traits are our own, and so to a certain extent the manner is the man.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History. A new edition, two volumes in one, has been issued of George W. Williams's History of the Negro Race in America, from 1619 to 1880. We have already received the work, and this edition does not appear to contain any additions or changes. — Military Manners and Customs, by I. A. Farrer (Holt), is a *résumé*, in readable form, of the principal points in the history of war, such as treatment of prisoners, rules about spies, the change of weapons, the meaning of parts of dress. The study, it appears, is to be called bellology. There can be no objection to calling it so, the author says. Yes, there is. We do not want any more mixed technical terms. Machiology would be better, and it is just as disagreeable a word. We like the conclusion of the book, for the author, after his industrious explanations in the antiquities of the subject, turns to the ethical side,

and shows that the disintegration of the war spirit may be looked for in the exercise of the individual conscience, by which the soldier ceases to be, as now, a non-moral agent. — American Presbyterianism, its origin and early history, together with an appendix of letters and documents, many of which have recently been discovered, by Charles Augustus Briggs. (Scribners.) A close study of the facts of the subject, untouched by any imaginative light, but strictly, dryly, matter of fact. It has all the appearance of thoroughness, yet we are a little puzzled over the account of New England Presbyterianism. The casual reader would suppose that New England was founded by Presbyterians, but that there was some subtle influence called Congregationalism, which had the effect to shorten the chapter in Dr. Briggs's history. — New Light on Mormonism, by Mrs. Ellen E. Dickinson, with an introduction by Thurlow Weed. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Mrs. Dickinson's new light is thrown chiefly upon the origin of the sect, and especially on the invention of the Book of Mormon. — The third volume of Taine's The French Revolution has been published. The translation is by John Durand. (Holt.) — Russia Under the Tzars, by Stepniak (Scribner's Sons), gives a lurid picture of Russian despotism. Like Underground Russia, the work is a series of detached studies.

Biography. The latest volume in the American Statesmen Series is Samuel Adams, by J. K. Hosmer. (Houghton.) Mr. Hosmer has the first requisite of a biographer, hearty interest in his subject; and he has given Adams his place, which is not on a pedestal, but on the pavement, with much skill and animation. The town meeting, as a political force, is well understood and described; but the most serviceable part of Mr. Hosmer's work is his individualizing of this man of the town meeting, "always awake, though others might want to sleep; always at work, though others might be tired." We are not so sure that he has clearly defined the limitations of Adams's political thought. — In the Men of Letters Series (Houghton), the latest number is Nathaniel Parker Willis, by Henry A. Beers. Barring a tendency to imitate his subject's jauntiness, Mr. Beers has written with a clear sense of Willis's light weight. He has been commendably patient and thorough in his sifting of material, and since Willis was the best representative of one phase of our literary history, it is a satisfaction to have so clean and complete a picture of the man and his surroundings. In taking account of Willis's character, however, has Mr. Beers sufficiently considered the self-indulgence which enfeebled a writer who might have been light without being weak? A man who is indifferent to his pecuniary obligations is not the one to have the most sensitive literary conscience. — Louis Pasteur, His Life and Labors, by his son-in-law. Translated from the French by Lady Claud Hamilton. (Appleton.) The French title of this work was felicitous: *Histoire d'un Savant, par un Ignorant*, and describes the attitude taken by the author. He might not like to be called *un Ignorant* by any one but himself, but he intends to say that he writes for the average reader concerning the work of a most interesting man of science, translating the technical phrases which Pasteur would use in addressing his colleagues, and omitting whatever is too abstruse for the laity. The author is plainly the hero's son-in-law, and not his valet. — Chinese Gordon, the Uncrowned King; his character as it is portrayed in his private letters. Compiled by Laura C. Holloway. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A mosaic which cannot help giving some hints of Gordon's character, in more ways than the compiler supposes. — Henry Irving, by William Winter (Geo. J. Coombes), is a collection of critical articles which originally appeared in the columns of the N. Y. Tribune. It is seldom that dramatic criticism gets the chance, or deserves the chance, to repeat itself as literature. Though the reader may not always accept Mr. Winter's point of view, and so fail at times to share his enthusiasm, the impression will remain that these essays were well worth preserving in book-form. For instance, it would have been a pity to have such charming and thoughtful chapters as The Golden Age of Acting and The Influence of the Stage lost in the oblivion of yesterday's newspaper. The woodcut portraits of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry narrowly miss being very poor.

Philosophy and Religion. Dr. McCosh's Philosophic Series (Scribners) has advanced to its eighth number: Herbert Spencer's Philosophy as culminated in his Ethics. By this short cut one may at once know what Mr. Spencer maintains, and also how idle his speculation is. — The Nature and Reality of Religion; a controversy between Frederic Harrison and Herbert Spencer. (Appleton). In this philosophical duel, each combatant blazes away after he has been killed. — Sermons by Bishop Matthew Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal church. Edited from short hand reports, by Geo. R. Crooks. (Harpers.) Bishop Simpson was a great orator; he was also a man of great administrative power. He was probably more like John Wesley than any of that founder's successors. These qualities are suggested by this volume, rather than directly expressed in it. The vitality of the sermons was so much in the man, that one feels at once the need of the human voice; yet the man was so subordinated to his work that a book could fairly set him forth, and these sermons, direct, large-minded, impatient of petty considerations, disclose something of the secret of the bishop's power. — The Protestant Faith, or Salvation by Belief; an Essay upon the errors of the Protestant Church: by Dwight Hinckley Olmstead (Putnams): a not very forcible tractate against the error which makes intellectual belief the basis of religion. Mr. Olmstead's reasoning is too restricted to reach very important results. An inquiry into the bases of Protestantism would disclose more fundamental truths.

Travel and Nature. — Life and Travel in India: being recollections of a journey before the days of railroads, by Anna Harriette Leonowens. (Porter & Coates.) The author, well-known by her work on Siam, has thrown into this record of travel a good deal of personality, and evidently takes more interest in the persons of India than in the antiqui-

ties or natural scenes. It is odd that she should describe the feats of jugglers without apparently having her own curiosity so far aroused as to venture on any explanation. — Home Studies in Nature, by Mary Treat (Harpers): A very unpretentious and agreeable record of observations, by a patient observer, among birds, insects, and plants. We welcome such books, not only on their own account, but because they constitute a rational corrective to a too analytical and, so to speak, inhumane study of nature. — Boots and Saddles, or Life in Dakota with General Custer, by Elizabeth B. Custer (Harpers): a lively, fresh narrative of domestic life in the cavalry service, and when one considers what that domestic life must have been, one readily sees that Mrs. Custer's book has plenty of adventure in it. It is possessed by a refreshingly hearty spirit. — The Rescue of Greely, by Commander W. S. Schley and Professor J. R. Soley (Scribners): a plain narrative, with all the official documents, and useful maps. The pictures have the general fidelity of photographs, but little artistic value. — Fly Rods and Fly Tackle: suggestions as to their manufacture and use, by Henry P. Wells (Harpers): a very full and unconventional treatise, based on personal experience, and enlivened by accounts of personal adventures. — In a Trip to Hawaii, published by the Oceanic Steamship Company of San Francisco, one finds a guide-book of the customary external seductiveness, but the interest in it is increased by discovering that it is written by Charles Warren Stoddard, whose South Sea Idylls formed an agreeable addition to literature a few years ago. It is a guide-book after all, and rather a cheap piece of literature. — De Paris à San Francisco, par Lambert de Sainte-Croix (Calmann Lévy, Paris), is a bright little volume containing the notes and impressions of an intelligent Frenchman, who looks at America through rose-colored spectacles, and shares his pleasant experiences with the reader. A traveler of this sort is a *rara avis* in the United States.

Fiction. — Fitz James O'Brien's The Diamond Lens and other stories has been republished in a paper-covered edition. (Scribners.) There is a vividness about O'Brien's best work which is pretty sure to attract anew successive generations of young readers. — The Adventures of Timias Terrystone, by O. B. Bunce (Appleton), is a novel in autobiographic form, which recalls Sterne by its mannerism, but being written in the latter part of the nineteenth century is less broad and less long. It is an amiable little book, by a man who plainly is in love with literature and art. — Across the Chasm (Scribners) is rather a severe title for a light, agreeable book. It is in effect a study of manners among gentlemen in the North and the South. The author apparently intends to make much of deeper distinction, but forgets herself and relapses into what is more of a young lady's judgment of men. The book is, nevertheless, so graceful in many ways that its timidity and faintness of touch become almost virtues. — Within the Capes, by Howard Pyle (Scribners) is a story rather than a novel, and has a special element of attractiveness in its representation of life, apparently, on the Delaware. The time is the early part of this century, and the scenes are amphibious, half on water and half on land. — Pulpit and Easel, by Mary B. Sleight (Crowell), is a serious story which rests for its principal concern on the choice of a profession. Shall one be a minister or an artist? and if an artist, may he not still be a religious man, and in some subtle way a preacher? The art of the book is hardly equal to the sermonizing. — The Harpers have begun a Handy Series, issued weekly, and containing miniature novels like Mignon, or Bootle's Baby, by J. S. Winter. — In the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) recent numbers are Boulderstone, by William Sime; Gerald, by Eleanor C. Price; Lester's Secret, by Mary Cecil Hay; The Shadow of a Crime, by Hall Caine; A Week of Passion, by Edward Jenkins; Captain Brand of the Centipede, by H. A. Wise; and Lazarus in London, by F. W. Robinson. — Without a Home, by E. P. Roe (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is published in quarto paper form. The publishers state: "The other works of E. P. Roe are not published in this form, and can be had in the regular 12mo edition only, at $1.50 per volume." We believe the same legend is at the head of Opening of a Chestnut Burr. — Tales from Many Sources (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is a collection of brief tales principally from one source, — the English magazines. The first three volumes of the series, which is a very good one, embraces stories by Thomas Hardy, F. Anstey, Stevenson, Norris, Charles Reade, William Black, and the author of John Inglesant.

Social and Economical Science. — The Life of Society; a General View, by Edmund Woodward Brown. (Putnams.) Mr. Brown treats his subject in a thoughtful manner, but it is his manner rather than his matter which suggests thought. There is a serious consideration of commonplaces, but a failure, we think, to get hold of radical principles. For example, he speaks as if man became a social and political being, and does not seem to conceive of him as essentially social and political. It is a little odd also to find a volume upon society and scarcely a hint of the nation as determining society. — Working People and their Employers, by Washington Gladden (Funk & Wagnalls): a volume of sermons in form but containing a freer and more candid handling of the theme than one generally finds in sermons. Dr. Gladden has a strong desire to bring the immutable truths of the gospel to bear upon the problems which especially concern laborers and employers to-day. He has translated Paul into American. — Man's Birthright, or the Higher Law of Property, by Edward H. G. Clark. (Putnams.) Mr. Clark, starting with the premise that the earth belongs to mankind, and the land of the United States to the people of the United States, proceeds to the conclusion that persons occupying land are tenants of the people and should pay rent in the form of an income tax; that the money thus collected should pay all the expenses of government, federal, state, and municipal. The book is in a measure a correction of Mr. Henry George's doctrine of the nationalization of land. — Pocket Tariff of the United States Customs Duties, by

John G. Wilson (G. W. Sheldon & Co., New York), contains full information arranged in alphabetical order. It also has full shipping instructions for importers and tourists. We are pleased to see that Chinese bombs as fire-crackers have to pay a duty of 100 per cent. — A Primer of Tariff Reform, by David A. Wells (Cassell), like most catechisms, arranges the answers according to the views of the catechizer. The catechumen is gagged. — Society in London, by a foreign resident (Harpers), is apparently written to catch some of the breezes which have been blowing Society in Berlin into popularity. It is scarcely so penetrating as that clever work. It is indeed little more than a rapid survey of the subject such as a dozen journalists in London might make on demand. — Two recent numbers of Questions of the Day (Putnams) are The Progress of the Working Classes in the last half century, by Robert Giffen, and Defective and Corrupt Legislation, the cause and remedy, by Simon Sterne. — Alfred F. Sears presented to the American Society of Civil Engineers an interesting paper on Commercial Cities ; the law of their birth and growth, which has been published in the Transactions of the society. He reaches the conclusion : "Railroads have increased the commercial wealth and machinery, but as yet they have not, and I dare to say they never will, divert trade from the line of direction of natural channels." — The third biennnial report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of Illinois has been issued by the state printer. (H. W. Rokker, Springfield, Illinois.) The little biographies of blacksmiths and other laborers are interesting reading, all the more so, that no names are given. Here is one of No. 41, a laborer, Irish. "Earnings of father, $400. Condition : Family numbers six — parents and four children, three boys aged one, two and three, and one girl five years of age. Occupy a house containing three rooms, for which they pay a rental of $10 monthly. *The parents are intelligent, and seem to be satisfied and enjoy life. Being young people, they take little interest as yet in labor organizations.*" As the newspapers say, the italics are our own.

Humor. Flatland, a Romance of Many Dimensions (Roberts), is a diverting skit by some mathematician, who has amused himself with imagining a world made up wholly of two dimensions, length and breadth. — Lyra Bicyclica : sixty poets on the wheel, by Joseph G. Dalton. (E. C. Hodges & Co., Boston.) Parodies and other frivolities which may have amused the writer, and have done him no harm. A reader, however, with choice of torture, might prefer to be broken on another wheel.

Conduct.—Oats or Wild Oats ? common-sense for young men, by J. M. Buckley. (Harpers.) The readers presumed by this book are young men of vague notions about their plans of life. Accordingly, a survey is attempted of various professions and occupations from farmer to dentist, and advice is given on the choice to be made, as also upon various other subjects of conduct. The multiplicity of subjects saves the writer from being tedious on any one of them, but the common-sense and commonplace are pretty interchangeable. — Words of Advice, for Parents, and Young Men and Women, by a Father. (Cleaves, Macdonald & Co., Boston.) More good-sense : more commonplace. But, after all, is not commonplace safer than paradox ?

Science. A Reprint of Annual Reports and other papers on the Geology of the Virginias is the title of a work drawn from the several publications of the late W. B. Rogers. (Appleton.) The reports originally proceeded from the Geological Survey of Virginia, and are reprinted in their order of appearance from 1834 to 1841, while later papers appearing as late as 1882 are added. Very interesting and complete colored maps and charts accompany the volume. Professor Rogers was at the head of the survey, and the lapse of time of course does not impair the value of results. The book is in effect a directory to the mineral wealth of the slumbering commonwealth. — The Lenape Stone, or the Indian and the Mammoth, by H. C. Mercer. (Putnams.) A boy picked up a stone in the field of a farm in Pennsylvania. He sold it to another boy, and the second found another stone, nine years after the first, which fitted the first find. The Lenape Stone, thus found, contains a rude scratching of a mammoth, as well as some scenes in Indian life. Hence a laborious examination, much agonizing on the part of scientific experts, and hence this serious little monograph, in which all the facts are carefully garnered, and a whole museum of similar facts brought together for purposes of comparison. — Jelly-Fish, Star-Fish, and Sea-Urchins, being a research on primitive nervous systems, by G. J. Romanes, constitutes the forty-ninth volume of the International Scientific Series. (Appleton.) The book, besides its uses to the general reader, appeals to the working physiologist. We miss a reference to the nervous prostration of Medusa. Sea-urchins could scarcely be expected to be thus affected. Their business naturally would be to make others nervous.

Medicine and Hygiene.— How to Drain a House, practical information for householders, by George E. Waring, Jr. (Holt.) Colonel Waring appears as the housewife's ally in her contest with the plumber, by providing her with an intelligible conception of what can and what cannot be done in house drainage. It is a comfort to learn that we really are better off with drains than without, and that the tendency is toward simplicity of apparatus. — A convenient volume, Diet for the Sick, has been prepared by the experienced Mrs. Henderson. It is a treatise on the values of foods, their application to special conditions of health and disease, and on the best methods of their preparation. Its most practical service will be as a cook-book for the sick room. (Harpers.) — The Invalid's Tea-Tray, by Susan Anna Brown (J. R. Osgood & Co.), is an attractive and admirably arranged little volume that really supplies a want, — which can hardly be said of most new cookery-books.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LVI. — AUGUST, 1885. — No. CCCXXXIV.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

XIV.

MISS VINCENT'S STARTLING DISCOVERY.

The sober-minded, sensible, well-instructed Dr. Butts was not a little exercised in mind by the demands made upon his knowledge by his young friend, and for the time being his pupil, Miss Lurida Vincent.

"I don't wonder they called her The Terror," he said to himself. "She is enough to frighten anybody. She has taken down old books from my shelves that I had almost forgotten the backs of, and as to the medical journals, I believe the girl could index them from memory. She is in pursuit of some special point of knowledge, I feel sure, and I cannot doubt what direction she is working in, but her wonderful way of dealing with books amazes me."

What marvels those "first scholars" in the classes of our great universities and colleges are, to be sure! They are not, as a rule, the most distinguished of their class in the long struggle of life. The chances are that "the field" will beat "the favorite" over the long race-course. Others will develop a longer stride and more staying power. But what fine gifts those "first scholars" have received from nature! How dull we writers, famous or obscure, are in the acquisition of knowledge as compared with them! To lead their classmates they must have quick apprehension, fine memories, thorough control of their mental faculties, strong will, power of concentration, facility of expression, — a wonderful equipment of mental faculties. I always want to take my hat off to the first scholar of his year.

Dr. Butts felt somewhat in the same way as he contemplated The Terror. She surprised him so often with her knowledge that he was ready to receive her without astonishment when she burst in upon him one day with a cry of triumph, "*Eureka! Eureka!*"

"And what have you found, my dear?" said the doctor.

Lurida was flushed and panting with the excitement of her new discovery.

"I do believe that I have found the secret of our strange visitor's dread of all human intercourse!"

The seasoned practitioner was not easily thrown off his balance.

"Wait a minute and get your breath," said the doctor. "Are you not a little overstating his peculiarity? It is not quite so bad as that. He keeps a man to serve him, he was civil with the people at the Old Tavern, he was affable enough, I understand, with the young fellow he pulled out of the water, or

Copyright, 1885, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

rescued somehow, — I don't believe he avoids the whole human race. He does not look as if he hated them, so far as I have remarked his expression. I passed a few words with him when his man was ailing, and found him polite enough. No, I don't believe it is much more than an extreme case of shyness, connected, perhaps, with some congenital or other personal repugnance to which has been given the name of an antipathy."

Lurida could hardly keep still while the doctor was speaking. When he finished, she began the account of her discovery: —

"I do certainly believe I have found an account of his case in an Italian medical journal of about fourteen years ago. I met with a reference which led me to look over a file of the *Giornale degli Ospitali* lying among the old pamphlets in the medical section of the Library. I have made a translation of it, which you must read and then tell me if you do not agree with me in my conclusion."

"Tell me what your conclusion is, and I will read your paper and see for myself whether I think the evidence justifies the conviction you seem to have reached."

"Lurida's large eyes showed their whole rounds like the two halves of a map of the world, as she said, —

"*I believe that Maurice Kirkwood is suffering from the effects of the bite of a* TARANTULA!"

The doctor drew a long breath. He remembered in a vague sort of way the stories which used to be told of the terrible Apulian spider, but he had consigned them to the limbo of medical fable where so many fictions have clothed themselves with a local habitation and a name. He looked into the round eyes and wide pupils a little anxiously, as if he feared that she was in a state of undue excitement, but, true to his professional training, he waited for another symptom, if indeed her mind was in any measure off its balance.

"I know what you are thinking," Lurida said, "but it is not so. 'I am not mad, most noble Festus.' You shall see the evidence and judge for yourself. Read the whole case, — you can read my hand almost as if it were print, — and tell me if you do not agree with me that this young man is in all probability the same person as the boy described in the Italian journal. One thing you might say is against the supposition. The young patient is spoken of as Signorino M . . . Ch. . . . But you must remember that *ch* is pronounced hard in Italian, like *k*, which letter is wanting in the Italian alphabet; and it is natural enough that the initial of the second name should have got changed in the record to its Italian equivalent."

Before inviting the reader to follow the details of this extraordinary case as found in a medical journal, the holder of The Portfolio wishes to be indulged in a few words of explanation, in order that he may not have to apologize for allowing the introduction of a subject which may be thought to belong to the professional student rather than to the readers of these papers. There is a great deal in medical books which it is very unbecoming to bring before the general public, — a great deal to repel, to disgust, to alarm, to excite unwholesome curiosity. It is not the men whose duties have made them familiar with this class of subjects who are most likely to offend by scenes and descriptions which belong to the physician's private library and not to the shelves devoted to polite literature. Goldsmith and even Smollett, both having studied and practised medicine, could not by any possibility have outraged all the natural feelings of delicacy and decency as Swift and Zola have outraged them. But without handling doubtful subjects, there are many curious medical experiences which have

interest for every one as extreme illustrations of ordinary conditions with which all are acquainted. No one can study the now familiar history of clairvoyance profitably who has not learned something of the vagaries of hysteria. No one can read understandingly the lives of Cowper and of Carlyle without having some idea of the influence of hypochondriasis and of dyspepsia upon the disposition and intellect of the subjects of these maladies. I need not apologize, therefore, for giving publicity to that part of this narrative which deals with one of the most singular maladies to be found in the records of bodily and mental infirmities.

The following is the account of the case as translated by Miss Vincent. For obvious reasons the whole name was not given in the original paper, and for similar reasons the date of the event and the birthplace of the patient are not precisely indicated here.

[Giornale degli Ospitali, Luglio 21, 18—.]

REMARKABLE CASE OF TARANTISM.

"The great interest attaching to the very singular and exceptional instance of this rare affection induces us to give a full account of the extraordinary example of its occurrence in a patient who was the subject of a recent medical consultation in this city.

"Signorino M . . . Ch . . . is the only son of a gentleman travelling in Italy at this time. He is eleven years of age, of sanguine-nervous temperament, light hair, blue eyes, intelligent countenance, well grown, but rather slight in form, to all appearance in good health, but subject to certain peculiar and anomalous nervous symptoms, of which his father gives this history.

"Nine years ago, the father informs us, he was travelling in Italy with his wife, this child, and a nurse. They were passing a few days in a country village near the city of Bari, capital of the province of the same name in the division (*compartimento*) of Apulia. The child was in perfect health and had never been affected by any serious illness. On the 10th of July he was playing out in the field near the house where the family was staying when he was heard to scream suddenly and violently. The nurse rushing to him found him in great pain, saying that something had bitten him in one of his feet. A laborer, one Tommaso, ran up at the moment and perceived in the grass, near where the boy was standing, an enormous spider, which he at once recognized as a tarantula. He managed to catch the creature in a large leaf, from which he was afterwards transferred to a wide-mouthed bottle, where he lived without any food for a month or more. The creature was covered with short hairs, and had a pair of nipper-like jaws, with which he could inflict an ugly wound. His body measured about an inch in length, and from the extremity of one of the longest limbs to the other was between two and three inches. Such was the account given by the physician to whom the peasant carried the great spider.

"The boy who had been bitten continued screaming violently while his stocking was being removed and the foot examined. The place of the bite was easily found and the two marks of the claw-like jaws already showed the effects of the poison, a small livid circle extending around them, with some puffy swelling. The distinguished Dr. Amadei was immediately sent for and applied cups over the wounds in the hope of drawing forth the poison. In vain all his skill and efforts! Soon, ataxic (irregular) nervous symptoms declared themselves, and it became plain that the system had been infected by the poison.

"The symptoms were very much like those of malignant fever, such as distress about the region of the heart,

difficulty of breathing, collapse of all the vital powers, threatening immediate death. From these first symptoms the child rallied, but his entire organism had been profoundly affected by the venom circulating through it. His constitution has never thrown off the malady resulting from this toxic (poisonous) agent. The phenomena which have been observed in this young patient correspond so nearly with those enumerated in the elaborate essay of the celebrated Baglivi that one might think they had been transcribed from his pages.

"He is very fond of solitude, — of wandering about in churchyards and other lonely places. He was once found hiding in an empty tomb, which had been left open. His aversion to certain colors is remarkable. Generally speaking, he prefers bright tints to darker ones, but his likes and dislikes are capricious, and with regard to some colors his antipathy amounts to positive horror. Some shades have such an effect upon him that he cannot remain in the room with them, and if he meets any one whose dress has any of that particular color, he will turn away or retreat so as to avoid passing that person. Among these, purple and dark green are the least endurable. He cannot explain the sensations which these obnoxious colors produce except by saying that it is like the deadly feeling from a blow on the epigastrium (pit of the stomach).

"About the same season of the year at which the tarantular poisoning took place he is liable to certain nervous seizures, not exactly like fainting or epilepsy, but reminding the physician of those affections: all the other symptoms are aggravated at this time.

"In other respects than those mentioned the boy is in good health. He is fond of riding, and has a pony on which he takes a great deal of exercise, which seems to do him more good than any other remedy.

"The influence of music, to which so much has been attributed by popular belief and even by the distinguished Professor to whom we shall again refer, has not as yet furnished any satisfactory results. If the graver symptoms recur while the patient is under our observation, we propose to make use of an agency discredited by modern skepticism, but deserving of a fair trial as an exceptional remedy for an exceptional disease.

"The following extracts from the work of the celebrated Italian physician of the last century are given by the writer of the paper in the *Giornale* in the original Latin, with a translation into Italian, subjoined. Here are the extracts, or rather here is a selection from them, with a translation of them into English.

"After mentioning the singular aversion to certain colors shown by the subject of tarantism, Baglivi writes as follows: —

"'*Et si astantes incedant vestibus eo colore diffusis, qui Tarantatis ingratus est, necesse est ut ab illorum aspectu recedant; nam ad intuitum molesti coloris angore cordis, et symptomatum recrudescantia statim corripiuntur.*' (G. Baglivi, Op. Omnia, page 614. Lugduni, 1745.)

"That is, 'if the persons about the patient wear dresses of the color which is offensive to him, he must get away from the sight of them; for on seeing the obnoxious color he is at once seized with distress in the region of the heart, and a renewal of his symptoms.'

"As to the recurrence of the malady, Baglivi says: —

"'*Dum calor solis ardentius exurere incipit, quod contingit circa initia Julii et Augusti, Tarantati lente venientem recrudescentiam veneni percipiunt.*' (Ibid, page 619.)

"Which I render, 'When the heat of the sun begins to burn more fiercely, which happens about the beginning of July and August, the subjects of Taran-

tism perceive the gradually approaching recrudescence (returning symptoms) of the poisoning.' Among the remedies most valued by this illustrious physician is that mentioned in the following sentence.

"'*Laudo magnopere equitationes in aëre rusticano factas singulis diebus, horâ potissimum matutina, quibus equitationibus morbos chronicos pene incurabiles protinus eliminavi.*'

"Or in translation, —

"'I commend especially riding on horseback in country air, every day, by preference in the morning hours, by the aid of which horseback riding I have driven off chronic diseases which were almost incurable.'"

Miss Vincent read this paper aloud to Dr. Butts, and handed it to him to examine and consider. He listened with a grave countenance and devout attention.

As she finished reading her account, she exclaimed in the passionate tones of the deepest conviction: —

"There, doctor! Have n't I found the true story of this strange visitor? Have n't I solved the riddle of the sphinx? Who can this man be but the boy of that story? Look at the date of the journal when he was eleven years old; it would make him twenty-five now, and that is just about the age the people here think he must be of. What could account so entirely for his ways and actions, as that strange poisoning which produces the state they call tarantism? I am just as sure it must be that as I am that I am alive. Oh, doctor, doctor, I must be right, — this Signorino M . . . Ch . . . was the boy Maurice Kirkwood, and the story accounts for everything, — his solitary habits, his dread of people, — it must be because they wear the colors he can't bear. His morning rides on horseback, his coming here just as the season was approaching which would aggravate all his symptoms, — does n't all this prove that I must be right in my conjecture, — no, my conviction?"

The doctor knew too much to interrupt the young enthusiast, and so he let her run on until she ran down. He was more used to the rules of evidence than she was, and could not accept her positive conclusion so readily as she would have liked to have him. He knew that beginners are very apt to make what they think are discoveries. But he had been an angler and knew the meaning of a yielding rod and an easy-running reel. He said quietly, —

"You are a most sagacious young lady, and a very pretty *prima facie* case it is that you make out. I can see no proof that Mr. Kirkwood is not the same person as the M . . . Ch . . . of the medical journal, — that is, if I accept your explanation of the difference in the initials of these two names. Even if there were a difference, that would not disprove their identity, for the initials of patients whose cases are reported by their physicians are often altered for the purpose of concealment. I do not know, however, that Mr. Kirkwood has shown any special aversion to any particular color. It might be interesting to inquire whether it is so, but it is a delicate matter. I don't exactly see whose business it is to investigate Mr. Maurice Kirkwood's idiosyncrasies and constitutional history. If he should have occasion to send for me at any time, he might tell me all about himself, — in confidence, you know. These old accounts from Baglivi are curious and interesting, but I am cautious about receiving any stories a hundred years old, if they involve an improbability, as his stories about the cure of the tarantula bite by music certainly do. I am disposed to wait for future developments, bearing the very singular case you have unearthed in mind, of course. It would n't be very strange if our young gentleman had to send for

me before the season is over. He is out a good deal before the dew is off the grass, which is rather risky in this neighborhood as autumn comes on. I am somewhat curious, I confess, about the young man, but I do not meddle where I am not asked for or wanted, and I have found that eggs hatch just as well if you let them alone in the nest, as if you take them out and shake them every day. This is a wonderfully interesting supposition of yours, and may prove to be strictly in accordance with the facts. But I do not think we have all the facts in this young man's case. If it were proved that he had an aversion to any color, it would greatly strengthen your case. His 'antipatia,' as his man called it, must be one which covers a wide ground, to account for his self-isolation, — and the color hypothesis seems as plausible as any. But, my dear Miss Vincent, I think you had better leave your singular and striking hypothesis in my keeping for a while, rather than let it get abroad in a community like this, where so many tongues are in active exercise. I will carefully study this paper, if you will leave it with me, and we will talk the whole matter over. It is a fair subject for speculation, only we must keep quiet about it."

This long speech gave Lurida's perfervid brain time to cool off a little. She left the paper with the doctor, telling him she would come for it the next day, and went off to tell the result of this visit to her bosom friend, Miss Euthymia Tower.

XV.

DR. BUTTS CALLS ON EUTHYMIA.

The doctor was troubled in thinking over his interview with the young lady. She was fully possessed with the idea that she had discovered the secret which had defied the most sagacious heads of the village. It was of no use to oppose her while her mind was in an excited state. But he felt it his duty to guard her against any possible results of indiscretion into which her eagerness and her theory of the equality, almost the identity, of the sexes might betray her. Too much of the woman in a daughter of our race leads her to forget danger. Too little of the woman prompts her to defy it. Fortunately for this last class of women, they are not quite so likely to be perilously seductive as their more emphatically feminine sisters.

Dr. Butts had known Lurida and her friend from the days of their infancy. He had watched the development of Lurida's intelligence from its precocious nursery-life to the full vigor of its trained faculties. He had looked with admiration on the childish beauty of Euthymia, and seen her grow up to womanhood, every year making her more attractive. He knew that if anything was to be done with his self-willed young scholar and friend, it would be more easily effected through the medium of Euthymia, than by direct advice to the young lady herself. So the thoughtful doctor made up his mind to have a good talk with Euthymia, and put her on her guard, if Lurida showed any tendency to forget the conventionalities in her eager pursuit of knowledge.

For the doctor's horse and chaise to stop at the door of Miss Euthymia Tower's parental home was an event strange enough to set all the tongues in the village going. This was one of those families where illness was hardly looked for among the possibilities of life. There were other families where a call from the doctor was hardly more thought of than a call from the baker. But here he was a stranger, at least on his professional rounds, and when he asked for Miss Euthymia, the servant, who knew his face well, stared as if he had held in his hand a warrant for her apprehension.

Euthymia did not keep the doctor waiting very long while she made ready to meet him. One look at her glass to make sure that a lock had not run astray, or a ribbon got out of place, and her toilet for a morning call was finished. Perhaps if Mr. Maurice Kirkwood had been announced, she might have taken a second look, but with the good middle-aged, married doctor, one was enough for a young lady who had the gift of making all the dresses she wore look well, and had no occasion to treat her chamber like the laboratory where an actress compounds herself.

Euthymia welcomed the doctor very heartily. She could not help suspecting his errand, and she was very glad to have a chance to talk over her friend's schemes and fancies with him.

The doctor began without any roundabout prelude.

"I want to confer with you about our friend Lurida. Does she tell you all her plans and projects?"

"Why, as to that, doctor, I can hardly say, positively, but I do not believe she keeps back anything of importance from me. I know what she has been busy with lately, and the queer idea she has got into her head. What do you think of the Tarantula business? She has shown you the paper she has written, I suppose."

"Indeed she has. It is a very curious case she has got hold of, and I do not wonder at all that she should have felt convinced that she had come at the true solution of the village riddle. It may be that this young man is the same person as the boy mentioned in the Italian medical journal. But it is very far from clear that he is so. You know all her reasons, of course, as you have read the story. The times seem to agree well enough. It is easy to conceive that *Ch* might be substituted for *K* in the report. The singular solitary habits of this young man entirely coincide with the story. If we could only find out whether he has any of these feelings with reference to certain colors, we might guess with more chance of guessing right than we have at present. But I don't see exactly how we are going to submit him to examination on this point. If he were only a chemical compound, we could analyze him. If he were only a bird or a quadruped, we could find out his likes and dislikes. But being, as he is, a young man, with ways of his own, and a will of his own, which he may not choose to have interfered with, the problem becomes more complicated. I hear that a newspaper correspondent has visited him so as to make a report to his paper, — do you know what he found out?"

"Certainly I do, very well. My brother has heard his own story, which was this: He found out he had got hold of the wrong person to interview. The young gentleman, he says, interviewed *him*, so that he did not learn much about the sphinx. But the newspaper man told Willy about the sphinx's library and a cabinet of coins he had; and said he should make an article out of him, anyhow. I wish the man would take himself off. I am afraid Lurida's love of knowledge will get her into trouble!"

"*Which* of the men do you wish would take himself off?"

"I was thinking of the newspaper man."

She blushed a little as she said, "I can't help feeling a strange sort of interest about the other, Mr. Kirkwood. Do you know that I met him this morning, and had a good look at him, full in the face?"

"Well, to be sure! That *was* an interesting experience. And how did you like his looks?"

"I thought his face a very remarkable one. But he looked very pale as he passed me, and I noticed that he put his hand to his left side as if he had a twinge of pain, or something of that

sort, — spasm or neuralgia, — I don't know what. I wondered whether he had what you call *angina pectoris*. It was the same kind of look and movement I remember, as you must, too, in my uncle who died with that complaint."

The doctor was silent for a moment. Then he asked, "Were you dressed as you are now?"

"Yes, I was, except that I had a thin mantle over my shoulders. I was out early, and I have always remembered your caution."

"What color was your mantle?"

"It was black. I have been over all this with Lurida. A black mantle on a white dress. A straw hat with an old faded ribbon. There can't be much in those colors to trouble him, I should think, for his man wears a black coat and white linen, — more or less white, as you must have noticed, and he must have seen ribbons of all colors often enough. But Lurida believes it was the ribbon, or something in the combination of colors. Her head is full of Tarantulas and Tarantism. I fear that she will never be easy until the question is settled by actual trial. And will you believe it? the girl is determined in some way to test her supposition!"

"Believe it, Euthymia! I can believe almost anything of Lurida. She is the most irrepressible creature I ever knew. You know as well as I do what a complete possession any ruling idea takes of her whole nature. I have had some fears lest her zeal might run away with her discretion. It is a great deal easier to get into a false position than to get out of it."

"I know it well enough. I want you to tell me what you think about the whole business. I don't like the look of it at all, and yet I can do nothing with the girl except let her follow her fancy, until I can show her plainly that she will get herself into trouble in some way or other. But she is ingenious, — full of all sorts of devices, innocent enough in themselves, but liable to be misconstrued. You remember how she won us the boat-race?"

"To be sure I do. It was rather sharp practice, but she felt she was paying off an old score. The classical story of Atalanta, told, like that of Eve, as illustrating the weakness of woman, provoked her to make trial of the powers of resistance in the other sex. But it was audacious. I hope her audacity will not go too far. You must watch her. *Keep an eye on her correspondence.*"

The doctor had great confidence in the good sense of Lurida's friend. He felt sure that she would not let Lurida commit herself by writing foolish letters to the subject of her speculations, or similar indiscreet performances. The boldness of young girls, who think no evil, in opening correspondence with idealized personages is something quite astonishing to those who have had an opportunity of knowing the facts. Lurida had passed the most dangerous age, but her theory of the equality of the sexes made her indifferent to the by-laws of social usage. She required watching, and her two guardians were ready to check her, in case of need.

XVI.

MISS VINCENT WRITES A LETTER.

Euthymia noticed that her friend had been very much preoccupied for two or three days. She found her more than once busy at her desk, with a manuscript before her, which she turned over and placed inside the desk, as Euthymia entered.

This desire of concealment was not what either of the friends expected to see in the other. It showed that some project was under way, which, at least in its present stage, the Machiavellian young lady did not wish to disclose. It had cost her a good deal of thought and

care, apparently, for her waste-basket was full of scraps of paper, which looked as if they were the remains of a manuscript like that at which she was at work. "Copying and recopying, probably," thought Euthymia, but she was willing to wait to learn what Lurida was busy about, though she had a suspicion that it was something in which she might feel called upon to interest herself.

"Do you know what I think?" said Euthymia to the doctor, meeting him as he left his door. "I believe Lurida is writing to this man, and I don't like the thought of her doing such a thing. Of course she is not like other girls in many respects, but other people will judge her by the common rules of life."

"I am glad that you spoke of it," answered the doctor; "she would write to him just as quickly as to any woman of his age. Besides, under the cover of her office, she has got into the way of writing to anybody. I think she has already written to Mr. Kirkwood, asking him to contribute a paper for the Society. She can find a pretext easily enough if she has made up her mind to write. In fact, I doubt if she would trouble herself for any pretext at all if she decided to write. Watch her well. Don't let any letter go without seeing it, if you can help it."

Young women are much given to writing letters to persons whom they only know indirectly, for the most part through their books, and especially to romancers and poets. Nothing can be more innocent and simple-hearted than most of these letters. They are the spontaneous outflow of young hearts easily excited to gratitude for the pleasure which some story or poem has given them, and recognizing their own thoughts, their own feelings, in those expressed by the author, as if on purpose for them to read. Undoubtedly they give great relief to solitary young persons, who must have some ideal reflection of themselves, and know not where to look since protestantism has taken away the crucifix and the Madonna. The recipient of these letters sometimes wonders, after reading through one of them, how it is that his young correspondent has managed to fill so much space with her simple message of admiration or of sympathy.

Lurida did not belong to this particular class of correspondents, but she could not resist the law of her sex, whose thoughts naturally surround themselves with superabundant drapery of language, as their persons float in a wide superfluity of woven tissues. Was she indeed writing to this unknown gentleman? Euthymia questioned her point-blank.

"Are you going to open a correspondence with Mr. Maurice Kirkwood, Lurida? You seem to be so busy writing, I can think of nothing else. Or are you going to write a novel, or a paper for the Society, — do tell me what you are so much taken up with."

"I will tell you, Euthymia, if you will promise not to find fault with me for carrying out my plan as I have made up my mind to do. You may read this letter before I seal it, and if you find anything in it you don't like, you can suggest any change that you think will improve it. I hope you will see that it explains itself. I don't believe that you will find anything to frighten you in it."

This is the letter, as submitted to Miss Tower by her friend. The bold handwriting made it look like a man's letter, and gave it consequently a less dangerous expression than that which belongs to the tinted and often fragrant sheet with its delicate thready characters, which slant across the page like an April shower with a south wind chasing it.

ARROWHEAD VILLAGE, *August* —, 18—.

MY DEAR SIR, — You will doubtless be surprised at the sight of a letter

like this from one whom you only know as the Secretary of the Pansophian Society. There is a very common feeling that it is unbecoming in one of my sex to address one of your own with whom she is unacquainted, unless she has some special claim upon his attention. I am by no means disposed to concede to the vulgar prejudice on this point. If one human being has anything to communicate to another, — anything which deserves being communicated, — I see no occasion for bringing in the question of sex. I do not think the *homo sum* of Terence can be claimed for the male sex as its private property on general any more than on grammatical grounds.

I have sometimes thought of devoting myself to the noble art of healing. If I did so, it would be with the fixed purpose of giving my whole powers to the service of humanity. And if I should carry out that idea, should I refuse my care and skill to a suffering fellow-mortal because that mortal happened to be a brother, and not a sister? My whole nature protests against such one-sided humanity! No! I am blind to all distinctions when my eyes are opened to any form of suffering, to any spectacle of want.

You may ask me why I address *you*, whom I know little or nothing of, and to whom such an advance may seem presumptuous and intrusive. It is because I was deeply impressed by the paper which I attributed to you, — that on Ocean, River, and Lake, which was read at one of our meetings. I say that I was deeply impressed, but I do not mean this as a compliment to that paper. I am not bandying compliments now, but thinking of better things than praises or phrases. I was interested in the paper, partly because I recognized some of the feelings expressed in it as my own, — partly because there was an undertone of sadness in all the voices of nature as you echoed them which made me sad to hear, and which I could not help longing to cheer and enliven. I said to myself, I should like to hold communion with the writer of that paper. I have had my lonely hours and days, as he has had. I have had some of his experiences in my intercourse with nature. And oh! if I could draw him into those better human relations which await us all, if we come with the right dispositions, I should blush if I stopped to inquire whether I violated any conventional rule or not.

You will understand me, I feel sure. You believe, do you not? in the insignificance of the barrier which divides the sisterhood from the brotherhood of mankind. You believe, do you not? that they should be educated side by side, that they should share the same pursuits, due regard being had to the fitness of the particular individual for hard or light work, as it must always be, whether we are dealing with the "stronger" or the "weaker" sex. I mark these words because, notwithstanding their common use, they involve so much that is not true. Stronger! Yes, to lift a barrel of flour, or a barrel of cider, — though there have been women who could do that, and though when John Wesley was mobbed in Staffordshire a woman knocked down three or four men, one after another, until she was at last overpowered and nearly murdered. Talk about the weaker sex! Go and see Miss Euthymia Tower at the gymnasium! But no matter about which sex has the strongest muscles. Which has most to suffer, and which has most endurance and vitality? We go through many ordeals which you are spared, but we outlast you in mind and body. I have been led away into one of my accustomed trains of thought, but not so far away from it as you might at first suppose.

My brother! Are you not ready to recognize in me a friend, an equal, a sister, who can speak to you as if she

had been reared under the same roof? And is not the sky that covers us one roof, which makes us all one family? You are lonely, you must be longing for some human fellowship. Take me into your confidence. What is there that you can tell me to which I cannot respond with sympathy? What saddest note in your spiritual dirges which will not find its chord in mine?

I long to know what influence has cast its shadow over your existence. I myself have known what it is to carry a brain that never rests in a body that is always tired. I have defied its infirmities, and forced it to do my bidding. You have no such hindrance, if we may judge by your aspect and habits. You deal with horses like a Homeric hero. No wild Indian could handle his bark canoe more dexterously or more vigorously than we have seen you handling yours. There must be some reason for your seclusion which curiosity has not reached, and into which it is not the province of curiosity to inquire. But in the irresistible desire which I have to bring you into kindly relations with those around you, I must run the risk of giving offence that I may know in what direction to look for those restorative influences which the sympathy of a friend and sister can offer to a brother in need of some kindly impulse to change the course of a life which is not, which cannot be, in accordance with his true nature.

I have thought that there may be something in the conditions with which you are here surrounded which is repugnant to your feelings, — something which can be avoided only by keeping yourself apart from the people whose acquaintance you would naturally have formed. There can hardly be anything in the place itself, or you would not have voluntarily sought it as a residence, even for a single season. There might be individuals here whom you would not care to meet, — there must be such, but you cannot have a personal aversion to everybody. I have heard of cases in which certain sights and sounds, which have no particular significance for most persons, produced feelings of distress or aversion that made them unbearable to the subjects of the constitutional dislike. It has occurred to me that possibly you might have some such natural aversion to the sounds of the street, or such as are heard in most houses, especially where a piano is kept, as it is in fact in almost all of those in the village. Or it might be, I imagined, that some color in the dresses of women or the furniture of our rooms affected you unpleasantly. I know that instances of such antipathy have been recorded, and they would account for the seclusion of those who are subject to it.

If there is any removable condition which interferes with your free entrance into and enjoyment of the social life around you, tell me, I beg of you, tell me what it is, and it shall be eliminated. Think it not strange, O my brother, that I thus venture to introduce myself into the hidden chambers of your life. I will never suffer myself to be frightened from the carrying out of any thought which promises to be of use to a fellow-mortal by a fear lest it should be considered "unfeminine." I can bear to be considered unfeminine, but I cannot endure to think of myself as inhuman. Can I help you, my brother?

Believe me your most sincere well-wisher, LURIDA VINCENT.

Euthymia had carried off this letter and read it by herself. As she finished it, her feelings found expression in an old phrase of her grandmother's, which came up of itself, as such survivals of early days are apt to do, on great occasions.

"Well, I never!"

Then she loosened some button or string that was too tight and went to the window for a breath of out-door air.

Then she began at the beginning and read the whole letter all over again.

What should she do about it? She could not let this young girl send a letter like that to a stranger of whose character little was known except by inference, — to a young man, who would consider it a most extraordinary advance on the part of the sender. She would have liked to tear it into a thousand pieces, but she had no right to treat it in that way. Lurida meant to send it the next morning, and in the mean time Euthymia had the night to think over what she should do about it.

There is nothing like the pillow for an oracle. There is no voice like that which breaks the silence of the stagnant hours of the night with its sudden suggestions and luminous counsels. When Euthymia awoke in the morning, her course of action was as clear before her as if it had been dictated by her guardian angel. She went straight over to the home of Lurida, who was just dressed for breakfast.

She was naturally a little surprised at this early visit. She was struck with the excited look of Euthymia, being herself quite calm, and contemplating her project with entire complacency.

Euthymia began, in tones that expressed deep anxiety.

"I have read your letter, my dear, and admired its spirit and force. It is a fine letter, and does you great credit as an expression of the truest human feeling. But it must not be sent to Mr. Kirkwood. If you were sixty years old, perhaps if you were fifty, it might be admissible to send it. But if you were forty, I should question its propriety; if you were thirty, I should veto it, and you are but a little more than twenty. How do you know that this stranger will not show your letter to anybody or everybody? How do you know that he will not send it to one of the gossiping journals like the Household Inquisitor? But supposing he keeps it to himself, which is more than you have a right to expect, what opinion is he likely to form of a young lady who invades his privacy with such freedom? Ten to one he will think curiosity is at the bottom of it, — and, — come, don't be angry at me for suggesting it, — may there not be a little of that same motive mingled with the others? No, don't interrupt me quite yet, you *do* want to know whether your hypothesis is correct. You are full of the best and kindest feelings in the world, but your desire for knowledge is the ferment under them just now, perhaps more than you know."

Lurida's pale cheeks flushed and whitened more than once while her friend was speaking. She loved her too sincerely and respected her intelligence too much to take offence at her advice, but she could not give up her humane and sisterly intentions merely from the fear of some awkward consequences to herself. She had persuaded herself that she was playing the part of a Protestant sister of charity, and that the fact of her not wearing the costume of these ministering angels made no difference in her relations to those who needed her aid.

"I cannot see your objections in the light in which they appear to you," she said gravely. "It seems to me that I give up everything when I hesitate to help a fellow-creature because I am a woman. I am not afraid to send this letter and take all the consequences."

"Will you go with me to the doctor's, and let him read it in our presence? And will you agree to abide by his opinion, if it coincides with mine?"

Lurida winced a little at this proposal. "I don't quite like," she said, "showing this letter to — to" — she hesitated, but it had to come out — "to a man, — that is, to another man than the one for whom it was intended."

The neuter gender business had got a pretty damaging side-hit.

"Well, never mind about letting him read the letter. Will you go over to his house with me at noon, when he comes back after his morning visits, and have a talk over the whole matter with him? You know I have sometimes had to say *must* to you, Lurida, and now I say you *must* go to the doctor's with me and carry that letter."

There was no resisting the potent monosyllable as the sweet but firm voice delivered it. At noon the two maidens rang at the doctor's door. The servant said he had been at the house after his morning visits, but found a hasty summons to Mr. Kirkwood, who had been taken suddenly ill and wished to see him at once. — Was the illness dangerous? The servant-maid did n't know, but thought it was pretty bad, for Mr. Paul came in as white as a sheet, and talked all sorts of languages which she could n't understand, and took on as if he thought Mr. Kirkwood was going to die right off.

And so the hazardous question about sending the letter was disposed of, at least for the present.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE PORT ROYAL OF MÈRE ANGÉLIQUE.

Qui ne connaît pas Port Royal, ne connaît pas l'humanité. — ROYRE-COLLARD.

FRENCH Protestantism in the sixteenth century, according to Sainte-Beuve, was the work of the aristocracy, or at least of the gentry. Port Royal was the religious expression of the best part of the middle classes in France.

In 1599, the last year of the sixteenth century, little Jacqueline Arnauld, a child of seven, was appointed coadjutrix to the lady-abbess of Port Royal, while her sister Jeanne, two years younger, was made abbess of the neighboring convent of Saint Cyr. Antoine Arnauld, father of these childen, and of a numerous progeny besides, was an eminent lawyer of Huguenot descent; and their grandfather, M. Marion, advocate-general of Henry IV., was a favorite of that monarch, who was not very strict, as we know, in his ideas about abbeys and sacraments. He probably considered this a legitimate and honorable method of providing for the younger daughters of his friends. The Pope's bull, however, confirming these appointments was not forthcoming. Antoine Arnauld had made a great reputation by a famous plea against the Jesuits, instrumental in procuring their recent expulsion. His courageous eloquence had won from the University of France an official expression of everlasting gratitude, but it had also secured to him the undying hatred of the "Order," and of its friends at court. Everything went on as if the confirmation had been issued in due form. Little Jeanne went to Saint Cyr to perform her duties by proxy, and Jacqueline was sent away from home to a convent, to be trained for her new responsibilities, and to be initiated into her religious life. The choice of abode was a strange one, for she was sent to Maubuisson.

Midway between Creil and Paris, on the Chemin du fer du Nord, near the station of Saint-Ouen-l'Aumône, where you change cars for Dieppe, rise the ruins of this stately abbey, founded by Blanche, mother of Saint Louis. Here Jacqueline dwelt for two years, under the care and guidance of Madame Angélique d'Estrées, Abbess of Maubuisson and Bertaumont, the unworthy sister of the far-famed Gabrielle. At first, Madame d'Estrées had only presided over

the Abbey of Bertaumont, near Amiens, where Henry IV. was a frequent visitor. It is said that Gabrielle complained of being banished so far from Paris, and begged her royal lover to give her sister charge of some other convent not so remote. So the abbess of Maubuisson was notified that another would be appointed in her stead, and the king signified his wishes, convoked the chapter in person, and installed Madame Angélique and her fair sister in their new domain. Thus, in the shadow of the royal amours, and under the influence of such a woman, Jacqueline passed two years of her childhood and received her first impressions of convent life. Once, during this period, she accompanied the abbess on a visit to Maubuisson, was confirmed there, and took Madame d'Estrées' own name, Angélique. The old abbess of Port Royal had just died, and a new nomination was to be sent to Rome, no longer of Jacqueline Arnauld, as coadjutrix, but of Angélique Arnauld, as abbess, and her age was stated as seventeen, when, in fact, she was hardly nine years old. Even then, difficulties were made, and, only after a great deal of adroit diplomacy in support of the falsehood, the Pope's consent was obtained, and the bull issued, investing Angélique with the dignity of the abbess of the monastery of Port Royal, where she now took up her abode, after being regularly installed in presence of an august assemblage.

The abbey of Port Royal des Champs, about eighteen miles to the west of Paris, lies in a narrow valley, completely shut in by wooded hills. It was founded in the year 1204, by Eudes de Sully, Bishop of Paris, and Mathilde de Garlande, who had made a vow for the salvation and safe return of her husband, a crusader with Foulques de Neuilly. The name is said to come from the low Latin word *borra* or *porra*, signifying a hole full of brambles and stagnant water, only too descriptive of the original state of the valley. Twelve years after its foundation it was called "Portu-Regio," thus sanctioning the legend of Philip-Augustus, who, having lost his way in the chase, took refuge in a little chapel dedicated to Saint Laurence on this spot, and founded the abbey in grateful recognition of the shelter afforded, thence called Port Royal. So says tradition, but historical records do not confirm the story.

The convent belonged to the Order of Saint Bernard; but some of the first nuns were Benedictines, and they were under the supervision of the monks of Citeaux, at the neighboring convent of Vaux de Cernai, now a picturesque and imposing ruin, belonging to Madame Nathaniel Rothschild. Vaux de Cernai was founded in 1128, by Simon de Montfort, also a patron and benefactor of Port Royal. Thibaut, grandson of Mathilde de Garlande, became the abbot of Vaux de Cernai, and evidently regarded with great favor the convent near by, founded by his grandmother. During the visits he made to Port Royal as superior, he inhabited a small, detached building near the porter's lodge that ever after went by his name.

Four hundred years had passed away since Mathilde de Garlande kept her pious vow, when the child abbess came into possession of her new domain, no longer a stagnant fen, but a fair and fertile valley, embosoming a goodly convent. The rule had been very much relaxed, as was generally the case at that period, and more or less disorder prevailed, though the epitaph of the old abbess, who had lately died, recorded that "she had not neglected her convent, and had fed her nuns well." At the time of the accession of Mère Angélique, the confessor was an ignorant old monk, who did not understand his "Pater," could not say one word of the catechism, and never opened a book but his breviary. There had been no

preaching at Port Royal for the last thirty years, except on the rare occasions when a nun took the veil. They went to communion once a month and on high feast days, always excepting that of the purification, that came in carnival time when all the house was in confusion, and the confessor and the nuns had as much as they could do to prepare for masquerades. The sisters followed the fashion of wearing masks and gloves to preserve their complexions. There were only thirteen nuns in all, and the eldest, thirty-three years old, was soon sent away by Madame Arnauld for unseemly conduct. The young abbess led a regular life and conducted all the services, beginning with the matins at four o'clock. The rest of the time she played or rambled about the place, attending particularly to one of the regulations that directed the lady abbess to take the community to walk after vespers. Rainy days she read romances, or the history of Rome, by way of recreation. The prioress attended to all the material wants of the house. There was not much luxury, for they were not rich and the servants were wasteful, but there was a great deal of liberty in private expenditure, and some of the nuns had their own furniture and silver service. The Arnauld family exercised a vigilant oversight, Madame Arnauld, especially, often arriving from Paris unexpectedly; but all was quiet and orderly, and the general of the Order, on his annual visit of inspection, pronounced everything satisfactory, and increased the number of nuns to sixteen. One day Henry IV., hunting in the neighborhood, called at the abbey to see Antoine Arnauld, Angélique's father, then on a visit to the convent, during the parliamentary recess. The youthful abbess went out in great state at the head of all her nuns, to meet the king. She was mounted for the occasion on high-heeled overshoes, and the king complimented her on being tall for her age. He promised to come back and dine the next day, but the hunt taking him in another direction, he sent his excuses in due form, and then shouted as he passed close under the walls, on horseback: "The king kisses the hands of the lady abbess." This was his first and last visit to Port Royal; little else occurred to break the monotony, and after five long years Angélique grew weary of a life that began to inspire her with disgust. She confided in no one, however, and when people suggested that she was not bound by vows made when she was a minor, she never appeared to entertain the idea, and discouraged such remarks. She began, however, to make and receive visits, proceedings that interfered with the regularity of convent life, and displeased her mother, who did not spare remonstrances and exhortations. Angélique saw at last that she must submit to the rule, or else afflict her parents and do discredit to her position. She gave up her excursions and tried for a time to console herself by reading Plutarch's Lives, and other profane books; but, in spite of this diversion, her life grew so intolerable that she meditated escape, dreamed of marriage, and seriously planned taking refuge with her Huguenot aunts at La Rochelle. On the eve of carrying out this design, she fell ill, probably from nervous excitement, and was taken home on a litter. She was tenderly cared for in her father's house in Paris, and, on her recovery, the affectionate child had lost the courage to distress those who loved her by such a scandal. It is possible that in her delirium she may have betrayed her secret; at all events, one day, soon after her recovery, her father surprised her by suddenly presenting an illegibly written page, laying it before her, and saying in a peremptory tone: "Sign this, my daughter, there, in that place," pointing out the spot for the signature. One glance convinced her

that it was a confirmation of her vows, but she did not dare to resist, and wrote her name, "ready to die with shame and anger," as she said afterwards. Disheartened and humiliated by this trick, still feeble from severe and prolonged illness, she returned disconsolately to Port Royal and the hated convent-life; but the glad welcome of the nuns, who had feared to lose her, made her a little more reconciled to what she began to regard as an inevitable fate. During the following Lent, wanting a book to read, and afraid to ask for profane literature, she took up a volume of meditations, left by a Capuchin monk at the convent, thought it beautiful, and found it consoling.

While this comforting impression was still vivid, a Capuchin presented himself one night at the convent-gate, asking permission to preach. They had just returned from the walk after vespers, and Mère Angélique at first refused on account of the lateness of the hour, but finally consented, and the sisters gathered in the church to hear the sermon. Any change was a welcome relief from the wretched preaching of the students from Citeaux, who usually officiated at Port Royal, and this service at the close of day was a variety. The monk took for his subject the humility of the Son of God and his birth in the manger. Mère Angélique never remembered distinctly what he said; but during the sermon her heart was touched so that all at once her condition seemed as glorious as it had till then appeared grievous, and she rejoiced, instead of sorrowing, at the irrevocable nature of her vows. This hour of her life was the first gleam that broadened later into the perfect day. It would have seemed a natural impulse to confide in the man whose sermon had been the occasion of this miraculous change; but with characteristic dignity the girl of fifteen sent one of the sisters to thank the monk and to speed him on his way. Afterwards it was known that he was a most disreputable character, who had been already a cause of scandal in several communities. An older man, the austere Père Bernard, was taken into her confidence and consulted in regard to the various reforms that she now began to feel it her bounden duty to make. This Capuchin was very injudicious, however, and aroused at once the violent opposition of the best and most religious of the nuns, who felt aggrieved by his wholesale denunciations of their quiet lives. He drew up a set of new regulations in strict conformity with the old Benedictine rule, and submitted them to the prior of Citeaux, in spite of the urgent remonstrance of Mère Angélique, who knew the prior well, and was sure that he would disapprove and complain to her father. The laxity of this dignitary may be inferred from the fact that he had recently been present at a theatrical entertainment given by "Les Dames de Saint Antoine." The play was the Cleopatra of Garnier, and the nuns were dressed in men's clothes for the male parts. Other distinguished ecclesiastics were also present, and the abbess was no less a person than Mademoiselle de Thou, sister of the president and aunt of the historian of that name. In spite of this array of respectable laxity, reform was counseled by the Capuchin advisers of Mère Angélique. One monk, Père Pacifique, sympathized with her ardent desire to go away, no longer into the world to get married, but as a lay sister to some other convent of stricter rule. Père Bernard, however, insisted that she should stay where she was and reform Port Royal. A whole year went by, troubled by interior and exterior conflict. At times God seemed to veil his face again, and there was a constant struggle with the nuns, who thought their young abbess unreasonable and extravagant, and who strenuously opposed all her plans. She had recourse in secret to the greatest austerities, deprived herself of food and rest, dropped burn-

ing wax upon her bare arms, and committed other follies that she was the first to blame in after years; but, as she said, "I tried everything, then." Madame Juneauville, one of the nuns, employed by her mother to watch her, slept in her cell for that purpose, but when it was dark Mère Angélique would often creep softly away into a garret and spend the night in prayer. Warned, as she had foreseen, by the prior, M. Arnauld arrived one day unexpectedly, drove away all the Capuchin advisers with expressions of contempt and dislike, and carried his daughter off to his château of Andilly to enjoy the season of vintage. But home was no longer charming to her; her father condemned all her plans of reform, and she returned to Port Royal as soon as he would allow her to do so, ill with intermittent fever and very unhappy. One day a student from Citeaux preached on the text, Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake. After the sermon one of the girls employed as a domestic in the convent said to her, "Madame, if you chose, you might be one of those blessed ones." Mère Angélique rebuked the girl for her boldness, but the words sank into her heart. Not long after, she took occasion to renew her vows publicly, and made a solemn declaration of her resolve to lead in future a truly religious life. Some of the sisters followed her example; but she saw no way of accomplishing her reforms, and despondently recurred at times to her plan of going, as a lay sister, to another convent. One day the prioress sought an interview and inquired the cause of her great melancholy; learning the reason that she no doubt divined, she told her that the sisters wished her to say that they preferred to accede to her wishes to seeing her so ill and depressed, and that they would oppose her no longer. Unspeakably rejoiced, she at once appointed a day, convoked the chapter, and proposed community of goods in accordance with the first vow of poverty. The sisters at once agreed and brought all their possessions, even their clothing, to swell the common fund. One, however, could not give up her little garden. The next step was to enforce the sanctity of the cloister, to shut the world out from the convent. Mère Angélique felt that she herself must set the example, and determined to allow no exceptions, not even in the persons of her immediate family. At Easter one of the nuns took the veil, and for the first time the numerous visitors were excluded from the interior of the convent. This caused great dissatisfaction, and some of the sisters said, "Wait and see when M. Arnauld comes; his daughter will not dare to keep him out." They had not long to wait. Mère Angélique wrote to her family to prepare her father for the change in the arrangements; but either they did not dare to tell him, or he did not choose to believe them. On the 25th of September, 1609, word came to Port Royal that Monsieur and Madame Arnauld, with three of their children, the eldest brother and two sisters of the abbess, might be expected in the course of the morning. The keys were taken from the custody of the portresses and intrusted to sisters who, by watching and prayer with Mère Angélique, had been nerved to resist the assault. While the community was at dinner, between ten and eleven o'clock, the sound of carriage-wheels was heard, and those who were in the confidence of the abbess repaired to their posts. Mère Angélique, who had been for some time at prayer in the church, hastened to the main entrance, at which her father was already knocking. She opened the wicket. M. Arnauld demanded instant admission without listening to his daughter, who entreated him to go to the parlor and hear what she had to say. But he only knocked the louder and clamored for admittance, ending by overwhelming Mère Angélique with abuse. The mother,

standing near by, added her vehement reproaches, calling her an unnatural child. The brother, just twenty-one, accused her of being nothing less than a monster and a parricide, and shouted to the nuns "to come and interfere and not allow a man like his father, and a family like theirs, to be thus outraged and insulted." One old sister, the same who had held to her garden, responded from within, and declared that it was shameful not to open the door for M. Arnauld, while the domestics, assembled in an inner court, murmured loudly at the ingratitude of the lady abbess. M. Arnauld, meanwhile, perceiving that all this noise was useless, bethought him of a stratagem, and demanded his little daughters, Agnès and Marie-Claire, then on a visit to their sister, thinking no doubt to rush in as they opened the door. But Mère Angélique, hastily intrusting to a faithful sister the key of a little door communicating with the church, sent them out by that way. The brother continued his abuse of Mère Angélique before these little girls, but was interrupted by Agnès, who exclaimed, looking as grave and dignified as a Spanish Infanta, "My sister is only doing as she is commanded by the Council of Trent." "Listen to her," cried the brother. "Here is another one talking to us of canons and councils." During all this scene, the two sisters who had come in the carriage stood apart, sad and silent, aghast at their father's rage, and distressed by the knowledge of what Mère Angélique was suffering. M. Arnauld ordered that the horses should be instantly reharnessed to the carriage; but on the reiterated supplications of his daughter, he consented to go first into the parlor for a moment. There he changed his tactics, and when she drew back the curtain from the grating their eyes met for the first time that day, and she saw the pale, excited face of her offended father. He spoke to her tenderly, and adjured her by the memories of the past, by their love for one another, not to treat him so ignominiously, saying at last, as he saw she remained inflexible, "Since it is all over, then, and we shall never meet again, remember my last words: Do not injure yourself, my child, by indiscreet austerities." These tender accents were too much for her to bear; she fell fainting to the floor. He tried in vain to open the grating and called loudly for help. The nuns, not knowing what had happened, were afraid to show themselves; but the family came to the rescue and thundered at the convent gate till they made themselves understood. All the sisters rushed to the parlor and after some time Mère Angélique was restored to consciousness. Turning her eyes at once towards the grating, she saw her father anxiously watching her, and feebly murmured: "If he will only grant me this, not to go away to-day!" He could not refuse. The abbess was carried to her room, but she soon insisted on being brought back to a bed placed close to the grating, where she could talk to her family. The conversation became gentle and affectionate. That day and the next she reasoned with her father, and at last persuaded him to consent to his exclusion from the interior of the convent. The agreement was afterward modified so that he could give orders in regard to the buildings and the gardens; but he never again set foot in the cloister. The 25th of September, *la journée du guichet*, as it is called, was ever after celebrated in the annals of Port Royal, and after this *coup d'état* Mère Angélique had no more difficulty in carrying out the reforms she desired in her own convent. Even when she thought best to dispense with the pecuniary aid hitherto derived from her father, she was cheerfully seconded by the nuns, who had begun to regard her as a saint, and her whole family treated her with affectionate reverence. Jeanne, now Mère Agnès, became her prioress;

Marie-Claire, as well as a remarkable younger sister, Marie Eugénie, entered the convent. In time to come we shall see her mother, also, a nun at Port Royal, as well as her sister, Madame Le Maître, who had made an unhappy marriage, and whose five sons subsequently swelled the ranks of the Solitaires.

After some years, Port Royal came to be considered as leaven for other communities, and sisters from that convent were in great demand to inaugurate reform elsewhere. Mère Angélique herself was sent to Maubuisson, where, since the death of Henry IV., disorders of all sorts were still rife, no longer shielded by the name and presence of the king. Louis XIII. himself gave the order for investigation and reform in this instance. Several ecclesiastics, sent there to report, had been shamefully maltreated, however, and the last royal commissioner had been seized with his suite, shut up in one of the towers of the abbey, and kept there for four days on bread and water, the commissioner himself receiving lashes every morning by the express command of the lady abbess herself. Such high-handed defiance could not be allowed to remain unpunished. With the consent of the Maréchal d'Estrées, her brother, and that of other members of the culprit's family, it was decided to proceed at once to extremities, and the abbot of Citeaux presented himself at Maubuisson, as though in his ordinary official capacity. Madame d'Estrées refused to appear, however, and the abbot was forced to depart without seeing her. Arrest and imprisonment were the only resource. After a long delay, the requisite order was obtained from Parliament, and the following year the abbot left Paris once more for Maubuisson, this time with a provost and archers to do his bidding. The escort was left at Pontoise and the abbot presented himself alone at the convent gate. During two days he tried peaceful negotiations in vain, Madame d'Estrées remained invisible, said she was ill, and laughed to scorn the threat of arrest. Finally, one morning the provost and archers were admitted at an early hour by the abbot to the outer part of the convent where he had been lodged. Under his orders, they broke open the doors, escaladed the walls, and gained access to the interior. The abbess was not to be found, however, and only at nightfall was her hiding-place discovered. She stood at bay, and made such desperate resistance that they were forced to carry her, half undressed, on a mattress to the carriage they had in waiting, and, in this state, she was taken to a Magdalen asylum, where orders were given that she should be kept in close confinement. Mère Angélique was appointed to the vacant place and, accompanied by her sister Marie-Claire and two or three other nuns, she arrived at Maubuisson a fortnight after the capture of Madame d'Estrées. She found in the abbey about twenty nuns, almost all sent there against their will, and shamefully ignorant of the first rudiments of a religious education. They spent a great deal of time in preparing for dramatic entertainments that took place in the presence of large companies of invited guests. There were all kinds of amusements besides. Summer days, after hurrying through vespers and complins, the prioress took the nuns to row on the ponds near the highway to Paris, and the monks of Saint Martin de Pontoise, near by, often came of an evening to dance with the sisters. Mère Angélique and her nuns must have seemed to these people like beings of another world. She tried at first to win the old inmates, whom she had known during the two years she passed at Maubuisson, and after a time, a certain amount of decency and outward conformity was secured; but to create a different atmosphere, she made the experiment of receiving at once into the convent thirty young girls, with whom she labored night

and day more hopefully and not in vain, as it proved. All at once Madame d'Estrées escaped from durance vile and burst upon them at the abbey. The following account is from the lips of Mère Angélique, taken down by her nephew, M. Le Maître.

"In the month of September, 1619, Madame d'Estrées appeared unexpectedly at Maubuisson, accompanied by the Comte de Sanzai and several gentlemen. She obtained access to the convent by means of a false key, procured for her by one of the sisters, a worthless person. As we were entering the choir she approached me, and said: 'I have come, madame, to thank you for the care you have taken of my convent, and to beg you to return at once to your own, and to leave Maubuisson to me.' I answered, 'Madame, I would certainly do so if I could; but I am not here, as you know, by my own will, but by that of the abbot of Citeaux, our superior. I came by his order, and I can only go away at his command.' She replied that she was the abbess, and that she intended to take her rightful place. I said, 'Madame, you are no longer the abbess, since you have been deposed.' She answered: 'I have appealed from that decision.' I said, 'The decree holds good, as the sentence of deposition has not been annulled; and I must consider you as deposed, since I am established in this house by the abbot of Citeaux, with the authority of the king; therefore do not take it ill that I seat myself in the abbess' place,' and thereupon I sat down. Supported by the newly received sisters, I then addressed the community and recommended them to partake of the sacrament during mass, and to invoke the Divine aid in the storm that was impending. Most of them were already prepared for the communion, since it was a festival of our Order. I felt sure that she would turn me out; but great was my astonishment after dinner, when the confessor came to tell me that I must retire and yield to force. I answered that I should not do so, that it was against my conscience. But I was still more surprised later, when I saw him enter the church in company with Madame d'Estrées, the Comte de Sanzai, and four gentlemen with their swords drawn, and exhort me to yield, to avert the consequences of resistance. One of the gentlemen presently fired off a pistol, thinking doubtless to terrify me. But I answered, composedly, that I would not leave, unless forcibly compelled to do so; for only thus could I be excused in the sight of God. My nuns all crowded round me, putting their hands in my girdle, so that I could hardly breathe. Madame d'Estrées became very angry and abusive, and reaching out her hand, she touched or pulled my veil a little, as if she would pull it from my head. Whereupon the sisters changed from lambs to lions, not suffering that I should be harmed. One of them, Anne de Sainte-Thècle, a tall girl of noble birth, took a step towards Madame d'Estrées, and said: 'Wretched creature! are you so bold as to touch the veil of madame of Port Royal? I know you well; I know what you are!' and so saying, in presence of these men with drawn swords, she snatched the veil off her head and threw it far from her. Then Madame d'Estrées, seeing me resolved not to go, ordered the gentlemen to take me out by force, which they did, holding me by the arms. I did not resist, for I was glad to go away with my nuns from a place where there were such men, from whom I had everything to fear for the nuns and for me. But it did not suit Madame d'Estrées that they should go too, and she called to the gentlemen to put me all alone in a coach that was in waiting. As soon as I was seated, however, nine or ten of the nuns jumped in, three mounted on the box beside the coachman, and three got up behind like footmen; the rest all clung to the wheels.

Madame d'Estrées ordered the coachman to whip up his horses; but he answered that he dared not do it for fear of killing some of the nuns. Then I threw myself out of the coach, and was followed by all the sisters. I bade them get some cordials, because the pestilence was at Pontoise, whither we went, the thirty nuns walking two and two in procession along the road. The lieutenant of Pontoise, a friend of Madame d'Estrées, passed on horseback, and laughed to see us. No doubt the poor man thought she was safely re-established. The people of Pontoise came out to receive us with blessings, saying, as we passed: 'There are the good nuns of the abbess of Port Royal. They have left the devil behind at Maubuisson.' We entered the first church on our way. It was the Jesuits', and they came forward to greet us very courteously; but after we had said our prayers, we left, and outside I met M. Du Val of the Sorbonne, whom I knew very well. He said that all the religious houses of Pontoise would be open to receive us; but I preferred to go somewhere by ourselves, and the prior offered me his own house, which I accepted. Meantime an express had been sent to Paris to alarm the family. My father was away, but my brother made complaint and obtained an order for the arrest of Madame d'Estrées, who, with the Comte de Sanzai, fled so precipitately on the approach of the military, that she left her casket behind her. The soldiers went on to Pontoise, and brought us back at ten o'clock at night, in procession, as we went, escorted by a troop of one hundred and fifty archers on horseback, each bearing a lighted torch in his hand."

For some time it was necessary to keep a mounted patrol, day and night, at the abbey, to guard against surprise. Louis XIII. finally appointed as abbess Madame de Soissons, sister of the Duchess de Longueville, hoping that her high rank would put an end to the plots of the friends of Madame d'Estrées. Mère Angélique was requested by the king to remain, however, at Maubuisson, till the Pope's bull should arrive, confirming the appointment of Madame de Soissons. The double rule was not a success. Mère Angélique was thought too austere, and there was much dissatisfaction expressed that she had burdened the convent with her thirty new nuns, many without portions, and some of humble birth. Before going back to Port Royal, she wrote to ask if the community would consent to share their poverty with these thirty women, who had proved so faithful. A glad answer came promptly, signed by all the nuns, declaring that so far from regarding their coming as a burden, they should consider it a benediction. The income of Port Royal was twelve hundred dollars a year, one fifth that of Maubuisson. Mère Angélique sent the letter to the general of the Order, obtained his approval, and then wrote to her mother, asking her to send coaches enough to transport the thirty nuns from Maubuisson to Port Royal. They were sent at once, with an attendant for each carriage. Mère Angélique accompanied them only as far as Paris, where it was necessary for her to remain a few days. Before taking leave of the sisters, she charged them, as soon as they caught sight of the hills that shut in the valley, and espied the steeple of the church above the tops of the trees, to repeat all together, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips," and from that moment to keep silence, till she herself should arrive and let loose their tongues. "This was done," says the chronicler, "lest the excitement and disturbance of their arrival should be an occasion of much idle talk and great waste of time." But as it was necessary that they should be known apart, she told each one to pin on her sleeve her name, written on a piece of

paper. On the arrival of these timid mutes, who felt, as Racine says, as if they were bringing starvation to Port Royal, Mère Agnès and all the sisters came forth to meet them, singing the Te Deum. Like a quantity of wood thrown on a blazing fire, this large accession of numbers, far from depressing, increased the fervor of the community.

While at Maubuisson, Mère Angélique made the acquaintance and enjoyed the friendship of Saint Francis de Sales, and through him knew Madame de Chantal, with whom she became intimate. He went first to Maubuisson, at her request, to confirm one of that neglected sisterhood, then returned several times, once staying nine days. Mère Angélique sent him to Port Royal to see her sister, Mère Agnès. He was enchanted with the spot. "Truly a port-royal," he writes, and he ever after spoke of the place as "his dear delight." All the Arnauld family shared his friendship. Mère Agnès always wore on her person one of his precious letters to Madame Le Maître, who made at his knees a vow of perpetual chastity, before her husband's death allowed her to take the veil. The youngest son, afterwards the great doctor, received his blessing, and the eldest, M. d'Andilly, followed him about like his shadow.

Mère Angélique, feeling that "God was visibly with this man," begged him to be her spiritual director, and complained that hitherto she had been obliged to seek counsel here and there as seemed best at the time. "Like a bee gathering honey from different flowers," added Saint Francis. "A comparison," says Sainte-Beuve, "savoring less of Calvary than of Hymettus." He rallied her also on her passion for austerities, of which he disapproved, and tried to convince her that it was unreasonable to expect the best service from a human being, any more than from a dumb animal, when they were deprived of proper rest and food. He writes: "Dearly beloved daughter, sleep well. By degrees you may restrict yourself, since you wish to do so, to six hours, but believe me, to eat little, to labor hard, to have great anxieties, and to deprive the body of sleep is to drive a tired, unfed horse to death." He said that her great activity of mind ran away with her, and that she was in too much of a hurry to attain spiritual perfection. "Why not," he continues, "catch small fish oftener, instead of such large ones once in a while," and he reminds her that the finest trees are of the slowest growth. At that time he was certainly in sympathy with Port Royal, of which Saint-Cyran had not yet taken possession. Later, Saint-Beuve thinks, he would have disapproved with Fénelon.

After her return from Maubuisson, Mère Angélique received a letter approving her action in taking the thirty sisters to Port Royal. It came from a remarkable man, who made the community his stronghold, stamping it ineffaceably as Jansenist, Augustinian, or, as he would have said, as Christian. This man was Jean du Vergier de Hauranne, Abbé de Saint-Cyran. Of a good family of Bayonne, he studied first at a Jesuit college, and was then sent to Louvain at the same time with the celebrated Jansenius. They met afterwards in Paris, both eagerly seeking the pure Christian doctrine, and determined to go back to the earliest authorities in their search for truth. De Hauranne, recalled to Bayonne on his father's death, carried his friend home with him, and there at Champré, an estate on the seashore, near Bayonne, belonging to the family, they remained five years absorbed in the study of the Scriptures and the Fathers, especially Saint Augustine. In after years, Saint-Cyran liked to show his friends a large old armchair with a desk attached. In it Jansenius studied, one may say lived;

for he rarely went to bed at night. No wonder that Madame de Hauranne used to say to her son, "Take care, Jean, or you will kill that good Fleming, making him study so hard." All their exercise at Champré consisted in games of "battledore and shuttlecock," in which they became fabulously adroit. At the end of these five years, sure of what they had only surmised in the beginning, that the church had lapsed into Pelagianism, they espoused the cause of God and Saint Augustine, declaring that if man can save himself, the logical inference must be that the intervention of the Redeemer becomes unnecessary, and that thus to exalt the Father at the expense of the Son virtually does away with Jesus Christ. Their belief that man has sinned, that for this deep-seated disease there is but one Healer, is Protestant-Calvinistic doctrine; but Saint-Cyran and his disciples accepted the "Real Presence" and the sacraments, and had no idea of leaving the church, though Saint-Cyran said boldly that for six hundred years the church could hardly be said to have existed, so great had been the corruption; that the bed of the river had remained, but that the water had ceased to flow; and he stigmatized the Council of Trent as a mere political assembly. Both Jansenius and he wrote ponderous Latin folios in support of these doctrines, dividing the name of Augustine between them for the titles, Petrus Aurelius and Petrus Augustinus; but while Jansenius confined himself to the doctrine, Saint-Cyran applied it to life, and Port Royal became the nursery of his seedlings. "What is the knowledge of a truth that is never put in practice?" he used to say. The Frequent Communion, written in French by the great Arnauld, and translations of Saint Augustine, by d'Andilly and others, helped to disseminate their teachings far and wide in France, among the laity and in religious communities.

Good men, intellectually timid, like Saint Vincent de Paul, shuddered at these bold utterances, and used all their influence in Rome and at the court of France to silence Saint-Cyran. He excited a great deal of ecclesiastical jealousy by his potent influence as a spiritual director, and in this way had incurred the enmity and secured the ill-will of the notorious Capuchin, Père Joseph. Richelieu himself was at first inclined to favor and flatter the abbé. Once passing through the antechamber, on his way to a royal audience, he said to the assembled courtiers, putting his hand on Saint-Cyran's shoulder as he spoke, "This is the most learned man in Europe." But the abbé's persistent refusal of bishoprics, his criticism of the decree annulling the marriage of the king's brother, and his intimacy with Jansenius, who had just published Mars Gallicus, a Latin pamphlet opposing Richelieu's policy, showed that he could not be won over, and caused him to be regarded by the great minister with suspicion and dislike. Finally, his conversion of M. Le Maître, the eminent lawyer and brilliant orator, who at once disappeared from the world, attracted general attention to the wide-spreading spiritual dominion of the man, and Richelieu determined to put him out of the way. "This Basque," he said, "is more dangerous than six armies. If they had imprisoned Luther and Calvin when they began to dogmatize, it would have saved a great deal of trouble." Saint-Cyran received a domiciliary visit, his papers were seized, and he was taken to Vincennes and kept there on a vague charge of heresy a whole year before he could obtain an examination. Even then he was not set at liberty, and he was only released, two years after his incarceration, at the death of Richelieu. His health had suffered from the severity of his confinement, and he did not live very long after recovering his

freedom. It was a day of silence when the joyful news came to Port Royal. Mère Angélique could not keep it to herself, and told the nuns by untying her girdle before them. She had found at last her ideal director, a man of adamantine purity, immense enthusiasm, great tenderness, and a boundless devotion to truth, and she was guided by him to the end. Ampère calls him the Lycurgus of that Christian Sparta.

For some years there had been a Port Royal also in Paris, a large house in the Faubourg Saint Jacques, now the hospital of La Maternité, purchased with the aid and at the suggestion of Madame Arnauld, at a time when the valley seemed particularly malarious. Indeed, only in modern times has the drainage been complete and the lovely spot made salubrious. Here in Paris, young girls were educated; and the same work was carried on for boys by the Solitaires, in the deserted house of Port Royal des Champs, and in neighboring châteaux belonging to noblemen friendly to the community.

When M. Le Maître retired from the world after his conversion, he lived, at first, a life of perfect seclusion in a little house built for him adjoining the convent. His brothers and nephews joined him, also under Saint-Cyran's influence, and there gradually was formed a remarkable group of men, — physicians, men of letters, soldiers, scholars, and ecclesiastics, — resolved to lead a life of self-renunciation and consecration, and who, directed by the abbé from his prison, took for their rallying-cry, "Thought allied with faith," and made redemption of souls their mission. These men were the Solitaires. They took no vows; some came and went; but the majority remained at Port Royal des Champs, systematically dividing their time between religious exercises, literary pursuits, teaching, and manual labor. The nuns also carried on various industries, and they made themselves farmers, gardeners, carpenters, and shoemakers in the service of these sisters, whom they called, "Nos dames, nos maîtresses, et nos reines." They devised a plan of religious service to alternate with the convent hours, so that prayer and praise might rise perpetually at Port Royal. Of these men the saintly princess, Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI., writes: "Their theology apart, that I do not understand, these gentlemen of Port Royal were holy persons. What a life they led, compared to ours!" Their schools, called "Les petites écoles de Port Royal," soon acquired a great reputation. Their text-books were novelties, written by the Solitaires themselves, who anticipated in many ways modern ideas in regard to education. In learning languages they believed that a great deal of translation should precede grammar, and they gave their pupils copious draughts of literature. The list of their books is very long; but we may mention the French grammar by the great Arnauld, aided by Lancelot; methods of learning Greek, Latin, Spanish, and Italian, and the Garden of Greek Roots, in French verse, by Lancelot and De Saci. They also made translations of Phædrus, Terence, Plautus, Cicero, and Virgil. They paid less attention to Latin versification than was usual at that time; but occasionally a subject was given to the older classes on which they were to improvise conjointly a copy of Latin verses. The work was done in class; every one was at liberty to contribute phrase or epithet, to suggest, to criticise, obtaining permission to speak by raising the hand, and the observation of parliamentary rules obviated all confusion. Greek was taught in these schools for the first time without a Latin medium, a great innovation, and when the Garden of Greek Roots is criticised it must be remembered that there was then no such thing as a Greek and French dictionary in existence. They preferred young scholars, chosen from good but

not necessarily rich or noble families. People of means paid five hundred livres a year for instruction, which was gratuitous to others. They taught children to read first in French instead of in Latin, another innovation, and Pascal suggested the method they employed of pronouncing at first only the vowel sounds of the alphabet, leaving the consonants to be learned afterwards in combination with the vowels; the base, it will be seen, of the phonetic system now generally adopted in France. For writing, they were the first to use metal pens, for the purpose, they say, of "saving the time of teachers and scholars." Saint-Cyran agreed with Erasmus that six scholars were enough for one teacher, and when they had twenty-four pupils, they placed them in four separate rooms, with a master for each. At the Château de Chesnai a whole wing was given up to the children.

The severest punishment was to be sent home, or to see some service assigned to a servant that the pupil was accustomed to perform for his teacher. Great gentleness and indulgence were required of the teachers, who were to endeavor to make study as interesting as amusement. There were out-of-door recreations and such indoor amusements as billiards, backgammon, chess, or historical games of cards. A formal politeness was enforced, every one being addressed as Monsieur. Saint-Cyran had always wished to devote himself to children, and was very fond of teaching them. Before his imprisonment, he went every other day to Port Royal, superintended the boys' work, more especially their themes, and gave them a commentary on Virgil. The largest of these schools were at the Château de Chesnai near Port Royal and in a *cul-de-sac* of the Rue Saint Dominique in Paris. These were broken up on the charge of being nests of heresy, and the teachers were obliged to disguise and hide themselves, in constant danger of arrest and imprisonment. The Hôtel de Longueville and other great houses sheltered two or three at a time. De Saci, nephew of Mère Angélique, was thrown into the Bastile, where he passed two years, occupied in translating the Old Testament in French. He had already translated the New. Copies of his Bible, printed by the Elzevirs, and smuggled into Paris in produce-wagons, under convoy of some man of mark, were afterwards widely distributed.

When the nuns returned to Port Royal des Champs, the Solitaires betook themselves to Les Granges, a farm on the heights, less than a third of a mile from the abbey. They did not see much of the sisters, though in such close sympathy and working always in concert. Mère Angélique did not approve of very frequent visits, and the cloister rule was strictly observed. The uncle of Madame de Sévigné, a devoted friend of Port Royal, built a new cloister for the nuns, and after its completion sent to ask if he could be admitted only once, accompanying his request by the present of a basket of rare fruit. Mère Agnès answered, "I thank you humbly for the fruit. You have the privilege of giving as much as you like and of granting every favor that is asked. Both these privileges are denied us, so that you cannot see the inside of our building on account of an angel with a flaming sword at the gate, I mean the anathema of the church." The Chevalier de Sévigné entered the promised land at last; but only after his death. He was buried in his cloister.

Another note from Mère Agnès to her nephew shows that she was more indulgent than her sister in regard to visits from the Solitaires.

Les Granges.

To M. Le Maitre:—

My very dear Nephew, I believe that you think I have gone back to Paris, or else that I have come here to live as if I were excommunicated, it is

so long since you have asked for me; and I avail myself of the privileges of an aunt and an old woman to ask you to come to the parlor of Sainte Madeleine at noon to-day to be scolded for your conduct.

At one time Mère Angélique had been made superior of the convent of the Saint Sacrement in Paris, afterwards incorporated with Port Royal, and on this occasion, when a uniform dress was required, the sisters adopted the white scapulars of the Saint Sacrement with a large red cross in front, a very striking costume.

A new superior at Citeaux threatening to put an end to all eccentricity, meaning austerity, at Port Royal, Mère Angélique, alarmed, petitioned for a change of jurisdiction, and obtained permission from the Pope to belong to the diocese of Paris. She had no more monkish interference to apprehend; but the archbishops of Paris were very much controlled by the court, and this influence proved, in the end, fatal to Port Royal. There had been still another important change. While Louis XIII. was besieging La Rochelle, his mother, Marie de Médicis, paid a visit to the abbey, and said to Mère Angélique, as she was going away, "Have you nothing to ask of me? the first time I go to a convent I always grant some favor." Mère Angélique asked that the abbess should be in future elected every three years, instead of being chosen for life. This was done, and she immediately resigned her place together with her coadjutrix, Mère Agnès. In course of time they were both reëlected, but Mère Angélique had reason frequently to repent of her abdication.

The wars of the Fronde disturbed the industrious, peaceful seclusion of the valley. The convent was put in a state of defense, and the Solitaires manned the walls and made ready for a siege. Even M. Le Maître wore a sword by his side, or carried a musket over his shoulder. The nuns of neighboring convents flocked in to seek an asylum and were received with open arms, as well as the poor peasants, who were allowed to store their valuables in the church itself. The convent courts were full of cattle, and the monastery looked like Noah's ark.

Port Royal had helped Cardinal Retz when, as archbishop of Paris, he was sorely in need, and he was always amiable to Mère Angélique and often friendly to the community; but no reliance could be placed upon him, and little sympathy was possible between these disciples of Saint-Cyran and that Don Juan of a prelate. As some one said, "He, a Jansenist? Impossible; to be a Jansenist, you must be a Christian."

The Jesuits incessantly defamed Port Royal, and Jansenius' book, Petrus Augustinus, had been condemned by a bull of Urbain VIII., confirmed more definitely by his successor, Innocent X. The Syndic of the Faculty of Theology in Paris had distinguished himself, moreover, by denouncing specifically five propositions, which he said were contained in the book. From this time the enemies of Port Royal knew where to aim. The Jesuits in Rome then sent word that if some of the French clergy would ask for the condemnation of these five propositions, the Holy Father would not be averse to granting their request. Saint Vincent de Paul eagerly headed the movement in Paris, and the petition was sent to Rome without first submitting it to the general assembly of the clergy then in session. On account of this irregularity, Innocent hesitated; but the regent, Anne of Austria, at the suggestion of Saint Vincent de Paul, signified to the Pope her wish that he would act promptly and decisively in the matter, whereupon he signed the bull.

This caused great rejoicing in the Jesuit camp; all courtiers disclaimed the

slightest Jansenistic taint, and such a horror prevailed in these circles of the Augustinian doctrine of grace that a story is told of an orthodox bishop, on a visit to an abbey of his diocese, who hearing, as he entered the refectory, these words pronounced by the reader: "It is God who worketh in us to will and to do," called out, "Close that book, and bring it to me at once." He was obeyed, and the heretical author was discovered to be Saint Paul!

Mazarin cared little for these theological disputes; but he owed the Jansenists a grudge and was suspicious of their amicable relations with Retz. Gondi at first resisted the king's order that the bishops should formally accept the Pope's bull, but when Anne of Austria said cajolingly that he must not refuse the first favor she had ever asked of him, the gallant courtier gave way and that barrier was thrown down.

This was the Formulary that all priests, monks, and nuns were eventually required to sign: "I submit in good faith to the ordinances of his Holiness, Innocent X., and I condemn in my heart and by word of mouth the five propositions of Cornelius Jansenius, contained in the book entitled Petrus Augustinus, which the Pope and the bishops have condemned, which doctrine is not that of Saint Augustine, but which the said Jansenius has perverted contrary to the meaning of the worthy doctor."

The Parliament of Paris was in no haste to register the decree requiring these signatures, and Mazarin declared openly that the king had already done more than he ought for the Jesuits, who gave him more trouble than all the government of the realm. In the mean time the Sorbonne called to account for his doctrines the author of the Frequent Communion, the great Arnauld, youngest brother of Mère Angélique. He was publicly censured; but it is asserted that the Sorbonne had been packed for the vote with a large number of newly made doctors, ignorant and obsequious to the regent. While the trial was going on, she remarked one day to the Princesse de Guéméné, a great friend of Port Royal, "Your doctors talk too much." "That need not disturb you, madame," retorted the princess; "you have already on the benches more mendicant monks and friars than you need." "And there are more to come," said the queen, haughtily. "Do put an end to this affair," Mazarin exclaimed one day to one of the doctors; "these women do nothing but talk about it, and they understand it no better than I do." Arnauld's defense was in Latin, and Port Royal made use of Pascal's pen to appeal from the Sorbonne to the public. Then appeared Les Lettres Provinciales. This fierce assault, these deadly blows dealt by a skillful and unsparing hand, fairly took away the enemy's breath. The immediate success is well known: the letters became the rage, the next issue was eagerly anticipated, and choice circles gathered to hear them read aloud in the salons of the Duchesse de Longueville, the Princesse de Conti, the Princesse de Guéméné, and Madame de Sablé. It only made it more interesting that no one knew exactly when the next letter would appear or where they were printed, and that the bookseller had made his fortune and had been thrown into the Bastile. Pascal's relations with Port Royal had attracted very little attention, and he was known principally as a mathematician and man of fashion; but a rumor of his being the author obliged him to hide and disguise himself. He lodged at this time under an assumed name in a small inn near the Sorbonne, directly opposite the college of the Jesuits — in the lion's mouth as it were. His brother-in-law, M. Périer, from Auvergne, arriving in Paris for a few days, went to the same house, where he received one day a visit from an old acquaintance, one of the

Fathers opposite. In the course of conversation the priest said, "Do you know that some people suppose that your brother, M. Pascal, is the author of these letters?" M. Périer replied as unconcernedly as he could, while he was painfully aware that behind the half-closed curtains of the bed near which they were seated, twenty or more copies of the next letter, fresh from the press, were spread out to dry. When the guest had gone Pascal came down from his room overhead, heard the story, and took possession of his property. There was now a lull. The Solitaires, dispersed by a royal mandate, quietly swarmed again in their old haunts, the schools revived, and everything in the community was prosperous and peaceful, when the long-gathering storm broke over Port Royal. The king issued an order to disperse boarders and scholars, novices and postulants, and furthermore commanded that none should be received in future. Mère Angélique had truly said, "Yes, we shall kill the dragon; but he will be our death." M. Singlin, too, the superior, was also sent away. Mère Angélique hastened to Paris to aid her sister, Mère Agnès. She took leave of her nuns as if she should never see them again. She was nearly seventy years old and very feeble. To her brother, M. d'Andilly, she said, as he was helping her into the carriage, "Keep a brave heart." "Trust me, my sister," was his response; "I shall not be found wanting." "My brother, my brother," she replied, "let us be humble and remember that humility without firmness is cowardice, but that courage without humility is presumption." In her clear vision she saw the temptation to martyrdom, and dreaded for her friends vainglory in suffering for God almost as much as faintheartedness. Deprived of her director, M. Singlin, and not choosing that her beloved nephew, De Saci, should expose himself to the danger of arrest by coming to the house on her account, she said to the sisters who expressed their sorrow for her deprivation, "It does not trouble me; I know that M. Singlin is praying for me. What more could I ask? I respect him very much; but I do not put a man in the place of God. My nephew without God's help could do me no good, and God without him shall be all in all." They walled up the doors, shutting them out from their own gardens; and when some of the sisters said, "Who knows but that they may be shutting themselves out of heaven?" she reproved them, saying, "Do not speak so, my daughters, but pray to God for them and for us." After a few days her feebleness increased, dropsical symptoms appeared, and she was confined to her bed. Troubled by the idea that the nuns would keep a record of her last words and actions as if she were a saint, she tried to speak very little and to do nothing that could excite remark. She knew that they had already done so to some extent, and she had a horror of the twaddle in the Lives of the Saints and of sentimental death-bed recitals. She summoned all her energy to write a letter to the queen-mother, pleading the cause of Port Royal, defending the community from the charge of heresy, and invoking in their favor the testimony of Saint Francis de Sales and Madame Chantal. She quoted from Saint Thérèse to remind her majesty that in a court it is not always an easy matter to ascertain the truth. This duty accomplished, she laid herself down to die, saying, "It is time for a little Sabbath rest." Strange to say, only towards the last was this admirable woman freed from an overpowering dread. Of this terror, her brother writes: "May it not show an ardent imagination, an unusually powerful conception of the holiness and justice of the Supreme Being, denoting a great soul?"

The history of Port Royal has some-

times been called nothing but a quarrel between the Jesuits and the Arnauld family. As we stand by the open grave of their acknowledged head, let us pass them in review as if they gathered from far and near from the spirit land to do her reverence.

Antoine Arnauld, father of Mère Angélique, had twenty children, ten of whom lived to grow up. His wife took the veil after her husband's death, and passed the last twelve years of her life in the Paris convent. The eldest son, M. Arnauld d'Andilly, who was the first to feel Saint-Cyran's influence, was a genial person, more receptive than original, very susceptible to female charms, courtly and amiable, but upright and loyal withal — like sea-weed, waving about on the water, but firmly fastened to the rock beneath. He was more literary than any other of the family, and did Port Royal good service by his finished translations from Saint Augustine, his constant oversight and criticism, and his knowledge of the world. He refused a place offered him in the Academy, and upon this occasion Richelieu made the rule, ever since strictly observed, that no places should ever be offered and that candidates for the honor should make personal application. M. d'Andilly lived to a great age and served to the last as an usher, a sort of self-appointed master of ceremonies for the nuns in their dark days, a connecting-link between Port Royal and the world without. He was one of the Solitaires, built himself a house on the hill near Les Granges, and spent his own fortune and part of his eldest son's also in draining and embellishing the grounds of the convent. His especial delight was in raising fine fruit, of which he presented propitiatory offerings to the queen-mother, Madame de Sablé, and Mademoiselle Montpensier. "La grande Mademoiselle" gives an amusing and characteristic account of a visit she paid him in "his dear desert." He had sent her a basket of clingstone peaches, with an injunction not to eat them till they were "dead ripe." The fruit by the way was not meant for the consumption of the community, but was usually sold and the proceeds given to the poor.

When the final dispersion came of the House in Paris, M. d'Andilly was on the spot, affording his protection to the sisters, escorting the nuns to their carriages, and when his daughters' turn came, first leading them into the church before the altar as if consecrate them anew in the cause of truth and to the service of God. Constant as he was to his outlawed belief and courageous in his devotion to his persecuted family and friends, he never appears to have forfeited the royal favor, and the queen-mother could ask, even while urging on the enemies of Port Royal, "Does d'Andilly love me still?" He was also a great favorite at the Hôtel Rambouillet, and in his youth belonged to that set. He had two daughters, Mère Angélique Saint-Jean and Sister Madeline Thérèse, both nuns at Port Royal. Of the eldest her father said to Madame de Sévigné, "Depend upon it, I myself and all my other children are stupid in comparison with Angélique." On her, indeed, the mantle of her aunt seemed to fall. M. d'Andilly had six sisters, who were all nuns: Madame Le Maître, Mère Angélique, Mère Agnès, Sister Anne Eugénie, Sister Marie-Claire, and Sister Madeleine Sainte Christine. Of his three brothers, the eldest was the Bishop of Angers, and the second, Simon, a young soldier, was killed at Verdun. The youngest became celebrated as "the Great Arnauld," eulogized by Voltaire, and for whom Boileau wrote the epitaph beginning: —

"Errant, pauvre, banni, proscrit, persecuté."

Madame Le Maître had five sons, all Solitaires: M. Le Maître, the eminent orator, and MM. de Saci, Séricourt, Saint Elme, and Valemont. The name Saci is thought to be an anagram of Isaac.

Mère Angélique was sometimes considered too austere. She was certainly less indulgent than Mère Agnès, and had little patience with the wearisome caprices of some of their fine-lady converts; but no real grief, even of a crowned head, appealed to her in vain. Marie de Gonzagne, beloved of Cinq-Mars, afterwards Queen of Poland, had a lodging at Port Royal des Champs, and she appeared as a mourner at Saint-Cyran's funeral. After her departure for Poland, she kept up a constant correspondence with Mère Angélique, and offered the community a refuge from persecution in her kingdom when she learned that they were seriously thinking of embarking for America. When we read the description of Mère Angélique's tenderness to Jacqueline Pascal at the time of her taking the veil, we are reminded of what the sisters used to say of her: "If she is as terrible as an angel, she can comfort you like one."

The community was accused by its enemies of the heinous sin of not worshiping saints, and of caring little for images, and we might think Port Royal free from superstition were it not for the famous story of the cure of Pascal's little niece by the application of a reliquary containing one of the sacred thorns from the crown worn by Jesus to a tumor of the lachrymal gland. The cure was said to have been immediate and miraculous. Pascal himself was profoundly impressed, never seeming for a moment to doubt the authenticity of the miracle, and Mère Angélique gives Marie de Gonzagne a detailed account of the cure, appearing to believe in it devoutly. Then a daughter of Philippe de Champagne was cured at Port Royal of a chronic disease, in answer, it was said, to the prayers of the community; an event commemorated by her father in a picture in the Louvre representing Mère Agnès and his daughter. Long after the destruction of Port Royal this idea of miracle-working revived among the so-called Jansenists, and reached its climax in the extravagances of the "Convulsionnaires of Saint Médard."

At the time of the departure of Mère Angélique for Paris, Jacqueline Pascal had been left in charge of Port Royal des Champs, and upon her devolved the responsibility of accepting or rejecting the Formulary when it was presented for signature. The decision was made even harder on account of a preamble written by Pascal himself at the request of some of the clergy, who did not object to leaving a loophole for the consciences of the sisterhood. But the anguish of these women was great. If the preamble was obscure, the Formulary was clear. How could they condemn the doctrine of Jansenius in which they believed, or assert that the Five Propositions were in a book that they had never read and which they could not read? Jacqueline Pascal writes in a letter, indorsed, "To be shown to my brother if he is well enough:" "I know the respect I owe the bishops, but my conscience will not let me sign a statement that a thing is in a place where I have never seen it. . . . How can they cut us off from the church? They can deprive us of the outward signs of that union, but never of the union itself so long as we have love one for another. . . . How is this that we are asked to do different from offering incense to idols, and thinking that we are absolved because we have a piece of the cross hidden in our sleeves?" (an allusion to a passage in one of the Lettres Provinciales); and farther on, "I know that it is not for women to defend the faith, but when bishops are as timorous as women, it befits women to be as brave as bishops." Jacqueline's rebuke sank into her brother's heart. From that time he rejected all subterfuges and compromises, and when his sister died, not long afterwards, he only said to those who brought the tidings: "God grant that our end may be like hers."

When it was urged upon Mère Angélique-Saint-Jean that she should sign the Formulary as an act of submission, to avoid scandal, she replied: "To me it seems as if a surgeon had bandaged my arm for no cause whatever, and when it had become inflamed and swollen, proposed to cut it off to avoid gangrene. Should I not be justified in saying to him: 'Cut off your bandage, but do not cut off my arm'?" When threatened with the papal anathema, she said: "There is one consolation: the successors of Saint Peter are very apt to imitate his haste in drawing the sword, and they strike without awaiting their Master's command. Then Jesus comes and heals the wound."

These women were no respecters of persons, and it is not hard to understand how offensive their practical, uncompromising republicanism must have been to the court hard by, at Versailles. So long as they did not bow down, Louis XIV. felt as if he did not really reign. They stood steadfast, gently inflexible, bearing in mind how Mère Angélique had said: "I fear nothing that is not eternal," refusing to compound with their consciences in spite of the persuasions and entreaties of their friends, and the threatening taunts of their enemies, who wielded against them, defenseless as they were, the combined power of the king and pope. "Pure as angels, and proud as demons," said the archbishop of Paris.

When the king was told of their determined disobedience, he resolved that the punishment should be condign. The nuns were forcibly removed and imprisoned separately, or two or three together, in different convents. Some gave way, but most remained firm. After a long time the unrepentant sisters who still remained alive were sent back to Port Royal, where they remained imprisoned three or four years under an interdict, deprived of the sacraments, and with sentinels posted night and day outside their walls. At last, under a new Pope, the "Peace of the Church" was proclaimed, the stubborn bishops were pardoned, and Louis XIV., in good humor after his Peace of Aix la Chapelle, declared that he would not be more severe with the nuns than the Pope had been with the clergy." The moment was thought propitious, the sisters made a tardy and vague submission, and the interdict was removed. Great was the rejoicing in the valley when the long silent bells rang out again. The Great Arnauld, who had just been presented at court, said the first high mass at Port Royal, and was still at the altar, when a long procession with banners and music from the parish of Magny, near by, entered the church to join in their thanksgiving services.

Ten years of prosperity ensued; but immediately after the death of the Duchesse de Longueville, their protectress, persecution, long smouldering, broke out afresh, and in spite of their previous submission, there was a second blockade and interdict of thirty years, ending in the forcible removal of the twenty-two surviving nuns, the youngest fifty and the eldest eighty years old. All that was asked of them was to allow a notice to be posted at the convent gate, stating that they accepted the bull of Innocent X., and submitted in all things to the papal authority; but they refused, accepted the consequences, and went down with their flag flying. They were separated and scattered in different convents, where they remained, deprived of the sacraments even in their last hours. The church, convent, outbuildings, and adjacent houses were razed to their foundations, and all the dead removed from the cemetery, by express order of the king. The desecration of the graves was frightful, and identification was intentionally rendered impossible. At this time Racine's remains were removed by his friends to St. Etienne du Mont, in Paris. His aunt had been

one of the last abbesses of Port Royal. During the last ten years, these secluded women had probably excited envy as well as dislike; for they had been courted by the world of fashion to some extent, as well as esteemed by many thoughtful people who did not accept their doctrine. Ladies of high rank were in the habit of going to Port Royal for short religious retreats, and the services on holy-days seemed very attractive, fourteen or fifteen ecclesiastics often being present uninvited. Not that there was any splendor of ritual, or luxury of altar-cloth or vestments: the pictures of Philippe de Champagne were the only ornaments of the church, there was no organ, and the reading and singing, though beautiful, were of the simplest kind; but the fervor of the nuns and the quiet of the place constituted a peculiar charm.

The description of Port Royal in the sixth volume of the Clélie of Mademoiselle Scudéry, is purely imaginary: but we find this account by a M. Lonail, written in 1693: —

"It is not a large monastery, but lodges a goodly number. The court is narrow and long, extending from east to west. The church, the parlors, and the houses of female guests are on one side, and the stables, workshops, and houses for ecclesiastics and male guests on the other. The cloister and dwellings of the nuns are apart, behind the church. The garden extends towards the east, and is intersected by a little canal. Towards the south there is a shady wood by a brook, called the Solitude. All this is shut in by high walls, defended at intervals by towers, built during the wars of the Fronde to protect the convent from soldiery." After describing the church, the cloisters, and the procession, he continues: "At last I left a place where I would willingly have stayed all my life. I climbed the hill to the left and visited Les Granges, the farm of the Solitaires. There I saw the old schools of Port Royal, the houses of M. d'Andilly and M. Arnauld, and the Solitude of M. Pont-Château. I turned back to look once more on the abbey and the fields tilled by these pious men, and bade adieu to this blessed spot; but the memory of my visit lingers like a perpetual feast."

The destruction has been complete. All that remains of the abbey of Port Royal is the dove-cot, a large round tower, with a funnel-shaped roof; fragments of pillars and capitals; the Fountain of Mère Angélique; a large walnut-tree, that goes by her name; Les Granges on the neighboring heights; and the walk called La Solitude, with its rusty, ivy-garlanded cross. The church was a fine specimen of the Cistercian architecture in the early part of the thirteenth century. A little chapel has been erected on the spot where the high altar stood, and here can be seen some interesting relics, such as portraits, engravings, and manuscript letters. Some of the tombstones, rescued from desecration, are preserved in the neighboring church of Magny, Arnauld d'Andilly's among the number. You can wander about Port Royal at your will, perfectly undisturbed by guides or tourists, pace the Alley of the Solitaires by the side of the brook, that has learned not to murmur, and keeps in summer days their vow of silence, or throw yourself on the daisied grass by the old fountain, or in the shade of the walnut-tree of Mère Angélique. If you wish to examine the relics, you summon the guardian in the employ of the Society of Saint Antoine, to whom the property now belongs. He is a gentle old man, upwards of eighty, a schoolmaster at Asnières for more than forty years, proud and appreciative of the treasures intrusted to his keeping, and quite imbued with the spirit of the place. After speaking of his past life and his age, he added: "I am perfectly happy. I am not afraid to die; but I

sometimes think that heaven itself cannot be more peaceful than Port Royal."

From Versailles, the distance to the abbey is about eight miles, but a pleasant excursion can be made from Paris by taking the Chemin de fer de la Bretagne at the Gare Mont Parnasse early enough to connect with the little *patache* that goes from La Verrière, the second station beyond Saint Cyr, to Mesnil-Saint-Denis. From this hamlet you go on foot. The road winds through fields for a mile and a half, skirts a wood, and the top of the "Colombier" of Port Royal soon comes in sight. The entrance is by a little door in an old stone wall. You can return another way by Trappes, a station nearer to Paris than La Verrière, but the walk is not nearly so pleasant as from Mesnil-Saint-Denis. You pass, however, by Les Granges, the farm of the Solitaires.

People say sometimes: "There is not much to see at Port Royal." That is true; but the place is redolent of beautiful memories and interesting associations, and the peace has not passed away.

Maria Ellery MacKaye.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XXIV.

It may now be necessary to indicate the outline, at least, of an incident which was the reason why, at the most critical period of the affairs both of her brother and sister, Minnie's supervising and controlling care was neutralized. Whether it is the case that nothing that did happen would have happened, as is her sincere conviction, had she been free to observe and guide the course of events, is what neither the writer of this history nor any other human looker-on can say. We are all disposed to believe that certain possibilities would have changed the entire face of history had they ever developed, and that life would have been a different thing altogether had not So and So got ill, or gone on a journey, or even been so ill-advised as to die at a particular juncture. Miss Warrender was of this opinion strongly; but it is possible that the reader may think that everything would have gone on very much as it did, in spite of all that she could have said or done. It is a problem which never can be settled, should we continue discussing it forevermore.

The thing which deprived the family of Minnie's care at the approaching crisis was what cannot be otherwise described than as a happy event. In the early summer, before Mr. Warrender died, a new curate had come to Underwood. This, however, is not an entirely just way of stating the case. A curate, in the ordinary sense of the word, was not wanted at Underwood. The parish was small. Such a thing as a daily service had not begun to be thought of, and the rector, who was full of energy, would have thought it wasteful extravagance to give a hundred pounds a year to another clergyman, in order that he might have the lessons read for him and the responses led by an educated voice. Ideas about educated voices, as well as about colored cloths and lights on the altar, have all developed since that time. People in general were quite satisfied with the clerk in those days, or, if they were not satisfied, at least accepted him as a necessary evil, at which they were free to laugh, but against which there was nothing to be said. The morning service on Sunday was the only one that was of much importance, to which

the whole parish came. That in the afternoon was attended only by the village people, and did not count for much. The rector would not have said in so many words, like a French curé, that vespers were *pas obligatoire*, but he had the same feeling. Both he and his wife felt kindly to the people who came, as if it were a personal compliment. It is needless to say that things ecclesiastical have very, very much changed since, and that this easy state of affairs exists no longer.

Thus there was evidently no need of a curate at Underwood proper. But the parish was now a double one. Once "St. Mary's-Underwood," it was now "Underwood-cum-Pierrepoint;" and the condition of drawing the revenues of the later division was that the rector should always provide for the duty in the little church at Pierrepoint, which was considered a fine specimen of early architecture, though not much adapted to modern needs. It had been usually some shabby old parson, some poor gentleman who had been a failure in life, one of those wonderful curates who are rich in nothing but children, and to whom the old, rambling, out-at-elbows parsonage house at Pierrepoint was of itself an attraction, who had taken this appointment. And it had been a great surprise to the neighborhood when it was known that the Honorable and Reverend Eustace Thynne (to say the Reverend the Honorable, which is now the highest fashion in such matters, postponing, as is meet, secular rank to that of the Church, was unknown in those pre-Ritualistic days), a young man, a baron's son, an entirely unexceptionable and indeed every way laudable individual, had accepted this post. A greater surprise it would be impossible to imagine. The Warrenders had been as much interested as anybody before the death in the family had made such sentiments for a time inappropriate. But Mr. Thynne had turned out a very sympathetic young clergyman. He had left his card and kind inquiries at once. He had helped to officiate at the funeral, and afterwards Minnie had been heard to say that no one had given her so true an idea of how grief ought to be borne. He had been a frequent visitor through the summer. If Theo saw little of him, that was entirely Theo's fault. It was Mr. Thynne who persuaded the girls that to resume their duties in the Sunday-school was not only right, but the best thing for them, — so soothing and comforting; and he had come a great deal to the Warren while Theo was so much away, and in many things had made himself useful to the girls, as Theo had been doing to Lady Markland. He did not, indeed, devote himself to them with the same indiscriminate devotion. There was no occasion for anything of the kind. Mrs. Warrender was quite capable of looking after things herself, and Minnie's energy was almost greater than was necessary for the needs of their position; so that it was not at all needful or desirable that he should put himself at their disposal in any exaggerated way. But all that a man and a clergyman could do to make himself useful and agreeable Eustace Thynne did. They got to talk of him as Eustace Thynne quite naturally, when they were talking of him, though they still called him Mr. Thynne when conversing with him. They saw a great deal of him. There was very little to do at Pierrepoint, and he was a great walker, and constantly met them when they were out. And he was very sound in his views, not extreme in anything; not an evangelical, much less inclining towards that section of the Church which began to be known in the world under the name of Puseyites. Eustace Thynne had no exaggerated ideas; he was not eccentric in anything. The Thirty-Nine Articles sat as easily upon him as his very well made coat; he never forgot that he was a clergyman, or wore even a gray checked necktie, which the rector

sometimes did, but always had a white tie, very neatly tied, and a tall hat, which was considered in those days the proper dress for a clergyman, even in the country. His political ideas inclined to conservatism, whereas, as Minnie always said, the Warrenders were liberal; but it was a very moderate conservatism, and the difference was scarcely appreciable.

From all this it may be divined that Minnie was in the way of following the example set her by her mother and grandmother, and the majority of women generally. She had not thought herself very likely to marry for some time back; for the country had wonderfully few young men in it, and she had no desire ever to leave home. But when Providence sent Eustace Thynne in her way, there was no reason why she should shut her eyes to that divine and benevolent intention. She softened in some ways, but hardened in others, during the course of the year. In matters upon which Eustace Thynne agreed with her, — and these were the principal features of her social creed, — she was more determined than ever, having his moral support to fall back upon, and would not allow the possibility of a doubt. And this made her the more severe upon Theo, for in all questions of propriety Mr. Thynne was with her, heart and soul.

As usually happens in the forming of new bonds, the old ones were a little strained while this process was going on. Chatty, who had been very deeply interested at first, when she saw in her elder sister symptoms of a state about which she herself had entertained only the vaguest dreams, became sometimes a little tired of it, as she found one of the results to be a growing inclination to get rid of herself. When they went out together to visit a pensioner, if they met Mr. Thynne (as they often did) on the road, Minnie would stop at the end of the lane. "Will you just run in and see how old Sarah is?" she would say to Chatty. "Two of us in such a little place is too much for the poor old dear;" and Mr. Thynne would remark, in a low voice, that Miss Warrender was so considerate (if everybody would be as considerate!), and linger and talk, while Chatty went and informed herself about all old Sarah's ills. This, however, the younger sister could have borne; but when she found, on rejoining the pair, that they had been discussing Theo, and that Minnie had been asking Mr. Thynne's advice, and that he entirely agreed with her, and thought she was quite right about Lady Markland, Chatty's spirit rose. "I would not talk about Theo to any one," she said, indignantly. "Who do you call any one? Mr. Thynne takes a great interest in all of us: and he is a clergyman, and of whom should one ask advice if not of a clergyman?" Minnie replied, with triumphant logic. "If he was a bishop, I would not talk over Theo — not with him, nor any one," Chatty replied. She had always been inclined to take Theo's part, and she became his partisan in these new circumstances, standing up for him through thick and thin. And in her little expeditions up and down the lane to ask after old Sarah, while Minnie strolled slowly along with her clerical lover, Chatty began to form little opinions of her own, and to free herself more or less from that preponderating influence of the elder sister which had shaped all her previous life. And little wistfulnesses began to float across Chatty's gentle mind, and little thrills of curiosity to go through it. Her surroundings at this moment gave much room for thought, — Minnie, who had never shown any patience in respect to such vanity, and was always severe with the maids and their young men, wandering on ahead with Mr. Thynne; and Theo, who had always been so imperious, given up in every thought to Lady Markland, and not to be spoken to on ordinary subjects during the short time he spent at home! With these

two before her eyes, it can scarcely be supposed that Chatty did not ask herself, now and then, whether, for her also, there was not somebody whose appearance would change everything. And for the first time she began to get impatient of the Warren, in the gloom of the winter, and to wish, like her mother, for a change.

Mr. Thynne was not ineligible, like most curates. It was not for poverty, or because he had no other place to turn to, that he had taken the curacy at Pierrepoint. There was a family living awaiting him, a very good living; and he had some money, which an uncle had left him; and he was the honorable as well as the reverend. Minnie had her own ideas, as has been seen, on matters of rank. She did not think overmuch of the nobility. She was of opinion that the country gentry were the support and salvation of England. Still, while a plain Mrs. or Miss may be anybody to those who don't know her, — a dairyman's daughter or a scion of the oldest of families, — an honorable to your name does at once identify you as occupying a certain position. "It is a very good thing," she said, "in that way; it is a sort of hall-mark, you know."

"It is sometimes put on very false metal, Minnie."

"Oh, I don't know," said Minnie, with an indignant flush; "no more than any other kind of distinction. The peerage does not go wrong oftener, — perhaps not so often as other people, but it does give a *cachet*. It is known then whom you belong to, and that you must be more or less nice people. I like it for that."

"There could be no doubt about Mr. Thynne, any way, my dear."

"I never said I was thinking of Mr. Thynne," said Minnie, with a violent blush, as she broke off the conversation and hurried away. And, indeed, it was not at all of Mr. Thynne that she was thinking, but rather of a possible Mrs. Thynne, and what her advantages might be over other ladies who did not possess that pretty and harmless affix. She decided that, unquestionably, it was an advantage. Out of your own county it might very well happen that nobody might know who you were: but an honorable never could be mistaken. She came gradually to change her views about the peerage in general, after that discovery, and made up her mind that a title in the family was good in every way. There could never be any doubt about that. Then it was in Debrett, and everybody could satisfy themselves about its genuineness and antiquity, and lay their finger upon the descendants and relatives of the house. There were inconveniences in that, especially in respect to the record of age — but still it was an advantage; and, to be sure, for those who were added to a noble family by marriage even that inconvenience did not exist.

Mr. Thynne declared himself in summer, after the year of mourning was over, and when even Miss Warrender felt that it was permitted to be more lively, and to wear white dresses, though with black ribbons, of course; and as the family living fell vacant immediately, the wedding took place almost at once. It made a great sensation in the parish, it need not be said; and while the few people in Pierrepoint gave the curate a teapot, in Underwood there was a great agitation in the Sunday-school and much collecting to buy a fine big Bible, with a great deal of gilding outside, for Miss Warrender, which was given to her at a tea in the school-room, with a speech from the rector, who was not fond of public speaking, and had to be egged up to it by many pricks and goads by his wife. It was considered a very suitable present for a young lady who was going to marry a clergyman, just as the teapot was most suitable for a young clergyman about to be married. In those days there was not the rain of marriage presents from

everybody within reach which is the painful fashion now.

And Minnie had a very excellent, solid trousseau, as might be expected, full of useful clothes; the silks very handsome, and the dinner dresses, though serious (which she thought suitable to a clergyman's wife), quite good enough to go *anywhere in*. If she had been yielded to in that respect, her going-away dress would have been lavender with black lace, quite second mourning. But not only her mother and sister, but Mrs. Wilberforce and even Mr. Thynne himself, who did not fancy a bride in mourning, remonstrated so strongly that she was obliged to yield. "I am in favor of showing every respect to our dear ones who are gone; but there are limits," the bridegroom said: and Mrs. Wilberforce declared that, though herself a conservative and staunch upholder of the past, she did think dear Minnie sometimes went a little too far, notwithstanding that the Warrenders were liberals. This determined stand on the part of all belonging to her resulted in Minnie's departure from the Warren clothed in a suit of russet brown, which was very becoming to her, — much more so than the whiteness of her bridal dress and veil.

These events withdrew Minnie's attention in great measure from the others which were preparing, and finally carried her off altogether on the eve of many and great changes, such as turned topsy-turvy the life of the Warrenders. She was naturally very much taken up by her husband and her new surroundings, and the delightful trouble of settling down in her new parish and home. And she was at a considerable distance from them, half a day's journey, which made very frequent visits impossible. It has been already said that we do not pretend to give our opinion as to whether, if Minnie had not married, things might not have gone very differently in the Warrender family life.

After the wedding guests had departed, Warrender ordered his horse to be brought round, as usual. He had, of course, been occupied all the morning with his own family, and with the marriage and the entertainment afterwards. Geoff had got a holiday, which he prized very much. (Lady Markland and the boy had been asked, of course, to the wedding, but it was perhaps a relief to all that they declined to come.) And if there ever was a moment in which Mrs. Warrender wanted her son, it was that day. She was tired out, and in the nervous state to which the best of us are liable at agitating moments. Minnie was not, perhaps, in absolute sympathy with her mother, but Mrs. Warrender had a great deal of imagination, and partly by means of those recollections of the past that are called up by every great family event, and partly by inevitable anticipations of the future, she was in special need of kindness and filial care. Her heart swelled within her when she saw the black horse brought round. She went to the door in the gray gown which she had got for Minnie's marriage, and met her son as he came into the hall. "Oh, Theo, are you going to leave us to-day? I thought you would have stayed with us to-day," she said, with what an unfavorable critic would have called a querulous tone in her voice. It was in reality fatigue and weariness, and a great desire for her boy's affection and comforting care; but the other explanation would not perhaps have been altogether without justification.

"Why should I stay to-day, more than any other day?" he said.

"You don't require me to tell you, Theo. It is getting late; you can't be wanted *there*, surely, to-day."

Now this was injudicious on Mrs. Warrender's part: but a woman cannot always be judicious. He looked at her with quick offense.

"Suppose I think differently?" he said; "or suppose that it is for my

own pleasure I am going, as you say, *there?*"

"I meant no harm," said Mrs. Warrender. "I have not opposed you. Often I have longed to have you a little more at home: but I never said anything, Theo, — you know I have never said anything."

"I can't imagine, mother, what there was to say."

She checked herself with difficulty, but still she did check herself. "There are some things," she said, "that I wish you would attend to, — I cannot help feeling that there are several things; but to-day, dear Theo, both Chatty and I are feeling low. Stay with us this afternoon. It will do us so much good."

She thought that he wavered for an instant, but if so it was only for an instant. "I don't believe that," he said. "We should only quarrel; and what is the use of a thing that is forced! And besides, of all days, this is the one above all others that I want to go. It is my best chance" — and then he stopped and looked at her, the color rising to his face.

"I thought Geoff was to go somewhere, for a holiday."

He gave her another look, and the red became crimson. "That is just the reason," he said enigmatically, and with a slight wave of his hand passed her, and went out to the door.

"You will be back to dinner, Theo?"

He turned his head as he was about to ride away, looking down upon her. "Perhaps I may be back immediately," he said, — "most likely; but never mind me, one way or another. I want nothing but to be let alone, please."

Chatty had come out to the door, and they both stood and watched him as he rode along, disappearing among the trees. "I think he must be going to — seek his fortune," his mother said, restraining a sob.

"Oh, mamma!" said simple Chatty, "I would go and pray for him, but I don't know what to ask."

"Nor I," said Mrs. Warrender. "God bless him, — that is all that one can say."

But the house looked very dreary as they went back to it, with all the confusion of the wedding feast and the signs of a great company departed. They scarcely knew where to sit down, amid the litter that had been so gay a few hours ago, and looked so miserable now.

But Theo! What was he doing? Where was he carrying the heart that beat so high, that would be silent no longer? Was he going to lay it at the feet of a woman who would spurn it? When would he come back, and how? Already they began to listen, though he had scarcely set out, for the sound of his return, — in joy or in despair, who could say?

XXV.

Theo came home neither late nor early; neither in joy nor in despair. He came back harassed and impatient, eaten up with disquietude and suspense. He was pale and red in succession ten times in a moment. He was so much absorbed in his own thoughts that he hardly heard what was said to him as the three sat down, a little forlorn, to dinner when the late summer twilight began to close over all the brightness of that long, fatiguing day. The night after the wedding, with its sense already of remoteness to the great event of the morning so much prepared for and looked forward to, with the atmosphere so dead and preternaturally silent which has tingled with so much emotion, with the inevitable reaction after the excitement, — nothing could ever make that moment a cheerful one. It is something more than the disappearance of a member of the family: it is the end of anticipation, of excitement, of all that has been

forming and accelerating the domestic life for weeks or months, perhaps. Even if there should happen to be an unexpressed and inexpressible relief in having permanently escaped the sway of a sharp critic, a keen inspecting eye which missed nothing, that consciousness only helps to take the edge off life and make it altogether blurred and brief for the moment. In the present case the very meal was suggestive: cold chickens, cold lamb, ham on the sideboard with ornamentations upon it, remains of jellies, and preparations of cream, — an altogether chilly dinner, implying in every dish a banquet past.

And there was not very much said. Joseph, who was rather more tired than everybody else, made no attempt to bring the lamp, and no one asked for it. They sat in the waning light, which had less of day and more of night in that room than anywhere else, and made a very slight repast in a much subdued way, with little interest in the cold chicken. Once Mrs. Warrender made a remark about the evening. "How dark it is! I think, Theo, if you don't do something soon, the trees will crush the house." "I don't see what the trees have to do with it," he answered with irritation; "I have always begged you not to wait for me when I was late." "But you were not late, dear Theo," said Chatty, with a certain timidity. "I suppose I ought to know whether I was late or not," he replied. And the ladies were silent, and the salad was handed round. Very suitable for a summer evening, but yet on the whole a depressing meal.

When they rose from the table Mrs. Warrender asked Theo to take a turn with her, which he did with great reluctance, fearing to be questioned. But she had more discretion than to question him, at least on that subject. She told him that if he did not particularly want her, she had made up her mind to go away. "Chatty will be dull without her sister. I think she wants a little change, and for that matter, so do I. And you don't want us, Theo."

"That is a hard thing to say, mother."

"I do not mean any blame. I know that the time is critical for you, too, my dear boy. That is why I ask, do you wish me to remain? but I don't think you do."

He did not answer for a full minute. Then, "No," he said, "I don't think I do." They were walking slowly round the house, by the same path which they had taken together when the father was lying dead, and before there had been question of Lady Markland in the young man's life. "Mother," he said after another interval, "I ought to tell you, perhaps. I know nothing about myself or what I am going to do; it all depends on some one else. Minnie would moralize finely on that, if she were to hear it. Things have come to this, that I know nothing about what may happen to-morrow. I may start off for the end of the world, — that is the most likely, I think. I can't go on living as I am doing now. I may go to — where? I don't know and I don't care much. If I were a Nimrod, as I ought to have been, I should have gone to Africa for big game. But it will probably be Greece or something conventional of that kind."

"Don't speak so wildly, dear. Perhaps you will not go away at all. You have not made up your mind."

"When I tell you I know nothing, not even about to-morrow! But I don't entertain much hope. That is how it will end, in all probability. And of course I don't want you to stay like rooks among the trees here. Poor old house! it will soon have no daylight at all, as you say."

"Theo, I hope you will do something before it is too late. It is not a beautiful house, but you were born in it, and so was your father."

He pressed her arm almost violently

within his. "Who knows, mother? great days may be coming for the old place: or if not, let it drop to pieces, what does it matter? I shall be the last of the Warrenders."

"Theo," she said with agitation, returning the pressure of his arm, "have you said anything to-night?"

Her question was vague enough, but he was at no difficulty in understanding. He said, after a moment, "I had no opportunity, there were people there; but to-morrow, to-morrow"—

They came out together, as these words were said, upon the edge of the pond. In the depth of that dark mirror, broken by water-lilies and floating growth of all kinds, there was a pale reflected sky, very colorless and clear, the very soul and centre of the brooding evening. Everything was dark around, the summer foliage black in the absence of light, the heart of June as gloomy as if the trees had been funeral plumes. The two figures, dark like all the rest, stood for a moment on the edge of the water, looking down upon that one pale, dispassionate, reflected light. There was no cheer in it, nor anything of the movement and pulsation of human existence. The whiteness of the reflection chilled Mrs. Warrender, and made her shiver. "I suppose," she said, "I am fanciful to-night; it looks to me like an unkindly spectator, who does not care what becomes of us." She added, with a little nervous laugh, "Perhaps it is not very probable that our little affairs should interest the universe, after all."

Warrender did not make any reply. He heard what was said to him and saw what was round him in a dim sort of confused way, as if every object and every voice were at a distance; and with an impatience, too, which it was painful to him to keep down. He went with her to the house, saying little; but he could not rest there, and came out again, groping his way through the surrounding trees, and returned after a while to the pond, where there was that light to think by, more congenial even in its chill clearness than the oppressive dark. It changed beneath his eyes, but he took no notice; a star came into it and looked him in the face from under the shadow of the great floating shelf of the water-lily leaves; and then came the blue of the dawn, the widening round him of the growing light, the shimmer of the early midsummer morning, long, long before those hours which men claim as the working day. That sudden bursting forth of life and color startled him in the midst of his dreams, and he went home and stole into the sleeping, darkened house, where by dint of curtains and shutters twilight still reigned, with something of the exhaustion and neglect of the morning after the feast, — the morning of the day which was to decide for him whether life should be miserable or divine.

These were the words which the young man used in his infatuation. He knew no others: miserable, so that he should no longer care what happened to him, or believe in any good, which was the most probable state of affairs; or divine, a life celestial, inconceivable, which was indeed not to be dwelt upon for a moment as if under any suggestion of possibility it could be.

Next day Mrs. Warrender began at once her preparations for that removal which she had so long contemplated, which had been so often postponed, throwing Chatty into an excitement so full of conflicting elements that it was for some time difficult for the girl to know what her own real sentiments were. She had been figuring to herself with a little wistfulness, and an occasional escapade into dreams, the part which it was now her duty to take up, that of her mother's chief companion, the daughter of the house, the dutiful dweller at home, who should have no heart and no thought beyond the War-

ren and its affairs. Chatty was pleased enough with the former rôle. It had been delightful both to her mother and herself to feel how much they had in common when the great authority on all family matters, the regulator of proprieties, the mistress of the ceremonies, so to speak, was out of the way, and they were left unmolested to follow their natural bent; but Chatty felt a little sinking of the heart when she thought of being bound to the Warren forever: of the necessity there would be for her constant services, and the unlikelihood of any further opening of life. While there had been two girls at home, there was always a possibility of an invitation, of a visit and little break of novelty, but it was one of Minnie's most cherished maxims that a young lady in the house was indispensable, and Chatty, in the recollection of it, felt a certain cheerful despair, if the expression is permissible, seize her. She would be cheerful, she said to herself, whatever happened. It was her duty: she loved her home, and wanted nothing else, oh, nothing else! Home and one's mother, what could one want more?

But when Chatty heard, all in a moment, those plans which promised, instead of the monotonous life to which she had been accustomed, a new world of novelty, of undiscovered distance, of gayeties and pleasures unknown, her despair changed into alarm. Was it right, however pleasant it might be, to go away; to abandon the Warren; to be no longer the young lady of the house, doing everything for those about her, but a young woman at large, so to speak, upon the world, getting amusements in her own person, having nothing to do for anybody? Chatty did not know what to think, what to reply to her mother. She exclaimed, "Oh, mamma!" with a gleam of delight; and then her countenance fell, and she asked, "What will Theo do alone?" with all the conscious responsibility of a sister, the only unmarried sister left. But the question that was uppermost in her mind did not really concern Theo. "What will Minnie say?" was what she was thinking. She turned this over in her mind all day with a breathless sense of so many new things that the old sense of subjection was a sort of support to her in the whirlwind of change. Minnie had often said that nothing short of necessity would make her leave the Warren. But then the force of that assertion was somewhat diminished by the fact that Minnie had not hesitated to leave the Warren when Mr. Thynne asked her to do so. Was necessity another name for a husband? Chatty blushed at this thought, though it seemed very improbable that any husband would ever appear to suggest such a step to herself. Would Minnie still think that the only motive; would she disapprove?

Chatty went out by herself that day to take the usual afternoon walk which her sister had always insisted upon. The day was dull and gray for midsummer, and Chatty had not yet recovered from the fatigue of yesterday. She allowed to herself that the trees were sadly overgrown, and that it was quite dark within the grounds of the Warren when it was still light beyond; and she permitted herself to think that it was a little dull having nowhere to walk to but Mrs. Bagley's shop. To be sure there was the rectory: but Mrs. Wilberforce would be sure to question her so closely about all that had happened and was going to happen that Chatty preferred not to risk that ordeal. There was not a soul about the village on this particular afternoon. Chatty thought she had never seen it so deserted. To make her walk a little longer, she had come out by the further gate of the Warren, — the one that Theo always used, that which was nearest to Markland. The only figures she saw in all her line of vision, as she came out, making a little sound with the gate, which

in the silence sounded like a noise and startled them, were two women, just parting as it seemed. One of them Chatty saw at a glance was Lizzie Hampson. The other — she came hurrying along towards Chatty, having parted, it appeared, with a kiss from her companion. They met full without any possibility of avoiding each other, and Chatty, in spite of herself, gave a long look at this woman, whom she had seen before in the high phaeton, and sometimes at the gate of the Elms. She was as young, or it might be younger than Chatty, with a lovely complexion, perhaps slightly aided by art, and quantities of curled and wavy hair. But the chief feature in her was her eyes — eyes of infantine blue, surrounded with curves of distress like a child's who has been crying its very heart out. It was evident that she had been crying; her eyelashes were wet, her mouth quivering. Altogether, it seemed to Chatty the face of a child that had been naughty and was being punished. Poor thing! she said in her soft heart, looking at the other girl with infinite pity. Oh, how miserable it must be to go wrong! Chatty felt as if she could have found it in her heart to stop this poor young creature, and entreat her, like a child, not to be naughty any more.

The other looked at her with those puckered and humid eyes with a stare into which there came a little defiance, almost an intention of affronting and insulting the young lady; but in a moment had hurried past and Chatty saw her no more. Chatty, too, quickened her steps, feeling, she could not tell why, a sensation like affront. Why should she be affronted? She did not like to look back, but felt as if the woman she had just passed must be mocking her behind her back, or perhaps threatening her, ready to do her a mischief. And certainly it was Lizzie Hampson who was running on in front. Chatty called to her in the sudden fright that had come over her, and was glad when the girl stopped and turned round reluctantly, though Lizzie's face was also stained with crying and wore a mutinous and sullen look.

"Did you call me, Miss Warrender? I am going home. Granny is waiting."

"Wait for me a moment, Lizzie. Oh, you have been crying, too. What is the matter? And that — that lady" —

"I won't tell you a lie, Miss Chatty, when you 've just found me out: but if you 're going to tell upon me! — this is the truth. I have been saying good-by to her; and no one in Underwood will ever see her more." Then Lizzie began to cry again, melting Chatty's soft heart.

"Why should I tell upon you? I have nothing to say. It appears that it is some one you know; but I — don't know who it is."

"Oh, Miss Chatty, you are the real good one;" said Lizzie, "you don't think everybody 's wicked. I don't love her ways, but I love her, that, poor, poor thing. Don't tell granny I was with her; but it is only to say good-by; that was all, for the last time, — just to say good-by."

"Is she — going away?" Chatty spoke in a low and troubled voice, knowing that she ought not to show any interest, but with a pity and almost awe of the sinner which was beyond all rule.

"Oh, yes, Miss Warrender, she is going away; the gentleman spoke the truth when he said it always comes to misery. There may be a fine appearance for a time, and everything seem grand and gay; but it always comes to misery in the end."

To this Chatty made no reply. It was not a lesson that she required, in her innocence and absence from temptation, to learn; but she had an awe of Lizzie and her words as if a gulf had opened at her feet and she had seen the blackness of darkness within.

"And if you'll believe me, she once was just as good and as innocent! Well, and she's a kind of innocent now, for that matter. Oh, poor thing! Oh, Miss Warrender, don't you be angry if I'm choking and crying. I can't help it! She don't know what she 's doing. She don't know bad from good, or right from wrong. There's some like that. Just what pleases them at the moment, that's all they think of. She once had as happy a life before her! and a good husband, and served hand and foot."

"Lizzie," said Chatty, with a shudder, "don't please tell me any more. If anything can be done" —

"Nothing," said the girl shaking her head. "What could be done? If the good ladies were to get her into their hands, they would put her in a penitentiary or something. A penitentiary for her! Oh, Miss Chatty, it 's little they know. If they could put her in a palace, and give her horses and carriages and plenty to amuse her, that might do. But she does n't want to repent; she does n't know what it means. She wants to be well off and happy. And she 's so young. Oh, don't think I would be like that for the world, not for the world, don't think it! But I can't help knowing how she feels. Oh, my poor dear, my poor dear!"

The wonder with which Chatty heard this strange plea was beyond description; but she would ask no more questions, and hear no more, though Lizzie seemed ready enough to furnish her with all details. She went back with the girl to the shop, thus disarming Mrs. Bagley, who was always full of suspicions and alarm when Lizzie was out of the way, and stood talking to the old woman while Lizzie stole into the parlor behind and got rid of the traces of her tears. Chatty felt very solemn as she stood and talked about her patterns, feeling as if she had come from a death-bed or a funeral. It was something still more terrible and solemnizing: it was her first glimpse into a darkness of which she knew nothing, and her voice sounded in her own ears like a mockery as she asked about the bundle of things that had come from Highcombe. "There 's one as is called the honeysuckle," said Mrs. Bagley: "it will just please you, Miss Chatty, as likes nice, delicate little things." The old woman thought she must be feeling her sister's loss dreadful, looking as melancholy as if it was her coffin she was buying. And Chatty accepted the honeysuckle pattern and looked out the materials for working it, without relaxing from that seriousness which was so little habitual to her. She even forgot all about her own problems, as she went home, seeing constantly before her the pretty, childlike face all blurred with tears. Was it true, as Lizzie said, that there was no way to help or deliver? If she had stopped, perhaps, as she had almost been impelled to do, and said, as it was on her lips to say, "Oh, I am so sorry for you; oh, don't do wrong any more," would the unhappy creature perhaps have listened to her, and repented, though Lizzie said she did not want to repent? Chatty could not forget that pitiful face. Would she ever, she wondered, meet it again?

XXVI.

Markland lay as usual, bare and white against the sun, upon that day of fate. The young trees had grown a little, and stood basking, scarcely shivering, leaning their feeble young heads together in the sun, but making little show as yet; all was wrapped in the warmth and stillness of the summer morn. The old butler stood upon the steps of the great door, his white head and black figure making a point in the bright, unbroken, still life about. Within, Lady Markland was in the morning-room with her business books and papers, but not doing much; and Geoff was in another, alone

with *his* books, not doing much: thinking, both of them, of the expected visitor now riding up in a breathless white heat of excitement to the hall door.

The entire house knew what was coming. Two or three maids were peeping at the windows above, saying, "There he is," with flutters of sympathetic emotion. That was why the butler stood on the steps waiting. All these spectators in the background had watched for a long time past; and a simultaneous thrill had run through the household, which no one was conscious of being the cause of, which was instinctive and incontrovertible. If not yesterday, then to-day; or to-morrow, if anything should come in the way to-day. Things had come to such a pitch that they could go no further. Of this every one in Markland was sure. There is something that gets into the air when excitement and self repression run high, and warns the whole world about of the approach of an event. "A bird of the air hath carried the matter." So it is said in all languages. But it is more than a bird in the air, swifter flying, entering into the most secret places. The last thing that Warrender thought of was that the fire and passion in his own breast had been publicly revealed. He wondered night and day whether *she* knew, whether she had any suspicion, if it had ever occurred to her to think; but that the maids should be peeping from the windows, and the old butler watching at the door to receive the lover, was beyond his furthest conception of possibility: fortunately, since such a thought would have overwhelmed him with fury and shame.

Lady Markland sat at her table, pondering a letter from Mr. Longstaffe. She had it spread out before her, but she could only half see the words, and only half understand what they meant. She had read in Theo's eyes on the previous day — all. Had he but known he had nothing to reveal to her, nothing that she could not have told him beforehand! She had felt that the tempest of his young passion had been about to burst, and she had been extravagantly glad of the sudden appearance of the visitors who made it impossible. She had been glad, but perhaps a little disappointed, too; her expectation and certainty of what was coming having risen also to a white heat of excitement, which fell into stillness and relief at the sight of the strangers, yet retained a certain tantalized impatience, as of one from whose lips a cup has been taken which will certainly have to be emptied another day. This was what she said to herself, with a trembling and agitation which was fully justified by the scene she anticipated. She said to herself that it must be got over, that she would not try to balk him, but rather give him the opportunity, poor boy. Yes! it was only just that he should have his opportunity, and that this great crisis should be got over as best it might. Her hands trembled as she folded Mr. Longstaffe's letter and put it away; her mind, she allowed to herself, was not capable of business. Poor boy, poor foolish boy! for was not he a boy in comparison with herself, a woman not only older in years, but so much older in life; a woman who had been a wife, who was a mother; a woman whose first thoughts were already pledged to other interests, and for whom love in his interpretation of the word existed no more? She would look down upon him, she thought, as from the mountain height of the calm and distant past. The very atmosphere in which such ideas had been possible was wanting. She would still him by a word; she would be very kind, very gentle with him, poor boy! She would blame herself for having unintentionally, unconsciously, put him in the way of this great misfortune. She would say to him, "How could I have ever thought that I, a woman so much older, past anything of the kind, — that I could

harm you! But it is not love, it is pity; it is because you are sorry for me! And it will pass, and you will learn to think of me as your friend." Oh, such a friend as she would be to him! and when some one younger, prettier, happier than she came in his way, as would certainly happen! Lady Markland could not help feeling a little chill at that prospect. The warmth of a young man's devotion has a great effect upon a woman. It makes many women do foolish things, out of the gratitude, the exhilaration of finding themselves lovable and beloved, even when they have passed the age and the possibility of being loved, as Lady Markland, now seven and twenty, had concluded herself to be.

Seven and twenty! ah, but that was not all! a wife already, to whom it was shame so much as to think of any other man. A second marriage appeared to her, as to many women, a sort of atheism; a giving up of the religion of the immortal. If marriage is a tie that endures forever, as it must be every happy woman's creed it is, how could she die, how dare ever to look in the face a man who because he was dead — no more than that, because a change had happened to him which was no doing of his — she had abandoned for another man? This argument made it once and forever impossible to contemplate such an act. Therefore it was to another man's wife that this poor boy, this generous enthusiast, was giving his all. But a woman cannot have such a gift laid down at her feet without a sensation of gratitude, without a certain pleasure even amid the pain, in that vindication of herself and her womanhood which he makes to her, raising her in her own esteem. Therefore she could not be hard, could not be angry. Poor boy! to think of what it was he was throwing away; and of the beating heart full of foolish passion with which he was coming to say words which her imagination snatched at, then retired from, trying not to anticipate them, not to be curious, not to be moved in advance by what he must say.

And then by times she would pause and ask herself whether she could not prevent him, whether she could not spare him these fruitless words. Would not it be wrong to let him say them when it was so certain what her response must be? She might stop him, perhaps, in the utterance; tell him with how much sympathy, with how much tenderness! that it must not be; that not for her were such expressions possible; that he was mistaking himself, and his own heart, in which pity was moving, not love. Could she do this? She felt a quick pang of disappointment in the thought of not hearing what he had to say: but it would be kinder to him — perhaps: would it be kinder? — to stop those words on his lips, words that should only be said to the woman who could listen to them, — to the happy young creature whom some time or other he would love. This was the confusion of thought in Lady Markland's mind while she sat by her writing-table among her papers, turning them over with nervous hands, now opening, now closing again the letters to which she could give no attention; letters, a cool observer might have said, much more important than a question of a foolish young fellow's love. Meanwhile the maids peeped, and the old butler looked down the avenue where Warrender's black horse was visible, marked with foam as if he had been pushed on at a great pace, and yet, now that the house was in sight, coming slowly enough. The servants had no doubt about what was going to happen so far as Warrender was concerned, but it was all the more like an exciting story to them that they had no certainty at all how it was to end. Opinions were divided as to Lady Markland; indeed, so wrapped was the whole matter in mystery that those who ought to know the best, old Soames for

one, and her own maid for another, would give no opinion at all.

Geoff was all this time in the room where he had his lessons, waiting for his tutor. He was biting his nails to the quick, and twisting his little face into every kind of contortion. Geoff was now ten, and he had grown a good deal during the year, — if not so very much in stature, yet a great deal in experience. A little, a very little, and yet enough to swear by, of the wholesome discipline of neglect had fallen to Geoff's share. Business and lessons had parted his day from his mother's in a way which was very surprising when it was realized; and Geoff realized it, perhaps, better than Lady Markland did. In the evenings she was, as before, his alone; though sometimes even then a little preoccupied and with other things in her mind, as she allowed, which she could scarcely speak to him about. But in the long day these two saw comparatively little of each other. At luncheon, Warrender was always there, talking to Lady Markland of subjects which Geoff was not familiar with. The boy thought, sometimes, that Theo chose them on purpose to keep him "out of it." Certainly he was very often out of it, and had to sit and stare and listen, which was very good for him but did not make him more affectionate towards Theo. To feel "out of it" is not a comfortable, but it is a very maturing experience. Geoff sat by and thought what a lot Theo knew; what a lot mamma knew; what an advantage grown-up people had; and how inattentive to other people's feelings they were in using it. After luncheon, Theo frequently stayed to talk something over with Lady Markland; to show her something; now and then to help her with something which she did not feel equal to. During these moments Geoff was supposed to "play." What he did, generally, was to resort to the stables and talk with the coachman and Black, whose conversation was perhaps not the best possible for the little lad, and who instructed him in horse-racing and other subjects of the kind.

When Theo went away, Lady Markland would call for Geoff to walk down the avenue with her, accompanying the tutor to the gate. And after he had been shaken hands with and had gone, then was to Geoff the best of the day. His mother and he, when it was fine, strolled about the park together for an hour, in something like the old confiding and equal friendship; a pair of friends, though they were mother and son, and though Geoff was but ten and she twenty-seven. That was old times come back, and recalled what was already the golden age to Geoff, the time before anything had happened. He did not say before his father died, for his childish memory was acute enough to recollect that things had often been far from happy then. But he remembered the halcyon days of the first mourning; the complete peace; the gradual relaxation of his mother's face; the return of her dimples, and of her laughter. It had only been then, he remembered, that he had called her "pretty mamma!" her face had become so fresh, and so soft and round. But lately it had lengthened a little again; and the eyes sometimes went miles off, which made him uneasy. "Why do your eyes go so far away? do you see anything?" he asked, sometimes; and then she would come back to him with a start, perhaps with a flush of sudden color, sometimes with a laugh, making fun of it. But Geoff did not feel disposed to make fun of it. It gave him a pang of anger to see her so; and unconsciously, without knowing why, he was more indignant with Theo at these moments, than he was when Theo sat at table and talked about matters beyond Geoff's ken. What had Theo to do with that far-away look? What could he have to do with it? Geoff could not tell. He was aware

there was no sense in his anger, but yet he was angry all the same.

And now, he sat waiting for Theo to come: waiting, but not wishing for him. Geoff was not so clever as the maids and old Soames; he did not know what he was afraid of. He had never formulated to himself any exact danger; and naturally he knew nothing of the seductions of that career into which Warrender had been drawn without intending it; without meaning any breach of Geoff's peace or of his own. Geoff did not know at all what he feared. He felt that there was something going on which was against him; and he had a kind of consciousness, like all the rest, that it was coming to a climax to-day. But he did not know what it was, nor what danger was impending over him. Perhaps Theo intended to stay longer; to come to Markland altogether; to interfere with the boy's evenings as he had done with his mornings. Or perhaps — but when he for a moment asked himself what he feared, his thoughts all fled away into vague alarms, infinitesimal in comparison with the reality, which was far too big and terrible for his mind to grasp. Mamma was afraid of it, too, he had thought, this morning. She had looked as the sky looks sometimes when the clouds are flying over it, and the wind is high and a storm is getting up: sometimes her face would be all overcast, and then her eyes had the look of a shower falling (though she did not shed any tears), and then there would be a clearing. She was afraid, too. It was something that Theo was going to propose; some change that he wanted to carry out: and mamma was afraid of it, too. This was in one way comforting, but in another more alarming; for it must be very serious indeed, if she, too, was afraid.

He roused himself from these uncomfortable thoughts, and began to pull his books about, and put his exercises upon the desk which Theo used, when he heard the sound of Theo's arrival, — the heavy hoofs of the big black horse, the voice of Soames in the hall, the quick steady step coming in. The time had been when Geoff would have thrown all his books on the table, and rushed out to witness the arrival, with an eager "Oh, Theo, you 're five minutes late!" or "Oh, Theo, I have n't done yet!" For some time, however, he had left off doing this. Things were too serious for such vanities; he lifted his head and held his breath, listening to the approaching footstep. A kind of alarm lest it should not be coming here at all, but straight to Lady Markland's room, made him pale for the moment. That would be too bad, to come here professedly for Geoff and to go instead to mamma! it would be just like Theo; but fortunately things were not quite so bad as this. The steps came straight to Geoff's door. Warrender entered, looking — the boy could not tell how — flushed, weary-eyed: something as he had seen his father look in the morning after a late night. Excitement simulates many disorders, and this was the first thought that leaped to Geoff's mind, with its little bit of painful experience. "I say, Theo!" the boy cried; and then stared and said no more.

"Well! what is it you say? I hope you are prepared to-day, not like last time."

"Last time! but I was very well prepared last time! It is you who forget. I knew everything."

"You had better teach me, then, Geoff, for I don't know everything: no, nor half what I want to know. Oh, here is the exercise!" Warrender said, sitting down. He looked it over and corrected it with his pencil, hanging over it, seeming to forget the boy's presence. When that was done he opened the book carelessly, anywhere, not at the place, as Geoff, who watched with keen eyes everything the young

man was doing, perceived instantly. "Where did you leave off last time? Go on," he said. Geoff began; but he was far too intent on watching Theo to know what he was about; and as he construed with his eyes only, and not all of them, for he had to keep his companion's movements in sight all the time, it is needless to say that Geoff made sad work of his Cæsar. And his little faculties were more and more sharpened with alarm, and more and more blunted in Latin, when he found that stumble as he liked, Theo did not correct him, nor say a word. He sat with his head propped on his hands, and when Geoff paused merely said, "Go on." Either this meant something very awful in the shape of fault-finding when the culprit had come to the end of the lesson, the exemption now meaning dire retribution then, or else — there was something very wrong with Theo. Geoff's little sharp eyes seemed to leap out of their sockets with excitement and suspense.

At last Warrender suddenly, in the midst of a dreadfully boggled sentence, after Geoff had beaten himself on every side of these walls of words in bewildering endeavors to find a nominative, sprang up to his feet. "Look here," he said, "I think I'll give you a holiday to-day."

Geoff, startled, closed his book upon his hand. "I had a holiday yesterday."

"Had you? well, what has that to do with it? You can put away your books for to-day. As for being prepared, my boy, if my head had not been so bad" —

"Is your head bad, Theo?" Geoff put on a look of solicitude to divert attention from his own delinquencies.

"I think it will split in two," said Warrender, pressing his hands upon his temples, in which indeed the blood was so swelling in every vein that they seemed ready to burst. He added, a minute after, "You can run out and get a little air; and" — here he paused, and the boy stopped and looked up, knowing and fearing what was coming. "And," repeated Warrender, a crimson flush coming to his face which had been so pale, "I 'll — go and explain to Lady Markland."

"Oh, if you 're in a hurry to go, never mind, Theo! I 'll tell mamma."

Warrender looked at Geoff with a blank but angry gaze. "I told you to run out and play," he said, his voice sounding harsh and strange. "It 's very bright out of doors. It will be the best thing for you."

"And, Theo! what shall I learn for to-morrow?"

"To-morrow!" The child was frightened by the look Theo gave him: the sudden fading out of the flush, the hollow look in his eyes. Then he flung down the book which all the time he had been holding mechanically in his hand. "Damn to-morrow!" he said.

Geoff's eyes opened wide with amazement and horror. Was Theo going mad? was that all that it meant after all?

M. O. W. Oliphant.

A NOCTURN.

I HAVE been an acolyte
In the service of the Night,
Subtile incense I have burned,
Songs of silence I have learned, —

Spirit-uttered antiphon
That from aisle to aisle doth run
Through the deep cathedral wood.
There she blessed me as I stood,
There, or in her courts that lie
Open to the gemmëd sky.
Me with starlight she hath crowned,
And with purple wrapped me round, —
Darkling purple, strangely wrought
By the servants of her thought.

Mortal, whosoe'er thou art,
That dost bear a fevered heart,
Hither come and healëd be:
Night such grace will show to thee,
Thou shalt tread the dewy stubble
Stranger to all fret and trouble,
While bright Hesper leans from heaven
Through the soft, dove-colored even,
While the grass-bird calleth peace
On the fields that have release
From the sickle and the rake.
Happy sigher! thou shalt take
The rich breath of blossomed maize,
As the moist wind smoothly plays
With its misty silks and plumes.
Thou shalt peer through tangled glooms,
Where the fruited brier-rose
Fragrance on thy pathway throws,
And the firefly bears a link;
Where swart bramble-berries drink
Spicy dew, and shall be sweet,
Ripened by to-morrow's heat;
Still, wherever thou dost pass,
Chimes the cricket in the grass;
And the plover's note is heard, —
Moonlight's wild enchanted bird,
Flitting, wakeful and forlorn,
Round the meadows lately shorn.

Wilt thou come, and healëd be
Of the wounds Day gave to thee,
Come and dwell, an acolyte
Of the deep-browed holy Night?

Edith M. Thomas.

ON HORSEBACK.

II.

CRANBERRY FORGE is the first wedge of civilization fairly driven into the northwest mountains of North Carolina. A narrow-guage railway, starting from Johnson City, follows up the narrow gorge of the Doe River and pushes into the heart of the iron mines at Cranberry, where there is a blast furnace, and where a big company store, rows of tenement houses, heaps of slag and refuse ore, interlacing tracks, raw embankments, denuded hillsides, and a blackened landscape are the signs of a great devastating American enterprise. The Cranberry iron is in great esteem, as it has the peculiar quality of the Swedish iron. There are remains of old furnaces lower down the stream, which we passed on our way. The present "plant" is that of a Philadelphia company, whose enterprise has infused new life into all this region, made it accessible, and spoiled some pretty scenery.

When we alighted, weary, at the gate of the pretty hotel, which crowns a gentle hill and commands a pleasing, evergreen prospect of many gentle hills, a mile or so below the works and wholly removed from all sordid associations, we were at the point of willingness that the whole country should be devastated by civilization. In the local imagination this hotel of the company is a palace of unequaled magnificence, but probably its good-taste, comfort, and quiet elegance are not appreciated after all. There is this to be said about Philadelphia — and it will go far in pleading for it in the Last Day against its monotonous rectangularity and the Babel-like ambition of its Public Building — that wherever its influence extends there will be found comfortable lodgings and the luxury of an undeniably excellent cuisine. The visible seal that Philadelphia sets on its enterprise all through the South is a good hotel.

This Cottage Beautiful has on two sides a wide veranda, set about with easy chairs; cheerful parlors and pretty chambers, finished in native woods, among which are conspicuous the satin stripes of the cucumber tree; luxurious beds, and an inviting table, ordered by a Philadelphia landlady, who knows a beefsteak from a boot-tap. Is it "low" to dwell upon these things of the senses, when one is on a tour in search of the picturesque? Let the reader ride from Abingdon through a wilderness of cornpone and rusty bacon, and then judge. There were, to be sure, novels lying about, and newspapers, and fragments of information to be picked up about a world into which the travelers seemed to emerge. They, at least, were satisfied, and went off to their rooms with the restful feeling that they had arrived somewhere, and no unquiet spirit at morn would say "to horse." To sleep, perchance to dream of Tatem and his household cemetery, and the Professor was heard muttering in his chamber,

> "Weary, with toil, I haste me to my bed,
> The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
> But then begins a journey in my head,
> To work my mind, when body's work 's expir'd."

The morning was warm (the elevation of the hotel must be between 2500 and 3000 feet), rainy, mildly rainy; and the travelers had nothing better to do than lounge upon the veranda, read feeble ten-cent fictions, and admire the stems of the white birches, glistening in the moisture, and the rhododendron trees, twenty feet high, which were shaking off their last pink blossoms, and look down into the valley of the Doe. It is not an exciting landscape, nothing bold or specially wild in it, but

restful with the monotony of some of the wooded Pennsylvania hills.

Sunday came up smiling, a lovely day, but offering no church privileges, for the ordinance of preaching is only occasional in this region. The ladies of the hotel have, however, gathered in the valley a Sunday-school of fifty children from the mountain cabins. A couple of rainy days, with the thermometer rising to 80°, combined with natural laziness to detain the travelers in this cottage of ease. They enjoyed this the more because it was on their consciences that they should visit Linville Falls, some twenty-five miles eastward, long held up before them as the most magnificent feature of this region, and on no account to be omitted. Hence naturally a strong desire to omit it. The Professor takes bold ground against these abnormal freaks of nature, and it was nothing to him that the public would demand that we should see Linville Falls. In the first place we could find no one who had ever seen them, and we spent two days in catechizing natives and strangers. The nearest we came to information was from a workman at the furnace, who was born and raised within three miles of the Falls. He had heard of people going there. He had never seen them himself. It was a good twenty-five miles there, over the worst road in the State — we 'd think it thirty before we got there. Fifty miles of such travel to see a little water run down hill! The travelers reflected. Every country has a local waterfall of which it boasts; they had seen a great many. One more would add little to the experience of life. The vagueness of information, to be sure, lured the travelers to undertake the journey; but the temptation was resisted — something ought to be left for the next explorer — and so Linville remains a thing of the imagination.

Towards evening, July 29th, between showers, the Professor and the Friend rode along the narrow-guage road, down Johnson's Creek, to Roan Station, the point of departure for ascending Roan Mountain. It was a ride of an hour and a half over a fair road, fringed with rhododendrons, nearly blossomless; but at one point on the stream this sturdy shrub had formed a long bower whereunder a table might have been set for a temperance picnic, completely overgrown with wild grape, and still gay with bloom. The habitations on the way are mostly board shanties and mean frame cabins, but the railway is introducing ambitious architecture here and there in the form of ornamental filigree work on flimsy houses: ornamentation is apt to precede comfort in our civilization.

Roan Station is on the Doe River (which flows down from Roan Mountain), and is marked at 2650 feet above the sea. The visitor will find here a good hotel, with open wood fires (not ungrateful in a July evening), and obliging people. This railway from Johnson City, hanging on the edge of the precipices that wall the gorge of the Doe, is counted in this region by the inhabitants one of the engineering wonders of the world. The tourist is urged by all means to see both it and Linville Falls.

The tourist on horseback, in search of exercise and recreation, is not probably expected to take stock of moral conditions. But this Mitchell County, although it was a Union county during the war and is Republican in politics (the Southern reader will perhaps prefer another adverb to "although"), has had the worst possible reputation. The mountains were hiding-places of illicit distilleries; the woods were full of grog-shanties, where the inflaming fluid was sold as "native brandy," quarrels and neighborhood difficulties were frequent, and the knife and pistol were used on the slightest provocation. Fights arose about boundaries and the title to mica mines, and with the revenue officers; and force was the arbiter of all disputes.

Within the year four murders were committed in the sparsely settled county. Travel on any of the roads was unsafe. The tone of morals was what might be expected with such lawlessness. A lady who came up on the road on the 4th of July, when an excursion party of country people took possession of the cars, witnessed a scene and heard language past belief. Men, women, and children drank from whiskey bottles that continually circulated, and a wild orgy resulted. Profanity, indecent talk on topics that even the license of the sixteenth century would not have tolerated, and freedom of manners that even Teniers would have shrunk from putting on canvas made the journey horrible.

The unrestrained license of whiskey and assault and murder had produced a reaction a few months previous to our visit. The people had risen up in their indignation and broken up the groggeries. So far as we observed temperance prevailed, backed by public opinion. In our whole ride through the mountain region we saw only one or two places where liquor was sold.

It is called twelve miles from Roan Station to Roan Summit. The distance is probably nearer fourteen, and our horses were five hours in walking it. For six miles the road runs by Doe River, here a pretty brook shaded with laurel and rhododendron, and a few cultivated patches of ground and infrequent houses. It was a blithe morning, and the horsemen would have given full indulgence to the spirit of adventure but for the attitude of the Professor towards mountains. It was not with him a matter of feeling, but of principle, not to ascend them. But here lay Roan, a long, sprawling ridge, lifting itself 6250 feet up into the sky. Impossible to go around it, and the other side must be reached. The Professor was obliged to surrender, and surmount a difficulty which he could not philosophize out of his mind.

From the base of the mountain a road is very well engineered, in easy grades for carriages, to the top; but it was in poor repair and stony. We mounted slowly through splendid forests, specially of fine chestnuts and hemlocks. This big timber continues till within a mile and a half of the summit by the winding road, really within a short distance of the top. Then there is a narrow belt of scrubby hardwood, moss-grown, and then large balsams, which crown the mountain. As soon as we came out upon the southern slope we found great open spaces, covered with succulent grass, and giving excellent pasturage to cattle. These rich mountain meadows are found on all the heights of this region. The surface of Roan is uneven, and has no one culminating peak that commands the country, like the peak of Mount Washington, but several eminences within its range of probably a mile and a half, where various views can be had. Near the highest point, sheltered from the north by balsams, stands a house of entertainment, with a detached cottage, looking across the great valley to the Black Mountain range. The surface of the mountain is pebbly, but few rocks crop out; no ledges of any size are seen except at a distance from the hotel, on the north side, and the mountain consequently lacks that savage, unsubduable aspect which the White Hills of New Hampshire have. It would, in fact, have been difficult to realize that we were over 6000 feet above the sea, except for that pallor in the sunlight, that atmospheric thinness and want of color which is an unpleasant characteristic of high altitudes. To be sure, there is a certain brilliancy in the high air — it is apt to be foggy on Roan — and objects appear in sharp outline, but I have often experienced on such places that feeling of melancholy, which would, of course, deepen upon us all if we were sensible that the sun was gradually withdrawing its power of

warmth and light. The black balsam is neither a cheerful nor a picturesque tree; the frequent rains and mists on Roan keep the grass and mosses green, but the ground damp. Doubtless a high mountain covered with vegetation has its compensation, but for me the naked granite rocks in sun and shower are more cheerful.

The advantage of Roan is that one can live there and be occupied for a long time in mineral and botanical study. Its mild climate, moisture, and great elevation make it unique in this country for the botanist. The variety of plants assembled there is very large, and there are many, we were told, never or rarely found elsewhere in the United States. At any rate the botanists rave about Roan Mountain and spend weeks on it at a time. We found there ladies who could draw for us Grey's lily (then passed) and had kept specimens of the rhododendron (not growing elsewhere in this region), which has a deep red, almost purple color.

The hotel is a rude mountain structure, with a couple of comfortable rooms for office and sitting-room, in which big wood fires are blazing; for though the thermometer might record 60°, as it did when we arrived, fire was welcome. Sleeping places partitioned off in the loft above gave the occupants a feeling of camping out, all the conveniences being primitive; and when the wind rose in the night and darkness, and the loose boards rattled and the timbers creaked, the sensation was not unlike that of being at sea. The hotel was satisfactorily kept, and Southern guests, from as far south as New Orleans, were spending the season there, and not finding time hang heavy on their hands. This statement is perhaps worth more than pages of description as to the character of Roan, and its contrast to Mt. Washington.

The summer weather is exceedingly uncertain on all these North Carolina mountains; they are apt at any moment to be enveloped in mist; and it would rather rain on them than not. On the afternoon of our arrival there was fine air and fair weather, but not a clear sky. The distance was hazy, but the outlines were preserved. We could see White Top, in Virginia; Grandfather Mountain, a long serrated range; the twin towers of Linville; and the entire range of the Black Mountains, rising from the valley, and apparently lower than we were. They get the name of Black from the balsams which cover the summits.

The rain on Roan was of less annoyance by reason of the delightful company assembled at the hotel, which was in a manner at home there, and, thrown upon its own resources, came out uncommonly strong in agreeableness. There was a fiddle in the house, which had some of the virtues of that celebrated in the history of old Mark Langston; the Professor was enabled to produce anything desired out of the literature of the eighteenth century; and what with the repartee of bright women, big wood fires, reading, and chat, there was no dull day or evening on Roan. I can fancy, however, that it might tire in time, if one were not a botanist, without the resource of women's society. The ladies staying here were probably all accomplished botanists, and the writer is indebted to one of them for a list of plants found on Roan, among which is an interesting weed, catalogued as *Humana, perplexia negligens.* The species is, however, common elsewhere.

The second morning opened, after a night of high wind, with a thunder shower. After it passed, the visitors tried to reach Eagle Cliff, two miles off, whence an extensive western prospect is had, but were driven back by a tempest, and rain practically occupied the day. Now and then through the parted clouds we got a glimpse of a mountain-

side, or the gleam of a valley. On the lower mountains, at wide intervals apart, were isolated settlements, commonly a wretched cabin and a spot of girdled trees. A clergyman here, not long ago, undertook to visit some of these cabins and carry his message to them. In one wretched hut of logs he found a poor woman, with whom, after conversation on serious subjects, he desired to pray. She offered no objection, and he kneeled down and prayed. The woman heard him, and watched him for some moments with curiosity, in an effort to ascertain what he was doing, and then said: —

"Why, a man did that when he put my girl in a hole."

Towards night the wind hauled round from the south to the northwest, and we went to High Bluff, a point on the north edge, where some rocks are piled up above the evergreens, to get a view of the sunset. In every direction the mountains were clear, and a view was obtained of the vast horizon and the hills and lowlands of several States — a continental prospect, scarcely anywhere else equaled for variety or distance. The grandeur of mountains depends mostly on the state of the atmosphere. Grandfather loomed up much more loftily than the day before, the giant range of the Blacks asserted itself in grim inaccessibility, and we could see, a small pyramid on the southwest horizon, King's Mountain in South Carolina, estimated to be distant one hundred and fifty miles. To the north Roan falls from this point abruptly, and we had, like a map below us, the low country all the way into Virginia. The clouds lay like lakes in the valleys of the lower hills, and in every direction were ranges of mountains wooded to the summits. Off to the west by south lay the Great Smoky Mountains, disputing eminence with the Blacks.

Magnificent and impressive as the spectacle was, we were obliged to contrast it unfavorably with that of the White Hills. The rock here is a sort of sand or pudding stone; there is no limestone or granite. And all the hills are tree covered. To many this clothing of verdure is most restful and pleasing. I missed the sharp outlines, the delicate artistic sky lines, sharply defined in uplifted bare granite peaks and ridges, with the purple and violet color of the northern mountains, and which it seems to me that limestone and granite formations give. There are none of the great gorges and awful abysses of the White Mountains, both valleys and mountains here being more uniform in outline. There are few precipices and jutting crags, and less is visible of the giant ribs and bones of the planet.

Yet Roan is a noble mountain. A lady from Tennessee asked me if I had ever seen anything to compare with it — she thought there could be nothing in the world. One has to dodge this sort of question in the South occasionally, not to offend a just local pride. It is certainly one of the most habitable of big mountains. It is roomy on top, there is space to move about without too great fatigue, and one might pleasantly spend a season there, if he had agreeable company and natural tastes.

Getting down from Roan on the south side is not as easy as ascending on the north; the road for five miles to the foot of the mountain is merely a river of pebbles, gullied by the heavy rains, down which the horses picked their way painfully. The travelers endeavored to present a dashing and cavalier appearance to the group of ladies who waved good-by from the hotel, as they took their way over the waste and wind-blown declivities, but it was only a show, for the horses would neither caracole nor champ the bit (at a dollar a day) down hill over the slippery stones, and, truth to tell, the wanderers turned with regret from the society of leisure and persiflage to face the wilderness of Mitchell County.

"How heavy," exclaimed the Professor, pricking Laura Matilda to call her attention sharply to her footing: —

"How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek — my weary travel's end —
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!'
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind;
My grief lies onward and my joy behind."

This was not spoken to the group who fluttered their farewells, but poured out to the uncomplaining forest, which rose up in ever statelier and grander ranks to greet the travelers as they descended — the silent vast forest, without note of bird or chip of squirrel, only the wind tossing the great branches high overhead in response to the sonnet. Is there any region or circumstance of life that the poet did not forecast and provide for? But what would have been his feelings if he could have known that almost three centuries after these lines were penned, they would be used to express the emotion of an unsentimental traveler in the primeval forests of the New World? At any rate he peopled the New World with the children of his imagination. And, thought the Friend, whose attention to his horse did not permit him to drop into poetry, Shakespeare might have had a vision of this vast continent, though he did not refer to it, when he exclaimed: —

"What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?"

Bakersville, the capital of Mitchell County, is eight miles from the top of Roan, and the last three miles of the way the horsemen found tolerable going, over which the horses could show their paces. The valley looked fairly thrifty and bright, and was a pleasing introduction to Bakersville, a pretty place in the hills, of some six hundred inhabitants, with two churches, three indifferent hotels and a court-house. This mountain town, 2550 feet above the sea, is said to have a decent winter climate, with little snow, favorable to fruit-growing, and, by contrast with New England, encouraging to people with weak lungs.

This is the centre of the mica mining, and of considerable excitement about minerals. All around, the hills are spotted with "diggings." Most of the mines which yield well show signs of having been worked before, a very long time ago, no doubt by the occupants before the Indians. The mica is of excellent quality and easily mined. It is got out in large irregular-shaped blocks and transported to the factories, where it is carefully split by hand, and the laminæ, of as large size as can be obtained, are trimmed with shears and tied up in packages for market. The quantity of refuse, broken, and rotten mica piled up about the factories is immense, and all the roads round about glisten with its scales. Garnets are often found imbedded in the laminæ, flattened by the extreme pressure to which the mass was subjected. It is fascinating material, this mica, to handle, and we amused ourselves by experimenting on the thinness to which its scales could be reduced by splitting. It was at Bakersville that we saw specimens of mica that resembled the delicate tracery in the moss-agate, and had the iridescent sheen of the rainbow colors — the most delicate greens, reds, blues, purples, and gold, changing from one to the other in the reflected light. In the texture were the tracings of fossil forms of ferns and the most exquisite and delicate vegetable beauty of the coal age. But the magnet shows this tracery to be iron. We were shown also emeralds and "diamonds," picked up in this region, and there is a mild expectation in all the in-

habitants of great mineral treasure. A singular product of the region is the flexible sandstone. It is a most uncanny stone. A slip of it a couple of feet long and an inch in diameter each way bends in the hand like a half frozen snake. This conduct of a substance that we have been taught to regard as inflexible impairs one's confidence in the stability of nature and affects him as an earthquake does.

This excitement over mica and other minerals has the usual effect of starting up business and creating bad blood. Fortunes have been made, and lost in riotous living; scores of visionary men have been disappointed; lawsuits about titles and claims have multiplied, and quarrels ending in murder have been frequent in the past few years. The mica and the illicit whiskey have worked together to make this region one of lawlessness and violence. The travelers were told stories of the lack of common morality and decency in the region, but they made no note of them. And, perhaps fortunately, they were not there during court week to witness the scenes of license that were described. This court week, which draws hither the whole population, is a sort of Saturnalia. Perhaps the worst of this is already a thing of the past; for the outrages a year before had reached such a pass that by a common movement the sale of whiskey was stopped (not interdicted, but stopped), and not a drop of liquor could be bought in Bakersville nor within three miles of it.

The jail at Bakersville is a very simple residence. The main building is brick, two stories high and about twelve feet square. The walls are so loosely laid up that it seems as if a colored prisoner might butt his head through. Attached to this is a room for the jailer. In the lower room is a wooden cage, made of logs bolted together and filled with spikes, nine feet by ten feet square and perhaps seven or eight feet high. Between this cage and the wall is a space of eighteen inches in width. It has a narrow door, and an opening through which the food is passed to the prisoners, and a conduit leading out of it. Of course it soon becomes foul, and in warm weather somewhat warm. A recent prisoner, who wanted more ventilation than the State allowed him, found some means, by a loose plank, I think, to batter a hole in the outer wall opposite the window in the cage, and this ragged opening, seeming to the jailer a good sanitary arrangement, remains. Two murderers occupied this apartment at the time of our visit. During the recent session of court, ten men had been confined in this narrow space, without room enough for them to lie down together. The cage in the room above, a little larger, had for tenant a person who was jailed for some misunderstanding about an account, and who was probably innocent — from the jailer's statement. This box is a wretched residence, month after month, while awaiting trial.

We learned on inquiry that it is practically impossible to get a jury to convict of murder in this region, and that these admitted felons would undoubtedly escape. We even heard that juries were purchasable here, and that a man's success in court depended upon the length of his purse. This is such an unheard of thing that we refused to credit it. When the Friend attempted to arouse the indignation of the Professor about the barbarity of this jail, the latter defended it on the ground that as confinement was the only punishment that murderers were likely to receive in this region, it was well to make their detention disagreeable to them. But the Friend did not like this wild-beast cage for men, and could only exclaim, "Oh, murder! what crimes are done in thy name."

If the comrades wished an adventure, they had a small one, more interesting

to them than to the public, the morning they left Bakersville to ride to Burnsville, which sets itself up as the capital of Yancey. The way for the first three miles lay down a small creek and in a valley fairly settled, the houses, a store, and a grist-mill giving evidence of the new enterprise of the region. When Toe River was reached there was a choice of routes. We might ford the Toe at that point, where the river was wide, but shallow, and the crossing safe, and climb over the mountain by a rough but sightly road, or descend the stream by a better road and ford the river at a place rather dangerous to those unfamiliar with it. The danger attracted us, but we promptly chose the hill road on account of the views, for we were weary of the limited valley prospects.

The Toe River, even here, where it bears westward, is a very respectable stream in size, and not to be trifled with after a shower. It gradually turns northward, and joining the Nollechucky becomes part of the Tennessee system. We crossed it by a long, diagonal ford, slipping and sliding about on the round stones, and began the ascent of a steep hill. The sun beat down unmercifully, the way was stony, and the horses did not relish the weary climbing. The Professor, who led the way, not for the sake of leadership but to be the discoverer of laden blackberry bushes, which began to offer occasional refreshment, discouraged by the inhospitable road and perhaps oppressed by the moral backwardness of things in general, cried out: —

"Tired with all these, for restful death I cry, —
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone."

In the midst of a lively discussion of this pessimistic view of the inequalities of life, in which desert and capacity are so often put at disadvantage by birth in beggarly conditions, and brazen assumption raises the dust from its chariot wheels for modest merit to plod along in, the Professor swung himself off his horse to attack a blackberry bush, and the Friend, representing simple truth, and desirous of getting a wider prospect, urged his horse up the hill. At the top he encountered a stranger, on a sorrel horse, with whom he entered into conversation and extracted all the discouragement the man had as to the road to Burnsville.

Nevertheless, the view opened finely and extensively. There are few exhilarations comparable to that of riding or walking along a high ridge, and the spirits of the traveler rose many degrees above the point of restful death, for which the Professor was crying when he encountered the blackberry bushes. Luckily the Friend soon fell in with a like temptation, and dismounted. He discovered something that spoiled his appetite for berries. His coat, strapped on behind the saddle, had worked loose, the pocket was open, and the pocket-book was gone. This was serious business. For while the Professor was the cashier, and traveled like a Rothschild, with large drafts, the Friend represented the sub-treasury. That very morning, in response to inquiry as to the sinews of travel, the Friend had displayed, without counting, a roll of bills. These bills had now disappeared, and when the Friend turned back to communicate his loss, in the character of needy nothing not trimm'd in jollity, he had a sympathetic listener to the tale of woe.

Going back on such a journey is the woefulest experience, but retrace our steps we must. Perhaps the pocket-book lay in the road not half a mile back. But not in a half a mile, or a mile, was it

found. Probably, then, the man on the sorrel horse had picked it up. But who was the man on the sorrel horse, and where had he gone? Probably the coat worked loose in crossing Toe River and the pocket-book had gone down stream. The number of probabilities was infinite, and each more plausible than the others as it occurred to us. We inquired at every house we had passed on the way, we questioned every one we met. At length it began to seem improbable that any one would remember if he had picked up a pocket-book that morning. This is just the sort of thing that slips an untrained memory.

At a post-office, or doctor's shop, or inn for drovers, it might be either or neither, where several horses were tied to the fence, and a group of men were tilted back in cane-chairs on the veranda, we unfolded our misfortune and made particular inquiries for a man on a sorrel horse. Yes, such a man, David Thomas by name, had just ridden towards Bakersville. If he had found the pocket-book, we would recover it. He was an honest man. It might, however, fall into hands that would freeze to it. Upon consultation, it was the general verdict that there were men in the county who would keep it if they had picked it up. But the assembly manifested the liveliest interest in the incident. One suggested Toe River. Another thought it risky to drop a purse on any road. But there was a chorus of desire expressed that we should find it, and in this anxiety was exhibited a decided sensitiveness about the honor of Mitchell County. It seemed too bad that a stranger should go away with the impression that it was not safe to leave money anywhere in it. We felt very much obliged for this genuine sympathy, and we told them that if a pocket-book were lost in this way on a Connecticut road, there would be felt no neighborhood responsibility for it, and that nobody would take any interest in the incident except the man who lost, and the man who found.

By the time the travelers pulled up at a store in Bakersville they had lost all expectation of recovering the missing article, and were discussing the investment of more money in an advertisement in the weekly newspaper of the capital. The Professor, whose reform sentiments agreed with those of the newspaper, advised it. There was a group of idlers, mica acquaintances of the morning, and philosophers in front of the store, and the Friend opened the colloquy by asking if a man named David Thomas had been seen in town. He was in town, had ridden in within an hour, and his brother, who was in the group, would go in search of him. The information was then given of the loss, and that the rider had met David Thomas just before it was discovered, on the mountain beyond the Toe. The news made a sensation, and by the time David Thomas appeared a crowd of a hundred had drawn around the horsemen eager for further developments. Mr. Thomas was the least excited of the group as he took his position on the sidewalk, conscious of the dignity of the occasion and that he was about to begin a duel in which both reputation and profit were concerned. He recollected meeting the travelers in the morning.

The Friend said, "I discovered that I had lost my purse just after meeting you; it may have been dropped in Toe River, but I was told back here that if David Thomas had picked it up it was as safe as if it were in the bank."

"What sort of a pocket-book was it?" asked Mr. Thomas.

"It was of crocodile skin, or what is sold for that, very likely it is an imitation, and about so large" — indicating the size.

"What had it in it?"

"Various things. Some specimens of mica; some blank checks; some money."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, a photograph. And, oh, something that I presume is not in another pocket-book in North Carolina, — in an envelope, a lock of the hair of George Washington, the Father of his Country." Sensation, mixed with incredulity. Washington's hair did seem such an odd part of an outfit for a journey of this kind.

"How much money was in it?"

"That I cannot say, exactly. I happen to remember four twenty dollar United States notes, and a roll of small bills, perhaps something over a hundred dollars."

"Is that the pocket-book?" asked David Thomas, slowly pulling the loved and lost out of his trousers pocket.

"It is."

"You 'd be willing to take your oath on it?"

"I should be delighted to."

"Well, I guess there ain't so much money in it. You can count it (handing it over); there hain't been nothing taken out. I can't read, but my friend here counted it over, and he says there ain't so much as that."

Intense interest in the result of the counting. One hundred and ten dollars! The Friend selected one of the best engraved of the notes, and appealed to the crowd if they thought that was the square thing to do. They did so think, and David Thomas said it was abundant. And then said the Friend: —

"I 'm exceedingly grateful to you besides. Washington's hair is getting scarce, and I did not want to lose these few hairs, gray as they are. You 've done the honest thing, Mr. Thomas, as was expected of you. You might have kept the whole. But I reckon if there had been five hundred dollars in the book and you had kept it, it would n't have done you half as much good as giving it up has done; and your reputation as an honest man is worth a good deal more than this pocket-book. [The Professor was delighted with this sentiment, because it reminded him of a Sunday-school.] I shall go away with a high opinion of the honesty of Mitchell County."

"Oh, he lives in Yancey," cried two or three voices. At which there was a great laugh.

"Well, I wondered where he came from." And the Mitchell County people laughed again at their own expense, and the levee broke up. It was exceedingly gratifying, as we spread the news of the recovered property that afternoon at every house on our way to the Toe, to see what pleasure it gave. Every man appeared to feel that the honor of the region had been on trial and had stood the test.

The eighteen miles to Burnsville had now to be added to the morning excursion, but the travelers were in high spirits, feeling the truth of the adage that it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have lost at all. They decided, on reflection, to join company with the mail-rider, who was going to Burnsville by the shorter route, and could pilot them over the dangerous ford of the Toe.

The mail-rider was a lean, sallow, sinewy man, mounted on a sorry sorrel nag, who proved, however, to have blood in her, and to be a fast walker and full of endurance. The mail-rider was taciturn, a natural habit for a man who rides alone the year round, over a lonely road, and has nothing whatever to think of. He had been in the war sixteen months, in Hugh White's regiment, — reckon you 've heerd of him?

"Confederate?"

"Which?"

"Was he on the Union or Confederate side?"

"Oh, Union."

"Were you in any engagements?"

"Which?"

"Did you have any fighting?"

"Not reg'lar."

"What did you do?"

"Which?"

"What did you do in Hugh White's regiment?"

"Oh, just cavorted round the mountains."

"You lived on the country?"

"Which?"

"Picked up what you could find, corn, bacon, horses?"

"That's about so. Did n't make much difference which side was round, the country got cleaned out."

"Plunder seems to have been the object?"

"Which?"

"You got a living out of the farmers?"

"You bet."

Our friend and guide seemed to have been a jayhawker and mountain marauder — on the right side. His attachment to the word "which" prevented any lively flow of conversation, and there seemed to be only two trains of ideas running in his mind: one was the subject of horses and saddles, and the other was the danger of the ford we were coming to, and he exhibited a good deal of ingenuity in endeavoring to excite our alarm. He returned to the ford from every other conversational excursion, and after every silence. "I do' know 's there 's any great danger; not if you know the ford. Folks is carried away there. The Toe gits up sudden. There 's been right smart rain lately. If you 're afraid, you can git set over in a dug-out, and I 'll take your horses across. Mebbe you 're used to fording? It 's a pretty bad ford for them as don't know it. But you 'll get along, if you mind your eye. There 's some rocks you 'll have to look out for. But you 'll be all right, if you follow me."

Not being very successful in raising an interest in the dangers of his ford, although he could not forego indulging a malicious pleasure in trying to make the strangers uncomfortable, he finally turned his attention to a trade. "This hoss of mine," he said, "is just the kind of brute-beast you want for this country. Your hosses is too heavy. How 'll you swap for that one o' yourn?" The reiterated assertion that the horses were not ours, that they were hired, made little impression on him. All the way to Burnsville he kept recurring to the subject of a trade. The instinct of "swap" was strong in him. When we met a yoke of steers, he turned round and bantered the owner for a trade. Our saddles took his fancy. They were of the army pattern, and he allowed that one of them would just suit him. He rode a small flat English pad, across which was flung the United States mail pouch, apparently empty. He dwelt upon the fact that his saddle was new and ours were old, and the advantages that would accrue to us from the exchange. He did n't care if they had been through the war, as they had, for he fancied an army saddle. The Friend answered for himself that the saddle he rode belonged to a distinguished Union general, and had a bullet in it that was put there by a careless Confederate in the first battle of Bull Run, and the owner would not part with it for money. But the mail-rider said he did n't mind that. He would n't mind swapping his new saddle for my old one and the rubber coat and leggins. Long before we reached the ford we thought we would like to swap the guide, even at the risk of drowning. The ford was passed, in due time, with no inconvenience save that of wet feet, for the stream was breast high to the horses; but being broad and swift and full of sunken rocks and slippery stones and the crossing tortuous, it is not a ford to be commended. There is a curious delusion that a rider has in crossing a swift broad stream. It is that he is rapidly drifting up stream, while in fact the tendency of the horse is to go with the current.

The road in the afternoon was not unpicturesque, owing to the streams and the ever noble forests, but the prospect was always very limited. Agriculturally, the country was mostly undeveloped. The travelers endeavored to get from the rider an estimate of the price of land. Not much sold, he said. "There was one sale of a big piece last year; the owner enthorited Big Tom Wilson to sell it, but I d' know what he got for it."

All the way along the habitations were small log cabins, with one room, chinked with mud, and these were far between; and only occasionally thereby a similar log structure, unchinked, laid up like a cob house, that served for a stable. Not much cultivation, except now and then a little patch of poor corn on a steep hillside, occasionally a few apple-trees, and a peach-tree without fruit. Here and there was a house that had been half finished and then abandoned, or a shanty in which a couple of young married people were just beginning life. Generally the cabins (confirming the accuracy of the census of 1880) swarmed with children, and nearly all the women were thin and sickly.

In the day's ride we did not see a wheeled vehicle, and only now and then a horse. We met on the road small sleds, drawn by a steer, sometimes by a cow, on which a bag of grist was being hauled to the mill, and boys mounted on steers gave us good evening with as much pride as if they were bestriding fiery horses.

In a house of the better class, which was a post-house, and where the rider and the woman of the house had a long consultation over a letter to be registered, we found the rooms decorated with patent-medicine pictures, which were often framed in strips of mica, an evidence of culture that was worth noting. Mica was the rage. Every one with whom we talked, except the rider, had more or less the mineral fever. The impression was general that the mountain region of North Carolina was entering upon a career of wonderful mineral development, and the most extravagant expectations were entertained. Mica was the shining object of most "prospecting," but gold was also on the cards.

The country about Burnsville is not only mildly picturesque, but very pleasing. Burnsville, the county-seat of Yancey, at an elevation of 2840 feet, is more like a New England village than any hitherto seen. Most of the houses stand about a square, which contains the shabby court-house; around it are two small churches, a jail, an inviting tavern, with a long veranda, and a couple of stores. On an overlooking hill is the seminary. Mica mining is the exciting industry, but it is agriculturally a good country. The tavern had recently been enlarged to meet the new demands for entertainment, and is a roomy structure, fresh with paint and only partially organized. The travelers were much impressed with the brilliant chambers, the floors of which were painted in alternate stripes of vivid green and red. The proprietor, a very intelligent and enterprising man, who had traveled often in the North, was full of projects for the development of his region and foremost in its enterprises, and had formed a considerable collection of minerals. Besides, more than any one else we met, he appreciated the beauty of his country, and took us to a neighboring hill, where we had a view of Table Mountain to the east and the nearer giant Blacks. The elevation of Burnsville gives it a delightful summer climate, the gentle undulations of the country are agreeable, the views noble, the air is good, and it is altogether a "livable" and attractive place. With facilities of communication, it would be a favorite summer resort. Its nearness to the great mountains (the whole Black range is in Yancey County), its fine pure air, its opportunity for fishing and hunting, commend it to those in search

of an interesting and restful retreat in summer.

But it should be said that before the country can attract and retain travelers, its inhabitants must learn something about the preparation of food. If, for instance, the landlord's wife at Burnsville had traveled with her husband, her table would probably have been more on a level with his knowledge of the world, and it would have contained something that the wayfaring man, though a Northerner, could eat. We have been on the point several times in this journey of making the observation, but have been restrained by a reluctance to touch upon politics, that it was no wonder that a people with such a cuisine should have rebelled. The travelers were in a rebellious mood most of the time.

The evidences of enterprise in this region were pleasant to see, but the observers could not but regret, after all, the intrusion of the money-making spirit, which is certain to destroy much of the present simplicity. It is as yet, to a degree, tempered by a philosophic spirit. The other guest of the house was a sedate, long-bearded traveler for some Philadelphia house, and in the evening he and the landlord fell into a conversation upon what Socrates calls the disadvantage of the pursuit of wealth to the exclusion of all noble objects, and they let their fancy play about Vanderbilt, who was agreed to be the richest man in the world, or that ever lived.

"All I want," said the long-bearded man, "is enough to be comfortable. I would n't have Vanderbilt's wealth if he 'd give it to me."

"Nor I," said the landlord. "Give me just enough to be comfortable. [The tourist could n't but note that his ideas of enough to be comfortable had changed a good deal since he had left his little farm and gone into the mica business, and visited New York, and enlarged and painted his tavern.] I should like to know what more Vanderbilt gets out of his money than I get out of mine. I heard tell of a young man who went to Vanderbilt to get employment. Vanderbilt finally offered to give the young man, if he would work for him, just what he got himself. The young man jumped at that — he 'd be perfectly satisfied with that pay. And Vanderbilt said that all he got was what he could eat and wear, and offered to give the young man his board and clothes."

"I declare," said the long-bearded man. "That 's just it. Did you ever see Vanderbilt's house? Neither did I, but I heard he had a vault built in it five feet thick, solid. He put in it two hundred millions of dollars, in gold. After a year, he opened it and put in twelve millions more, and called that a poor year. They say his house has gold shutters to the windows, so I 've heard."

"I should n't wonder," said the landlord. "I heard he had one door in his house cost forty thousand dollars. I don't know what it is made of, unless it 's made of gold."

Sunday was a hot and quiet day. The stores were closed and the two churches also, this not being the Sunday for the itinerant preacher. The jail also showed no sign of life, and when we asked about it, we learned that it was empty, and had been for some time. No liquor is sold in the place, nor within at least three miles of it. It is not much use to try to run a jail without liquor.

In the course of the morning a couple of stout fellows arrived, leading between them a young man whom they had arrested, — it did n't appear on any warrant, but they wanted to get him committed and locked up. The offense charged was carrying a pistol; the boy had not used it against anybody, but he had flourished it about and threatened, and the neighbors would n't stand that; they were bound to enforce the law against carrying concealed weapons.

The captors were perfectly good-natured and on friendly enough terms with the young man, who offered no resistance, and seemed not unwilling to go to jail. But a practical difficulty arose. The jail was locked up, the sheriff had gone away into the country with the key, and no one could get in. It did not appear that there was any provision for boarding the man in jail; no one in fact kept it. The sheriff was sent for, but was not to be found, and the prisoner and his captors loafed about the square all day, sitting on the fence, rolling on the grass, all of them sustained by a simple trust that the jail would be open some time.

Late in the afternoon we left them there, trying to get into the jail. But we took a personal leaf out of this experience. Our Virginia friends, solicitous for our safety in this wild country, had urged us not to venture into it without arms — take at least, they insisted, a revolver each. And now we had to congratulate ourselves that we had not done so. If we had, we should doubtless on that Sunday have been waiting, with the other law-breaker, for admission into the Yancey County jail.

Charles Dudley Warner.

SHOULD A COLLEGE EDUCATE?

In the "American language" (which is simply the most modern English) a *college* and a *university* are two different things. The terms are sometimes confounded, in loose popular speech, but the best usage in this country shows an increasing tendency toward a sharp distinction between them. A failure to apprehend this distinction clearly, and a consequent notion that a college is only a little university, or a university only a large college, has sometimes given rise to odd doctrine as to what a college should teach.

In their original signification the words are not widely different: the *universitas* signifying merely a "corporate whole," in law; the *collegium*, a "society of colleagues." But the term *university*, in its development in Europe and this country, and the term *college*, in its development in this country especially, have become widely differentiated. That which is properly called a university has its own distinct purpose, and consequently its own proper methods and appliances. That which is properly called a college has a different purpose, and its methods and appliances are consequently entirely different.

Ideally, a *university* is a place where anybody may learn everything. And this, whether it be as knowledge, properly speaking, or as skill. Actually, however, as found existing at present (since few persons after leaving college wish to study beyond the requirements of a bread-occupation), a university consists of a central college, surrounded by a cluster of professional or technical schools, where special branches are pursued, chiefly with reference to some particular calling.

A *college*, on the other hand, is a place where young people, whatever their future occupation is to be, may first of all receive that more or less complete development which we call a "liberal education."[1]

The character of the college course,

[1] In one or two instances our state charters have employed these terms, *university* and *college*, in such a way as to confuse any rational or usual distinction between them. The State of California, for instance, has a "University of California," consisting of a College of Letters, a College of Agriculture, a College of Mining, etc. Of these only the College of Letters answers to the ac-

then, should be determined purely with reference to the distinct purpose of the college. The human mind being many-sided, the college undertakes to aid its development on all the lines of its natural growth. The tendency of modern life, moreover, with its extreme division of labor, being to force one or two powers of the mind at the expense of the rest, the aim of the college is to forestall this one-sided effect by giving the whole man a fair chance beforehand. While the special or professional schools of the university provide that a person may go as far as possible on some one line of knowledge, which constitutes his specialty,[1] or of that combination of knowledge and skill which constitutes his profession, the college provides that he shall get such a complete possession of himself — in all his powers: mind, body, and that total of qualities known as "character" — as is essential to the highest success in any specialty or profession whatever. He may get this broad preparation elsewhere than in college. It may come through private study. It may come sometimes — but only to men of extraordinary endowments — from the discipline of life itself. But to the ordinary man, the "average man," it comes most surely and most easily through a college course. Once having it, from one source or another, a man no doubt fits himself best to serve the world by perfecting his knowledge and skill in some single direction; but without some such broad preliminary development, some such "liberal education," he will fail not only of his best possible special work, but — what is worst of all — he will assuredly fail of that best service which any man can do for the community, the living in it, whatever his profession, as a complete and roundly moulded man. He will fail (to use Mr. Spencer's excellent phrase) of "complete living." He will have entered the world without being equipped for that great common profession, the profession of living — underneath and above his particular calling — the intellectual life.

But (it may be asked) why may not the university, through some one of its special schools, furnish this culture without the need of a college? Because a man is too complex an organism to get complete growth in any single region of study, or by any one line of exercises.

But, at least (it may further be asked), might not the ideal university, with its whole circle of knowledges, professional and otherwise, give this complete culture? In other words, why should not the college add to its course all kinds of knowledges, and so itself become an ideal university, where anybody might learn everything? It is the theory implied in this question that produces the tendency toward unlimited "electives" in the college course. There should be no difficulty in seeing why this is an irrational tendency, however attractive it may seem at first sight to the public. It is irrational because the time actually given to college study is no more than four years; in this time only a few subjects can be studied; and the very essence of the function of the col-

cepted sense of the term "college," the others being what are more properly called professional or technical "schools." The use of the words at Cambridge (U. S.) illustrates their almost universal application in this country: "Harvard *University*" consisting (in the language of the annual catalogue) of "Harvard *College*, the Divinity *School*, the Law *School*, the Lawrence Scientific *School*," etc.

[1] The Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore, furnishes one example, in this country, of a "university" in somewhat the sense of the term as used abroad. It does not, it is true, exclude college work, but it maintains chairs of original research, and at the same time provides advanced instruction for graduate students on special lines of study, other than those of the usual professional schools. It is to be hoped that the fact of its carrying on under-graduate college work does not indicate any danger of its being checked in its full career, through some possible unripeness of its public for its more advanced work, and warped toward an ordinary university with a college and professional schools, only.

lege is, therefore, that it should select among the numberless possible subjects those which promise the greatest educating force. For we reach, at this point in the discussion, a fact that underlies the whole system of any right education — a fact persistently ignored by many persons having to do with educational affairs, particularly in the lower schools and in remote communities, and on the ignorance of which no end of educational blunders have been built. It is the fact that, while every possible knowledge and skill is useful for one purpose or another, *not all are equally useful for the purposes of education.* The college, therefore, must select such studies as are most useful for its own purposes. So far as the university undertakes to prescribe any such general or culture-course, it becomes a college. So far as the college forgets to do this, in deference to notions of a "practical" training, or of the magnificence of a great cloud of electives, it does not become a university — for that, in the nature of the case, is impossible; but it fails of its true function as a college, and is no longer either the one thing or the other.

The ideal of a great university where anybody might learn everything has a peculiar charm for the imagination. Bacon sketched the large outlines of such an establishment in his New Atlantis; and ever since his day we have come to see more and more clearly that knowledge does indeed make prosperity, whether for peoples or for individuals. Nothing can be more charming, then, than the thought of a great central institution where the last word on every subject might be heard; where the foremost scientist in every science, the foremost craftsman in every handicraft, should impart the entirety of his acquisitions or his dexterity to all who cared to seek it. Such a university ought, it would seem, to be accessible to every community in this modern world.

But all this would not give us a college. That we have only when we have a company of competent scholars providing a course of general preliminary training; a course selected with reference to its particular end of producing broadly educated men. The university, taking the man as he is, would propose to leave him as he is, except for the acquisition of a certain special knowledge or skill. The college, taking the youth as he is, proposes to make of him something that he is not. It proposes no less a miracle, in fact, than the changing of a crude boy into an educated man. A miracle — yet every day sees it more and more successfully performed.

An educated man — what is it that we understand by the phrase? If it would not be easy to set down all that it connotes in our various minds, we should probably agree that it includes, among other things, such qualities as these: a certain largeness of view; an acquaintance with the intellectual life of the world; the appreciation of principles; the power and habit of independent thought; the freedom from personal provincialism, and the recognition of the other point of view; an underlying nobleness of intention; the persistence in magnanimous aims. If there has not yet been found the system of culture which will give this result every time and with all sorts of material, it may at least be asserted that a course of study — whether in college or out — somewhat corresponding to the course pursued at our best colleges has a visible tendency to produce this result. Whether it might be produced, also, by some entirely different course is certainly a question not to be rashly answered in the negative. All we can say is, that any course which has as yet been proposed as a substitute has proved, on experiment, to have serious defects in comparison with it. Our wisest plan is to hold fast what we already know to be good studies, making farther experiments with candor and

fairness; avoiding, on the one hand, the timid pre-judgments of those who are afraid of all that is not ancient and established, and, on the other hand, the crude enthusiasms of those half-educated persons who think that nothing old can be good, and nothing new can be bad.

Two principal proposals of change in the college course have been made. One is that the modern languages should be substituted for the ancient. So far as the complete substitution has been tried, most observers would probably agree that the experiment has failed. In other words, more persons are found to have studied modern languages without having become "educated" persons by that means than are found to have studied the classics without that result. College observers, unbiased by any personal interest as teachers on either side, would probably be found nearly unanimous as to this point. Without discussing the question theoretically here, we would only insist upon this: that, so far as any change of this kind is made, it be made only on the ground of greater serviceableness for purely educational purposes, as being better fitted to "educe the man" — the only test of studies with which the college has anything whatever to do. Probably Mill's answer, or counter-question, will eventually be found the wisest one as between the classical and the modern languages and literatures: "Why not both?"

The other principal proposal of change is the substitution of natural science in place of the "humanities." To the addition of a certain amount of natural science, enough, certainly, to impart its admirable methods of research, and, what is more, its admirable spirit of uncompromising adhesion to the exact truth, no one is likely to object. But when it is proposed to make any radical substitution of the material studies for the human studies, making courses (as has been done) without Latin, Greek, Literature, Logic, Philosophy, Ancient History, etc., supplying their places with the natural sciences, it is well to consider carefully, first, the results of the experiment so far as it has been tried; and, secondly, certain well-established principles concerning the human mind in its relation to studies. As to ascertained results, it is to be said that for some time now there have been, in several of our institutions of learning, courses having these contrasted characters running side by side. We will not here offer any testimony of our own as to the comparative results of the two in the production of broadly educated men. We would only suggest to those who are in any doubt upon the matter, or who have any radical change of college courses in view, to look into the results of the experiment for themselves, and to take the testimony of those who have had opportunity to observe them. The effect of such an examination will be likely to produce hearty agreement with an editorial writer in a late number of Science, who remarks that "the introduction of scientific studies in our educational systems has not brought about the millennium which was expected." Much good, no doubt, they have done, when introduced in proper proportion. Their methods have certainly influenced favorably the methods of the older studies. But, after all, we come back to the truth that, of the two groups of studies, both indispensable, the humanities furnish the greater growth-power for the mind, because they are the product and expression of mind.[1]

It cannot be too carefully kept in

[1] Sometimes we hear the curious remark made, perhaps by one of the weaker brethren among those very useful persons, the dealers in second-hand science (Popular Science), that the book of nature is the expression of the mind of God, while other books only express the mind of man. But it does not require great acumen to perceive that the mind of man and all its productions are also the work and the expression of the same Author — his Bible, one might say, to carry on the figure, while material nature is only his spelling-book.

view that, in any such comparison of the natural sciences with the humanities, we take into account only their educational value. The sensitive loyalty of scientific men to their specialties, a very pleasant thing to see, sometimes seems to blind them to this distinction between intrinsic values and educational values. They should remember that no slight upon the intrinsic value of any science is implied in the doubt as to its comparative educational value. There are many things of enormous usefulness to the world in other ways, whose examination could contribute next to nothing toward the development of mind. Iron, for example, constitutes almost the framework of civilization; but this does not at all imply that metallurgy, as a college study, would have any considerable educating force. On the other hand, there are many subjects of study whose application to the ordinary business of life might seem very remote indeed, yet whose power to "educe the man" is found to be very great. The calculus, or the Antigone, might never be of any "use" to the man, in the superficial sense of the word, yet they might have been the very meat and drink of his intellectual growth. The natural sciences may well be satisfied with the crowns of honor the world must always give them for their royal contributions to our mental and material existence, without expecting to be made exclusively, also, our nurses and schoolmasters. The fitness for those humbler but necessary functions must be determined wholly on other grounds than that of value, however priceless it be, to the world for other purposes. Both experiment and reflection seem to point more and more decisively to the view that mind, on the whole, grows chiefly through contact with mind. And accordingly, what are called the liberal courses of study, formed largely of those studies which bring to the student the magnetic touch of the human spirit in its dealings with life, seem to show more vitalizing power, — seem actually to produce, on experiment, more broadly educated men than what may be called the illiberal courses, formed without these human studies. Yet here, again, "Why not both?" is the best solution, so far as we can effect it. For the natural sciences have, undeniably, certain admirable influences in education. They are free from any encouragement of morbid moods. They teach the mind to "hug its fact." There is little ministry to brooding egotism in them; except that sometimes a very callow pupil may for a while feel that the mastery of a few rudiments somehow covers him prematurely with the glory that properly belongs to the great discoverers; but from this stage he soon recovers. There is always a freshness and out-of-door healthfulness about even the simplest work in natural science that makes it a charming study, for the lower schools, especially. Mr. Spencer has well pointed out its adaptation, on this score, even to the period of childhood. It is, in fact, so far as it includes only the observation of outside nature, an invigorating play of the mind, rather than a laborious work. And the need of this health-giving intellectual play we never outgrow.

But the attractiveness of these natural studies must not be allowed to blind us to the need, when it comes to forming a course for the maturer mind, of more abstract and complex subjects. The sciences in their higher and severer regions, where the mind of man has more and more mingled itself with the mere facts of nature, as in wide comparative views and the induction of great principles; and especially the purely human studies, the languages, histories, philosophies, literatures, — these must be the food and light of the larger growth of the mind. The law of intellectual development in education seems to be analogous to a certain familiar law

of physical growth in lower organisms. The very lowest, the vegetable, is able to nourish itself directly on the crude inorganic elements of nature: the higher, the animal, can only be nourished on matter already organized by life. Somewhat so, apparently, with the growth of intellect: while the simpler faculties, such as we share with other animals, are able to get their full development from the sights and sounds of nature alone, the deeper feelings and the higher intellectual processes can be best nourished on the outcome of the human spirit — nature and life as organized, or reorganized, by the mind of man.

In meeting the public on this matter of the course of study, the college finds itself confronted with two or three false notions, so inveterate that they may well be classed as popular delusions. Each of these, like most popular delusions, has crystallized round a convenient phrase.

One such notion is that the choice of studies for any given youth should be governed by his own natural predispositions. In other words, he should "follow his bent." This has a plausible sound, yet to apply it to the college course would be to ignore the very purpose of the college. When it comes to selecting a life occupation, a specialty for study or practice, such as the various schools of the university undertake to furnish, a youth should, no doubt, choose according to his taste and talent. But to choose on that ground alone in his preparatory culture-course would simply magnify any lack of balance in his original nature. As well might one advise a boy at the gymnasium to devote himself to those exercises in which he naturally excelled, to the neglect of all that found out his weak points; if the arms were feeble, to use only the muscles of the thighs; if the thighs were undeveloped, to use only the arms. The purpose of the college is to do for mind and character what the gymnasium does for the physical powers: to build up the man all round. If the student "hates mathematics," it is probably because his mind is naturally weak on the side of abstract reasoning, and the hated study is therefore the very study he needs. If he has a lofty disdain of literature, it is very likely only an evidence of some lack of that side of culture somewhere in his ancestry. There is nothing sacred about a "bent." So far from being an indication of Providence, it is apt to be a mere indication of hereditary defect. If we look at it from the side of its being a predisposition to weakness in some particular directions, a bent *away* from certain lines of study (the form in which it chiefly shows itself in college), we can see that the sooner it is repaired by a generous mental diet, the better for the man and for the race to whose ideal perfection he and his posterity are to contribute. Perhaps the greatest danger to which the higher education is at present exposed is that of spreading before the student a vast number of miscellaneous subjects, all recommended as equally valuable, and inviting him to choose according to his bent. The result naturally is that the average boy follows that universal bent of human nature toward the course that offers him the easiest time. If this course happens to include strong studies, easy only because he is specially interested in them, the harm is not so great; but if it consists chiefly of light studies, introduced into the curriculum only because somebody was there to teach them, and somebody else wanted them taught (and perhaps a little, too, because each counts one in a catalogue), then the harm is enormous. This becomes evident enough if we use (as we may for brevity's sake be permitted to do) the *reductio ad absurdum* of an extreme illustration; if we suppose that some language having a great history and a great literature, the Greek, for example, is rejected in favor of some barbarous tongue em-

bodying neither history nor literature; say, for example, the Pawnee or the Eskimo; or if we suppose that for exercises in writing and reasoning is substituted the collecting of postage-stamps of all nations, or practice on the guitar. Far short of any such violent extremes, there are perfectly well recognized differences between the efficacy of one study and another in educating a college student. And it would seem wiser to trust the choice to the governing body of the college than to an inexperienced lad, swayed by some momentary whim, or by the class-tradition of the "easiness" of one subject or another; in other words, by his natural bent.

Another popular delusion concerning the college course hinges on a common misuse of the word *practical*. It properly signifies *effectual in attaining one's end*. So, transferring the term to persons, we call him a *practical* man who habitually employs such means. A "practical study," then, is in reality a study which is calculated to effect the end we have in view in pursuing it. And since the end in view of a college study is purely and simply the development of the mind and character, any study is a practical study just to the extent that it is effectual for this end. And any study is a completely unpractical study, no matter how useful it may be for other purposes, if it is ineffectual for this. The real virus of people's misuse of this word lies in their taking it to mean, not effectual for one's end, whatever it be, but effectual for that particular end which to them happens to seem the chief end of man. If a man's one aim is to have a successful farm, he is apt to consider all studies unpractical that do not bear directly on agriculture. If the great object of another is to gain public office, to him that study alone seems "practical" which directly subserves this end. Accordingly, there are always found well-meaning persons, not conversant with educational affairs, who consider the best studies, and those which for college purposes are most practical, as being completely unpractical; and who will always be trying to crowd in upon its courses those so-called practical studies, which, for the ends the college has in view, would prove as unpractical as studies could be.

It furnishes a favorite phrase for those who thus misconceive the purpose of a liberal education, to say that it fails to fit a man for the "struggle of life." If the phrase means the making of a living, this objection certainly seems not well founded. Any one's daily observation of common life will enable him to answer the question whether or not liberally educated men are, relatively to the rest of the community, making a comfortable living. When, however, we come to notice that some of those who are fondest of this complaint against the college course, on their own account, do not seem to stand in any conspicuous need of a living, we are led to suspect that they may mean something else by the "struggle of life." Perhaps some mean by this phrase the strife for sudden wealth, or for political office, prizes for which, in fact, a good deal of violent "struggling" is done. So far from inciting men to any such feverish struggle, it may be hoped that the higher education will always raise them above the disposition for it, or the temptation to it. Public reputation and public office should, we are beginning once more to believe, "seek the man;" and they may be depended on to find him as fast as he deserves them. If not in the scramble and struggle of certain ignoble regions of effort, at least in the legitimate pursuit of any dignified career, men succeed in the long run by means of their character and intelligence; and the more completely these have been developed, the surer the success. Such a completeness the present college course is generally admitted to

have an observed tendency, at least, to produce.

However much it may lack of perfection, the common criticisms upon it seem wide of the mark: whether it be the charge that there are not enough electives for every possible taste or bent; or that the studies are not practical enough; or that they fail to fit a man for the "struggle of life." For these complaints are all based on the same fundamental misconception, the supposition, namely, that the purpose of the college is merely to equip the man; when in reality its purpose is, first of all, to evolve the man. They all overlook this central idea of the higher education: that its aim is not merely to add something to the man from without, as convenience, or equipment; but to produce a certain change in him from within as growth and power. The misconception seems all the more short-sighted, in that it fails to perceive that the most valuable equipment for any work whatever that may afterward be undertaken is found in this very breadth and depth of preparatory development.

Two permanent human desires, on the surface antagonistic, but at bottom perfectly reconcilable, have all along been at work in moulding systems of education. One is the desire to *be* much, or the desire for attainment; the other is the desire to *get* much, or the desire for acquisition. As we look at young people, we find that we have both these desires for their future. We would have them amount to a great deal, in themselves: we may call this our *aspiration* for them; and we would have them get on in life: we may call this our *ambition* for them. As we look at the community we feel these same two desires: we would have it a community of wise and noble persons; and we would have it a prosperous community.

Now our educational work has taken on one character or another, according as *aspiration* or *ambition* has been most prominently in mind. Some, perceiving that we are all "people of whom more might have been made," have been most impressed with the importance of lifting men's personal lives to higher planes. Others have felt most the need of equipping men for special efficiency in the various callings of life. Not the college only, but the entire field of education, from kindergarten to university, has been a battle-ground where these two ideas, unwisely supposing themselves natural foes, have continually fought. But both these desires are in the right. Seen in the larger view there is no possible *casus belli* between them. They are reconciled the moment it is seen to be true that the completest development is itself the most valuable equipment.

Fortunately, the colleges have for the most part taken this larger view, and have courageously kept their courses in accord with it, in spite of efforts from outside to warp them from their true purpose of providing an *education* for men, to that of providing an *occupation* for them; and corresponding efforts to have the *educative* studies removed, and *occupative* studies substituted in their stead.

That the college course will be further improved, as it has been constantly improving in the past, no one can doubt. The important thing is that changes, when they are made, should be made with a clear understanding of the purpose of the college, and in furtherance of this. It would not be best (if, once more, a violently absurd example may be pardoned) that Eskimo should be substituted for Greek on a vicious and sophistical ground; such as, for instance, that a young man might some time go on a diplomatic mission to Greenland, and might find it a convenient language to have. Nor should practice on the guitar be substituted for literary exercises, on any such ground as that it is well received in society, and, for purposes of instruction in the female sem-

inaries, might at any moment be a valuable equipment for the struggle of life.

The greatest advance in college work is probably to be expected from improved methods of treatment, rather than from radical changes of the subjects of the course. Much of the elementary work in the languages, both ancient and modern, will no doubt eventually be relegated to the lower schools. More and more the classics will be taught as literatures. The same change, it may be hoped, will some time invade even the modern language courses, so that they will have less of the Ollendorff character, the mere conversational drill, conceived as being useful or ornamental for the "struggle," and more of the character of an intellectual study of the modern European mind in its history and literature. So also in the natural sciences, the lower schools will doubtless one day do a large part of what now the colleges are doing; much of that mere observation and memory, namely, which is not beyond the capacity of the ordinary boy or girl of high-school age.

One college study there is, in particular, which may be expected to make great advances in its scope and methods. It is a study which has for a long time appeared on all the catalogues, but which, so far as any adequate development is concerned, is still in its infancy. This study, the History of English Literature, has too largely consisted in the mere memorizing of disconnected facts and dates as found in some one or two text-books. And so far as the real authors of our literature have been studied at all, it has been with much too exclusive a regard to philology. Even in this comparatively superficial aspect of the subject, its study has been confined, commonly, to a few poets of the early period. The outside shell of literature, the language, has been taught with much acumen and nice scholarship; but the substance, the thing itself, has been neglected. It remains to be seen what educating force there will prove to be in the proper study of this subject when it shall include the history of English thought, of which English literature is only the expression; and when it shall bring the student face to face with the best minds of modern as well as of ancient times.

E. R. Sill.

HERMIONE.

I.

The Lost Magic.

WHITE in her snowy stone, and cold,
With azure veins and shining arms,
Pygmalion doth his bride behold,
Rapt on her pure and sculptured charms.

Ah! in those half-divine old days
Love still worked miracles for men;
The gods taught lovers wondrous ways
To breathe a soul in marble then.

He gazed, he yearned, he vowed, he wept.
Some secret witchery touched her breast;
And, laughing April tears, she stepped
Down to his arms and lay at rest.

Dear artist of the storied land!
I too have loved a heart of stone.
What was thy charm of voice or hand,
Thy secret spell, Pygmalion?

II.

Influences.

If quiet autumn mornings would not come,
With golden light, and haze, and harvest wain,
And spices of the dead leaves at my feet;
If sunsets would not burn through cloud, and stain
With fading rosy flush the dusky dome;
If the young mother would not croon that sweet
Old sleep-song, like the robin's in the rain;
If the great cloud-ships would not float and drift
Across such blue all the calm afternoon;
If night were not so hushed; or if the moon
Might pause forever by that pearly rift,
Nor fill the garden with its flood again;
If the world were not what it still must be,
Then might I live forgetting love and thee.

III.

The Dead Letter.

The letter came at last. I carried it
To the deep woods unopened. All the trees
Were hushed, as if they waited what was writ,
And feared for me. Silent they let me sit
Among them; leaning breathless while I read,
And bending down above me where they stood.
A long way off I heard the delicate tread
Of the light-footed loiterer, the breeze,
Come walking toward me in the leafy wood.

I burned the page that brought me love and woe.
At first it writhed to feel the spires of flame,
Then lay quite still; and o'er each word there came
Its white ghost of the ash, and burning slow
Each said: "You cannot kill the spirit; know

That we shall haunt you, even till heart and brain
Lie as we lie in ashes — all in vain."

IV.

The Song in the Night.

In the deep night a little bird
Wakens, or dreams he is awake:
Cheerily clear one phrase is heard,
And you almost feel the morning break.

In the deep dark of loss and wrong,
One face like a lovely dawn will thrill,
And all night long at my heart a song
Suddenly stirs and then is still.

Andrew Hedbrook.

A STRANGER IN THE CITY.

His name was Golden. He had been in town two days. He was tall and gaunt, with a shock of gray hair, and a voice like an ice-wagon rumbling over a cobble-stone pavement. It was in the parlor of Mrs. Granger's boarding house in Jay Street, Albany. Only Golden, our genial landlady, and myself were present.

As we gathered around the winter evening fire, Golden continued his narrative. He had already told us that he was brought up "under the eaves" of the Green Mountains, that his sister Jane had inspired him while he was yet a boy with a desire for education, and that he had with her help managed to get half-way through college. Continuing his story, he said: —

It was that shortness of funds that brought me to Albany thirty-one years ago. The understanding was that I might take a stop-off ticket for two years; and then, with plenty of money, which I expected to earn in the mean time, Jane and I calculated that the rest of my college course would be a splendid run, ending with a magnificent finish in black broadcloth on Commencement day, — my clothes theretofore having been satinet and fustian.

You ought to understand first where I came from. Perhaps you have never been on the Green Mountains. I might as well tell you that what you cannot see of the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them from the top of old Mansfield is not worth talking about. On one side you have New Hampshire and the White Mountains, and on the other Vermont and Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks. That tells the whole story, although remarks are in order, if any one is so disposed. I might suggest, as an item of interest, that the mountain itself is covered with rocks, spruce-trees, and hedgehogs.

Our folks lived at the foot of Mansfield, on the Vermont side. We called it twenty miles to Burlington, on Lake Champlain, and that was our road out

into the world. A Vermonter who did business in Albany managed it with some of your city men so that I got a place as teacher in one of your public schools. And then down I came, as unsophisticated as you can imagine, but desiring and resolving to be the best and most faithful instructor in the world. I had never seen a large place before; I was a stranger in the city.

But I am happy to report that my teaching was a success. I liked my scholars, and they liked me. I must state, however, another point which was not so favorable. I will preface it by saying that you have a habit of blackening characters here without much hesitation. Public men are usually the sufferers. Perhaps I was a public man in a very small way. But however that may have been, my point is that guileless and innocent as I was, I had not been here quite nine months when I got a slap with the tar-brush that marked me, apparently, for life, and scared me almost out of my senses. I do not say how far human beings were to blame in my case. Perhaps the total depravity of inanimate things had something to do with it. You have noticed that depravity of all kinds is of a blacker dye in political capitals than elsewhere.

What I am trying to get down to is this: they charged me here with stealing. That was what it amounted to. It seems ridiculous, but it is true. The idea that I had stolen thirteen dollars in bank bills out of the office of my friend Captain Brown, who was a shipper down on the dock, took possession of the minds of my scholars and their parents and others. The first hint I had of it was from my pupils. They began to treat me with disrespect amounting almost to contempt, and some of them made allusions to pirates and to Captain Brown which I did not see the force of. When information was asked for, they evaded my inquiries. It was impossible for me to understand the situation. Day by day, however, it became more certain that something was wrong, although I had no idea what it was.

I finally ascertained what the trouble was from a Vermont man named Avery, whose acquaintance I had made in the city. He did not seem inclined to tell me when I first questioned him, but finally disclosed the facts. It appeared that Captain Brown had been sitting in his office one morning with thirteen dollars before him upon his desk, waiting to pay the money to a mechanic, who was to come at an appointed hour. In the mean time the captain was reading a volume that you may have heard of. It is entitled The Pirate's Own Book. It is illustrated with hideous woodcuts, and the narratives are of a painful and revolting character. It is due to Captain Brown to say that he was not reading such a work solely for his own amusement. He was lamenting the fact that his nephew, Orlando Smith, should have a fondness for such literature. The boy, who was seventeen years of age and remarkably vigorous, was wild enough and bad enough without such reading. Just as the captain was observing a picture in the book which represents a man's severed head, he heard an unusual noise outside, on the river or the dock. He placed the thirteen dollars in bills between the pages, closed the book upon them, and leaving the volume, with the money thus protected, on his desk, went out and walked to the brink of the river. He was absent fifteen minutes, but did not at any time lose sight of his office door. Your humble servant, on his morning walk, was the only individual who entered that door. So the captain said; and when he returned to his office it was empty, and the book and the money were gone. As I frequently dropped in to say good morning and ask the news, my friend Brown thought nothing of it when he

saw me step in, and out again immediately. I had not seen him because he was partially hidden behind some boxes piled on the wharf for shipment. He had permitted me to go on my way without making his proximity known. It was inferred that I took the book and the money. As no one else had entered the office during the captain's absence, the inference seemed to be unavoidable. But the captain was a generous man, and considering my youth and position, had intended to keep the matter a secret. It had, however, leaked out, perhaps through his family, or through the mechanic who had come to Brown's office for his money that morning, only to learn that it had disappeared. The people had got hold of the story in some way, and were suspecting me.

As Avery related these circumstances I became hot with anger. The idea that any one should dare to suspect me of stealing seemed wicked, incredible, and vile. My first impulse was to hasten to Brown and demand of him, in the upbraiding tone of injured innocence, whether he was not ashamed of his outrageous and dastardly charge against my sacred integrity. And if he was not, I yearned for the moment to come when I should see him wither beneath the scorn and contempt which I would pour out upon his miserable soul.

Avery cooled me down. I think that my flaming eyes and the demonstrations I made must have convinced him of my innocence; but he did not think they would have that effect upon the captain. He suggested that if I pitched into Brown, as I had threatened, I would shortly find myself in jail. The circumstances would justify my arrest at any moment. Avery hinted that he had already talked with Captain Brown about my affair, and that if I wished to get clear I had better not provoke a man who was already sore over the loss of thirteen dollars. He remarked that the evidence was squarely against me, and that while this might be my misfortune and not my fault, it would be rash and foolish to disregard it.

I was compelled to feel that even Avery was not quite clear in reference to my innocence, although I think, upon the whole, he believed me. Yet it was puzzling. The money had disappeared from the office, and no one but myself had been there. It was not easy to blame even Avery for his doubts.

As I reflected upon these circumstances and realized the situation, a very uncomfortable feeling stole over me. The shyness of friends was accounted for, and the mystery in the air was no longer without explanation. The dejection which I began to experience was not lessened by the information which Avery volunteered, that Captain Brown would have consented to make complaint against me, and would have permitted my arrest, had it not been that he was a special friend of the man who had procured for me my situation as teacher. It appeared that only friendship had saved me from jail.

As the result of Avery's statement of the situation and his advice, I was reduced to a condition of pitiable tremor. After I left him to go my room, it seemed to me that every eye in the street was boring into me.

When I reached the small house which I called home, and had ascended to the close and dingy apartment in the third story which was mine (by the week), I found a letter on my table. The terms of that epistle were simple. I was directed to close my school at the earliest convenient day, and without further notice. The information was also conveyed that my services would not be required in the future. The letter was properly signed, and amounted to a very curt dismissal.

It was Saturday (and no school) when I got that news. What I suffered that day and the following Sunday, as I sat alone in my room, no mortal tongue can tell. I was, in point of fact, only a poor country boy, puffed-up with a little college learning, and crying not only for my own sorrow, but for the injury to sister and mother and home. Of course you think you would not have suffered as I did. It is generally supposed that a person who is innocent will, when accused, be brave and defiant. But that is not true. It is the innocent who feel the keenest anguish. Ask any experienced criminal lawyer and he will tell you so. I never have endured more in my life than on the two days to which I have alluded.

Monday, at noon, I dismissed the school, telling them that I should no longer be their teacher, and venturing to say a few words of farewell. But their sneering faces made it almost impossible. They departed without saying good-by, and some of them hooted as they went out of the door. I struggled hard to be manly and brave and not give way in the presence of the scholars whom I loved so well. But in truth I was cut to the heart. I have not told you how I had toiled for them, and had not counted my health or life dear to me, that I might succeed in teaching them and being their true friend. This was my reward. It gives me a chill even yet to think of it.

And now I come to another point. I have said that the scholars did not bid me farewell; but there was one exception. As I sat there at my desk, suffering and trying not to show it, a girl about fifteen years of age, with a handsome, sensitive face, brown hair, and bright hazel eyes, came back and stood looking at me, and biting her handkerchief, and seeming very sad and mournful. It was Phœbe Smith, the sister of Orlando, and niece of Captain Brown.

It had been my way and perhaps my nature to be rather dignified as a teacher. I had treated Phœbe as if she were a small girl; but she was really quite tall and womanly. When she stood and gazed at me in that wondering and mournful way I knew that she expected me to say something. It touched me deeply to see that there was *one* who was willing to show me kindness. I asked, as cheerfully as I could, —

"Well, Phœbe, do you wish to say good-by?"

She did not come nearer nor offer to shake hands, but with her eyes fixed upon me continued to bite her handkerchief. Finally I asked again, trying to smile, —

"Would you like to say good-by?"

She just shook her head and kept biting her handkerchief as if she were a little girl. Something began to come up in my throat as I looked at her. At last she opened her mouth and said with a kind of gulp, —

"I do not believe you took that money, Mr. Golden."

I felt my face growing scarlet. I saw Phœbe put her handkerchief to her eyes. Then my lips began to quiver, and the first I knew I broke down, and throwing my arms on the desk before me I buried my face on them. Some one came to the door and called, "Phœbe, Phœbe," and away she went; and that was the end of my school.

You can see for yourselves, friends, the position in which I was placed. Here I was in a large city, bearing a stinging disgrace. Our folks had always been very particular. There was not so much as a speck on the reputation of the Goldens. I had calculated to be high up in the matter of a shining name. Sister Jane and I had hoped I might be a minister of the gospel. That was my dream. A thousand times I had longed, as I walked my lonely round on our little farm and on the mountain, to engage in *some* way in the great battle with the world. And here

I was in the midst of the conflict, and it was going dead against me. A thing had happened which was not dreamed of in my philosophy. If it had been the loss of health or friends, or the certainty of my own speedy death, I think I could have borne it well. All those troubles I had calculated upon. But when my good name was touched, I shrank and withered like Jonah's gourd. I had not learned the lesson that a man's reputation is in part the gift of God, and may be taken away at any moment. I find that this is a strange doctrine to many men. Job was the only one who believed it in his time and section of the country. I had never thought of it as really applicable except in the past among the martyrs. Of course I had supposed in a vague way that some such thing was true, but that was very different from experiencing and believing it. I have always been glad that I learned the lesson when I was young. Perhaps some men are not called upon to learn it at all in this life; but if so, I think they die without their education being finished.

I am aware that there is a philosophy which says that a man (or boy) may be superior to adversity. That was the doctrine which delighted me and became my stay and support in college. Perhaps there is no better system for a learned professor with a comfortable salary. But when it comes to being turned out of a public school, I think the philosophy needs bracing. I distinctly remember that it did not sustain me after my scholars were dismissed for the last time, and Phœbe Smith had gone home.

Having locked the schoolhouse door and got to my room, I reflected upon the strange events that had occurred. I did not know what to do. That day passed, and then another, and then a week, without activity on my part. I scarcely went out, except early in the morning to walk by the river in a place not much frequented. Thinking matters over, I gradually and very painfully came down from my high hopes, and decided that it would not do to go away, but that I must in a modest and manly fashion face the situation in which I found myself. It was a trying conclusion to come to. To think, innocent as I was, of going through life as a black sheep was hard. But I made up my mind to it; and I thought that a quiet place in a machine-shop under Avery, who was a boss, would be about my size.

Of course you will perceive that I took an exaggerated view of the horrors of my position. But I was sensitive, inexperienced, and alone.

It has never been possible for me to blame myself severely for the discouraging view I took of my life at that time. In memory, I see myself as I was then, often crying in my sleep until my sobs awoke me. I remember the dank and sickly air of the summer nights, and the stifling heat of the crowded city. That I had been disgraced and thrown aside, and that my greatest hopes in life were cut off, was, at any rate, a great reality to me. For what chance was there for a minister of the gospel who was known as a thief? And what chance was there to disprove the charge, amid a crowd of strangers, who had judged the case on evidence, and who now shunned me as if I were a leper? Perhaps I imagined more than was true. Yet I think it would not have been very unwise to have learned a trade. What would have happened in that direction if something else had not happened, I will not undertake to say. But something else *did* happen. The summer heats were coming on, and the close and tainted atmosphere and city food and mental suffering brought me down so that I took to my bed with a raging fever. The doctor pronounced it a severe case, and what took place after that I do not

remember. I know that in some way Phœbe Smith was with me more or less, and that Jane came, and on the whole I had a serious time of it. But I pulled through, and in August, while the heat was still dreadful, and my room like an oven, Jane took me home. That summer in the city, with the sickness, is still, in my recollection of it, like a nightmare.

As soon as we reached Vermont I was better, and in a few weeks the country surroundings and quiet rest restored my physical frame, although I was still somewhat haggard with anxiety.

Jane had got the facts of my great trouble from Phœbe. We talked matters over. I could see that my poor sister was dreadfully hurt by my ill-fortune.

When the cool September days came I seemed to drink in new life, and the gloom which had been gathering upon me, in part passed away. Mother and Jane would not listen to the idea that I must give up my plan of life because of the occurrence at Albany. They tried to have it that my views upon that point were ridiculous and morbid. At times they seemed so to me; but then, as I reflected, the facts would push themselves obstinately into the foreground. I did not feel that I could justify myself in standing before the world as a religious teacher, with such a record.

It was true in our place as in most country places, that nothing pertaining to any of the people could be long unknown. Jane's going to Albany after me and all the reasons for it were well understood by our immediate neighbors and many other people of the town. I thought most of them took sides with me in the matter. Yet who could tell? To determine that I would go out among my friends and face opinion required courage. I endeavored each day to steel my heart and gain strength to meet the trial. I formed some very good resolutions, but did not carry them out.

There was one point in regard to which I was decided and firm. It was my fixed intention to return to Albany and busy myself in a machine-shop, and meet the enemy in that silent, persevering way. It seemed to me that if I did not, the thought of the stain upon my record would haunt me forever. My disposition was to attack the falsehood and fight it down, if it took a lifetime. Jane was strenuously opposed to this. She said that she had not toiled for my education to have me throw it away. It was apparent that she had the advantage in the argument. She claimed that it was wrong for me to shrink from contact with friends as I did. When I pleaded for delay to grow stronger before pushing out into social life, she would not heed my excuses. I could not resist her pleadings. Jane arranged that I should lead the union, week-day, conference-meeting, at our schoolhouse, on Thursday, the seventeenth day of September, and I consented to do it. The day of the month and all the circumstances are impressed upon my mind. I dreaded that appointment more than any other of my whole life; and I am not quite sure that Jane was right in pushing me up to it. It would be very hard for me, even now, to stand before the people with a charge of stealing existing against me. Nevertheless, I was right in deciding to yield to Jane's entreaties. It was a matter of conscience with me. I did not let her know that it kept me awake nights.

On Monday, before the important Thursday, I went out of the house and across the pasture, and up upon some rocks with my Bible. I desired to study a subject for the meeting. There was a place where the September sun was reflected, and it was warm and bright. It had been my retreat for

several days. I had been trying hard to find out how to agree with Jane about my course in life. On this occasion that subject kept forcing itself into my mind in spite of my efforts to banish it. But I had rid myself of such thoughts for the time, and had just settled down to the Bible lesson, when I heard a noise. I looked up and there was Jane coming over the grass from the house. She was calling aloud, and almost screaming as she ran. Jane always *was* a little nervous, but I had never seen her act quite like that before. I sat and looked at her for a while and listened.

I saw that there was something more than common the matter, and so I got up and went down off the rocks on to the grass and walked toward her. When I came near she was crying, and as I reached her she threw herself on the ground, seemingly out of breath, her face twitching, and her lips working inarticulately. Presently she managed to find her voice, and then she cried out, —

"Oh, Sam, Sam, they have found the money, they have found the money!"

With this she held an open letter towards me and a piece cut from a newspaper.

Orlando Smith had been lost at sea and his chest had come home, and in it they had found the book and the money all safe, packed away with other books and wrapped in a piece of brown paper. In a minute I understood it. Orlando had run away, to go to sea, the very day the book and the money disappeared, and he had in some way got possession of them and had taken them with him.

I never could remember exactly how I spent the next five minutes after I had learned of this. Probably I was on the grass, crying. I remember that soon the sunshine seemed brighter than before, and an old familiar look, that I had long missed, came back upon the mountain. The valley again resumed that restful appearance which had been one of its greatest charms in my boyhood; and a spiritual light which was new to me began to dawn. From where we were I could dimly see Burlington. One of my first thoughts was that I could go there now without fear.

After a little while we went to the house and saw mother, who seemed ten years younger than she had been when I started out that morning. She was a still kind of woman, whose feelings were very strong and deep.

The news that the book and the money had been found was not long in spreading through our town. One copy of the Albany newspaper which gave an account of the matter was taken in our neighborhood, so that some of the people learned of it in that way, and some received the facts from Jane. When Thursday evening came I went to the conference meeting in a very happy frame of mind. I had slept soundly and eaten heartily for the first time since my sickness. I hardly think, as a matter of fact, I did anything very wonderful in the way of a speech that evening, but I became enthusiastic and forgot myself. As I was speaking and looking into the eyes of the people, I got talking fast, and then in some way they were in tears. I had no idea of being pathetic or eloquent, but I presume my feeling of thankfulness was apparent. Somehow, that talk made my reputation in the town. The people said I had a gift, and that preaching ought to be my occupation.

Here I reach a stage in my narrative where explanation is in order. The first point is to show how it happened that Orlando got into the office that morning and obtained possession of his copy of The Pirate's Own Book, and the thirteen dollars inclosed in it, without being seen by his uncle. The newspaper presented a theory upon that subject revealing some curious facts and circumstances. It appeared in the first place that Cap-

tain Brown had a defect in his right eye which rendered that important organ substantially useless. But it was admitted by all his neighbors and acquaintances that his left eye was uncommonly bright and efficient, so that he was an excellent watchman. The newspaper remarked, however, that there was a scientific fact in regard to the vision of a single eye, not generally known. It was this: In the normal eye of every person there is a blind spot, a little toward the outer angle from the axis of vision. This blind spot (of which we are wholly unconscious) may readily be detected by the aid of two large dots located to the right and left on a white page, and three inches apart. Hold the page, as in reading, about twelve inches from the face. Close the right eye and look intently at the dot to the right with the left eye. The dot to the left will mysteriously vanish. It is covered by the blind spot. The experiment may be varied in many ways. Small black buttons or even nickels (if the adjustment of distances is exact) may be used with success. Objects on all sides of the dot (or button, or nickel) will be perceived out of the corner of the eye, but the dot itself seems to have melted into the white paper. If you look across a street and have the arrangement of distances in the same proportion as in the experiment I have suggested, a window or a door can be made to disappear in the same mysterious manner.

A man with only one eye is of course greatly surprised upon learning of this defect in his vision. He may think that he perceives the entire side of a house when in fact there is a place several feet in diameter which entirely escapes him. The newspaper stated that Captain Brown had become convinced that this defect in his vision, of which he was unaware until it was demonstrated to him, had prevented him from seeing Orlando on the important occasion in question.

You will readily imagine that Jane and I delighted in the curious experiment described so minutely in the newspaper. We found it entirely successful with every one who tried it, and a matter of amusement and surprise to all the neighbors. No one had ever heard of the blind spot before. But it was found a very complete and satisfactory solution of the mystery.

Here, perhaps, I ought to pause. Having presented a pleasing picture of my deliverance, the fitness of things warns me not to interfere with it. But it is important to tell the whole truth in this matter, and I shall not forbear.

I am sorry to announce that the joyful intelligence which lifted the dark shadow from my life was not in reality true, although its falsity was not discovered until years had passed away. In point of fact, neither the book nor the money which had been lost was found. The story which had been published in the newspaper, and which we had hugged to our hearts and rejoiced over and cried over, and from which I had gained health and vigor, was based upon a set of fallacious circumstances, curiously devised and falsely manufactured for my especial benefit. In behalf of my happiness and with a view to my relief, a pious trick, if there is such a thing, had been played by a kind-hearted girl. You can say that the presence of political and legislative management in this city had dulled her moral sense, if that is your view. I do not attempt to place the responsibility. All I affirm is, that a fraud which made every person who was interested believe that the book and the money had been recovered was planned by the brain and executed by the hands of Phœbe Smith.

In considering the act of which I am about to tell you, I think it right that you should remember how young she was, and reflect upon the motive which induced her to resort to deception. She believed in my innocence, and had seen as

perhaps as no one else could (except my mother or my sister Jane) the anguish I had been made to suffer. However wrong it may have been to deceive, it was certainly very noble to wish so earnestly to save me from deep sorrow.

The plan Phœbe adopted was simple and effective. She secured another copy of The Pirate's Own Book, and wrote Orlando's name in it, imitating his handwriting, and adroitly placed it in his chest with money of her own, when, after his loss, the chest came back from sea and before it was supposed to have been opened.

I have already stated that Orlando ran away the very day the book and the money disappeared. This fact gave great plausibility to Phœbe's deception. Fortunately for my peace of mind, I did not know of her plot in my behalf until adventitious circumstances revealed it, long subsequent to the events I have related. Neither was it made known to any one. The secret was profoundly buried by Phœbe in her own breast. I have been amazed when contemplating the breadth and completeness of her deception, viewed in connection with her youth and the sincerity of her heart. It would seem that from her own recollection of the lost volume, and from the captain's description of the money, she so succeeded in duplicating both, that no thought ever occurred to any one that the substituted articles were not the originals. Besides putting the book and the money so skillfully in the chest where they were discovered, she made the suggestion explaining the probable manner of the loss, which impressed itself upon Captain Brown and all the friends, and upon the newspaper reporter and the public, as the truthful explanation of the occurrence.

As one of the consequences of subsequent investigation, I am able to go back in the course of my narrative and state to you what poor Phœbe was doing when I was sorrowing over the dark calamity that had fallen upon my career. Her friends found out, long afterward, how she passed through various difficulties in obtaining thirteen dollars. A dealer in second-hand volumes identified, by his small label and price mark, the copy of The Pirate's Own Book which she had purchased at his store and made use of as I have described. This searching and identification took place after Phœbe's death, and nearly four years after she was my pupil.

You can imagine what a curious task and labor of love it was for her associates and friends to trace out the ingenious goodness and strange deceit which had marked the achievement which she had buried from the eyes of the world. The hidden life of this young girl was found to be very interesting.

It came to light, in tracing the course of Phœbe's scheme, that her main anxiety had been to find some reasonable hypothesis that would account for the pretended fact that Orlando visited the office of his uncle and secured the book without being observed. When once the book and money were discovered in the chest, of course that left the burden of accounting for the mistake that, apparently, had been made, upon the shoulders of Captain Brown. It was for him to explain, if he could, how he had failed to see Orlando. Phœbe evidently dreaded this point, and made preparations of a subtle and curious nature to furnish her uncle with an excuse. It appeared that she had first taken into the account the fact I have already mentioned, that the captain had a defect in his right eye. And now I come to the point where Phœbe, as it seems to me, showed her greatest skill and power of combination. You may remember to have seen a curious book, found in many school-libraries, entitled Brewster's Natural Magic. In that work, which reveals, in a very plain way adapted to the minds of the young,

some of the wonders of science, Phœbe found an account of the blind spot in the eye, and the experiment demonstrating it, as I have described. Her application of it was ingenious. The first item remembered about it is that soon after the news of the loss of Orlando had been received, and while they were still waiting for the return of his chest, "the blind-spot experiment" came into vogue with Phœbe and her friends. It is remembered that Phœbe Smith first called attention to it, and devised various changes to render it more interesting.

Notwithstanding her youth, and the benevolent motive which influenced her, Phœbe died without having made a revelation of the deception she had practiced. I think we can understand how, in a moral atmosphere where successful political management is regarded with approval, she might have been led to associate such deceit in a good cause with virtue. I have been confirmed in this view by the fact that certain friends of hers have expressed to me their sense of the superlative merit of her effort in my behalf. Some of the women contemplated her heroism with wonder and tearful admiration. They made mention of her sacrifice of truth and veracity for me as the loftiest possible example of praiseworthy, womanly devotion. To do such a deed as she had done in my behalf, and pass away from earth without any mention of it, seemed to them an exhibition of human goodness that was extremely bright and dazzling. I am compelled to think that these kind friends admired her benevolence and its success all the more because of the trick involved in it. I hope not, but it has appeared so to me as I have talked with them about it. You may smile at this, but the whole matter strikes me as very serious. It seems wonderful to me that my happiness for years, and, humanly speaking, my plan of life and my usefulness, were dependent upon the deception of this young girl.

All these phases were discussed by us when the genuine Orlando copy, so to speak, of The Pirate's Own Book was actually found, — an event which occurred soon after Phœbe's death, when the old office was pulled down for the purpose of rebuilding. There was then revealed behind the wainscoting, directly back of where the captain's desk had stood, the identical volume which had made the trouble, with the thirteen dollars in bills still undisturbed between the pages. It was remembered also that the roller of a large map which reached along the wall had sometimes been hit by a loose cleat on the old office door, and it appeared that the roller thus moved must have pushed the book off the desk into an opening there was in the rough boarding. About that time the captain confessed that he had always dimly felt that the money found in Orlando's chest was not exactly the money which had been lost. It was not until this revelation brought to light the true copy of the book and the real state of the case that Phœbe's benevolent scheme was suspected and investigated. It was then that her goodness was so commended by those who had been her associates. I do not say it was wrongly commended. Indeed, I would be an ungrateful wretch if I could entertain the shadow of a thought against her. I try to think that only the kindness and heroism and love were Phœbe's, and that the influences which had poisoned the moral atmosphere around her were responsible for the deception.

P. Deming.

AN INTERLUDE.

AN "IMAGINARY CONVERSATION," SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND AMONG THE UNPUBLISHED PAPERS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

I.

SHAKSPERE AND ANNE HATHAWAY SHAKSPERE.

ANNE. Yes, the happy poems are the best. But there is one happy thing that even you would never be able to tell, with all your art.

SHAKS. And what is that, blue-eyes?

ANNE. You could never tell how happy it makes me to have you back again from London. Only a month — but it seemed a year. How ever did I let you go!

SHAKS. Anne, there is something I do not like to tell you — Nay, do not start.

ANNE. Will!

SHAKS. Look not so affrighted; it is only that they won from me a promise to come again at Michaelmas. Nay, girl, 't is not a thing to sob at.

ANNE. It has come. I knew I never could hold you.

SHAKS. 'T is but for a little while. Why, that is my brave wife: lift your sweet face; let me wipe the tears away.

ANNE. No, let them run. The heart will maybe ache the less for them.

SHAKS. So long a silence? Prithee, speak to me. What do those blue-bell eyes behold in the distance that should make them so heavy? 'T is but for a month, or two — or not a year, at most.

> "Morrow part, and morrow meet,
> Makes a merrie parting, sweet!"

Speak, I say! what is it you see?

ANNE. I see the time that was to come. Do you not remember, sitting in the little brier-rose garden at Shottery, how I used to say, "It can never last!" For something — some augury such as foreboding women know — would suddenly make my heart faint and heavy. And you would stop my mouth — Let be I must needs cry a little when I remember.

SHAKS. Fie, fie! Are you a grown woman, or a child in arms? — Well, what is the new fret, now?

ANNE. The letter!

SHAKS. Anne, Anne, are you lunatic? what letter?

ANNE. That will say, "I am writing to tell you our separation must be final."

SHAKS. Anne! (Ah, these poor fond fools!) Wife, I say! (She has e'en swooned away.)

II.

SOUTHAMPTON AND ANNE S.

ANNE. Ay, I had his letter. The hand was Shakspere, but the voice was some good, virtuous, prying, devilish friend of his.

SOUTH. Nay, woman, affront me not with your fierce looks. I did not see him when he wrote it, nor ever advised him touching its purport. Be still! I came all the way hither to confer with your reason, not to bear with your passions.

ANNE. I know well what you have advised him. A woman's wit needs no second-sight to discern her love's enemy. You prate to him of your wily right and wrong. It is a thing of conscience, forsooth, to give me up. The poor precedents of the commonalty you put for the eternal laws of God's mercy. I tell you Heaven talks closer with a woman's heart than with all the cunning custom-mongers of the world. God gave me

my husband, and you would push him from me for your circle's shallow traditions, — poor scruples, scribbled on perishable parchment, and taken for Heaven's mandates writ on tables of stone.

SOUTH. Rail on! but I am a better friend to him than you with what you call your love. I counsel him for his gain: you would hold him from it for your pleasure.

ANNE. So I have stung the true color of it into light, at last! You make it a virtue to him of a Sunday, but a' Monday morning and all the other days it is his "gain"! You paint it shrewdly to him, I ween: the out-worn country woman, — among the clods, as it were, — the fall of the leaf, as it were, — Hobbin the sheep-boy, and Clobbinet that minds the curds!

SOUTH. Come, woman! The mood becomes you not. You are e'en better favored in honest speech. Leave flouting to the court.

ANNE. If it were truth you told him — but I know the town. I could trail my velvet at my gran'dam's there as well as any. I say, I know the town, and I know my worth. The silk robe still hides the shallows better than any homespun. Under the tricked bearing and the pretty phrase will my Shakspere find the deeper fountains of his art? Not so — it was never so. They may gloss life better, but we live it here. He had never been my poet had you reared him there. It was these stars that drew him, these country skies that fed him honeydew.

SOUTH. And Anne Hathaway?

ANNE. I care not for your discourtesies. The thing is greater to me than that I should care. It *was* Anne Hathaway that knew his thought — ay, and answered it. He was my poet, before ever he descended to become your patcher of plays.

SOUTH. I' faith, I would fain hear those poems!

ANNE. You will never hear them. They are mine alone.

SOUTH. What! you *have* verses writ by him? If this purse — this ruby —

ANNE. Court fool! And you thought your trinkets would buy heart's blood?

SOUTH. You have not destroyed them?

ANNE. Nay, they are gathered in my heart. But the paper — yea, sooth, the paper of them was burned the day the letter came.

SOUTH. The letter! was it not pure reason in the letter? "It is the right I do," he said.

ANNE. So you *did* see the letter! Oh, the honorable courtier and brave gentleman!

SOUTH. After it was writ I saw it. "Thou knowest," he said to you, "it is the right I do, and thou must do thy share."

ANNE. My share! Ay, I shall do my share.

SOUTH. Plague on your crying! Hear but straight reason, I say.

ANNE. Well — you have come from my husband: I will hear.

SOUTH. Your husband? Where is the husband you were married to in secret, years before? Turn not away. "It is foul wrong," says Shakspere — says he not well? — "for me to take his place."

ANNE. His place? Where is his place! Did he not leave me — a green girl — of his own free pleasure? "Right!" what know I of right save justice and mercy to God's creatures! I think the things the world names right are but the pretexts for following its own sweet desires. To forgive one's enemies — to be faithful to one's friends — what priest's canon dares contravene such right as this? Adieu! and tell my husband — nay, tell him naught from me, for to him I am naught. Or tell him, till my heart is broken, it is all his, and his alone.

[*Goes in.*

South. Wild words from a wild creature, and with distempered gesture. And yet, it is a clear soul, and a womanly withal. If I were Shakspere — I know not.

III.

FROM THE WIFE TO THE HUSBAND. A LETTER.

Dear Will: And so you think our separation must be final? But how can it be final till love be dead? Final for our little life it may easily be, but when the winter of these brief necessities shall awake to endless summer-time, what room is there then for separations? You do not wish it, do you? Yet I know that now it is better so. You must follow the clue that is in your hand. You have the round of illusions and disillusions to complete. But something tells me you will never find your mate till you come back to me. I know that I am lesser than you: I know that I am older; and yet I am not old. And there is something in my bosom that will refuse to grow old so long as you are to be lived for. I have not told you my thoughts in these months past. My heart has been full with what I would not speak, lest I seem to hold you back from your better fortune. If I have whispered it on my pillow, if I have called it aloud on the night wind in the solitary fields, I knew it could never reach you to do you harm. God forgive me if sometimes I have wished it might, so it would bring you back to my arms. Your friend said it were noblest in me to make you forget me. Well, perchance I am trying. It may be this pursuit is but a subtlety to weary you of me, grounded on this: that he who seeks is never sought. Nay, what if it were still a shrewder subtlety, this very telling you thereof? You said once I was subtle. Do you remember? And I said it was a vile phrase, it was French, and I would have none of it. Ah, the little affectionate familiar jests we had together — the slow talks we had, mingled with confident quietness: must it all have come to naught? Have the words all gone like frosty breath into the air? Is there nothing, nothing, and never to be anything? Can such a past just die, and have no consequent, as in a desert a call that was not answered and that dies away forever? And you? You will meantime be happy. Never say not — I knew it long ago. Do I wish it? Not now, not yet. But I shall wish it, in better and larger moments. Then I will wish you only your own heart's desire; hoping nothing, only that some day in some far-off world I may stand near, if unseen, and see your gladness, and be so pure at last that I shall be glad in that alone.

Farewell — and remember — best, oh most best — believe it.

Anne S.

IV.

A SECOND LETTER.

To my Friend that was mine, W. S.

It was a silly letter that I wrote before: such as women will still be writing, when they use their wits to follow their feeling, not to lead it. It was a true letter, too, for I meant it all; but this it would have been wiser to mean: Imprimis — Lovers still love most hotly when they are long apart. How rede you that riddle? Why, thus: we are not so perfect as the imagination bodies us out, delicately touching his colors on our image. Day by day the absent grows more beautiful, wiser, more pat to our desire. I know that through the silence I shall grow to seem to you what I am not. But look not back from your path. I know your needs. I can foretell what your nature is capable to answer to. You are only right when you cut loose from a past that had no out-

look. Among a thousand things unattainable to my nature belongs your life. If ever aspiration flags, and memory goes feeling backward after old illusions, appeal from rosy fancy to daylight fact. Let us think of each other as we would in the commonplace life of the house. Whatever in feature or form is insignificant, whatever in the disposition is harsh and untunable, whatever in the mind is incapable, — these we must see, if we would see the very truth; the little jangles of life as well the joys; the self-seeking, the indolences, the animal solicitations that are mixed with all our clay. Not in order that we may hate each other; but to take that cheerful and reasonable view that leaves the heart light and the mind clear. So might we be comrades, — taking and giving what help we can; nor blind to the better looks of comelier persons, nor to the freshness of younger ones, nor the vigor of haler ones, the wit of sprightlier ones, the deeper plummet of wiser ones. So may each love only as Cordelia said she loved: "So much as you are, so much as you are worth withal."

We were not worthy to live together if we are not able to live well apart.

It doth spoil life's reasonableness when the overflowing heart must e'en flood the brain and blur its clarity. I am content, in one regard, if my lover's passion goes away from me, drawn, like a flame in the wind, toward another, if only it carry away the veil of illusion through which my lover saw me. I would that we knew each other at last, in true light and shadow, with all our lack and ails, nothing extenuated, and yet all seen as by a kindly comrade. And you that went from my arms as a cold and merely friendly lover will come back to my hands a warm and loving friend. If the years pass heavily, it is no matter: they will bring that day. If they pass swiftly and hasten on old age, it is no matter: they will bring that day. And for that I wait.

A. S.

MISS INGELOW AND MRS. WALFORD.

THERE appears to be a peculiar and perennial fascination, for people of our race at least, about the novel of English life as such. We Americans feel it with especial force, perhaps, just as we feel the fascination of the actual English life, because there we find people altogether such as ourselves, — our next of spiritual and intellectual kin, speaking our language, informed with our instincts, moved by our own very sentiments and aspirations, and all firmly based upon stable (or seemingly stable) social conditions, surrounded by a mellow and harmonious environment, with a background of landscape as appropriate to the figures that move in it as the austere hills, pure skies, and feathery trees of Perugino to his abstracted saints, or the rose and golden atmosphere of Venice, to ducal *fêtes* and ecclesiastical processions. We are hard at work among ourselves just now, expending a huge amount of energy and talent, in trying to prove that we also, in America, have a distinct school of fiction; trying to make finished pictures out of the great mass we undoubtedly have of new and striking, but heterogeneous and unclassified material. It is of no use; we can but make sketches as yet, and jot down *memoirs pour servir*. Crystals do not readily form in a boiling liquid. Life must be still for an instant, at least, before it can be even successfully photographed.

But after all, our appetite for English fiction, though seemingly more accountable, is hardly more omnivorous than that of the English themselves. It is doubtful whether any known method of computation would suffice accurately to estimate the number of three-volume novels which issue from the British press in the course of a single year. Those which are caught up and reproduced by our shrewd raiders constitute but a small fraction of the whole. I had once the honor of being conducted by a great scholar through the Bodleian Library; not the noble and charming old reading-room, with its venerable alcoves and beautiful ceiling, but that vast magazine of letters which lies below it. The Bodleian, as the reader knows very well, is one of two or three great libraries, which claim, for reasons best known to themselves, a copy of every published book. Accordingly, after following our *Savio gentile* through broad realms of science and long reaches of history, through the halls appropriated to the immortalities of Greece and Rome, and those others consecrated to that lore of the Orient which he himself has done so much to illuminate and impart, we came upon a sort of *terrain vague* of seemingly illimitable extent, entirely occupied by the English novels, mostly in three volumes, of the last twenty or thirty years. What a limbo! There they swarmed: in triple rows upon the walls, and crowded stacks upon the floors; their backs brave with gold, their sides clad in all the colors of the spectrum, and reflecting amusingly enough the fluctuations of fashion in hue, from the crude blues, arsenic greens, and sickly *groseilles* of the Second Empire, through a brief period of brazen Bismarck brown, to the dim tints of the æsthetic revival. But their bravery did but intensify their obscurity. Titles and names of authors were alike unknown to fame. This innumerable multitude of fine new books was as the leaves of last year's forest, or the uncounted dust of what Mr. Fitzgerald calls "yesterday's ten thousand years."

Nevertheless, as the depth of the leaf-mould measures in some sort the vigor of the forest, so this enormously excessive supply of a certain class of light reading is, in itself, indicative of an immense demand. "The many fail, the few succeed;" therefore where the many succeed, what wonder if an infinite number fail? It must needs be; so I said to myself at the time, as we traversed those gayly lined catacombs, and so I have often reflected since, that all those three-volume futilities aimed, at least, at depicting the sort of life which is fullest of interest, the dearest, most *intime*, most desirable of all, to the nations comprising the greatest readers (I do not say the greatest students) in the world.

And so it is; and the fact is to our race's credit, upon the whole. For the truer the art, the more sympathetic and impartial the temper of the would-be dramatist of that English life the very thought of which gives *des vapeurs* to the ordinary Gaul, the more likely he will be to picture a state of society founded upon veracity and braced by honor, enlivened by humor and by varied intellectual interests, refined by a sincere humanity, and sweetened by an undercurrent of simple and unfeigned religion. Grief and crime he will treat — since treat of them he must, and extensively, in any complete picture of any known society — with a just seriousness and delicacy; with a certain grave frankness also, since the one thing of which he is constitutionally and utterly incapable is the innuendo. If this should seem too optimistic a view to the inveterate reader of a certain sensational class of modern English novels, let him reflect how very ephemeral, if intense, for the moment, is the interest of those productions; what need their authors feel, to put them forth in rapid succes-

sion; and how truly what we have said applies, in the main, to the work of the greatest artists of all, and to the large majority of the classics of English fiction: to Richardson and Scott and Miss Austen; to Dickens and Thackeray; to George Eliot and John Shorthouse. Let him compare, but for a moment, the kind and degree of emotion with which he read for the first time, and has often, it may be, re-read, the tale of the fall of Effie Deans, or the fate of Hetty Sorrel, or the flight with her early lover of Barnes Newcome's unhappy wife, with the complex sentiments which are evidently required of him in view of the ordeal of Richard Feverel and the sacrifice of Miss Brown, and he will see clearly what we mean by insisting upon the plain manliness and moral simplicity of legitimate English fiction of the highest order. Its cleanliness is fundamental; the sources of its most enduring interest all open, and therefore innocent.

Just at present, however, we have no concern with the very great masters, except by way of indicating the tone which they have happily given to a very extensive literature. There are plenty of those of the second and even third order, to whose modest art we are indebted for an incalculable amount of cheerful solace and wholesome amusement. A little while ago we had occasion to consider the voluminous and varied productions of Mrs. Oliphant; and since then our attention has been directed to the work of two other English female novelists of moderate pretension, but, as it seems to us, of very marked merit, — to Jean Ingelow and the marvelously clever author of Mr. Smith and The Baby's Grandmother.

They both belong to what may be called the school of Miss Austen; that is to say, they rely for the interest of their work on the minute study of certain frequent and probable, nay, in some cases, flagrantly commonplace types of character; and on the homely but harmonious accessories, and (with certain exceptions in Miss Ingelow's case, to be noted hereafter) the natural and unforced combinations, and evolutions, and eventualities of the every-day life of English gentlefolk and their dependents. They are essentially feminine writers both, seldom taxing their powers with the effort to depict scenes which must, almost of necessity, lie outside the range of a lady's experience. When a woman does this successfully, — witness George Eliot's ale-house and election scenes, and hundreds in the works of that other great George, across the Channel, and many even in those of Mrs. Oliphant, — it constitutes one of the most signal proofs of exceptional power. When she tries it and does not succeed, she furnishes an equally signal measure of her limitations. These two show a wise modesty in usually refraining from the attempt; although Mrs. Walford has proved that she can make men of the world talk naturally among themselves, which is, in itself, no small achievement for any woman.

Miss Ingelow has always seemed to us to suffer, as a novelist, from the obstinate reluctance of the world to accord to any individual the possession of more than one kind of ability. Do we not all naturally take it as a sort of impertinence or affront, — at the least, as evidence of a very grasping disposition, — when one who has fairly established his claim to the honors of a certain specialty asks for our suffrages in a new direction? Miss Ingelow was a poet, — a minor poet to be sure, but extremely popular as such. Perhaps none but minor poets are ever largely popular in their own day. It must be secretly grievous to a man of the highest poetic aims and sensibilities to have produced poems as widely read and universally admired as Hiawatha or The Light of Asia! Miss Ingelow, however, had opened a

slender vein of poesy which was all her own. She had written a few ballads and lyrics which had instantly found their place, and will probably always retain it, in all standard collections of the gems of English song. She had developed a certain originality of rhyme and rhythm, and had shown a graceful command of a quaint, sometimes a trifle too quaint, English vocabulary. It was this which secured her the honor of poor Fly-Leaf Calverley's most delightful raillery, but she shared that honor with the Laureate and Mr. Browning, which might, one would think, have contented anybody.

But Miss Ingelow was not content. She tried her hand at children's tales, and produced, in Mopsa the Fairy, a really charming fantasy, where many of the best qualities of her poetry were found allied to a certain artless charm of transparent and direct prose diction, — where indeed some of her most exquisite poetical bits first appeared, as captions to the chapters, or songs sung by the characters. Her first attempts at the portrayal of actual English life were less successful. They may be found in a small volume characteristically entitled Studies for Stories, curious and interesting chiefly as revealing the serious and systematic manner in which Miss Ingelow went to work to win her laurels in prose fiction. These little sketches are exactly what they profess to be, — studies: conscientious efforts at the delineation of separate figures; attentive observation of salient characteristics, with usually an effort, a little too pronounced and palpable, at deducing a moral from their interaction. The lady was evidently bent on mastering an untried art, and was not in the least shy about letting the public perceive the humility of her first attempts. Several years — as many as seven or eight at the least — must have elapsed between the publication of these preliminary sketches and the appearance of Miss Ingelow's first novel proper, Off the Skelligs. It was immediately evident that her studies had borne fruit. The opening chapters of Off the Skelligs possess an entirely fresh and quite extraordinary charm. The childhood of Tom and Dorothea Graham is less profoundly studied, no doubt, than that of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, but it is in a wholly different *genre*, and what with the quaintness of the juvenile types portrayed, and the exceptional character of their surroundings, it is hardly less fascinating in its way than that immortal chronicle. The picture of those two precocious but perfectly simple, babyish, and unconscious mites of humanity — Snap and Missy, the boy of eight and the girl of six — declaiming scenes from Shakespeare in their nursery, and wrangling over the rules of a universal language of their own invention, is altogether captivating. They had a literary mother, poor things, who was endeavoring to make money by her pen, shut up in the solemn and inviolable privacy of a remote chamber; and we feel a lively sympathy with the superstitious emotions of the nurse, who found "something awful in their play-acting," and with the consternation of the successive tutors who were engaged to superintend this untimely intellectual development, and of whom the varying degrees of dismay are most amusingly described: —

"In due time the tutor made his appearance. He came in with sufficient assurance. He heard us read — we lisped horribly. He saw us write — our writing was dreadful. He seemed a good youth enough. That he was very young was evident; we had been told that he had just left King's College, London. So we treated him with great deference, and whatsoever he did, we admired. Thus, when he whistled while mending our pens, and when he cut his initials on the wooden desk, we thought these acts proofs of superiority.

He, however, did not seem as well pleased with us, for he had encouraged us to talk that he might discover what we knew, and he shortly began to look hot, uncomfortable, and perplexed.

"Finally he remarked that it was time to 'shut up shop,' asked if there were any rabbits on the common, and affably decreed that we might come out with him and show him about.

"Off we all set, first to the mill for a dog, then to the heath, when finding our new friend gracious and friendly, we shortly began to chatter, and explain various things to him, and to argue with one another.

"At last we sat down. Our tutor sank into silence, whistled softly, and stared from one of us to the other. Snap, in the joy of his heart, was describing our new language, and — oh, audacious act! — was actually asking him whether he would like to learn it.

"Not a word did he say, but a sort of alarm began to show itself in his face; and at length, at the end of a sharp argument between us, he started up and exclaimed, 'I say! there 's something wrong here — a child of six and talk about a strong preterite! Good gracious!'

"'So I tell her,' said Snap. 'She ought to know better than to expect all our verbs to have strong preterites.'

"'Come home, young ones,' said our tutor.

"We rose, and he set off at a steady pace; we sneaked behind, aware that something was wrong. We wondered why he went so fast, for he was evidently tired and often wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"At the cottage door he met my mother. 'I hope you have had a pleasant walk,' she said.

"'Oh, yes, thank you! at least — not exactly. It 's — it 's *not exactly what I expected.*'"

And he left on the following day. The successor of this craven youth was not so easily routed. He was, as it afterward appeared, hopelessly in love with the squire's daughter, and so had a personal motive for lingering in that forsaken neighborhood.

"Enter new tutor, introduced by my mother, — a tall cheerful young man, followed by two dogs. His countenance expressed great amusement, and when mamma had retired, he looked at us both with considerable attention, while his dogs lay panting at his feet with their tongues out.

"As for me, I was dreadfully abashed, and felt myself to be a kind of impostor, who must carefully conceal what I was, or the new tutor would run away.

"'Come here,' said the new tutor to Snap, 'and let the little fellow come, too. Oh, she 's a girl, I remember. Well, come here, both of you, and let me see what you are like. You, number one, I suppose, are at the head of this class?'

"'Yes, sir,' said Snap.

"'What 's your name, youngster?'

"'Tom Graham, sir.'

"'Now, you just look at me, will you. I hear you are a very extraordinary little chap. I am very extraordinary myself. I shall never give double lessons when I am angry.'

"Encouraged by the gay tone of his voice, I looked up, on which he said, 'And what can you do, little one, hey?'

"Being for once abashed, I shrank behind Snap, but was pulled out by the tutor's long arm and set on his knee, while Snap, at his desire, gave an account of his acquirements and of my own.

"After this, the dogs were sent out, and the new tutor began to examine our books, and speedily won our love by the clear manner in which he explained and illustrated everything.

"In the course of the morning it came out that I did not know how to work. 'Not know how to work, and begin *Greek*,' he exclaimed. 'Where 's the nurse? Fetch her in!'

"In came nurse, curtseying.

"'Why, Mrs. What's-your-name,' said our tutor, 'I understand that this young lady cannot work.'

"Nurse, taken by surprise, stammered out some excuse.

"'It's a very great neglect,' proceeded our tutor. 'Fetch some of your gussets and things and let her begin directly.'

"'Now, sir?' said nurse.

"'To be sure! Set her going and I'll superintend. I can thread a needle with any man.'

"'Sir, she has n't got a thimble.'

"'It is a decided thing that she must have a thimble?'

"'Oh, yes, sir, that it is.'

"Mr. Smith was discomfited by this information, but not for long. Three days after, as Snap and I were playing on the common, we saw him strolling toward us with a large parcel under his arm.

"'Come here, you atom,' he said to me. 'I have something to show you.' So I came, and crouched beside him, for he had seated himself on the grassy bank, and he had very shortly unfolded to my eyes one of the sweetest sights that can be seen by a little girl. It was a doll, a large, smiling wax doll. Beside it, he spread out several pieces of gay print and silk and ribbon. He had bought them, he said, at the town, and moreover he had bought me a thimble.

"To ask mamma's help would have been of little use, and he scorned to ask that of nurse; but, by giving his mind to the task, and making his own independent observations, he designed, *by the help of his compasses*, several garments for the doll, and these in the course of time he and I made, thereby giving exceeding satisfaction to the servants and family at the mill, who used furtively to watch his proceedings with great amusement."

The moral of this piquant scene is not mentioned, but it is happily unmistakable. To develop consistently, and with interest, the characters of these rather abnormal little beings would seem to be about as difficult a task as a novelist could essay, but Miss Ingelow acquits herself of it, as far as the girl, at least, is concerned, triumphantly. Tom is a disappointment, but the author's art cannot be said to fail here, for so he would almost inevitably have been in real life. His brilliant boyhood had no *suite*. His marvelous mental power was accompanied by a corresponding moral weakness, which dragged him, eventually, as far behind his fellows as he had originally started in advance of them; and all that astonishing promise of his days of innocence remained but a rather heart-sickening memory. The tragedy is not striking and terrible, like that in which the lives of George Eliot's brother and sister were involved, but how true it is to common experience, and the level tenor of life's ordinary woe! Dorothea, on the other hand, becomes a very proper little heroine, without ever losing her originality or her fascination. In her learned humility and gentle audacity, her fine mixture of spirit and softness, and her almost comical unconsciousness of her own personal charms, she remains always and unmistakably, the fairy-like "Missy" of the strong preterites and the Shakespeare recitals, and one of the oddest and most engaging of all modern *ingénues*.

The preservation of her artless charm is the more remarkable, in that it is always she who tells her own and her brother's story, and that is a nice art indeed which can make a *naïf* character reflect itself without injury to its own *naïveté*. Even Dickens's Esther Summerson is priggish and self-righteous at times, but this *mignonne* Dorothea, not at all.

Miss Ingelow's poetic and dramatic powers find scope in the really thrilling description of the wreck off the

rocks from which the novel takes its name; and properly enough, since its true love-story begins then and there; but it is in depicting the daily life at Wigfield that she first fully makes good her claim to be reckoned among the vivid and successful delineators of English domesticity. Affluent without ostentation; pure, healthful, and humane; pious without austerity or pretension; courteous and generous and gay; monotonous, yet always mildly amusing, — this is that life of sweet decorum, of sobriety rather than of dullness, in which we do so well to take what seems by moments, even to ourselves, an inexplicable delight. This is that true beatitude of blameless Philistinism, equally removed from the exotic vices and the barbaric expensiveness, chronicled with so much gusto by Lord Beaconsfield and Ouida, and the fantastic tricks played before high heaven by certain small but highly conscious *coteries*, important chiefly through their impertinence, and conspicuous by their absurdity.

Miss Ingelow lingers too long over the pleasant life at Wigfield for the symmetry of her tale. There is too much about the elder brother's philanthropies and there are too many of the younger brother's jokes; yet we speak for ourselves in averring that she never positively fatigues her reader, who is glad when the course of the story returns to that quiet place, after the somewhat forced episode of the heroine's attempted labors in the London slums. The weak part of Off the Skelligs is its plot. That a person — even a very small and self-distrustful person — of Dorothea's delightful common sense should have engaged herself to the volatile and insignificant, though amusing Valentine, when she had really given her heart to the staid and slightly magnificent Giles is hardly to be credited, and the manner in which the true lovers of the story are involved in the misunderstanding which delays their bliss implies even more than the elaborate imbecility usually displayed in such cases.

Miss Ingelow appears clearly to have perceived that her first novel had no proper *intrigue*, and to have resolved, come what might, to remedy this defect in her subsequent efforts. But first, she could not resist the temptation to develop a little further the fortunes of her first-born characters, for whom she had naturally conceived a lively affection, and whose existence had probably assumed for her a sort of importunate objectivity. The experiment is always a doubtful one. It cannot be said either to have failed or to have succeeded completely, in the by no means commonplace story entitled Fated to be Free. Once more the author's lively imagination supplies her with a novel and highly picturesque opening to her tale. She introduces a strange set of characters, living in antiquated fashion in an out-of-the-world nook, who prove, however, to have relations of the most important kind with some whom we have already seen in Off the Skelligs, moving in the broad daylight of every-day life. She devises a secret, which she is so anxious not to reveal prematurely that she can hardly be said ever to reveal it satisfactorily, and with the proper dramatic effect. She broaches a moral; and of all gravest questions, the one here involved is the everlastingly staggering question of the relations between necessity and free-will! This is the way in which our author looks at it, and thus offers her suggestion for the reconcilement of the irreconcilable. An unalterable destiny gives us liberty of moral choice. We are subject to fate, but to a fate which makes us to a certain extent free. Valentine, the light, sparkling, incorrigible Valentine, who would so gladly have yielded himself wholly to the swaying of circumstance, Valentine was forced to take the responsibility of his own course, to say with a categorical *yes* or *no*

whether he would enter upon his tempting but tainted and virtually forbidden inheritance; and clearly to perceive at the last, just as his vain young life was slipping from him, that it had been so, and that his fate had been to have his fate in his own hands. The story is a short and rather sad one, though brightened by much unforced light talk, and lively nonsense of young and happy people, but the author's genuine artistic instinct suffices to make it consistent and shapely, and, in fine, it has its charm.

By the time, however, that Fated to be Free was concluded, Miss Ingelow had become possessed, or so we divine, by certain definite theories about novel-making which she was impatient more fully to develop. First of all, the truism that truth is stranger than fiction seems to have impressed itself upon her mind with new and extraordinary force. She is struck, as most of us have been, at one time or another, by the notion that if we would but remember what we hear, and dared tell what we actually know, it would become apparent that strange coincidences and grotesque combinations do frequently occur even in the most ordinary and conventional lives. The most probable defect of the novel of comfortable English life is, naturally, a lack of incident; but it is possible to conceive, even within these highly proper bounds, of a situation so strange that incidents in abundance would inevitably grow out of it. Accordingly, still with the same happy and engaging carelessness about making her experiments in public, Miss Ingelow set herself resolutely, as it would seem, to conjure up situations of this kind, and did actually contrive two, which, so far as we know, had never been thought of before, and proceeded to work them out, like problems, in Sarah de Berenger and Don John.

The conception of the former is the more entirely novel. A poor woman, of extraordinary character, the wife of a convict just transported for fourteen years, unexpectedly falls heir to a modest competence; and in order to secure it, for the benefit of her two baby girls, from the possible future claims of their worthless father, she assumes different names for herself and for them, takes the position of their servant, and brings them up as little orphan gentlefolk, of whose income, slender for their false position, although amounting to wealth for their true one, she passes for the scrupulously honest trustee. A great deal of skill is shown in the contrivance of slight chances, whereby the self-devoted author of this pious fraud is continually enabled to escape detection; and it was clever to conceive of her as aided above all, however unwittingly, by the inveterate folly and freakishness, the long pampered eccentricities, of the wealthy and addle-pated spinster who finally leaves her money to the convict's children. The drawback is that the thing was, after all, so outrageous a fraud that our gratification at its success is felt to be uncomfortably immoral. Moreover the *bizarre* central figure of Sarah de Berenger, though happily enough imagined, is not well developed. She just fails of being an entirely credible, and therefore legitimately amusing character. The latter part of the story, from the time when the mother is forced finally to sever herself from her children and go back to her rehabilitated convict, is very painful, but, to our thinking, very powerful also; especially in the way in which we are forced to share both the poor wife's dispassionate conviction of the reality of her wretched husband's repentance, and her invincible repugnance for his person.

The *motif* of Don John seems, at first sight, to be more hackneyed; but it is not so, for here we have the time-honored expedient of changing children at nurse treated in an entirely unprecedented, and yet perfectly plausible

fashion. The irresponsible young wet-nurse, whose imagination has been fired, and her light head turned, by an immense consumption of the fiction furnished by a cheap circulating library, makes, in the first instance, in mere wantonness, the experiment of substituting her own child for the one which had been confided — somewhat too unquestioningly — to her care, while a severe epidemic of scarlatina took its long course through the nursery of her employers, the Johnstones. Again a chain of curious and very creditably devised chances favor — almost necessitate — the maintenance of the deception; and at length it comes about, through the sudden death, by accident, of her accomplice in the dangerous game she had been playing, that the nurse herself is not entirely certain whether it is the Johnstone baby or her own which the family reclaim, while she is herself prostrated by severe illness. The frightened woman keeps her guilty and yet rather absurd secret for a little while, but then the miserable confession will out, and the unhappy parents who have been the victims of this enraging trick find that they can do no better than pack the unprincipled nurse off to Australia, adopt the other child, and bring up the twin boys exactly alike. The history of the growth of their characters, and the development of their fates, is a singular and affecting one. It is the best told of all Miss Ingelow's tales, — the most direct and dramatic and symmetrical; and, in short, Don John is, to our mind, an exceedingly beautiful little story; a finished and charming specimen of that minor English fiction which is often as good, from a literary point of view, as the best produced elsewhere.

As in Fated to be Free the author had hovered about the eternally burning questions of fate, free-will, and foreknowledge absolute, so in the obviously *recherchés* plots of Sarah de Berenger and Don John, she finds scope for some curious speculations on the potency of education and the mysteries of heredity. It is a little difficult to make out her exact position; perhaps she has never fully defined it even to herself. Upon the whole, however, she would seem to make light of ancestral influences, and to intimate that the individual himself and his guardians and teachers in early years are alone responsible for his spiritual development and mundane destiny; thus reiterating her protest against those necessitarian doctrines which are commonly held so dangerously to benumb the moral sense.

It is to be observed, however, that the novelist who is born, not made, is not apt greatly to preoccupy himself with the illustration of points like these, or, other than incidentally, with any points whatever. Nor are we wont to perceive with him, as plainly as we cannot help doing in Miss Ingelow's case, the growth of the design and the machinery of construction. The other novelist whose name we have associated, and whose work we have been interested to compare with hers has, above all others, the merits of spontaneity and unconsciousness. The opening chapters, indeed, of the first of Mrs. Walford's works which created any sensation suggested the idea that she had been a very devout disciple of Miss Austen. Probably she had, but she soon proved herself a *variante* and not a copy. Mr. Smith: A Part of his Life had a flavor and a humor entirely its own. The artless vulgarities of the Hunt family could hardly have been more carefully studied or more faithfully represented by the creator of the immortal Mrs. Bennett herself; but in the conception of her hero, — the plain, modest, pious, instinctively chivalrous, and inevitably honorable English gentleman, — with the simplicity of his love, and the perfectly unconscious dis-

interestedness of his motives, Mrs. Walford gives proof of higher sympathies and deeper estimates of human nature than were often betrayed — whatever may have been felt — by her accomplished model. Lord Sauffrenden is another delightful type, not in the least romantic, or ideal, except in the fine touch, at once light and firm, with which he is drawn; and his wife is another; while the story of the vain, yet not ignoble heroine, and of her moral awakening and virtual regeneration by the brief, humble, wistful passage through her life of one thoroughly good man, is exactly as well told as possible. Indeed, excellent as is the faculty of characterization shown in Mr. Smith, and racy the humor, the most remarkable thing about the little book is a certain sober unity and masterly simplicity of method, — a resolute subordination of all details to the general design. In this respect it reminds us, even more than of Jane Austen, of that small masterpiece of George Eliot's, Silas Marner, and is really, in the best sense of the term, what people mean, or ought to mean, when they call a tale artistic.

Apparently, however, it is not always possible for Mrs. Walford to exercise over herself the degree of restraint which had been requisite to render the unambitious narrative of a part of Mr. Smith's life so symmetrical and so satisfying. The immediate successor of that tale, Pauline, was in no respect a repetition. For one thing, it abounded in scenery. Much is made, and skillfully, in the first and last parts of the story, of the local color of the Hebrides; whereas Mr. Smith had been as innocent of landscape as Emma, or any other novel of the pre-Wordsworthian school. Moreover, there was an almost passionate intensity in certain portions of Pauline, suggesting another, and perhaps higher order of power than any which the earlier book had revealed, — one touching upon the veritably tragic. Still, it was unequal in its different parts, and imperfectly sustained. This book certainly had a moral. A good woman is not to marry a bad man with the vain hope of making him better. Such devotion is not useless, merely, but sinful. On this austere text, the author, in the person of her saint-like yet perfectly simple and natural heroine, not so much preaches a homily as makes a plea, — a tearful, regretful, yet inflexible plea. We recall few passages in modern fiction more seriously beautiful than the last scene vouchsafed to us of her pensive story, in which she receives the tidings — told carelessly and incidentally — of the violent end of the man she loved. She is again in her beloved Hebrides, where she had known him first. A terrible summer tempest has just swept over the islands. The devoted pastor of one or two solitary parishes, who had gone in a boat to visit a dying parishioner, had been drowned in the discharge of his humble duty, and Pauline is writing to a friend of the event which had deeply moved herself and all the countryside. "He died as he had lived," she was writing, and then she paused and lapsed into revery, —

"What a grand death to die! No pain, — no weary waiting for the end! He fell in his harness fighting the good fight. . . . How could I ever have thought him thrown away here? Oh, what a good man has gone to his rest! How poor, how small we grow beside such giants! We fritter away the lives that might all, with God's help, be great and glorious as his was. We clog ourselves, we forget that

> 'Pilgrims who travel in the narrow way
> Should go as little cumbered as they may.'

"'Life, life, what is life?' murmured Pauline, gazing into the fathomless heavens above with dreamy eye. 'A few winters and summers, a few pains and pleasures, a single love. Ah me!

What will be the end of my love? Am I preparing to go as little cumbered as I may, or am I adding a weight to pull me down? Not yet, can I know'" —

Her brother and his gay *fiancée* break in upon her here, with abundance of light chatter and news of the day. Death and distant calamity can cast no more than a passing shadow over their exuberant spirits.

"'Were there any letters?' asks Pauline at last, interrupting their badinage.

"'No, I don't think so. I had one. I say! Poor Blundell has broken his neck riding a steeple-chase in Paris last Sunday!'

"The ink was not dry upon the sheet, under Pauline's hand. Over the words, *He died as he had lived*, her fingers hung frozen, rigid, numbed.

"'Is n't it strange,' said Tom, still standing in the doorway, 'that we should have had the news *here!* Do you remember'— he heard Elsie calling him, and went away caressing a puppy he held in his arms.

"The paper rustled in the draught of air, for he had left the door open. A dog bayed on the hillside, and a raven croaked overhead. The room felt cold. The sunshine crept away from it. Colder still sat that motionless figure bending over the desk. A step outside — she staggered to her feet, barred the door, and had her hour of agony unseen. . . . The end was *this*."

This is admirable in its restraint. There is no parade of renunciation and consecration. The three words "a single love," written before the blow fell, contain the whole sequel of the story, and tell as plainly as pages of sentiment could have done that Pauline would be henceforth a nun without a livery or a cloister, and all that was left of her life, an unuttered prayer for the dead.

From the high finish of simple Mr. Smith, and the fervor of emotion which she had occasionally touched in Pauline, Mrs. Walford fell suddenly, inexplicably, in her two succeeding efforts to the grade of a third or fourth rate story-teller, the triviality of whose theme is not redeemed by any very conspicuous excellence of treatment. There were amusing scenes; there was usually the charm which seems inalienable with this otherwise uncertain writer, of absolutely natural conversation; but Cousins was a book to be forgotten as soon as read, and Troublesome Daughters, meandering, as it did, through three volumes of feeble improbabilities, flatly belied the possible humor of its theme, and almost sufficed to bury in oblivion the memory even of Mr. Smith. "How soon that writer wrote herself out!" was wha people thought, if they thought of Mrs. Walford at all, amid the bewildering rush of new candidates for their favor. So fully was the fact of her *fiasco* accepted that when Blackwood began publishing, some years later, an anonymous serial, with the piquant title of The Baby's Grandmother, and the story, which had opened well, was developed with much spirit and went on steadily deepening in interest, among the speculations which began to be rife as to its authorship, not one, so far as we remember, pointed in the right direction. The systematic and unremitting novel-reader who neglects not the meanest serial, and receives with noble impartiality all that Tauchnitz sends, while thankful for the oases afforded by The Baby's Grandmother in the desert of his life, perceived no more than a phantasmal resemblance to some manner previously known, in the free and graceful drawing of the figures of Matilda and Lotta, and the amusing incongruity of their relation as mother and child. Lady Matilda, bright, buoyant, exuberant in beauty and seemingly immortal in youth; a girl still, to all intents and purposes, at thirty-seven, although a widow; and, oh, exquisite jest of indisputable fact,

a grandmother! — an unaffected girl, too, with all a handsome girl's involuntary fascination, plus a certain tranquil and seductive splendor of perfectly mature womanhood: and side by side with this radiant mamma, her absolutely insignificant child, plain, dull, congenitally old, but insufferably self-conceited withal, resolved to be everywhere conspicuous, delivering herself in season and out of season of pages of prim platitudes, in the style so well described by the indefensible word *burbling*, and reported for the reader's benefit, as it were, stenographically, with a demure faithfulness which is in itself diverting! It seems odd, but quite natural, under the circumstances, that the godfather of the important first-born of this dismal but importunately lifelike Lotta should fall in love over the christening font with the baby's grandmother, whose home is with two bachelor brothers, both of whom adore her, and her affectionate relations with whom are charmingly depicted. Lord Overton the elder, the head of the family, is another simple, kindly, spotless English gentleman, of the Sauffrenden type; the younger, the Hon. Teddy, is a past reprobate, but a very sweet fellow, and so plainly an intellectual innocent that it is impossible to be severe upon him. The hero of the book, James Challoner, is a very real but very doubtfully agreeable person. A certain vague distrust we are made to feel of him from the very first is most cleverly imparted and managed. He reveals, however, the somewhat rare faculty of loving both greatly and tenderly; and when we are told by the author that he had himself been loved by many women before Lady Matilda's day dawned for him, we believe it readily, although doubting much whether any but her gracious and spirited self would have "had a good time" as his wife. All might have gone well, however, if the vanquished hero had not been already, unbeknown to his new friends, affianced and on the eve of marriage with a buxom heiress of no particular charms and an inferior social position; and it is when the scene of the story changes from the easy and high-bred home-life of Overton to the great manufacturing town where the Tufnells, the parents of Challoner's betrothed, live and luxuriate in their honestly gotten gains, that Mrs. Walford's truly marvelous power of relentless realization is first fully revealed.

The heavy father and the fat, fond mother; the loud, laughing, aggressively "stylish" daughters, of whom the bride to be is one, are successively impaled like so many entomological specimens, and exhibited for us; and all the dreadful diversions of their prosperous and ambitious *monde*, depicted in detail. There is a chapter in which the arrangements are discussed for what was to be the great event of their "season," a fancy ball, from which we would gladly quote were it not a shame to divide so perfect a chrysolite. Nothing is extenuated here, and nothing overdone. In its way, it is faultless.

Good people are the Tufnells, — blameless and even bountiful, honorable also in instinct and practice, and full to overflowing of a certain demonstrative humanity; but how, even while striving to be impartial, does the author betray her detestation of them and their environment! But for this bitter grain of what we are fairly constrained to call personal despite, her searching realism might almost be compared with that of that transcendent, but as yet barely recognized genius, the Russian novelist Tolstoï, the colossal author of La Guerre et La Paix. Where he, however, is passionless, she is merciless. There was a trace, in her treatment of the Hunts in Mr. Smith, and of the Jermyns in Pauline, of the same fastidious aversion to the subjects of her unflinching study, — a something so nearly vicious in her unsparing accuracy, as quite to excite our

sympathy for its victims. It is as if she had a sacred *vendetta* to accomplish on virtuous vulgarity. Excellent people? Oh, heavens, yes! but odiously free and easy in their good-nature; purse-proud, yet with an uneasy jealousy of rank; their life showy, but inelegant and unlovely; their speech a misery to ears polite. What were Challoner's emotions likely to have been, when he found himself first hero and chief favorite in the Tufnell family-circle, and bound in all honor so to remain?

Not very much is said by the author on this head. She leaves the facts to speak for themselves, which they do, as we have said, pitilessly. To give the particulars of Challoner's treachery would be to forestall the interest of some who, not having yet read the story, may possibly be moved to do so, on our recommendation. Elements of tragedy are in the tale, and they are hardly less ably handled than the others. Still, as those of comedy predominate upon the whole, it is appropriate that the book should end "well" in the popular sense of the term. It need not, however, and ought not to have ended gleefully. The final union of those impassioned middle-aged lovers cost two lives, and, on the part of the heroine, at least, a terrible process of disillusion. They might have accepted one another after all this, and lived in what passes for content; but that they should have done so without many a sad and bitter reflection, wholly without remorse, in fact, but rather in the spirit of childish and almost silly delight which pervades the last chapter, is a supposition inconsistent with the alleged depth of their natures, and even belies the scope of their intelligence. Mrs. Walford is never secure when she lets herself go. She should be always cool, collected, moderate, watchful, as in Mr. Smith. The moment she yields unreservedly to emotion, even her own private and natural emotion toward her own characters, her art breaks down. It is a curious fact, moreover, that the moral of The Baby's Grandmother, so far as it has one, precisely contradicts the moral of Pauline. Lady Matilda takes Challoner in the end, at the earnest insistence of the sensible and sympathetic Overton, confessedly to save him from going utterly to the bad.

It would appear, therefore, that this highly endowed but unequal writer has not even yet acquired the full command of her really noble powers. While Miss Ingelow furnishes an instance of a slender and somewhat artificial talent, carefully cherished and scientifically developed to its utmost capacity, in Mrs. Walford we observe the irregular action of a larger power, of which the possessor herself appears but fitfully conscious, but of which the perfect exercise would place her name very near the head of the list of female writers of fiction now living.

Harriet Waters Preston.

THE CONSTANT FRIEND.

BENEATH the green, unfolding leaves,
In rosy dawning day,
I stood and looked to east and west
To find which way would suit me best,
And north and south, and east and west,
I looked to find the way.

The bells rang through the sunny air,
The May buds opened fresh and fair,
The birds were singing everywhere,
And I was young and gay.
I saw around on every side
The many winding paths divide,
And wrapt in wonder, grand and wide
The earth before me lay.

I clapped my hands and laughed and cried
To all the birds and butterflies.
"Now who will be my friend and guide
And always with me stay?"
Then from the green, unfolding leaves
Love's eyes upon me shone.
His voice with spring-time's promise swelled,
And all the sweet May morning held;
His voice with spring-time's promise swelled
In rippling crystal tone.

"'T is I will be thy constant friend,
From first to last, from end to end,
Be with thee all the way.
I'll sing for thee when birds are fled,
I'll bloom for thee when flowers are dead;
My radiant warmth around me shed
Shall make December May.
My voice divine shall still thy fears,
My sunbeams shine in all thy tears,
My blessings night and day
Make good to thee the cold world's scorn,
And set a rose on every thorn,
And from thy pathway rough and long
Roll every stone away."

This Love did say — did say to me,
When I was young and gay.

. . . . . .

Beneath the brown and falling leaves
I watch the fading day.
I've wandered far through east and west,
Whichever way did seem the best;
And north and south, and east and west,
In many a winding way.
Dull clouds obscure the autumn skies,
Gone are the birds and butterflies,
Forlorn and bare the wide earth lies,
And I am old and gray.

The song is out, the race is run,
And dark the night is drawing on:
From lonesome plains the north wind's moan
Is sounding in my ear.
But constant friend from first to last,
Though every star be overcast,
Love stands beside me firm and fast,
And nought have I to fear.

He wraps me in his mantle warm,
He keeps away the cold and storm,
His kind cares never cease.
His gentle, soothing fingers spread
A pillow neath my weary head,
He fills my age with peace.
He sang for me when birds were flown,
He bloomed for me when flowers were gone,
He made December May.
And let my griefs be what they might,
Each tear still held his sunbeam's light;
His blessings night and day
Made good to me the cold world's scorn,
And set a rose on every thorn,
And from my pathway rough and long
Rolled every stone away.

This Love did do — did do to me,
And I am old and gray.

Kathleen Wright.

THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

XV.

It was not so dreary in the dark depths of the cavern as in the still white world without; and the constable of the district, one Ephraim Todd, found the flare of the open furnace and the far-reaching lights, red among the glooms, and a perch on an empty barrel, and the warm generosities of the jug a genial transition. Nevertheless he protested.

"You-uns oughter be plumb 'shamed, Pete," he said, "ter toll me hyar, an' me a off'cer o' the law."

"Ye hev been hyar often afore, the Lord above knows," asseverated Pete, "an' ye needed mighty little tollin'."

"But I war n't a off'cer o' the law, then," said the constable, wrestling with his official conscience. "An' I hev tuk a oath an' am under bonds. An' hyar I be a-consortin' with law-breakers, an' 't ain't becomin' in a off'cer o' the law."

"Ye ain't tuk no oath, nor entered into no bonds ter keep yer throat ez dry ez a lime-kiln," retorted Pete. "Jes' take a swig at that thar jug an' hand it over hyar, will ye, an' hold yer jaw."

Thus readily the official conscience,

never rampant, was pacified. The constable had formerly been, as Pete said, an *habitué* of the place, but since his elevation to office he had made himself scarce, in deference to the promptings of that newly acquired sense of dignity and propriety. Should some chemical process obliterate for a time a leopard's spots, consider the satisfaction of the creature to find himself once more restored to his natural polka-dots; and such was the complacence of the constable, with his artificial conscience evaporated and his heart mottled with its native instincts of good and evil. He was glad to be back in the enjoyment of the affluent hospitalities of the moonshiner's jug.

He was a big, portly fellow, hardly more symmetrical than the barrel upon which he was seated. He had an inexhaustible fund of good humor, and was not even angry when Pete, in sheer contrariety, told him the reason for his enticement to the still. He said he would be glad enough if Rick Tyler could swear out anything that would benefit the parson, and declared that he believed only Micajah Green's malice could have compassed his incarceration.

"'Cajah inquired o' me whar this place war, Pete," he said, "a-purtendin' like he hed been hyar wunst. But I jes' tole him 't war ez safe ez a unhatched deedie in a aig — an' I batted my eye, jes' so, an' he shet up purty quick."

The gleam from the furnace door showed Pete's own light gray eyes intently staring at the visitor, but he said nothing and the matter passed.

When the constable's heart was warmed by the brush whiskey he understood the sensation as happiness, and he translated happiness as a religious excitement. He had a maudlin tendency as he talked about the parson, who, he declared, had led him to grace, and he recited some wonderful stories of religious experience, tending to illustrate his present righteousness and the depths of iniquity from which he had been redeemed. Pete's perversity operated to curtail these. "That 's a fac'!" he would heartily assent; "ye useter be one o' the meanes' men on these hyar mountings!" Or "Grace hed a mighty wrastle with Satan in yer soul. I dunno whether he air cast out *yit!*"

The constable — his big owlish head askew — was embarrassed by these manœuvres, and presently the talk drifted to the subject of the parson's spiritual defection. This he considered a mental aberration.

"Hi Kelsey," he said, "war always more or less teched in the head. I hev noticed — an' ye may sot it down ez a true word — ez ev'y man ez air much smarter 'n other men in some ways, in other ways air foolisher. He mought prophesy one day, an' the nex' ye would n't trest him ter lead a blind goose ter water. He air smarter 'n enny man I ever see — Pa'son Kelsey air. Thar 's Brother Jake Tobin ain't got haffen his sense; an' yit nobody can't say ez Brother Jake ain't sensible."

The philosopher upon the barrel, as he made this nice distinction, gazed meditatively into the bed of live coals that flung its red glare on his broad flushed countenance and wide blinking eyes. It revealed the others, too: the old man's hard, lined, wrinkled visage and his stalwart supple frame; Pete, with his long tangled hair, his pipe between his great exposed teeth; Ab, filling the furnace with wood, and as he bent down to look in, his ragged beard moved by the hot breath of the fire; the big-boned, callow Sol, with his petulant important face; and Ben in the dim background tossing the sticks over to Ab from the gigantic wood-pile. They fell with a sharp sound, and the cave was full of their multiplied echoes. The men as they talked elevated their voices so as to be heard.

Ab was rising from his kneeling posture. He closed the furnace door, and as it clashed he thought for an instant

he was dreaming. In that instant he saw Pete start up suddenly with wild, distended eyes, and with a leveled pistol in his hand. The next moment Ab knew what it meant. A sharp report — and a jet of red light, projected from the muzzle of the weapon, revealed a group of skulking, unfamiliar figures stealthily advancing upon them. The return fire was almost instantaneous, and was followed by multitudinous echoes and a thunderous crash that thrilled every nerve. The darkness was filled with the clamors of pandemonium, for the concussion had dislodged from the roof a huge fragment of rock, weighing doubtless many tons. The revenue raiders lagged for a moment, confused by the overwhelming sound, the clouds of stifling dust, and the eerie aspect of the place. They distinguished a sharp voice presently, crying out some imperative command, and after that there was no more resistance from the moonshiners. They had disappeared as if the earth had swallowed them.

The intruders were at a loss. They could not pursue and capture the men in the dark. If the furnace door were opened they would be targets in the glare for the lurking moonshiners in the glooms beyond. It did not at once occur to them that the cave had another outlet, until, as the echoes of the fallen fragment grew faint, they heard far away a voice crying out, "Don't leave me!" and the mocking rocks repeating it with their tireless mimicry.

It was the constable. He never forgot that agonized retreat down those unknown black depths. He was hardly able to keep pace with his swifter fellows, falling sometimes, and being clutched to his feet rudely enough, as they pressed on in a close squad; feeling now and then the sudden wing of a bat against his face and interpreting it as the touch of a human pursuer; sometimes despairing, as they scrambled through a long, low, narrow passage, scarcely wide enough for the constable's comfortable fatness. Then it was that fear descended upon him with redoubled force, and he would exclaim in pity of his plight, "An' me a off'cer o' the law!" He impeded their flight incalculably, but to their credit be it said the lighter weights had never a thought of deserting their unfortunate guest despite the danger of capture and the distress of mind induced by the loss of their little "all." The poor constable fitted some of the tube-like passages like the pith in the bark, and as he was at last drawn, pallid, struggling, his garments in shreds, from an aperture of the cave in a dense untrodden jungle of the laurel, he again piteously exclaimed, "An' me a off'cer o' the law!"

There was little leisure to meditate upon his degraded dignity. He followed the example of the moonshiners, and ran off through the laurel as fleetly as a fat man well could.

The raiders showed excellent judgment. They offered no pursuit down those dark and devious underground corridors. Acquiring a sense of security from the echoes growing ever fainter and indicative of lengthening distances, they presently opened the furnace door, and by the aid of the flare cut the tubs and still to pieces, destroyed the worm, demolished the furnace, and captured in triumph sundry kegs and jugs of the illicit whiskey. There was a perfunctory search for the distillers at the log-cabin on the mountain slope. But the officers made haste to be off, for the possibility of rally and recapture is not without parallel facts in the annals of moonshining.

Perhaps the mountain wilds had never sheltered a fiercer spirit than old Groundhog Cayce when he ventured back into his den and stood over the ruins of his scanty fortunes, — the remnants of the still: the furnace, a pile of smoking stones and ashes and embers; the worm in spiral sections; the

tubs half burnt, riven in pieces, lying about the ground. The smoke was still dense overhead and the hot stones were sending up clouds of steam. It was as well, perhaps, since the place would never again be free from inspection, that it could not be used as it once was. The great fragment of rock, fallen from the roof, lay in the course of the subterranean stream, and the water, thus dammed, was overflowing its channel and widely spreading a shallow flood all along the familiar ground. It was rising. He made haste to secure the few articles overlooked by the raiders: a rifle, a powder-horn on one of the ledges that served as shelf, a bag of corn, the jovial jug. And for the last time he crept through the narrow portal and left the cavern to the dense darkness, to the floating smoke, to the hissing embers, and the slow rising of the subterranean springs.

For days he nursed his wrath as he sat upon the cabin porch beneath the yellow gourds and the purple blooms of the Jack-bean, and gazed with unseeing eyes at the wide landscape before him. The sky was blue in unparalleled intensity. The great "bald" towered against it in sharp outlines, in definite symmetry, in awful height. The forests were aflame with scarlet boughs. The balsams shed upon the air their perfumes, so pervasive, so tonic, that the lungs breathed health and all the benignities of nature. The horizon seemed to expand, and the exquisite lucidity of the atmosphere revealed vague lines of far away mountains unknown to the limitations of less favored days. In the woods the acorns were dropping, dropping, all the long hours. The yellow sunshine was like a genial enthusiasm, quickening the pulses and firing the blood. The hickory trees seemed dyed in its golden suffusions, and were a lustrous contrast to the sombre pine, or the dappled maple, or the vivid crimson of the black-gum. But the future of the year was a narrowing space; the prospects it had brought were dwarfed in the fulfillment, or were like an empty clutch at the empty air. And winter was afoot; ah, yes, the tenderest things were already dead, — the flowers and the hopes, — and the splendid season cherished in its crimson heart a woeful premonition. And thus the winds, blowing where they listed, sounded with a melancholy cadence; and the burnished yellow sheen was an evanescent light; and the purple haze, vaguely dropping down, had its conclusive intimations in despite that it loitered.

Dorinda, with her hands folded too, sat much of the time in dreary abstraction on the step of the porch, looking down at the yellowed cornfield which she and Rick ploughed on that ecstatic June morning. How long ago it seemed! Sometimes above it, among the brown tassels, there hovered in the air a cluster of quivering points of light against the blue mountain opposite, as some colony of gossamer-winged insects disported themselves in the sunshine. And the crickets were shrilling yet in the grass. She saw nothing, and it would be hard to say what she thought. In the brilliancy of her youthful beauty — a matter of linear accuracy and delicate chiseling and harmonious coloring, for nature had been generous to her — it might seem difficult to descry a likeness to the wrinkled and weather-beaten features of her father's lowering face, as he sat in his chair helplessly brooding upon his destroyed opportunities. But there was a suggestion of inflexibility in both: she had firm lines about her mouth that were hard in his; the unflinching clearness of her eyes was a reflection of the unflinching boldness of his. Her expression in these days was so set, so stern, so hopeless that one might have said she looked like him. He beheld his ruined fortunes; she, her bereft heart.

Amos James, one day, as he stood on

the porch, saw this look on her face. She was leaning on her folded arms in the window hard by. She had spoken to him as absently and with as mechanical a courtesy as the old moonshiner at the other end of the porch. He came up close to her. It was a wonderful contrast to the face she had worn when they talked, that day at the spring, of Rick Tyler's escape. With the quickened intuition of a lover's heart he divined the connection.

"Ye hain't kep' yer promise, D'rindy," he said, in a low tone.

"What promise?" she demanded, rousing herself and knitting her brows as she looked at him.

"Ye 'lowed ye 'd let me know ef ever ye kem ter think less o' Rick Tyler."

Her eyes, definitely angry, flashed upon him.

"Ye shan't profit by it," she declared.

And so he left her, still leaning in the vine-framed window, the lilac blossoms of the Jack-bean drooping until they touched her black hair.

Rick Tyler was dismayed by the result of his jealousy and the strange "lesson" that Dorinda had learned. He found her inflexible. She reminded him sternly of the conditions of her promise and that he had failed. And when he protested that he was jealous because he loved her so, she said she valued no love that for her sake grudged a word, not in generosity, but in simple justice, to liberate an innocent man in the rigors of a terrible doom. And when at this man's very name he was seized with his accustomed impetuous anger, she looked at him with a cool aloof scrutiny that might have expressed a sheer curiosity. It bewildered and tamed him. He had never heard of a Spartan. He only thought of her as immovable, and as infinitely remote from his plane, as the great dome of the mountain. He remembered that she had always softened to his misfortunes, and he talked of how he had suffered. But she said that was all over now, and he had been "mighty lucky." He sought to appeal to her in her own behalf, and reminded her how she had loved him through it all, how she would have married him, despite the fierce pursuit of the law. She had loved him; he would not forget that.

"No," she said, drearily. "I never loved ye. I loved what I thunk ye war. But ye war n't that — nuthin' like it! Ye war suthin' else. I war jes' in love with my own foolishness."

Poor Dorinda! Alas, for the fair ideals! these things are transient.

He went away at last, indignant and amazed. Once he thought of offering to make the affidavit, not cognizant of its fatal defect, and then the conviction took hold upon him that this melancholy was her deep disappointment because she loved the man she sought to aid. And sometimes he could not believe he had lost her heart. And yet when he would go back, her dull indifference to his presence would convince him alike that he was nought to her now and that he had been supplanted.

His contradictions of feeling began to crystallize into a persistent perversity. He took pleasure in denying the story she had told of his escape, and many people hardly knew which version to believe. He congratulated Brother Jake Tobin one evening at the cabin on having turned Hi Kelsey out of the church, and called him a wolf in sheep's clothing. And then for his pains he was obliged to listen to her defense of the absent man; she declared the parson was like one of the prophets, like some man in the Bible. As to that confession he had made in the church, "'t war plain he war out'n his head." Meantime Brother Jake Tobin discreetly bent his attention upon the honey and fried chicken on the supper table, and Rick Tyler fumed in silence.

After the news of the *nolle prosequi* Rick went about the mountain with his

former large liberty. His step-brothers were desirous of obliterating his recollection of their avoidance, and made him a present of several head of cattle and some hogs. He lived at home among them, and began to have prospects for the future. He was planning with the younger Cayces to start a new still, for a region is particularly safe for that enterprise immediately after a visit from the revenue officers, their early return being improbable. And he talked about a house-raising while the weather held fine and before snow. "I'm a-thinkin' 'bout gittin' married, Pete, ter a gal over yander ter the Settlemint," he said, looking for the effect on Dorinda. She was as silent, as stern, as listless as ever. And but for the sheer futility of it he might have fallen to upbraiding her and protesting and complaining as of yore, and repudiated the mythical "gal at the Settlemint."

All the leaves were falling. Crisp and sere, they carpeted the earth and fled before the wind. They seemed in some wise to illumine the slopes as they lay in long yellow vistas under the overhanging black boughs. Many a nest was revealed, — empty, swinging on the bare limb. The mountains near at hand were sad and sombre, the stark denuded forests showing the brown ground among the trees, and great jutting crags, and sterile stretches of outcropping rocks, and fearful abysmal depths of chasms — and streams, too, madly plunging. All the scene was stripped of the garb of foliage, and the illusion of color, and the poetry of the song birds and the flowers. More distant ranges were of a neutral vagueness, and further still they seemed a nebulous gray under a gray sky. When the sun shone they were blue — a faint, unreal blue, a summer souvenir clinging to the wintry landscape like some youthful trait continued in a joyless age.

For it was November, and the days were drear.

About this time an excited rumor suddenly prevailed that Parson Kelsey had returned to the Great Smoky Mountains. It was widely discredited at first, but proved to be authorized by Gid Fletcher, who was himself just back from Shaftesville, where he had been to testify in the trial for the rescue of Rick Tyler. A story of discomfiture he retailed, and he seemed ill at ease and prone to lay much blame on Rick, whose perverse circulation of diverse accounts of the escape had greatly unnerved him before his journey, and prevented the prosecution from summoning Rick as a witness, if indeed he would have permitted himself to be served with the subpœna. The judge was testy in trying the case and charged the jury in favor of the prisoner; after the verdict of acquittal he stated indignantly that there had been practically no evidence against the defendant, and that it was a marked instance of the indifference or ignorance of the committing magistrate and the grand jury that such a case of flagrant malice could get beyond them and into the jurisdiction of the court. Gid Fletcher solaced himself by telling how Green played the fool on the stand, when the judge snarled at him, and contradicted himself and cut a "mighty pore figger." "Though ez ter that, the pa'son riz up an' reviled both me an' 'Cajah in open court," said Fletcher. "'Pears like he hed read the Bible so constant jes' ter l'arn ev'y creepy soundin' curse ez could be called down on the heads o' men. An' somebody said ter the jedge arterward ez he oughter fine pa'son fur contempt o' court. An' the jedge 'lowed he war n't a statute; he hed some human natur in him, an' he wanted me an' 'Cajah ter hear the truth spoke one time."

The blacksmith declared, too, that he was "fairly afeard o' pa'son" and his fierce threats of revenge, and was glad enough that they were not obliged to make the journey together, for he, having a horse, had ridden, while the par-

son had been constrained to walk. "I reckon he 's hyar by this time," Fletcher said to Nathan Hoodendin, "but I ain't a-hankerin' ter meet up with him agin. He 's more like a wild beastis 'n a man; ter see him cut his blazin' eye aroun' at ye, ye 'd 'low ez he 'd never hearn o' grace!"

The snow came with Kelsey. One day, when the dull dawn broke, the white flakes were softly falling — silent, mysterious, ghostly invasion of the wild wintry air and the woods. All adown chasms and ravines, unexplored and unknown, the weird palpitating motion animated the wide and desert spaces. The ground was deeply covered; the drifts filled the hollows; they burdened the crests of the jutting crags and found a lodgment in all the fissures of their dark and rugged faces. The white lines on the bare black boughs served to discriminate their sylvan symmetry. Vague solemnities pervaded the silent marshaling of these forces of Nature. The wind held its breath. An austere hush lay upon the chilled world. The perspective had its close limitations and the liberties of vision were annulled. Only the wild things were abroad; but the footprints of the rabbit or the deer were freshly filled, and the falling snow seemed to possess the world. When it ceased at last it lay long on the ground, for the cold continued. And the wilderness was sheeted and still.

There were presently visible occasional ruts winding in and out among the trees, marking the course of the road and the progress of some adventurous wagon and ox-team, — sometimes, too, the hoof-prints of a saddle-horse. One might easily judge how few of the mountaineers had ventured out since the beginning of the "cold snap." These marks were most numerous in front of the log-house where Hiram Kelsey and his uncle and the two old men sat around the fire. There was a prevalent curiosity as to how the parson had endured the double humiliation of imprisonment and being cast out of the church. They were hardly prepared for the tempestuous fury which animated him upon the mention of the prosecution and the witnesses' names. But when hesitating inquiries were propounded by those of his visitors disposed to controversy, — seeking to handle his heresies and gauge his infidelity, — he would fall from the ecstasies of rage to a dull despondency.

"I dunno," he would say, looking into the heart of the red fire. "I can't sati'fy my mind. Some things in the Bible air surely set contrariwise. I can't argyfy on 'em. But thar 's one thing I kin *feel* — Christ the Lord liveth. An' sometimes that seems doctrine enough. An' mebbe some day I 'll find Him."

A thaw came on, checked by a sudden freeze. He thought it as cold as ever one afternoon about sunset as he trudged along the road. He saw a tiny owl, perched in a cedar tree hard by the rail fence. The creature's feathers were ruffled and it looked chill. The atmosphere was of a crystalline clearness. The mountains in the east had dropped the snow from the darkling pines, but above, the towering balds rose in unbroken whiteness imposed in onyx-like distinctness upon the azure sky. There were vague suggestions of blue and violet and rose on the undulations of the steep snow-covered slopes close at hand. The crags were begirt with icicles, reaching down many feet and brilliant with elusive prismatic glimmers. He heard a sudden crash, a huge scintillating pendant had fallen by its own weight. Chilhowee stood massive and richly purple beyond the snowy valley; above was a long stretch of saffron sky, and in its midst the red sun was going down. He stood to watch its fiery disk slip behind the mountains, and then he turned and pursued his way through the neutral-tinted twilight of the wintry evening.

Old Cayce's log-cabin rose up presently, dark and drear against the high

and snowy slopes behind it. The drifts still lay thatch-like on the roof; the eaves were fringed with icicles. The overhanging trees were cased in glittering icy mail. The blackened cornstalks, left standing in the field as is the habit until next spring's ploughing should begin, were writhen and bent, and bore gaunt witness to the devastation of the winter wind. The smoke was curling briskly from the chimney, and as the door opened to his knock, the great fire of hickory and ash, sending up yellow and blue flames all tipped with vivid scarlet, cast a genial flare upon the snowy landscape, slowly darkening without. He experienced a sudden surprise as his eye fell upon old man Cayce, the central figure of the group, having heard stories of the moonshiner's deep depression, consequent upon the disastrous raid, and of the apathy into which he had fallen. They hardly seemed true. He sat erect in his chair, his supple frame alert, his eye intent, every fibre charged with energy, his face deeply flushed. He looked expectant, eager. His stalwart sons sat with him in a semicircle about the wide warm hearth. All their pipes were freshly alight, for the evening meal was just concluded. They too wore an aspect of repressed excitement.

Kelsey detected it in their abstraction during the formal greetings, and when he was seated among them, ever and anon they shifted uneasily in their chairs, which grated harshly on the puncheon floor. Sometimes there sounded a faint jingling of spurs when they moved their feet on the ill-adjusted stones of the hearth. They had their pistols in their belts and perchance their lives in their hands. His admission was in some sort a confidence, but although he marveled, he said nothing.

The bare and humble furnishing of the room was very distinct in the rich glow, — the few chairs, the shelves with the cooking utensils, the churn, a chest, the warping-bars, the spinning-wheel; and their simple domestic significance seemed at variance with the stern and silent armed men grouped about the fire.

A vibrant sound — one of the timbers had sprung in the cold. Solomon rose precipitately.

"Nuthin', Sol, nuthin'," said the old man, testily. "'T ain't nigh time yit."

Nevertheless Sol opened the door. The chill air rushed in. The yellow flames bowed and bent fantastically before it. Outside the gibbous moon hung in the sky, and the light, solemn, ghostly, pervaded with pallid mysteries the snowy vistas of the dense, still woods. The shadow of the black boughs lay in distinct tracery upon the white surface; there was a vague multiplication of effect, and the casual glance could ill distinguish the tree from its semblance. Vacant of illusions was the winding road — silent, and empty, and white, its curve visible from the fireplace through the black rails of the zigzag fence. Hiram Kelsey caught, too, the frosty dilations of a splendid star; then the door closed and Sol came back with jingling spurs to his seat by the fireside.

"Be you-uns sati'fied?" demanded Pete, with a sneer.

Sol, abashed, said nothing, and once more the ominous silence descended, all moodily watching the broad and leaping flames and the pulsating coals beneath.

Somehow the geniality of the fire suggested another bright and dominant presence that was wont in some sort to illumine the room.

"Whar be D'rindy?" asked Kelsey, suddenly.

"Waal — D'rindy," said Ab, the eldest of the sons, evidently withdrawing his mind with an effort, "she hev gone ter Tuckaleechee Cove, ter holp nuss Aunt Jerushy's baby. It 's ailin', an' bein' ez it air named arter D'rindy, she sets store by it, an' war powerful tormented ter hear how the critter war tuk in its stummick. She kerried

Jacob along, too, 'kase she 'lows she hankers arter him when she 's away, an' she makes out ez we-uns cross him in his temper, 'thout she air by ter pertect him. I was willin', 'kase it air peacefuller hyar without Jacob 'n with him — though he air my own son, sech ez he be. An' D'rindy hev pompered him till he air ez prideful ez a tur-r-key gobbler, an' jes' about ez cornsiderate."

"She lef' Mirandy Jane an' me," said Pete, facetiously showing his great teeth.

"Waal," said the old man, speaking with his grave excited eyes still on the fire. "I be toler'ble glad ez D'rindy tuk this time ter leave home fur a few days, 'kase she hev been toler'ble ailin' an' droopy. An' t' other day some o' the boys got ter talkin' 'bout'n how sure they be ez 't war 'Cajah Green — dad-burn the critter! — ez gin the revenue hounds the word whar our still war hid. An' D'rindy, she jes' tuk a screamin' fit, an' performed an' kerried on like she war bereft o' reason. An' she got down old Betsy thar" — pointing to a rifle on the rack — "ez Pete hed made her draw a mark on it ter remember 'Cajah Green by, an' his word ez he'd jail her some day, an' she wanted me an' the boys ter swear on it, ez we-uns would never shoot him."

"An' did you-uns swear sech?" asked Hiram Kelsey, in fierce reprobation. Beneath the broad brim of his hat his eyes were blazing; their large dilated pupils canceled the iris and the idea of color; they were coals of fire. His shadowed face was set and hard; it bore a dull presage of disappointment — and yet he was doubtful.

Pete turned and looked keenly at him.

"Waal," said the old man, embarrassed, and in some sort mortified, "D'rindy, ye see, war ailin', an', an' — I never hed but that one darter an' sech a pack o' sons, an' it 'pears like she *oughter* be humored — an'" —

"Ye w-wants him shot, hey, pa'son?" Pete interrupted his critical study of the unconscious subject.

Kelsey's eyes flashed.

"I pray that the Lord may cut him off," he said.

"Waal, the Lord ain't obleeged ter use a rifle," said Pete, pertinently. "Even we-uns kin find more ways than that."

"The pa'son mought ez well go along an' holp," said Groundhog Cayce.

Kelsey turned his eyes in blank inquiry from the old man to Pete by his side.

"We air a-layin' fur him now," Pete explained.

"He hain't been so delivered over by the Lord ez ter kem agin, arter informin' the raiders, inter the Big Smoky!" Kelsey asked, forgetting himself for the moment, and aghast at the doomed man's peril.

Pete tapped his head triumphantly.

"'T ain't stuffed with cotton-wool," he declared. "We let on ter the mounting ez we never knowed who done it. An' we jes' laid low, an' held our tongues betwixt our teeth, when we hearn 'bout'n his 'quirin' round 'bout'n the still, from this 'n an' that 'n, d'rectly arter the 'lection. We got him beat fur that, jes' 'count o' what he said ter D'rindy, 'kase she would n't g-g-gin her cornsent ter shootin' him, an' got dad set so catawampus, he obeyed her like Jacob would n't fur nuthin'. An'" — with rising emphasis, "th-th-the blamed critter 'lows he lef' no tracks an' ain't been fund out yit! An' hyar he be on the Big Smoky agin, a-finishin' up some onsettled business with his old office. I seen him yander ter the Settlemint, an' talked with him frien'ly an' familiar, along o' Gid Fletcher, an' fund out when he war ter start down ter Eskaqua Cove, ter bide all night at Tobe Grimes's house."

"But — but — ef they never told him, — surely none o' 'em told him" — argued Kelsey, breathlessly.

Pete showed his long teeth. "Somebody told him," he said, with a fierce smile. "H-h-he could n't git the mounting ter t-t-turn agin we-uns; they war *afeard!*" cynically discriminating the motive. "So he kem nosin' roun' 'mongst our c-c-chillen — the little chillen, ez did n't know what they war a-tellin', an' Jacob tole him whar the cave war, an' 'bout haulin' the apples fur pomace. Jacob war the man, fur Mirandy Jane hearn him say it. She hed seen 'Cajah Green afore, when he war sher'ff."

It was a palpable instance of bad faith and imposition, and it tallied well with Hiram Kelsey's own wrongs. He sat brooding upon them, and looking at the fire with dulled meditative eyes. One of the logs, burnt in twain, broke with a crash under the burden of the others, and the fire, quickening about them, sent up myriads of sparks attendant upon the freshening flames; among the pulsating red coals there were dazzling straw-tinted gleams, and a vista of white heat that repelled the eye. Outside the wind was rising — its voice hollow, keen, and shrill as it swept over the icy chasms; the trees were crashing their bare boughs together. It was a dreary sound. From far away came the piercing howl of some prowling hungry wolf, familiar enough to the ears that heard it, but its ravening intimations curdled the blood. A cock's crow presently smote the air, clear and resonant as a bugle, and with a curse on tardiness the impatient Sol once more rose and opened the door to look out.

A change was impending. Clouds had come with the wind, from the west to meet the moon. Though tipped with the glint of silver, the black portent was not disguised. Rain or snow, it mattered not which. The young mountaineer held the door open to show the darkening sky and the glittering earth, and looked over his shoulder with a triumphant glance.

"That will settle the footprints," he said.

There was something so cruel in his face, so deadly in his eye, a ferocious satisfaction in the promised security so like the savage joy of a skulking beast, that it roused a normal impulse in the breast of the man who read the thoughts of his fellow-men like an open book. He was himself again.

He raised his hand suddenly, with an imperative gesture.

"Listen to me!" he said, with that enthusiasm kindling in his eyes which they honored sometimes as the light of religion, and sometimes reviled as frenzy. "Ye 'll repent o' yer deeds this night! An' the jedgmint o' the Lord will foller ye! Yer father's gray hairs will go down in sorrow to the grave, but his mind will die before his body. An' some o' you-uns will languish in jail, an' know the despair o' the bars. An' he that is bravest 'mongst ye will mark how his shadder dogs him. An' ye will strike yer hands tergether, an' say, 'That the day hed never dawned, that the night hed never kem fur we-uns!' An' ye 'll wisht ye hed died afore! An' but for the coward in the blood, ye would take yer own life then! An' ye 'll look at the grave before ye, an' hope ez it all ends thar!"

His eye blazed. He had risen to his feet in the intensity of his fervor. And whether it was religion or whether it was lunacy, it transfigured him.

They had all quailed before him, half overborne by the strength of his emotion, and half in deprecation, because of their faith in his mysterious foreknowledge. But as he turned, pushed back his chair, and hastily started toward the door, they lost the impression. Pete first recovered himself.

"Wh-wh-whar be you-uns a-goin?" he demanded, roughly.

The parson turned fiercely. He thrust out his hand with a gesture of repudiation, and once more he lifted the latch.

"Naw, ye ain't g-g-goin'," said Pete, with cool decision, throwing himself against the door. "Ye hev sot 'mongst we-uns an' h-hearn our plans. Ye 'peared ter gin yer cornsent w-when dad said ye could go 'long. Dad thought ye 'd like ter hev a s-sheer in payin' yer own grudge. We hev tole ye what we hev tole no other livin' man. An' now ye hev got ter hev our reason ter h-h-hold yer jaw. I don't like ter s-shoot a man down under our own roof ez comes hyar frien'ly, but ef ye fools with that thar latch agin, I reckon I 'll be obleeged ter do it."

If Pete Cayce had possessed an acute discrimination in the reading of faces, he might have interpreted Kelsey's look as a pondering dismay; the choice offered him was to do murder or to die! As it was, Pete only noted the relinquishment of the parson's design when he sat down silent and abstracted before the fire.

But for his deep grudge, it might have seemed that Kelsey had intended to forewarn Micajah Green of the danger in the path, and to turn him back. Pete did not feel entirely reassured until after he had said, —

"I 'lowed ez ye s-s-swore ye fairly *de*-spise 'Cajah G-G-Green, an' r-raged ter git even with him."

"I furgits it sometimes," rejoined Kelsey.

And Pete did not apprehend the full meaning of the words.

"An' don't do no more o' yer prophesyin' ternight, Hiram," said the old man, irritably. "It fairly gins me the ager ter hear sech talk."

The night wore on. The fire roared; the men, intently listening sat around the hearth. Now and then a furtive glance was cast at Hiram Kelsey. He seemed lost in thought, but his eye glittered with that uninterpreted, inscrutable light, and they were vaguely sorry that he had come among them. They took scant heed of his reproach. It has been so long the unwritten law of moonshiners that the informer shall perish as the consequence of his malice and his rashness, that whatever normal moral sense they possess is in subjection to their arbitrary code of justice and the savage custom of the region. The mysterious disappearance of a horse-thief or a revenue spy, dramatically chronicled, with a wink and a significant grin, as "never hearn on no more," or, "fund dead in the road one mornin'," affects the mountaineers much as the hangman's summary in the Friday evening papers impresses more law-abiding communities — shocking, but necessary.

The great fire was burnt to a mass of coals. The wind filled the ravines with surging waves of sound. The bare woods were in wild commotion. The gusts dashed upon the roof snow perhaps, or sleet, or vague drizzling rain; now discontinued, now coming again with redoubled force. Suddenly, a growl from the dogs under the house; then the sound of a crunching hoof in the snow.

The men sallied forth, swift and silent as shadows. There was a frantic struggle in the road; a wild cry for help; a pistol fired wide of the mark, the report echoing in the silence from crag to crag, from chasm to chasm with clamorous iteration, as if it would alarm the world. The horses were ready. The men hastily threw themselves into the saddle.

It had been arranged that Kelsey, who had no horse, should ride before the prisoner. He mounted, drew the girth which bound the doomed man about his own waist, buckling it securely, and the great gray horse was in the centre of the squad.

Micajah Green begged as they went — begged as only a man can for his life. He denied, he explained, he promised.

"Ye cotton ter puttin' folks in jail, 'Cajah! Yer turn now! We 'll put ye

whar the dogs won't bite ye," said the old man, savagely. And the rest said never a word.

The skies were dark, the mountain wilds awful in their immensity, in their deep obscurities, in the multitudinous sounds of creaking boughs and shrilling winds.

They were in the dense laurel at last. The branches, barbed with ice, and the evergreen leaves, burdened with snow, struck sharply in their faces as they forced their way through. The swift motion had chilled them; icicles clung to their hair and beard; each could hardly see the dark figures of the others in the dense umbrageous undergrowth as they recognized the spot they sought and called a halt. It was the mouth of the cave; they could hear the sound of the dark cold water as it rippled in the vaulted place where the dammed current rose now half-way to the roof. Their wretched prisoner, understanding this fact and the savage substitute for the rifle, made a despairing struggle.

"Lemme git a hold of him, Hi," said Pete, his teeth chattering, his numbed arms stretched up in the darkness to lay hold on his victim.

"Hyar he be," gasped the parson.

There was another frantic struggle as they tore the doomed man from the horse; a splash, a muffled cry — he was cast headlong into the black water. A push upon a great bowlder hard by — it fell upon the cavity with a crash, and all hope of egress was barred. Then, terrorized themselves, the men mounted their horses; each, fleeing as if from pursuit, found his way as best he might out of the dark wilderness.

One might not know what they felt that night when the rain came down on the roof. One might not dare to think what they dreamed.

The morning broke, drear, and clouded, and full of rain, and hardly less gloomy than the night. The snow, tarnished, and honeycombed with dark cellular perforations, was melting and slipping down and down the ravines. The gigantic icicles encircling the crags fell now and then with a resounding crash. The drops from the eaves dripped monotonously into the puddles below. The roof leaked. Sol's bridle-hand had been frozen the night before in the long swift ride.

But the sun came out again; the far mountains smiled in a blue vagueness that was almost a summer garb. The relics of the snow exhaled a silvery haze that hung airily about the landscape. Only the immaculate whiteness of those lofty regions of the balds withstood the thaw, and coldly glittered in wintry guise.

A strange sensation thrilled through the fireside group one of these mornings when Amos James came up from the mill, and as he smoked with them asked suddenly, all unaware of the tragedy, "What ailed 'Cajah Green ter leave the Big Smoky in sech a hurry?"

"Wh-wh-at d'ye mean?" growled Pete, in startled amaze.

And then Amos James, still unconscious of the significance of the recital, proceeded to tell that shortly after daybreak on last Wednesday morning he heard a "powerful jouncin' of hoofs," and looking out of the window he saw Micajah Green on his big gray horse, flying along the valley road at a tremendous rate of speed. Before he could open the window to hail him, man and horse were out of sight.

It was a silent group that Amos left, all meditating upon that swift equestrian figure, pictured against the dreariness of the rainy dawn, and the gray mist, and the shadowing mountains.

"He seen a ghost," said Pete presently. He looked dubiously over his shoulder, though the morning sunshine came flickering through the door, widely ajar.

"That ain't nuthin' oncommon," said the old man sturdily. Then he told a ghastly story of a legal execution, —

that the criminal was seen afterward sitting in the moonlight under the gallows on his coffin-lid; and other fearful fantasies of the rural mind, which, morbidly excited, will not accept the end of the rope as a finality.

It was only when Obediah Scruggs came to the house searching for his nephew, saying that Hiram had not been seen nor heard of since he had set out one evening for their house, that a terrible premonition fell upon Groundhog Cayce. His iron will guarded it for a time, till some one journeying from Shaftesville reported having seen there Micajah Green, who was full of a terrible story of a midnight attack upon him by the Cayce tribe, from whom he had miraculously escaped in the midst of the struggle and darkness, he declared, and more dead than alive. Then mysteriously and with heavy presage Pete and his father made a pilgrimage to the cave. They pried up the bowlder from over the cavity. They heard the deep water held in the subterranean reservoir still sighing and echoing with the bubbling of the mountain spring. On the surface there floated a hat — Hi Kelsey's limp and worn old hat.

They never told their secret. They replaced the bowlder, and sealed their lips. The old man began to age rapidly. His conscience was heavier than his years. But it was a backwoods conscience, and had the distortions of his primitive philosophy. One day he said piteously, "It air a dreadful thing, Pete, ter kill a man by accident."

And Pete replied meditatively, "I dunno but what it air."

By degrees, as they reflected upon the incredible idea that a mistake could have been made between the two men, the truth percolated through their minds. It was a voluntary sacrifice. "He war always preachin' agin killin'," said the old man, "an' callin' folks," his voice fell to a whisper — "Cain!"

It was well for him, perhaps, when he presently fell into mental decrepitude, and in vacancy was spared the anguish of remorse.

And Pete fearfully noted the fulfillment of the prophecy.

No one could account for the change in Pete Cayce. He patched up old feuds, and forgave old debts, and forgot his contentious moods, and was meek and very melancholy. And although the parson preached no more, who shall say his sermons were ended? As to him, surely his doubts were solved in knowing all, and perhaps in the exaltations of that sacrificial moment he found Christ.

The mystery of his fate remained unexplained. The search for him flagged after a time, and failed. There were many conjectures, all wide of the truth. Dorinda believed that, like the prophet of old, he had not been suffered to taste death, but was caught up into the clouds. And with a chastened solemnity she cherishes the last of her illusions.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE STORY OF SAN TSZON.

In the popular mind Buddhism implies India rather than China. Yet while in the former it has long been an august shadow, in the latter it is still a living reality. In China the "Prince of Men" is followed by millions; his words have become part of its literature and daily speech. The best versions of the Tripitaka and the most scholarly commentaries upon that great work are all of Chinese origin. Of like source are the numberless myths which have

grown up around the Indian evangelist. Just as Christ, the apostles, and early fathers were made the subjects of the legend and romance of our civilization, so in the East Buddha and his great disciples were apotheosized and made the heroes of a literature that in extent surpasses the corresponding productions of mediæval monks and schoolmen.

The relation sustained by St. Paul to Christianity is paralleled in the Orient by that of San Tszon to Buddhism. Each represented the highest culture of his own land; each was marked by a piety, zeal, and energy truly remarkable. Each developed the religion of his master in other lands and alien races. San Tszon's name is indicative. It is the mandarin name for the Three Mysteries, and is the equivalent of the Sanskrit Tripitaka. The story that follows is a series of myths and legends which embody his birth, life, work, and death. As told at Mongolian firesides, they are fragmentary and discursive. The writer has endeavored to connect these in conformity to modern standards, and to present a narrative which, while it may interest the "barbarians of the West," shall at the same time truthfully portray a phase of the faith of three hundred million fellow-human beings.

I.

In the time of the Emperor Tong-Ko-Zoon (650 B. C.), Buddhism began to wane. The original church had split into sects which hated one another with a fierceness worthy of the heathens of the North.

One party denied metempsychosis; another taught that Nirvana meant extinction of the soul; a third preached that the Great Lord was unconscious and asleep, and a fourth that the world was so inconceivably bad that a worse one was impossible.

The cause of the trouble lay partly in human nature and partly in the fact that the Word had been given not as a whole, but in fragments; these fragments, changed and added to by priests and commentators, became contradictory and often unintelligible save to the adepts who immured themselves in tomb-like cloisters.

And the pious and good cried unto Buddha and he heard them, but the time was not ready for the deliverer.

Now there was a young student in Ho-Nan named Li-Sue, who according to law went down to Chang-On (the capital of China) to enter the annual examination. This he passed with highest honors, and the week after received from the emperor the decoration of his degree. He also received the hand of the beautiful daughter of Pien-Poo, war-minister of the realm. Seven happy months passed and Li-Sue, who had been appointed governor of Han-Yon in the mean time, was ordered to his post. Preparations were thereupon made, and after a brief delay he, his young bride, and their attendants embarked on an imperial barge and sailed through the Grand Canal and up the great river, the Yang-Tsze.

The captain of the barge, Jun-Tia-Neu, was a robber, who had formerly been a bandit among the mountains. He talked each day with Li-Sue and found that the latter had never been to Han-Yon and was unknown there. Resolved to profit by his discovery he waited a favorable opportunity, and by promises of power and riches shortly afterwards induced his sailors to murder both Li-Sue and the attendants. The young wife, however, he did not kill, but reserved her for himself. He also secured the imperial signet, robe, and charter from the body of her dead husband.

They reached Han-Yon, and the first night, when the sailors were carousing, Jun-Tia-Neu had his guards arrest and behead them all, thus destroying the witnesses of his guilt. The day follow-

ing the unhappy wife gave birth to a beautiful boy. A week afterwards, while awake in bed, she overheard her wicked lord talking in his sleep and threatening to destroy her babe in the morning.

She rose up with the child and, having first wounded his left foot that she might identify him in coming years, wrapped him in warm robes and launched him in a little boat on the great waters of the Yang-Tsze. So in sin and sorrow and in the shadow of death began the life of him who was to bring Buddha's word into the Golden Empire.

II.

Many miles below Han-Yon on the Yang-Tsze was the monastery of Lo-Yin. It was the only place where Buddha's word was taught, and there incompletely; the only place that had not yielded to false doctrines and evil ways. Its superior was a very old man of great piety and learning, who, the night that the babe was set adrift upon the waters, was kneeling in prayer and beseeching the Lord Buddha to come, or to send some prophet, and redeem the world. This had been his daily prayer for fifty years. It was the last watch of the night, and as the old man's voice sank into silence, there came through the darkness the cry of a little child in pain. Superior and acolytes started up and hurried down to the water's edge, where amid the reeds and rushes they found the boat and the babe. The old man raised the child tenderly in his arms and carried him to the dwelling-room of the monastery. Here they ministered to his wants, dressed his wound, and put him to sleep. As there was no name on the raiment nor on the boat, they called the child Sue-Sung, signifying "Born of the Waters." The superior sat up watching while the rest slept. Just before the dawn, the earth shook and the child's face shone with a great glory. Then the old man knew that Buddha was listening to his prayers and that in the child was a divine soul.

Sue-Sung grew rapidly. His mind and spirit kept pace with his body, and at twenty he was known throughout the province as the wisest and holiest man in Hu-Peh. On the death of the superior, Sue-Sung, despite his youth, was unanimously chosen head of the order. His zeal was contagious and his love and kindness knew no bounds. The brothers of the order followed him so well that soon poverty and vice became almost unknown in the province. His fame, spreading, crossed the mountains and reached the ears of the Emperor Tong-Ko-Zoon. An imperial courier was sent to Sue-Sung bearing rich gifts and asking the holy man to repair to the capital and there be the highest priest of the land. Sue-Sung with humility sent word back to the court that he could not leave his people of Hu-Peh. Again and again came couriers, until finally Sue-Sung half yielded. Once in two months he would go to the capital and there teach and preach to the emperor, the ministers, the great nobles, and mandarins, but the rest of the time he passed in Hu-Peh ministering to the afflicted, the ignorant, and the down-trodden.

Years passed, and though people still doubted and quarreled, and occasionally in the far-off provinces warred each with the other over their clashing creeds, there seemed to fall upon the empire a new light, like the breaking of a clear morn after a long season of wintry storms. And that season the emperor conquered the heathen beyond what is now known as the Great Wall.

III.

Buddha the Lord sat one day upon his throne in the immeasurable caverns of the Kin-Ling Mountains. Below him

was the countless congregation of the good, who listened as he explained the divine mysteries of earth and heaven, birth, life, and death.

Then said Kwan-Yin-Poo-Sa, the beloved disciple, "Oh, master, what aileth in the East, and why dost Thou not help on the right? The North is well; and well also are West and South. But in the East is care and suffering, much wickedness and ignorance. I hear their prayers in many voices, and its burden is, 'Give us the truth, O Lord, give us the truth, else we perish!' Oh (Buddha), wilt thou not send me to that far-off land?"

Buddha's great eyes shone with love upon the disciple as he said, "Kwan-Yin-Poo-Sa, thou dost not yet comprehend all things, nor yet knowest thou how, in the fullness of time, all things work to my glory. Go thou eastward to the race that lives upon the confines of the Yellow Sea. Find there the man who is to come for the Three Mysteries. He shall take them back to his people, and in them shall they find the Truth. Thou shalt take with thee this staff and robe, and thy companion shall be Swing-Hing-Che, the man-ape, who knows more than any beast in all the worlds."

The disciple bowed and thanked the master; then taking the staff and robe he left the Great Presence.

IV.

When Kwan-Yin left the great cavern, he found outside Swing-Hing-Che, the man-ape, swinging by his tail from the moon. The message was given and the man-ape shook his head once, changing himself from a monkey to a dignified philosopher. Kwan-Yin took the ape's hand in his own, and spreading his mighty wings swept with the speed of thought through the 18,000 *lis* that separate Heaven from Chang-On, and landed in the market-place of the capital. Here they pitched their tent, and put out a large sign in golden letters stating that they were merchants, and that they had for sale a robe that could not be worn and a staff that could not be carried. A vast crowd collected and wondered greatly; for the robe was beautiful, soft as the finest silk and splendent like gold. But whoso put it on, it burned like liquid fire. And the staff was like a rod of fine silver set with diamonds, but whoso tried to carry it, it passed through his hands like water, or else was so heavy that it could not be lifted. The rumor of their strange wares went through the city and reached the court of Tong-Ko-Zoon and the pagoda of Sue-Sung, but it did not reach the ears of the emperor and the holy man. And at the second watch the two genii separated, the man-ape flying to the emperor's bedroom and the disciple to that of Sue-Sung.

Next morning the watchmen of the city said that they had seen many brilliant shooting-stars during the night, and that each time a star went past all the birds burst into song.

V.

Sue-Sung lay in a deep sleep. Then it seemed to him that the earth shook, and through the wall came a bright spirit surrounded by glory, who carried in his hand a vast roll. And the spirit read a few characters, and Sue-Sung knew that it was the Word. As the spirit ceased, a voice said, "Prophet, desirest thou the Truth? Lovest thou the Truth? He who dares to search and find the Truth shall have everlasting life. If thou darest, go to the Si-Tien near the western sky." Sue-Sung sprang from his sleep, crying, "I dare and I will go," and dressing himself went in before the altar, where he prayed a long time. For he was sorely troubled. He, the wisest man in China,

had never heard of Si-Tien. After praying he left the temple and went in to see the emperor, whom he dearly loved, and who was exceedingly learned.

Now in the mean time the emperor had likewise dreamed, but the spirit in his dream had said, "Master, but one can find the Truth, and only one can reach Si-Tien, and he must bear an unbearable staff and wear an unwearable robe." The great ruler had likewise sprung from his sleep, and had washed, and dressed, and prayed to Buddha, and being troubled in his mind had gone to see his best and dearest friend, the holy man. Thus it was that Tong-Ko-Zoon and Sue-Sung met on the threshold of the porcelain palace. And as they met it was the beginning of a new day.

As they conversed there came thereby a great lord of the land, who seeing his two masters perplexed, tried to beguile them by telling them of the strange merchants and wares of the yester eve. When they heard the news they knew that the Lord had heard their prayers, and that the answer was about to come. So the emperor commanded the merchants to be brought before him, and it was done. When the staff and robe were displayed, all marveled at their beauty, and the emperor said, "What is the price of thy goods?" And the man-ape answered, "We sell them for neither money nor price, but the man who can wear the unwearable robe and bear the unbearable staff, they are his freely and for naught." The nobles pressed forward, but those who touched the robe were burnt and suffered great pain, and those who laid hands on the staff could neither grasp nor lift it. The emperor said, "There is magic here and only righteousness can prevail against it. Try thou them, Sue-Sung." The holy man put on the coat, and it shone like a great flame, but did not hurt him, and he grasped the staff which was light as the grass-blade and strong as steel, and it never left his hand. Sue-Sung and the emperor trembled with joy and turned to question the merchants, but they vanished in a great light. Then all knelt in prayer, for they knew they had seen two spirits, and the emperor then gave Sue-Sung a new name, and named him San-Tszon.

VI.

San-Tszon thereupon set out to find Si-Tien and procure the Three Mysteries, which are the Truth. The good emperor wished to provide a great retinue of soldiers and servants, scribes and attendants, but the holy man thanked him, "I am a servant of the Lord, and he will provide for all my wants. Give me a horse and two messengers and leave the rest to the Lord." And it was so; but so great was the fame of the holy man, and so powerful the love of the emperor, that all the roads along which he went were lines of happy people. Therefore to escape the honors and entertainments that were lavished upon him, he avoided the great cities and towns, slept by day, and traveled swiftly by night.

After a time he reached Eli, the place of all sand, where grass grows not and where is neither water nor rain. After two days San Tszon, horse, and servants were about to die of thirst, when an unseen hand seized his own and made him strike the dry ground with the unbearable staff. Immediately a well of fresh water sprang from the earth and the bamboo, orange, and banana grew heavy-fruited before their eyes. And thus passed a year.

Then came they to nations speaking unknown languages and having strange costumes. But San Tszon touched his ears and tongue with the staff, and straightway he spoke and understood as one of them. Thus in every nation he was welcomed as one from the next city of the same land. And thus passed a year.

Once he narrowly escaped yielding to temptation. Five years had passed, and the attendants so full of zeal at first had lost all faith and murmured, first to each other, and then to San Tszon. One morning as they were approaching the snow-mountains of India, they said unto him, "O master, let us turn and go back to our homes. Our wives and children are forgetting us; we are growing old and decrepit, and we shall soon be in a desert land from which there is no return. If the Truth is anywhere it is where we live and love, and not among these icy desolations." The faithful horse understood them and rubbed his head against the saint's shoulder as if to join his entreaty unto theirs. For a second San Tszon was irresolute. Then he blessed the attendants and bade them go back while he went on alone. He had scarcely gone a quarter li when three fierce tigers rushed from a thicket, and before he could aid his friends had borne the attendants and the horse far away. Full of sorrow he turned, and facing the western sky proceeded. At nightfall he encountered a savage mountaineer, who sat by the wayside. "Whither goest thou?" asked the stranger. "To Si-Tien, by the western sky," was the answer. "What is there in that land?" "The Three Mysteries and the Truth," said the holy man. The savage laughed loud and long and asked, "Where are thy horse and thy attendants, pilgrim?" San Tszon told what had occurred, and then sighing turned to go, adding as he went, "Horse or not, attendants or none, I go on; for the Lord is with me." Then rose Swing-Hing-Che, the man-ape, for he it was in disguise, and led the holy man a hundred yards through the chasms and then said, "Look, master, to thy left!" And the saint did, and there spread a broad road far toward the west, and coming whinnying toward him, younger and stronger than ever, was his good horse. He turned to thank Swing-Hing-Che, but saw only a thin cloud that floated towards the stars. And San Tszon knew that it had been an angel sent by the Lord.

The years passed, and his garments fell piece by piece away until naught remained but the unwearable robe and the unbearable staff. Once in the country of black-faced men and monkeys he was surrounded by robbers, who demanded what he had. "I have neither silver nor gold," he said, "but am traveling into the West to gain the Truth." "Give us then thy garments and thy life," cried the robber-chief. The band were about to strip him, when the saint pointed the unbearable staff at his assailants and said, "Children of evil, your doom is pronounced. Stand as you are until I return." Immediately each robber turned to stone. He saw, heard, felt, and suffered, but change and motion were gone. And there some travelers say they still stand to-day, as a monument of the Lord's wrath.

Another danger occurred one warm day in spring when San Tszon entered a valley as beautiful as the rose-gardens of Chang-On. Groves and tilled fields, fertile meadows and fat kine, showed the wealth of the owner. In the centre of a flowery hill rose a porcelain palace. The saint, worn and wearied, entered the portal and found within only maidens, but maidens more lovely than human eye ever saw. They tempted him with rich food and fragrant wines, with strange aromatic drugs, and last and deadliest of all with their own beauty. The saint's blood rose in his ears and he could hear his rebellious heart throb in wildest fashion. But he only knelt and prayed. As he prayed, the earth shook and palace and splendor, maidens and all, disappeared. When he opened his eyes he was alone upon a rock, but over his head spread a vast tree from whose boughs hung luscious fruit. These he picked and ate; then lying down he slept sweetly till the next dawn.

VII.

Fourteen years had gone by, when San Tszon emerged from the mountain-wildernesses and found himself before Si-Tien. On the 23d day of the 9th moon, in the 40th year of the reign of the good Emperor Tong-Ko-Zoon, the saint reached the bank of the river Fan-Tai-Ho, which separates this world from the kingdom of Buddha. Prayer, right-living, and abstinence had sharpened his senses and opened his spiritual sight. He saw the river, clear, deep, and broad. Beyond were the hills covered with flowers and fruits. Wonderful birds flew here and there, filling the air with unspeakable melody. Deer, gazelles, and other docile creatures grazed upon the sunny slopes. Everywhere on earth and in air flew on splendent wings the elect. And afar shone the portals of the cavern of Kin-Ling, from which ever and anon came majestic music or the accents of a mighty voice that thrilled the universe.

San Tszon saw neither bridge nor ford, but not far off was a boatman. He approached and noticed that the boat was a bottomless frame. He entered, and it moved off without sail, or oars, or rudder. Midstream he saw the body of an old man floating down the current, "Stop friend," he called to the boatman, "let us save this drowning man before it is too late." As he spoke, he saw that his companion was an angel. From the angel's eyes shone a strange light, and on his lips played a jocose smile, as he answered, "That is thy body, San Tszon, and it floats on to the great ocean; but for thee is life everlasting." They reached the shore, and there amid the happy multitude that pressed forward to meet and greet them, the saint recognized all of those he had loved and lost in past years. He shed tears of joy, but walked on to see the Lord and complete his quest. Over the slopes and into the vast cavern he went, where sit the elect and righteous listening to Buddha as he teaches the wisdom of the universe. There was no sun nor moon there, neither was there night. For the glory of the Lord made all as bright as day. San Tszon tried to stand still, but some power urged him forward through the innumerable throng that smiled upon him, until he reached the great throne on which sat the Lord. He tried to look up and speak, but the splendor dazzled his eyes, and his tongue clave to his mouth. So he knelt in silent adoration.

"Look up, dear one," said the Lord; "thou hast been faithful in all things, and thy reward shall be the wish of thy soul. Thou shalt indeed sit upon my right hand among the saints, but first shalt thou go back to thy own land, and there give those thou lovest the Truth."

As Buddha spoke, an angel put in San Tszon's hand three volumes made of beaten gold. These were the Three Mysteries and the Truth. Then the saint rose in the air like a white dove, and flew eastward toward Chang-On. And as he fled, peace and joy fell from his wings upon the lands beneath.

VIII.

In the mean time the Emperor Tong-Ko-Zoon grew sorely troubled, and would not be comforted. He knew in his soul that the good saint would return and bring with him the Truth; but the years passed; there came no tidings, and doubt sprang up on every hand.

In a dream, on the 20th day of the 9th moon, an angel told him the signal of San Tszon's return. The next morning he issued a proclamation that the saint would come back when the withered pine-tree in front of the palace broke into new leaves. The news

spread from town to town, and the devout began to put on mourning, as they believed the message a kindly way of saying that San Tszon was dead. It was noon of the 23d day. The court was silent, the emperor buried in silent prayer, and the city outside quiet beyond its wont. Suddenly there rose a murmur beyond the walls; it swelled into a tumult. There was no wrath nor sorrow, though, in the cry of the multitude, but joy and happiness. It swept from house to house, from street to street, from the city to the suburbs far beyond. At first it was human voices alone, then came the happy noise of fireworks, then drums and cymbals, and then vast orchestras of musicians. A young priest rushed pale and breathless into the court, "Oh, master," he cried, as he knelt, "the dead pine is breaking into a million leaves and San Tszon is coming home." They heard not the last of his speech; they crowded, lord and mandarin alike, to door and window and looked out. The tree was bursting into new life; from dry trunk and withered bough the green spikes were shooting forth; and there, entering the court-gates, grander and statelier than ever before, was San Tszon. Over the cheers and tears there came a strange awe. Some, still smiling, knelt; others cried, who had never known tears. The saint neared the emperor, who took him in his arms and kissed him. Then San Tszon handed the good emperor the three golden volumes, and as all knelt he prayed a prayer, which long afterwards those who heard it said was the sweetest music on earth. The prayer ended, all rose, but as they stepped forward the saint became glorified and ascended into the air, blessing them as he vanished in the heavens.

And thus came the Truth to the Great Empire.

Wong Chin Foo.

TWO ANNIVERSARY AFTER-DINNER POEMS.

I.

HARVARD COMMENCEMENT, JUNE 24, 1885.

TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THIS is your month, the month of "perfect days,"
Birds in full song and blossoms all ablaze.
Nature herself your earliest welcome breathes,
Spreads every leaflet, every bower inwreathes;
Carpets her paths for your returning feet,
Puts forth her best your coming steps to greet;
And Heaven must surely find the earth in tune
When Home, sweet Home, exhales the breath of June.

These blessed days are waning all too fast,
And June's bright visions mingling with the past;
Lilacs have bloomed and faded, and the rose
Has dropped its petals, but the clover blows,
And fills its slender tubes with honeyed sweets;

The fields are pearled with milk-white margarites;
The dandelion, which you sang of old,
Has lost its pride of place, its crown of gold,
But still displays its feathery-mantled globe,
Which children's breath, or wandering winds unrobe.
These were your humble friends; your opened eyes
Nature had trained her common gifts to prize;
Not Cam nor Isis taught you to despise
Charles, with his muddy margin and the harsh,
Plebeian grasses of the reeking marsh.
New England's home-bred scholar, well you knew
Her soil, her speech, her people, through and through,
And loved them ever with the love that holds
All sweet, fond memories in its fragrant folds.
Though far and wide your wingëd words had flown,
Your daily presence kept you all our own,
Till with a sorrowing sigh, a thrill of pride,
We heard your summons, and you left our side
For larger duties and for tasks untried.

How pleased the Spaniards for a while to claim
This frank Hidalgo with the liquid name,
Who stored their classics on his crowded shelves
And loved their Calderon as they did themselves!
Before his eyes what changing pageants pass!
The bridal feast how near the funeral mass!
The death-stroke falls, — the Misereres wail;
The joy-bells ring, — the tear-stained cheeks unveil,
While, as the playwright shifts his pictured scene,
The royal mourner crowns his second queen.

From Spain to Britain is a goodly stride, —
Madrid and London long-stretched leagues divide.
What if I send him? "Uncle S., says he,"
To my good cousin whom he calls "J. B."
A nation's servants go where they are sent, —
He heard his Uncle's orders, and he went.
By what enchantments, what alluring arts,
Our truthful James led captive British hearts, —
Whether his shrewdness made their statesmen halt,
Or if his learning found their Dons at fault,
Or if his virtue was a strange surprise,
Or if his wit flung star-dust in their eyes, —
Like honest Yankees we can simply guess;
But that he did it all must needs confess.
England herself without a blush may claim
Her only conqueror since the Norman came.
Eight years an exile! What a weary while
Since first our herald sought the mother isle!
His snow-white flag no churlish wrong has soiled, —
He left unchallenged, he returns unspoiled.

Here let us keep him, here he saw the light, —
His genius, wisdom, wit, are ours by right;
And if we lose him our lament will be
We have "five hundred" — *not* "as good as he."

II.

AT THE DINNER OF THE Φ. B. K. SOCIETY.

TO THE POETS WHO ONLY LISTEN.

When evening's shadowy fingers fold
The flowers of every hue,
Some shy, half-opened bud will hold
Its drop of morning's dew.

Sweeter with every sunlit hour
The trembling sphere has grown,
Till all the fragrance of the flower
Becomes at last its own.

We that have sung perchance may find
Our little meed of praise,
And round our pallid temples bind
The wreath of fading bays:

Ah, Poet, who hast never spent
Thy breath in idle strains,
For thee the dewdrop morning lent
Still in thy heart remains;

Unwasted, in its perfumed cell
It waits the evening gale;
Then to the azure whence it fell
Its lingering sweets exhale.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ORMSBY'S DON QUIXOTE.

If a new translation of Don Quixote should seem to any one a dispensable luxury, it may at least be said that of all luxuries a classic in a satisfactory edition is the most innocent, and among the most delightful. But Mr. Ormsby, in the first volume [1] (which is all that has yet appeared) of his version, makes

[1] *The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha.* By Miguel Cervantes Saavedra. A Translation, with Introduction and Notes, by John Ormsby, Translator of The Poem of the Cid. In four vols. New York: Macmillan & Co. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1885.

it clear — not only by the scholarly introduction, but by the way in which he has executed his task as interpreter — that a new translation may be a necessity. To most readers this admirable work will impart a luminous and well-proportioned conception of Cervantes and his great book, which could not so well have been derived from any source previously existing; and even to careful students of the author, we imagine that it must bring out certain points with a novel force, besides presenting, in a single brief and convenient view, all the best results of the most thorough research. In two instances, moreover, Mr. Ormsby appears to have brought to light significant items which have hitherto escaped notice. One is the fact, overlooked even by Ticknor, that of those who preceded Cervantes in the onslaught upon romances of chivalry, the latest was Fray Juan de Tolosa, who published in 1589 a religious treatise, Aranjuez del Alma, "to drive out of our Spain that dust-cloud of books of chivalries, as they call them (of knaveries, as I call them)." Don Quixote came out in 1605, and had apparently circulated in manuscript for some years before that date. The other item is that the poet Gongora, in his ballad on the Castle of San Cervantes at Toledo, in which he derides the ruined fortress with being no longer what it was in the days of its youth, meant to make a covert attack on the great discourager of romantic affectation. For, as Mr. Ormsby shows, so competent a writer as Ford — author of Murray's Handbook for Spain and other works relating to the Peninsula — is wrong in supposing that this castle had nothing to do with the family of Cervantes. The name was really taken from the castle by the great-great-grandfather of Miguel Cervantes Saavedra. This was doubtless familiarly known in the time of the author, and therefore, Gongora, in shooting his light arrow of verse at the crumbling walls, could enjoy the malicious pleasure of knowing that it would fly beyond them and hit the aged and crippled creator of Don Quixote.

Respecting the merit of this new translation, it would be out of place to go into detail here; but it is worth while to notice the translator's independence in opposing that commonplace of criticism which makes Don Quixote a model of Spanish prose. "In truth," says Mr. Ormsby, "there is no work of note in the language that is less deserving of the title." The narrative portions, to take nothing else, have a tendency towards euphuism; but Cervantes "was a careless writer at all times," and "too often guilty of downright slovenliness." The question of style is one which will be debated to the end of time, probably without resulting in any system that shall satisfy everybody. The truth seems to be that the ideal of a good style is as mutable and manifold as the temperament of writers, readers, and critics. It is of course our duty to trample upon offenses against grammar, and to cultivate a sense of linguistic rectitude. But seeing how the masters themselves sometimes make slips, we need not take a fetichistic view of the smaller literary proprieties, if we can once make sure that an author has the more vital qualities of style — unforced individuality, vividness, truth in some form, and a method adapted to his artistic purpose. Coleridge spoke of Cervantes' "exquisite flow and music of style;" but Mr. Ormsby, in addition to the charges already quoted, accuses his author of a propensity to inversion of ideas, and a "tendency to say the very opposite of what he meant to say." He also declares that what may be called Cervantes' own style, that in which he abandons "fine writing," is a simple, unaffected, colloquial style, "not indeed a model of correctness, or distinguished by any special grace or elegance," but

"a model of clear, terse, vigorous expression."

In the same way that the Spaniard seems to derive part of his bodily nutriment from the rich sunlight of his country, he draws from the natural music of his language a splendor of sound which may easily mislead the Anglo-Saxon. A commonplace thought, a stanza of indifferent poetry, expressed in ordinary Spanish, gains a beauty from the fascination of which it is hard to free one's self. We confess that to read a page of Don Quixote in the original gives us such pleasure in the mere inherent melody of the words that we should hardly care to interrupt it by analyzing the style; and it was this charm, perhaps, that carried Coleridge away. It needs a cool-headed critic like our translator to keep clear of error from this source; but his remarks are, fortunately, confined to the Introduction. In the translation itself, while working with the nicest attention to faithful rendering, it is his remarkable merit that he gives us a text quite devoid of affectation, and uses an excellent style; possibly in this respect bettering the original, since his English is not open to the criticisms he makes upon the Spanish. He has been fortunate, too, in producing an effect of sonorous dignity which corresponds aptly to the Castilian; and, as he points out, the well-sustained gravity of Cervantes is a thing which gives an added savor to the fun of the book, by making it appear in a measure unconscious. This delicate but essential characteristic has been almost wholly missed by previous translators. It is refreshing to contrast this stately yet easy and appreciative version with the natty self-confidence and bumptious humor of Motteux's long-current work. Comparison with Mr. A. J. Duffield's recent translation, pretentious, uncouth, ungrammatical, and weighed down with obsolete words, would be superfluous. Mr. Ormsby started with a plan of bringing out a new edition of Shelton; but, as he says, Shelton's "fine old crusted English" would have appealed only to a minority of readers. It is much better that he has undertaken a translation of his own. By so doing he has been able to relieve readers of English from the many inaccuracies due to the ignorance or haste of earlier laborers in the field. Think of the incompetence which caused Shelton to render *estrellado establo* by leaving out the adjective, and led Jervas to write "illustrious stable" instead of — as it should be — "star-lit stable!" Mr. Ormsby, moreover, if for no other reason, would deserve gratitude for having decided to replace the senseless and un-English title of The Curious Impertinent with Ill-Advised Curiosity.

From so judicious a student it is natural that we should receive, in the Introduction, an essay temperate in tone, charmingly written, and full of interesting suggestions. A touch that lights up the very first page is his fancy that Shakespeare probably knew Shelton's Don Quixote: "he may have carried it home with him in his saddle-bags to Stratford on one of his last journeys, and under the mulberry-tree at New Place joined hands with a kindred genius in its pages." The same fortunate imagination pictures the boy Cervantes looking on at the rude dramatic representations of Lope de Rueda in the plaza of Alcalá de Henares; or — bright, eager, tawny-haired — "peering into a bookshop where the latest volumes lay open to tempt the public; . . . or with eyes brimming over with merriment gazing at one of those preposterous portraits of a knight-errant in outrageous panoply and plumes, with which the publishers of chivalry romances loved to embellish the title-pages of their folios. . . . What fun it would be to see such a figure come charging into the plaza! How he 'd frighten the old women and scatter the turkeys! If the boy was father to the man, the sense of the incongruous

that was strong at fifty was lively at ten, and some such reflections as these may have been the true genesis of Don Quixote." The element of incongruity, by the way, underlying the humor and purpose of Don Quixote, Mr. Ormsby thinks has been too little heeded by his interpreters; especially, the illustrators. Gustave Doré, for example, instead of placing the armor, when the pseudo-knight is watching it, on the rude stone trough proper to a Spanish inn-yard, pictures an elaborate fountain "such as no *arriero* ever watered his mules at in the corral of any *venta* in Spain, and thereby misses the point aimed at by Cervantes." We are further reminded of the distinction between the two Parts; the first depending more upon farce, while the humor of the second is rather akin to comedy. Of the Second Part only five editions were printed, but the First Part ran through ten editions. For a long time Don Quixote was regarded as a queer, droll book, highly entertaining, but not entitled to much consideration. In later days there has occurred a curious reaction to the other extreme, among Spanish commentators; so that, to judge from the large exegetical literature prompted by the book, one would suppose Cervantes to have been the most obscure, philosophical, and mystical of writers, who never had the slightest humorous intention. "The craze of Don Quixote," Mr. Ormsby says, "seems in some instances to have communicated itself to his critics."

This change of view is amusingly described; but there is another side to it, because it continued or repeated in a certain way, long after the death of Cervantes, those misapprehensions, often included in the lot of eminent genius, which surrounded him during his life. Not only was the value of his great satire probably underestimated in his lifetime; but the novel also incurred for him the enmity of almost all the literary class. Among literary men, as in other professions, there grows up an arbitrary conception as to what it is fitting for members of the class to do; and perhaps a popularity achieved by broad humor struck the poets of the time as unprofessional. There are those to-day in the craft of authorship who look upon wide popularity with instinctive suspicion, as if it were beneath the dignity of letters. But another reason was that Cervantes' work was directed against a taste important in fostering the success of some among his contemporaries. As if this antagonism were not enough, Cervantes never gave up the idea that he was a great dramatist, and that it was of more moment for him to write poems, pastorals, and romances than to complete Don Quixote. Of his twenty or thirty plays, none succeeded; and yet he was not convinced. It seems, therefore, that whatever misapprehension others may have had about him was equaled by his own. But he did not complain, and Mr. Ormsby differs with his biographers in doubting that his life was unhappy. Cervantes suffered at the hands of real pirates in his young manhood, and in his later years from the metaphorical pirates who printed Don Quixote without paying, — a kind of freebooter we are familiar with in the United States. He was poor, hard-worked, and disappointed in his fondest ambition as an author. But Ormsby thinks that his sanguine and cheerful temperament afforded an antidote to all this. It is easy enough for us to suppose so; but, after all, cheerfulness does not quite take the place of gratified hopes. Cervantes' life was not a tragedy; but neither was it just what a gifted man would deliberately plan for himself, or accept as a fulfillment of his wishes. Still, he cannot have doubted his success in one of his purposes, which was — *not* to "smile Spain's chivalry away," but to laugh away the enervating taste for romances of chivalry. He came of a race of true knights-errant and

warriors, and knew the difference between the real thing and the spurious representation. Here let it be said that Mr. Ormsby punctures another of Byron's mistakes, in showing that the assertion concerning the Don, "his virtue makes him mad," is the exact opposite of the truth; since it is the madness of the imaginative hidalgo that makes him virtuous.

Whatever Cervantes felt as to his own career, the world at least gets the compensation denied to him. And an edition such as this which Mr. Ormsby has so promisingly begun will help many a reader to appraise that compensation more justly. The sketch of Cervantes also brings the author nearer to us; the author, who was "one of the most lovable men the world has ever seen." The notes, placed chiefly at the ends of chapters, are not made for the sake of arraying erudition; and, being condensed and pertinent, are welcome. On the title-page appears a reproduction of the device on Juan de la Cuesta's edition of 1608; and the mock commendatory verses, omitted by other translators except Shelton and Mr. Duffield, are restored to their place. Altogether, the volume is a gratifying earnest of those which are to follow.

STEPNIAK AND RUSSIA.

THE habit of publishing books with misleading titles is not to be commended. In the case of Stepniak's latest volume,[1] it has not even the justification of utility. Russia under the Tzars is certainly a sonorous and striking designation, yet a dozen other titles that might have been chosen would each have made an appeal to eye and imagination equally strong. The contents of the book, moreover, belie its name. Instead of an account of Russia under various monarchs and administrations; instead of the days of centralization and of the empire being contrasted with the period of the appanages, or with the still earlier epoch of Slav government; instead, in fact, of all that such a title naturally led us to expect, we have, properly speaking, no general sketch of Russia at all, and certainly no treatment of the "Tzars" worthy of the subject, but mainly an account of the wickedness of Russian absolutism at the present time, that is to say, in the reign of Alexander III. Thirty-two chapters complete the volume, and of these no fewer than twenty-three are devoted to a statement of contemporary events and conditions in Russia. Nine chapters are thus left to justify the description, Russia under the Tzars. How do they accomplish the task? For any connected story of Russian development, the whole nine will be perused in vain. What the author gives us in this part of his book is a chapter picturing the commune, a second on the Slav communal assembly, a third descriptive of the Novgorod republic, a fourth dealing with the survival of self-government in Russia, a fifth with "the making of the despotism," and a sixth chapter on the power of the church. So far, we have nothing about Russia under the Tzars. The communal subjects treated belong to old Russia; the despotism referred to was "made" prior to the appearance of the Tsars, while the church attained to power long be-

[1] *Russia under the Tzars.* By STEPNIAK. Rendered into English by WILLIAM WESTALL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons and Harper's Franklin Square Library. 1885.

fore the advent of the empire. There thus remain only three chapters out of the thirty-two that can be said to deal in any way with the subject of Russia under the Tzars. And the only reference made in them to the Russian emperors is rounded off in the very general mention of the Tsars of the Rurik dynasty, and in some disconnected allusions to the Tsar Alexis, father of Peter the Great, to Peter the Great himself, to Ivan the Terrible, Paul I., and Peter III. The connection between the title and the contents of the work is therefore of the very slightest kind; for all ordinary purposes, it may be said not to exist at all. Nor is the connection much closer between the chapters into which the volume is divided. It is true that many of them have first seen the light in newspapers, magazines, and other publications. Yet this fact cannot be pleaded in excuse of the want of coherence which makes itself so painfully felt in Russia under the Tzars. As the book was announced with its present title nearly eighteen months ago, it is at least reasonable to presume that the author has not been working blindly or without plan.

We should have been quite willing to overlook even these serious defects, had Stepniak offered anything like an intelligent treatment of the subject with which he claims it to be his special province to deal. As a gatherer of information concerning the domestic struggle in Russia, this author is without an equal; as a collector of incidents and stories illustrating police and government aggression on the one hand, depicting the sufferings and resentments of conspirators and terrorists on the other, he has made the field conspicuously his own. His deft use of the sensational elements of the subject, his talent for drawing blood-curdling pictures, atone with certain classes of readers for many faults of style and repetition. But as an expositor of so-called Nihilism, he is signally unreliable. His account of its development is strikingly lame and inadequate. The great mystery of this movement for outsiders has always been its psychological side. Every thoughtful student of Russian conspiracy and terrorism feels instinctively that there must be something uncommon and special in the Russian life and character to favor the growth of phenomena so startling and unusual. The strange enthusiasms of Nihilism, its indomitable courage, its power of enlisting the sympathies of women, its nobilities of character, its sublime capacities for self-sacrifice, its saints, its martyrologies, its relics, its perplexing consciousness of a high morality even in the prosecution of tasks obviously unrighteous, — it is upon these characteristics of the movement that light would have been welcomed. Yet our exponent has none to give. He is either above or below the problem which he essays to solve. In reality, he pursues the dead level of those who have gone before him. He offers us an array of lifeless facts, without attempt to arrange them in their proper categories. His intellect is English, not Russian, for there is nothing of which he seems more afraid than a generalization. We see him oscillating continually between the two ideas of despotism and outraged human rights. Anything which illustrates the one, or supplies material for a moving picture of the other, serves the purpose of Stepniak. Beyond this our author does not trouble himself. Concerning all those great problems of Russian life and growth which, could they be grasped in their absolute as well as their relative importance for political ethnology, would turn all eyes to the east of Europe, the Nihilist writer leaves his readers in the dark.

So much for the general aspects of Russia under the Tzars. Let us now glance briefly at the work in detail.

The chapter on the Commune, with which it opens, is a very imperfect treatment of a subject with which Mr. Wallace and other writers have dealt exhaustively. Here, as in the succeeding chapter on the communal assembly, the book ignores the connection between the national discontent and the loss of the early forms of popular government. Of the gradual growth of the state, and the effect of that growth upon the individual, the author says practically nothing; he fails to note, or seems imperfectly aware of, the part played by Byzantine influences in preparing the way for Tsarism; the Tatar elements of Russian development he ignores altogether. The account given of "the making of the despotism" is highly unsatisfactory, in some respects inaccurate. It is sheer contradiction to say on page 5 that "it was to the rivalry among the members of the princely caste that the ancient Russian republics chiefly owed the preservation of their liberty," and then to assert on page 7 that "the multiplication of royal families also contributed in no small degree to this outcome [the process of disintegration]; for ambitious young princes, eager for power and place, were always at hand ready to encourage separation and stir up revolt." Of the two statements, the latter will be found much nearer the truth. It was rivalry and quarrels among the princes that really favored centralization. But when we hear from Stepniak that "at last the country, devastated by these eternal feuds, demanded peace at any price," it may be well to point to the historical fact that the country did not demand peace at all, but went on fighting until the old organization had been broken up by force of arms; until the grand princes of Moscow had overcome all resistance, and the conquered land lay at their feet. The statement that "old Russia . . . was constrained, like other peoples, to undergo the hard apprenticeship of despotic rule" asserts a parallel between Russian and general history entirely without foundation. And when mention is made of the migratory movements of the agricultural classes as "welding the population into a homogeneous whole," and "facilitating the unification of the country," we are not told how it was that, in the end, these migrations led to the enslavement of the agricultural populations. Instead of facilitating unification and centralization, they were from the first formidable obstacles to the growth of the new state. Their utter incompatibility with the unifying tendency found its terrible and indelible record in the attachment of the working agriculturist to the glebe.

In the chapter on the Greek Church far too great an emphasis is laid on the popular conception of the Byzantine legacy as an exclusively national possession. As a solely Russian faith the monotheistic religion could not take rank; borrowed from Byzantium it had then, as it has now, a foreign as well as a Russian habitat. The confusion of Tsarism with Deity in the popular mind was not, as Stepniak asserts, the work of the church and the Tsar: it was one of those mental acts of hero-worship common to all races on a low level of civilization. The so-named "theocracy," modified in the end by what the author calls "the secularization of the state," was nothing more than a theocracy of ignorance. His treatment of The Great Reformer is a mere compilation, badly wrought into the argument, and innocent of the slightest suspicion of originality. If it was only "after Peter's time" that "the true slavery of the Russian people" began, it is quite safe to aver that the Russian people were never enslaved at all. And when the author assures us that "the Slav race," thanks to European influence, has now not only permanent independence, but also "a national culture most conformable to their social and intellectual

genius," he is making a grave blunder in ethnology, and prematurely closing a great national dispute that still has before it whole decades of vigorous polemic and vitality. The Slavophils of Russia remain as strongly opposed to western civilization as they have been at any time during the past twenty years; they continue to maintain that no culture can "conform" to the genius of the Russian people that is not purely Slav and introspective in its character. The Nihilist editor's confusion of the Slav race with the Slavs of the Russian Empire we attribute rather to great carelessness than to gross ignorance. But his limitation of the contest between the educated classes and the government to a period of only twenty-five years shows not only that he has failed to grasp the real character of the struggle, but that its earlier phases have wholly escaped his attention.

The more familiar the reader grows with the method and contents of this book, the more will the conviction be forced upon him that, as we have already more than suggested, its merit and significance stand wholly apart from the task of explaining Nihilism, or even of giving an intelligible and accurate account of the origin and growth of political discontent in Russia. As the historian of Nihilism, the present expounder of that movement is a conspicuous failure, not only in the work before us, but in all his previous writings on Russia; as the news-gatherer of the struggle, possessed of good powers of description, with a capacity for vivid picturing of the startling and tragical elements of the subject, the author of Russia under the Tzars has won an unquestionable reputation. His function as a writer is obviously and naturally that of illustrating the modern phase of the struggle between Russian absolutism and Russian democracy; in this sense and field, but in no other, has he made a valuable contribution to our knowledge of modern Russia. And even here the merit of Russia under the Tzars is by no means unmixed. Its sources of information were practically inexhaustible. They embraced the immense stores of material that Russian refugees have been busy accumulating in Switzerland for more than two decades. The liberal, terroristic, and revolutionary organs of the "underground" press in Geneva were all accessible. If "personal experiences" were needed, no avowed Russian agitator is believed to have had a greater number of them, or to have had them in a more exciting form, than Stepniak himself. That the resultant indictment is a formidable one ought not to appear strange under the circumstances. We are not at all prepared to say that it is not true. Given the system, and scenes like those vouched for in Russia under the Tzars seem no more than its natural outcome. But it is a pity that an author should have so often brought a heated imagination, a tendency to exaggerate, and a sustained partisanship to the weakening of facts not at all in need of this kind of reinforcement. What bare statement could be more terribly eloquent, for example, than that of the story of the letter in blood sent out from the Trubetskoi Ravelin in St. Petersburg? "In the brick floors large holes have been left for the rats to pass through. . . . The rats enter by scores, try to climb upon the beds and to bite the prisoners. . . . At the present moment, among others, there is a woman with a little child at her breast. This is Yakimova. Night and day she watches over her babe lest he should be devoured by the rats."

The most welcome chapters in the whole book are those on journalism and education in Russia, for here we have needed information at first hand. Had the whole volume merited like praise, it would have had our unqualified approval, even as a mere book of facts and information. It seems all too clear

that the author was taken at a disadvantage near the completion of his task, in order that one more "timely" work might appear in the market prematurely. However this may be, he did not deserve the treatment meted out to him by his translator. A more numerous or more provoking collection of blunders in a volume of this kind it has seldom been our fortune to encounter. French transliterations of Russian names are bad enough in an English work; but to vary them by German and even Italian varieties of spelling is still more trying to the reader's patience. The clumsy syllable "Tzar" is used throughout, though there is no word of the same pronunciation in either Russian or English; Novoye Vremia, incorrectly spelled, appears again, for the thousandth time, as "New Times" instead of "Modern Times;" while a common newspaper blunder, the word "Czarina" (a pure invention), used instead of Tsaritsa, the wife of the Tsar, actually appears in this work written by a Russian. Unfortunately, this is only one example out of a hundred that could easily be cited of the gross carelessness and superficial scholarship that have presided at the preparation of this volume for the press.

MARIUS THE EPICUREAN.

The young student of Greek and Roman life has been wont to take his learning lightly by the aid of the estimable Mr. Bekker in his two agreeable romances of Charicles and Gallus. By confining himself wholly to the coarse print, he has been able to follow the fortunes of a Greek or Roman young gentleman, as he passed through the ordinary vicissitudes which befell him from the cradle to the grave. If disposed to more serious work, he could apply himself to the small print notes at the foot of the page, and to the excursuses which amble on without regard to the story. If still more severely bent, he might look up the references to classic authors, and translate the quotations which abound in the scholarly apparatus. The story, however, is the enticing part. It is somewhat sensational at times, but the learned author never forgets that he is teaching, and not amusing. The reader cannot follow the beautiful Lycoris to Baiæ, without having his gaze constantly interrupted by superior numbers pointing to corroborative testimony at the foot of the page.

Mr. Pater has attempted a more refined task in his romance of Marius the Epicurean.[1] There is not a foot-note in the two handsome volumes which he devotes to this classic restoration. All the author's learning has been gracefully left in the workshop, and only the finished production offered to the reader. Learning is supposed throughout; it is rarely, very rarely, obtruded. Even the minutiæ of detail, which one would naturally rely upon to create a life-likeness, are very quietly mentioned. It is only now and then that the Gallus method appears, as when, for instance, one reads, "It was for this purpose that after devoutly saluting the *Lares*, as was customary before starting on a journey," where the little epexegetical clause betrays, for a moment only, the shade of Bekker accompanying Mr. Pater.

[1] *Marius the Epicurean: his Sensations and Ideas.* By Walter Pater, M. A. In two volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

The narrative, in brief, is of a patrician young Roman, of religious temperament and thoughtful mind, who goes up to Rome from his country home, looks upon the city and its life, is admitted to the friendship of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, ponders the prevalent philosophy, catches more than a glimpse of Christianity, and finally dies under circumstances which partially identify him with a martyrdom for the Christian faith. The book, as its title intimates, is occupied with the sensations and ideas of men rather than with their deeds. It is an interior picture of Roman thought, and rests, for its worth, upon its faithfulness to the somewhat occult experience of the second century.

It is evident to one, so soon as he attempts to outline the structure of the work, that there is very little objective character to it. The persons and scenes are faintly sketched; it is not intended that the eye should rest upon objects, and there is not even any accentuation of color, by which one might perceive more clearly the forms presented. The effect is reached by delicate gradations of tone and subtle transitions. One listens as to a reader who affects a low and finely modulated voice, who is surprised by no emotion, and, above all, never betrayed into passion. Splendor of dress and of ritual, pomp of triumphal procession, ardor of popular demonstration, — these attributes of the time and circumstance of the story are referred to, but have no spectacular value in the narrative. An instance of this negative treatment is in the account given of the emperor's oration, and in the chapter on Manly Amusement, where it would seem as if the author, with his fastidious taste, refused even to hint at the details of brutality.

This absence of a strongly marked background, from which the characters are to be projected, is detrimental to any sharp outline in the figures of the persons themselves. Marius, Cornelius, Marcus Aurelius, Fronto, Cæcilia, — these are all figures in low relief; their profiles only appear, and are scarcely distinguishable at times from the material out of which they are carved. Occasional suggestions are given of times and seasons, but he would be a skillful chronologer who should undertake a dry analysis of the work for the purpose of ascertaining the exact dates of the occurrences. Nevertheless, if skillful, he could fix the test instances, and would doubtless rise from his task with an increased respect for a literary artist who could so finely conceal the articulation of his work.

The more closely one looks at the structure, the more clearly is he aware of the art which has labored to remove all the signs of art. How exquisite, for example, is the passage at the close of the sixth chapter, where Marius and Flavian visit the traditional site of a little Greek colony! The introduction of a remote antiquity into this picture of an antiquity acknowledged by the reader heightens the effect in a marvelous degree, and yet by a very simple means. Perhaps an even more noticeable instance, and one more integral to the purpose of the book, is in the glimpse of the religion of Numa, as held in a few archaic ceremonies, which carry back the imagination, as they do the thought of the book, into a time of hoar and mossy primitiveness.

Mr. Pater's style has become even more delicate than it was shown to be in his Studies in the History of the Renaissance. His sentences slip along with the noiseless murmur of a brook. By a little artifice, he never suggests what is called in familiar phrase "a good stopping-place." His work is divided into books, and the books into chapters, but the pauses are only the discreet pauses of music. He has a trick of beginning his sentences with *and*, as if he had not left off. He never leaves off,

in fact, and when one reaches the close of the second volume, and discovers, with gentle surprise, that Marius is dead, one still feels that there is no reason why the spirit of Marius should not rustle on in low-breathed movements, and finally, if it disappear at all, be faintly dissipated in some subtle fragrance. How consciously all this art is bestowed may be read in the nicely discriminating chapter upon Euphuism, wherein, under the guise of a philosophical account of a certain phase of Roman literature, Mr. Pater enters a plea for very much such writing as he delights himself with.

"For words," he says, summing the literary programme which Flavian had designed for himself, "after all, words manipulated with all his delicate force, were to be the apparatus of a war for himself. To be forcibly impressed, in the first place; and in the second, to find means of making visible to others that which was vividly apparent, delightful, of lively interest, to himself, to the exclusion of all that was but middling, tame, or but half true even to him, — this scrupulousness of literary art actually awoke in Flavian, for the first time, a sort of chivalrous conscience. What care for style! what patience of execution! what research for the significant tones of ancient idiom, — *sonantia verba et antiqua!* what stately and regular word-building, — *gravis et decora constructio!* He felt the whole meaning of the skeptical Pliny's somewhat melancholy advice to one of his friends, *ut studiis se literarum a mortalitate vindicet.* And there was everything in the nature and training of Marius to make him a full participator in the hopes of such a new literary school, with Flavian for its leader. In those refinements of his curious spirit, in that horror of profanities, in that fastidious sense of a correctness in external form, there was something which ministered to the old ritual interest, still surviving in him; as if here indeed were involved a kind of sacred service to the mother-tongue."

The reference in all this to contemporary phases of literary art is scarcely more than lightly allusive, but it is this remote undercurrent of parallelism with modern experience which makes Mr. Pater's book often suggest a parable. Now and then there is an open declaration of this, or rather the comparison of Rome and London is somewhat distinctly made; but the reader suspects a reference oftener where it is somewhat sedulously concealed, and can never wholly rid himself of the notion that he is reading a sketch of modern thought *mutatis mutandis.* There is a gay little flout of a posturing Englishman when a young Roman host is introduced with the words, "He wore it [a toga, of altogether lost hue and texture] with the grace becoming the leader of a thrilling movement then on foot for the restoration of that disused garment, in which, laying aside the customary evening dress, all the visitors were requested to appear, setting off the dainty sinuosities and well-disposed 'golden way' of its folds with harmoniously tinted flowers." The extreme sensitiveness of Mr. Pater's prose is illustrated by the hardly perceptible discord produced by the word "thrilling" in this passage, which betrays momentarily the author's personal feeling. But Mr. Pater does not fly at small game; this was only a sudden unpremeditated dip in his flight.

It is better worth while to note the pages where he discloses, by a certain depth of fervor, his own philosophy of life. With whatever dexterity of phrase he follows the course of Marius' movement of mind, he does not so far remove himself from the evolution of a Roman faith as not to speak occasionally in the ear of the reader. At least, so we read in the early part of the narrative a passage supposed to be dropped from the lips of a shadowy priest who appears half mysteriously to Marius: —

"'If thou wouldst have all about thee like the colors of some fresh picture, in a clear light,' — so the discourse recommenced after a pause, — 'be temperate in thy religious motions, in love, in wine, in all things, and of a peaceful heart with thy fellows.' To keep the eye clear by a sort of exquisite personal alacrity and cleanliness, extending even to his dwelling-place; to discriminate, ever more and more exactly, select form and color in things from what was less select; to meditate much on beautiful visible objects, more especially, connected with the period of youth, on children at play in the morning, the trees in early spring, on young animals, on the fashions and amusements of young men; to keep ever by him if it were but a single choice flower, a graceful animal, or sea-shell, as a token and representative of the whole kingdom of such things; to avoid jealously, in his way through the world, everything repugnant to sight; and, should any circumstance tempt him to a general converse in the range of such objects, to disentangle himself from that circumstance at any cost of place, money, or opportunity, — such were, in brief outline, the duties recognized, the rights demanded, in this new formula of life."

Of course we do not pretend that this is to be taken as an adequate statement of Mr. Pater's philosophy of life, but it is so clever a sketch of it, and is so justified by the whole course of this book, that we may reasonably regard the voice which we hear as that of Mr. Pater himself. The very style of Marius the Epicurean — that subtlest exponent of the man — is perfectly in accord with the sentiment of the passage which we have quoted. Its fastidiousness suggests an abhorrence of all violent expression, all unruly feeling. The very superlatives are tempered and restrained by the quiet manner in which they are uttered, and a discreet silence is observed whenever the reader is moved to ask some penetrating question.

Would the picture, for example, which Mr. Pater has drawn of the Christian church of that period bear close examination? Even granting that it contained the possibilities of the winning grace and peace of Cæcilia's house, is not a picture so selected untrue by what it leaves undepicted? Certainly the history of the church, written not for artistic effect, but to narrate the growth, with all its interruptions, of a very human body, takes account of woful dissensions and opposition of sects at the very time of which Mr. Pater writes. Again, in his desire to show Christianity luminous in the face of a young Roman soldier, has he not missed a most natural exhibition of Christian faith working in the life of such a man? He represents Marius and Cornelius as close friends; he shows Marius as opening his philosophic mind, yet we are asked to believe that Cornelius had no zeal, but introduced Marius to Christianity by the most remote and, as it were, accidental means. We confess that we cannot translate into plain and direct English the first introduction of Marius to the household of Cæcilia. The chapter devoted to it is a lovely piece of tapestry hanging, but it is not a picture. Moreover, in pursuance of his very allusive and indirect method, Mr. Pater allows the reader to take his choice between regarding Cornelius as a zany or a coward, in the final scenes of the book. Apparently, the author was too fatigued to work out a reasonable explanation of the separation of the friends. He was willing to hint at great generosity and self-sacrifice on the part of Marius — so much was needed to round out the hero's character, — but he seems to have left the character of Cornelius to take care of itself, so that it goes limping off the stage.

Christianity — the Christianity of the second century — is in the estimation of Mr. Pater a variation of Roman life scarcely so revolutionary in its tendency

as supplementary to existing phases of philosophic belief. Its introduction into the web of this story is marvelously fine. The wall between Stoicism and Christianity, as by some magic art, becomes thinner and thinner. It is a mere shell; one hears voices on either side. It is a film; a touch, a breath, and it is gone! The reader is in the presence of the new comprehensive faith which involves and includes Stoicism, Epicureanism, and whatever social or personal phase of belief was ready to be absorbed. But where, the reader asks, — where is the antagonism, where the Aurelian persecution itself? Let him not be disturbed. Mr. Pater will give distant views of death and martyrdom, and will even lead the reader directly into the midst of a sudden fury of persecution; but before one can be either horrified or startled, flowers have sprung up on the spot at which one has been gazing. The experience of the sultan's victim, who had yet to learn that his head had been cut off, so fine was the blade which severed it, is the experience of the reader when he finishes Mr. Pater's delicate account of the martyrdom of Felix and Faustinus.

It is not out of keeping with the whole tenor of Marius' character and tendency of thought that the book should gravitate toward a *meditatio mortis*, but may it not be incident also to Mr. Pater's view of life that the thought recurs again and again to this theme? The sky is blue, the voices of birds are heard, the smile of nature is noted, yet somehow all the joy in the book is of a very grave and subdued sort. Let us — not eat and drink, but feel unutterable things, for to-morrow we die, is the refrain of this remarkable book, — remarkable for its delicacy of observation, its frequent penetration and illuminating reflection, its harmonious art, its aroma. Is it from too crass a nature that we are tempted sometimes to wish for some boulder of truth to come crashing down into the hothouse of flower and verdure? The very refinement of the book, too long lingered over, creates a revulsion of feeling, and we almost are willing to see some one do injustice to it. Not quite this. We owe Mr. Pater too great a debt for this rarity in literature. We are content to take it for what it is, a consummate piece of art, not a masterly commentary upon the latter half of the second century.

LITERARY LONDON.

"We walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He asked me, I suppose by way of trying my disposition, 'Is not this very fine?' Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of nature and being more delighted with the 'busy hum of men,' I answered, 'Yes, sir, but not equal to Fleet Street.' Johnson. 'You are right, sir.'" Thus the light-minded Mr. Boswell; and the no less truthful but finer Lamb writes to Wordsworth in answer to a pressing invitation to visit the poet at the Lakes: "I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen and customers, coaches, wagons, play-houses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rabbles; life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds,

the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the paint-shops, the old bookstalls, persons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soup from kitchens, the pantomimes, London itself a pantomime and masquerade, — all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me."

Margaret Fuller confessed that she never found herself at home until she reached Rome, but where there is one so adjusted to the antique and world-wide, there are twenty who touch the world of their imagination at most points when they take a walk down Fleet Street. The lines of Lamb which we have quoted are like pungent salts to any one who has ever abandoned himself to the fascination of that earthliest of cities. They revive his mind and send the recollection of days and nights stinging along his nerves. Yet it is through the most refined media that London comes to have this strong hold upon the human affection and imagination, for the city owes its fame not to historic deeds done there, but to historic men who have lived there, and most of all to the men of letters. Nor to these simply for what they have written of London, but often for the mere fact that they have written in London, and have consecrated its very mundane streets and houses by the presence of their spirits. We know the house, the room, in which Keats wrote his sonnet upon reading Chapman's Homer. How slight a basis for an attachment to a locality! Yet we stand there, like Poor Susan at the corner of Wood Street; "*we* look and *our* heart is in heaven."

It was every way fit that an American should furnish a directory [1] to the London of literature, since it is his countrymen who walk London streets with the keenest sense of that spiritual population which inhabits the town. It is equally satisfactory to find that Mr. Hutton has understood perfectly what his countrymen want in such a directory, and has fulfilled his task with an eye single to its thoroughness. In alphabetical order he has entered the names of English-writing authors who have at any time lived or tarried in London; he has supplied the dates of birth and death under each name, and then has tracked the author not only to each place of residence in the city, but to his favorite haunts, indicating also those localities which the author by his art has made famous. In doing this he has confined himself to well-authenticated facts, and has patiently sifted the evidence in all obscure cases, so that the reader, noting the extreme care shown, comes to rely implicitly on Mr. Hutton's results. As a slight indication of this accuracy of form, all statements as to existing monuments are dated by the year of Mr. Hutton's record. He never says carelessly such a house is now standing, but he fixes his *now* by [1885]. By this means he at once protects himself and provides the traveler with the necessary clue. Any subsequent edition — and the book ought to be a standard one — will leave this undisturbed so far as it goes.

In preparing the volume, Mr. Hutton went to work in a most systematic fashion, verifying his facts by personal examination of localities. He says in his modest Introduction: "Innumerable volumes upon London have been consulted, from Stow and Strype to the younger Dickens: early insurance surveys, containing the number and position of every house in London since houses were first numbered, in 1767, have been compared with similar surveys of the present, by means of tracings and by actual measurements of the streets themselves; the first maps of London have been examined and compared in like manner with later and con-

[1] *Literary Landmarks of London.* By LAURENCE HUTTON. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1885.

temporary plans; directories for the last century and a half have been studied carefully; and it has been possible by these means to discover and note the exact sites of many interesting buildings, the position of which has hitherto been merely a matter of conjecture or entirely unknown."

It is impossible that one should thus hunt for last year's birds' nests who did not have a positive affection for the birds, and it is very much to Mr. Hutton's credit that he has denied himself the pleasure of lingering over the subjects which must so often have tempted him into comment. Instead, he has kept rigorously within the bounds of his work, and has given the sentimental traveler all the necessary facts without any sentiments of his own. He has restricted himself to men of the past altogether, wisely, since he would have infringed upon too much privacy if he had given to the curious any clues to the retreats or haunts of the living. He has furnished his book with admirable indexes, and altogether has made himself an invaluable *valet de place* to the lover of literary London.

The London of Mr. Hutton's book is metropolitan, and perhaps it was necessary thus to limit the range, but it would have been possible to find a good many literary landmarks in the environs of the city, in what Mr. Walford appropriately terms, in his encyclopædic work, Greater London.[1] Mr. Hutton has indeed occasionally followed one of his heroes beyond the city limits, as in the case of Pope at Twickenham, and there are two slight references to Richmond; but for anything like fullness of statement one must go to Mr. Walford's book. He must go to it, for he cannot carry it with him, since it is in two big volumes, adapted to the size of the subject, and is planned on a different scale and for a different purpose from Mr. Hutton's book. It comprises a vast deal about other people than men of letters, and is plentifully supplied with coarse, sometimes very effective woodcuts.

One might profitably annotate the smaller book by means of the larger, and occasionally possibly correct it, or at least enlarge a statement into a less misleading one. Mr. Hutton, for instance, speaks of the grotto in Pope's villa as still remaining, though he notes the fact that the villa itself is entirely different in character from the original one, and does not even stand on the same site. But Mr. Walford, at the close of his full and entertaining account of Twickenham, says: "Suffice it to say that beyond his tomb in Twickenham church, the only memorials of the poet now visible here are the gardens and the famous grove, in which he took such great delight, and also the grotto — or rather, the tunnel, for it has been despoiled of most of its rare marbles, spars, and ores, and is now a mere damp subway." To tell the truth, the ardent hunter of literary landmarks is too often obliged to content himself with the sad words "*Here* might have been," and he ought to think himself fairly well off if the grotto of his search has been arrested in its disappearance at the phase of a "mere damp subway."

We note a rather more distinct contradiction in the two books in the reference to Thomson's sojourn at Rosedale House in Kew Foot Lane, Richmond. "It has been greatly altered," says Mr. Hutton, "and was in 1885 a plain red brick mansion near the street, with a little bit of lawn in front. 'Rosedale House' was painted on its gate-posts. The gardens and relics of the poet, which were for many years carefully preserved here, have gradually disappeared. He died in this house in 1748." In Greater London, under the general subject of Richmond, we find a full ac-

[1] *Greater London:* A Narrative of its History, its People, and its Places. By EDWARD WALFORD, M. A. In two volumes. London: Cassell & Co. Limited.

count of Thomson's home at Rosedale House, with the statement that the house had been transformed into a hospital, and that the Rosedale near at hand had nothing to do with Thomson. Still, though Mr. Hutton says nothing about the transformation, he may not have mistaken the two houses.

Under the title of Dickens, Mr. Hutton has given some interesting references not merely to Dickens's own life, but to the scarcely less actual life of the men, women, and children whom he created. Greater London supplements all this in a very suggestive fashion, for it enables one to follow forlorn Oliver Twist on his tramp with Bill Sykes, and is especially minute and full in references to the scenes of Barnaby Rudge. Harrow School, from its associations with the boyhood of men of letters, becomes a marked literary landmark, and is described in a rambling fashion in the larger book. Enfield, also, besides its connection with Lamb, offers itself for admiration as the place, according to a diligent antiquary cited by Mr. Walford, where Sir Walter Raleigh made a foot bridge of his mantle for Queen Elizabeth. Some of Theodore Hook's pranks were played outside of the city, and Dr. Johnson, sturdiest of Londoners, is represented by his wife's grave in Bromley church.

Yet a comparison and collocation of the two books brings to light very distinctly the concentration of literary men upon London proper. They do not seem to have betaken themselves much to the suburbs, and no wonder, for all England is virtually a suburb of London; if one is not in the heart of London he might almost as well, for convenience, be in Cumberland as at Staines, say, or Chigwell. The power of London to draw to itself men of letters is in its appeal to them to get near the throbbing of the great arteries. They recognize the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street, and the beauties of nature of Greenwich Park fade before the stunted rose-bushes of the Temple.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

When I first beheld the M. M. (Memento Mori), the sight, though sufficiently unpleasant, was not so nerve-shocking as it might have been had I been unacquainted with a novelty in necrological methods practiced in rural communities. Here was a bit of tarnished funeral bravery, once wrested away from the indigent dead, awhile preserved with mournful care (perhaps framed and hung upon the wall), and now hobnobbing with dooryard chips! No wonder that I was reminded of the posthumous fortune of "Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay." But as I contemplated the lugubrious object, of which I was made the unwilling custodian, these sombre reflections received a timely fillip, two lines of a poem I had lately read coming to my relief, —

> "And those who misbehaved themselves
> Had their coffin-plates taken away."

I read the legend engraved upon the somewhat dinted and discolored metallic panel: "Doctor Abner C——. Died March 25, 18—." The doctor had been for many years a citizen of the major village upon the hill. More than once, as a child, I had peered between the high and sharp iron pickets which inclosed his resting-place, and had read, not without pensive edification, the date and pious legend upon the headstone;

but I had not in those days dared to gather, as I coveted doing, a single blossom from the sweet-brier bush which yearly displayed its gay legend, Memento Vivere, above and between the palings of that severe inclosure. And now, — I could scarcely reconcile my childish impression with the novel discovery that the stern doctor had been subject to discipline such as the poet describes. Was it not enough that one's coffin plate should be taken away, without its becoming a mere trinket, innocent of all import as a record, — the decoration of a child's play-house! This indeed was the case. Only the day before, some juvenile visitors had amused themselves with conveying to the rear porch of my dwelling sundry "traps and calamities," rejected by the Penates of the last occupants of the house next to mine. How this family, who were not of kin to the deceased, happened to be in possession of this mortuary treasure, I have been accurately informed, but the reader shall be spared the prolix account of its transmission. In my own family the delicate responsibility entailed by the possession of such a relic was not ignored. What shall we do with the M. M.? became a question of engrossing interest. Proposal number One: Bury it in the garden. Objection: It might be exhumed many years later, when, the circumstances of its deposition having been forgotten, the occupants of the place might find it difficult to lift the suspicion of foul play that might fasten upon them. Proposal number Two (I own this was shockingly sordid): Have it melted and made into silver spoons. Objection (also most shocking): There is n't enough silver in it. Proposal number Three: Convert it into a plaque: and get Miss B—— to paint it. Objection: "Let her paint an inch thick," the inscription would always show through. Proposal number Four: Lay it on the doctor's grave. Objection: What does a man of sense (if he *is* dead) want of two inscriptions above his head? Proposal number Five: Throw it over the fence where the children found it was adopted (without objection), and acted upon. But even so, we have not been able entirely to shake off our unpleasant acquaintance. From time to time one member of the family or another is sure to observe, "I have seen the M. M. to-day." It is no longer a unit; but on this very account its chances of becoming ubiquitous are dismayingly increased. Its orts and fragments seem to gravitate in the direction of my premises. I can think of nothing to compare with it in point of indestructibility, except the Touchstone in the poetic fable of Allingham.

— Following the overthrow of the Tycoon in 1867 came the establishment of the Mikado in his temporal power and the abolition of the nobility. With more extended foreign intercourse, the innovations and manners of Western nations crept in, and a new life was inaugurated that blighted and excluded the old. But more intimate acquaintance with the principles and morals of European nations has deprived the foreign craze of much of its charm, and has made the Japanese realize that there is some good in their own civilization. Fencing with the double-hilted sword, archery, and the game of *dakin* — an exercise similar to our polo — have recently been revived. Notable among their selections from the old civilization for embodiment in the new is that of the Cha No Yu, or, in our tongue, the Ceremonial Tea. To suppose that it will exist without the old forms of dress, architecture, and manners seems unreasonable at first thought; but the easy adaptation of its principles and methods to foreign ceremonies will result, doubtless, in the survival of its more beautiful and less rigid forms.

Briefly, the Cha No Yu is the drinking of tea of the finest quality as to taste and purity, with the observance of spe-

cial forms and in a particular place. Its object is essentially metaphysical: the philosopher, statesman, soldier, or student seeking in it the enjoyment of contemplation and development of thought or ideas upon all subjects, philosophical or religious. Culture, cleanliness, fine manners, and purity of life are all promoted by it, the special ceremonies by which these ends are attained leading to probably one of the highest forms of social and æsthetic entertainment that the world has ever known. The participant, to acquit himself successfully, must possess culture of the highest order, which in Japan includes also a thorough knowledge of etiquette, a high appreciation of the beautiful, fine conversational powers, and certain native accomplishments, the most important of which is the arrangement of flowers, trees, and paintings so as to produce the most enchanting effects. It is a particular art to make the tea and to serve it in company, but this consists more in the observance of certain forms than in any difficulty as to boiling or preparation. If these requirements are not possessed, the Cha No Yu becomes simply a feast of good things, pleasing by reason of its order and beauty, but failing in its object because of its length, exact forms, and lack of excitement.

The tea-chamber is one of the rooms of a building apart from the residence, and specially devoted to the purposes of the Cha No Yu. In cities or towns, this building stands within an inclosure bordered by a thick hedge of shrubbery; but when forming a part of great houses in the country, it crowns a summit that overlooks a beautiful landscape. In either case, the grounds are set with numerous plants and flowers of remarkable beauty and cultivated to a surprising degree of perfection. The site must be free from impure air. In the construction of the house, the finest woods are used; its roofing is of shingles and the workmanship throughout of the highest order obtainable. The tea-chamber measures usually fourteen by twenty-seven feet in dimensions, and though perfectly plain is without perceptible fault in structure. Its ceiling is of wood, and the walls are of a white or light gray color. The floor is covered with matting of the finest quality, which should have an opening in the centre for the use of a fire-bowl in winter. In one corner of the room is a raised platform on which the finest flowers and plants are arranged in rare pots and vases, while close by, on pillars of ebony or sandal-wood, roll pictures are displayed along with ancient scrolls or other curious writings.

In another corner is the *kama*, supported between two leaves of a rare screen; it is a quaintly shaped kettle, made of very thick iron, and containing pure water, which, when practicable, is obtained from a spring set apart for use at the Cha No Yu. Beneath it upon a low stand are a few live charcoals in white ashes. Near by is a cabinet three feet in height, made of mulberry wood and containing three shelves, on which are placed a fine white feather brush, a small box of incense, and one or two jars containing powdered tea. Beneath is a vessel of fresh water. The cabinet articles here mentioned are all valuable by reason of their variety, antiquity, or historical associations.

Adjoining the tea-chamber is an apartment in which the utensils are kept arranged in the order of their use, while in front is a prettily designed reception-room that completes the structure of a building so unique in character and purpose. It has been inferred already, no doubt, that only persons of rank or wealth would presume to give a feast of the first order.

Invitations to the tea are always in writing and are sent by messenger to the guests, the hour designated being six A. M., noon, or four P. M., according to the will of the host, and the entertain-

ment should not last longer than two hours.

At the appointed time, the guests bathe, and arraying themselves in their finest costume — usually the choicest yield of the looms of Tokio — proceed to the residence of the host, where they assemble in a pavilion in the garden, in one of the reception-rooms, or on a veranda near the tea-chamber. A short interval is now spent in pleasing conversation, and in admiration of the landscape, or, if in town, of the flowers that beautify the grounds on every hand. Thus prepared for the more refined sight within, their arrival is announced by striking a wooden tablet or bell, when a servant or the host himself conducts them to the tea-chamber, on entering which the guests precede the host in the order of their ages, while he kneels without.

It is at this stage that the accomplishments of the host are tested thoroughly and his riches realized. It is here that he takes that pride in exhibiting the beauty of his lacquered ware, the splendor of his bowls, and the richness of his domestic utensils that our grandmothers used to feel in displaying their rare and costly china. In this brilliant assemblage the host appears in the unselfish light of one upon whose culture and refinement judgment is to be passed by the first gentlemen of his acquaintance.

His flowers, bowls, vases, pottery, and hanging pictures are now subjected to the critical examination and discussion of the guests, who during such time sit, in native fashion, on the heels. The hanging picture is generally inscribed, and to understand it a thorough classical education is needed, as the characters are such as were used by the ancient scholars and philosophers of Japan.

In the arrangement and selection of the flowers, the skill and taste of the host are especially shown. No one who has visited the East can forget the soft and delicate odors emanating from the groves of cypress and other trees. It is a natural incense, offered up at all times of the day and night, and a love of flowers is one of the most pleasing features in the character of the Japanese people. In the tea-chamber, the flowers receive particular attention from the guests; the adaptation of each to the state of the weather and to the light of the room, and the arrangement of its leaves, stem, and branches are carefully studied, while the devices for exhibiting the effect of its colors are ingenious and entertaining. For this purpose, transparent bowls are used, some plain and some of the richest hues, single or varied. They all contain water, on which the rarest and most exquisite blossoms are floating. They are then singly or collectively exposed in such positions to the several conditions of light that the prismatic hues reflected from the bowls blend with the rich colors of the flower itself and present an effect indescribably beautiful. The same or other blossoms are then placed beneath the water, and on exposure to similar conditions of light present with the resulting combinations of colors still richer hues and more dazzling spectra.

This interchange of artistic opinion and ideas, coupled with the pleasing impressions derived from the inspection of such beautiful objects, gradually frees the mind from the cares of the day and prepares it for the higher and contemplative state necessary for the more intellectual conversation at a later period of the entertainment. At the close of the inspection the guests seat themselves in a semicircle; the host proceeds to the inner door of the room and bowing from a sitting posture, says, "The honor of your company is a source of great pleasure; I shall now make the fire." After a short absence, he returns with a basket of pure charcoal sticks of equal lengths, two spiral-shaped iron handles for the kettle, a pair of tongs,

a water ladle, a spoon for powdered tea, a whisk-stirrer of bamboo, a tea bowl, and a purple silk cloth for wiping each utensil before it is used.

In building the fire beneath the kama, a special arrangement of the charcoal is followed, and incense is burned to dispel its odor. Here, as in every part of the Cha No Yu, the movements of the host and the positions of the several utensils are regulated by a code.

Though not essential, refreshments of a substantial but mild quality are frequently served at this stage of the entertainment. If so, the guests are invited into a prettily ornamented room, apart from the tea-chamber. The cups, bowls, and other wares must be decorated and of high price; the silken napkins, the little stools and trays, must each be of the finest quality. The stools — called in Japanese "*zen*," or meal tables — are plain and heavily lacquered, square in shape, and provided with a rim about the upper edge. On them the refreshments are served in small dishes, one course being invariably rice. The tables are attended by the host himself; instead of eating with his guests, he receives from each choice portions of food on the palms of his hands, and in a manner that indicates his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him. The last course consists of a rare confection or fruit in very small quantity; when finished, the host takes a seat and converses on general topics with each of his guests. After a short interval he withdraws, leaving the company to inspect rolls of ancient pictures or other rare specimens of Japanese art.

In the second and last part of the Cha No Yu, the guests enter the tea-chamber in the order before described. New flowers and pictures have been placed in this room during their absence, and receive an inspection no less critical than that of the first part. On its completion, the guests are seated, precedence being governed by age and reputation as master of Tea Ceremonies. The host then appears in the doorway, and, bowing from a sitting posture, takes his place in front of the tea utensils. Before making the tea, each vessel is carefully wiped with the purple cloth. A spoonful of powdered tea is put, with all the necessary graces, into a richly ornamented bowl; boiling water from the kama is then poured upon the powder, and the whole is stirred with the bamboo whisk until it creams. It is then served by a handsomely dressed boy. Each guest, on receiving the cup, places it in the right hand, — which is steadied by the left, — and after noticing its decoration and quality, raises it to his lips, and, while drinking, brings the body into a stiffly erect position. The host is the last served. Etiquette makes his rôle a difficult one to perform, and upon its execution depends his reputation as a master of this interesting though formal ceremony.

The entertainment concludes with general conversation of a highly intellectual and refined type, for which the minds of the host and guests are now supposed to be prepared. The subjects chosen for discussion or investigation are of such a nature as the culture of the company suggests. They may be of metaphysics, philosophy, or religion, — in short, of any theme that would naturally interest highly cultivated and refined intellects, ambitious of still further information and advancement.

Where refreshments have been served, the guest is at liberty to carry away such portions of the dainties as he may wish. For this purpose, the sweetmeat is carefully wrapped in paper, which is generally pure white, though sometimes ornamented with tinsel or bright colors. Such pocketing is not a vulgarism, but rather a duty imposed by etiquette.

There are five or more forms of the Cha No Yu, that called Senké being the most popular. The rules of ceremony differ for summer and winter, and

vary with the quality of tea used, there being two varieties, called Koi-cha and Usu-cha, the use of the former being attended with greater ceremony than that of the latter. In any form, the tea must be powdered.

The Cha No Yu was probably introduced into Japan from China, along with the cultivation of the tea-plant. An ancient Japanese author, referring to its adoption in his own country, observes that it was first practiced by old men living in retirement. A literal translation reads, "Old men went out among the hills, taking with them only the barest necessities. Selecting a beautiful place, they bent twigs of bamboo and other trees, broke and twisted them, and built a pavilion. Forgetting the cares of life, they sat in the pavilion amid peaceful repose, contemplating the beautiful scenery." The gods, trees, flowers, whatever led to purity of thought and harmony of soul, became or afforded a theme of conversation. Strict cleanliness was observed as necessary to the condition of mind sought for.

Japanese history informs us that in the long feudal wars of the Empire, generals and other high officers practiced Cha No Yu before formulating their plans of battle, the object being to quiet the mind to the state best suited for the solution of a successful manœuvre or stratagem. During the thirteenth century, a code was drawn up by Shinko, a noted scholar and man of refinement. Later in the fifteenth century, this code was revised by direction of the famous Hideyashi, who figures not only as an able warrior and consummate statesman, but also as a legislator, the "laws of Taiko" having been venerated for centuries. Since his time the code has remained as then systematized.

It is a matter of surprise to most foreigners who have visited Japan that so little is known of the Cha No Yu by the outside world. In the numberless books which travelers have written about Japan there is no adequate description of this most curious ceremony.

— It is frequently urged that the human family has too few, rather than too many, days set apart for rest and diversion. This question is one that falls under the jurisdiction of the philosopher and philanthropist. To such, therefore, it shall be left; I humbly content myself with suggesting the propriety of extending holiday privileges to inanimate things — the serviceable chattels or goods in our possession. That I am led to make this somewhat quixotic defense is, perhaps, due to an incident of recent occurrence. I am ashamed to say I had a tiff with an old and faithful servant, whose disposition I fancied had become less compliant and obliging than formerly. In an evil hour this faithful servant was disposed of "for old gold." The act I have since heartily repented, being convinced that my good servant, the pen, had not permanently cast off its master's authority, but was only temporarily tired of service. If I had but given it a little vacation, it undoubtedly would have brought me through as many scriptorial journeys as it had achieved in past time. The more I think of it, the more am I impressed that these long-suffering dumb chattels of ours have their seasons of weariness, and require such occasional respite from labor as we give to ourselves and our beasts of burden. After enjoying a breathing-time (if I may be permitted such an expression), they seem to serve us with renewed freedom and efficiency, in a manner showing themselves appreciative of so much consideration. "Sometimes, after a series of experiments," said a lecturer on electricity, "we find it of advantage to give the machine a short rest."

Is it not a matter of familiar experience that articles in household use, — inconvenient or worn utensils, also insubordinate tools, — if laid aside and let

alone for a time, frequently recover their original usefulness, or discover an adaptability which they were not before known to possess? The dull knife still is dull — but it 's better worth whetting than it was; the faded carpet is passably good yet, indeed it is quite bright on the other side, and we resolve to turn it; the old coat or gown, for a long time slighted, is found still to possess so much "wear" and comfort as to warrant our *investing* in it again; besides, for our conservative eyes it has a sort of veteran, proved nobility that sets its value far above the pretension of any merely new garment. Those who affect blue in their apparel may have observed that the sun also has an affinity for this color, and steals it from the dyed fabric; but if the garment be kept in a dark closet awhile, the color returns in a marked degree. Now, is this effect due to chemical action, or to the interval of grateful desuetude permitted to the garment?

Almost every house, whatever its dimensions, architecture, or age, sometimes gets tired of its occupants. If it can manage to convey to them the fact of its tedium, or if the occupants chance to discover the fact for themselves, they will, if judicious, determine upon giving their rooftree a month's or a week's vacation — at least a half-holiday. On their return they will be delighted to remark the cheerfulness that reigns in place of the old discontent. I have known a house to recuperate wonderfully during the brief time the householder has been abroad for a morning walk.

One hesitates to class books as among inanimate things; yet the protests sometimes made by our friends in black and white are much like those entered by the other objects herein specified. Some day you sit down with a favorite book, the solacer of many a past hour which grief or care sought to make its own, but the book has, most unaccountably, lost its talismanic virtue, and is void alike of consolation and stimulus. You are about to vote the bright wit oxidized, the heavenly muse wing-clipped and flagging, the sage emptily sententious, when the genius of the book interferes, — "Not so rash! vote me a long holiday, give me leave to gather dust on the high shelf; then come to me some fine morning by and by, and see what I 'll do for you!"

It is to be suspected that much good material is lying in limbo, discarded for good and for all, when it only craved a little time for rest. When this desideratum is better understood, may we hope to hear less about the Total Depravity of Inanimate Things?

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. Mr. Oldmixon, by William A. Hammond. (Appleton.) The industrious Dr. Hammond's third novel is an improvement on his previous ones. There are fewer characters. To be sure, they are just as crazy as the others, but they are more amusing. The incidents are also more to the point, and the author has discovered what a first-rate use can be made of second-sight. A more convenient contrivance for putting a character in possession of the facts about another character was never invented. It makes detectives superfluous, and to be rid at once of detectives in novels is to owe a heavy debt to this author, which we shall never stop trying to pay. There is one character, by the way, whom Dr. Hammond never seems able to keep out of his story. It is the unsuccessful novelist. He is like Charles I. in Mr. Dick's petition. — At the Red Glove (Harpers) is a somewhat clumsy copy of a French novel. It is for *virginibus puerisque* so far as naughtiness is concerned, but it reads as if the author had suppressed the wickedness, and with it whatever life the story might have had. — At Love's Extremes, by Maurice Thompson (Cas-

sell), is a disappointment. Mr. Thompson strikes so genuine a note in his poetry that this piece of artificiality and melodrama was not to be looked for. The commonplaces of fiction transferred to the South do not gain in richness or beauty because of the tropical soil in which they are set. — After London, or, Wild England, by Richard Jefferies. (Cassell.) What has got into Mr. Jefferies ? He used to write delightful books; of late he has taken to constructing puzzles. He uses his knowledge of wood-craft but for the most whimsical and willful purposes. He supposes London, and indeed all civilization, blotted out of existence, and then busies himself with constructing a newer life close to nature fumbling its way into the light. However consistent the book may be with itself, it is a tiresome and, so far as we can see, useless piece of ingenuity. After climbing to the bottom of the well after Truth, pretty much all one can discover is a damp frog. — Upon a Cast, by Charlotte Dunning (Harpers): a conventional novel, of mild interest and indifferent value. — By Shore and Sedge, by Bret Harte (Houghton), contains three stories, in which this clever author turns and turns again, and guileless innocence winks in the fashion customary in Mr. Harte's stories. — A Superior Woman (Roberts) is one of the No Name Series ; it really belongs to the no value series. It is a young lady's story, and is dreadfully weak in the spinal column. — A Second Life, by Mrs. Alexander, has been produced in the Leisure Hour Series (Holt.) — Recent numbers of Harper's Handy Series are Louisa, by Katharine S. Macquoid, and Mr. Butler's Ward, by F. Mabel Robinson. — The latest numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are Ishmael, by M. E. Braddon ; Betwixt my Love and Me ; Charlotte Brontë's The Professor, and Heart's Delight, by Charles Gibbon.

Literature and Criticism. How should I Pronounce? is the title of a manual for schools, colleges, and private use, by W. H. P. Phyfe. (Putnams.) The stranger to the English language would wish to begin with practice on the author's name, but having mastered that, he would find himself face to face with a very elaborate and somewhat formidable analysis of the subject, which seems to us of slight practical or even theoretical value. The writer appears to have wished to make his work thorough, but after all the most valuable part is his list of a thousand words commonly mispronounced, which he has marked with their proper pronunciation. — Goose-Quill Papers, by Louise Imogen Guiney (Roberts): a score of little essays which may have done service before in newspapers. They are the cheerful, accidental work of a young writer who has caught affectations of style rather than of thought, but does not yet carefully distinguish between what is gracefully idle and trivial. The little paper A Child in Camp has, to our thinking, the most agreeable touch, and indeed one does not feel otherwise than kind toward an author who shows so much genuine sympathy with honest moods. It is the personality behind the book, rather than the thought in the book, which attracts. One may fairly look to see the assumed quaintness rub off without loss to the sincerity of the nature. — Mr. Beers has prepared a convenient companion to his Willis in the Men of Letters Series, in Prose Writings of Nathaniel Parker Willis, a selection from the otherwise discouraging complete works. (Scribners.) — Plutarch on the Delay of the Divine Justice, translated, with an introduction and notes, by Andrew P. Peabody (Little, Brown & Co.), places the reader deeply in debt to one of our ripest scholars and critics. Landscape, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton (Roberts), is an inexpensive edition, without the plates, of a book which will be more than a book of the season. Mr. Hamerton writes so agreeably, and brings a trained artistic power so cleverly to the task of interpretation for the untechnical mind, that he receives at once the respect of the artist and the admiration of the general reader. He is discursive, and we wish he were not so fluent, but since we must talk about our subjective enjoyment of objective nature, why, let us get Mr. Hamerton to put our ideas into easy English. — The Ingoldsby Legends (Crowell). It is a little odd to find at this day an apparently library edition of this book without a line of explanation as to origin or authorship. Can it be that the book is known to everybody? — The Appletons have added to their valuable little Parchment Series a volume of selections from the Prose Writings of Jonathan Swift, with a preface and notes by Stanley Lane-Poole. — Those who are interested in securing first editions of Longfellow's works will thank Mr. W. E. Benjamin for his neat little handbook, in which the collector will find full and accurate descriptions of the earliest issues of Longfellow's various prose and poetical writings.

Poetry and the Drama. Glenaveril, or the Metamorphoses, by the Earl of Lytton, is appearing in monthly parts like a serial novel, as it is. (Appleton.) — Selected Poems from Michelangelo Buonarotti, with translations from various sources, edited by Ednah D. Cheney. (Lee & Shepard.) Mrs. Cheney has done a real service in bringing these poems together, in giving the original side by side with the translation, and in adding her own brief but pertinent notes. — Songs of the Heights and Deeps, by the Hon. Roden Noel (Elliot Stock, London): a volume of respectable poetry by a versatile author. — A Child's Garden of Verses, by Robert Louis Stevenson (Scribner's Sons), is a collection of charming lyrics which, in spite of the author's design, address themselves to adult readers rather than to children. The subtle fancy which underlies many of these verses is a thing likely to escape the juvenile reader. There are, however, several poems in the volume that will go directly to the heart and imagination of childhood. — Camp-Fire, Memorial Day, and other Poems, by Kate Brownlee Sherwood. (Jansen, McClurg & Co.) A large number of the poems in the volume are drum and fife poems, written apparently in war times, or under close recollection of the war. It is singular how little variety there is in war poetry, but the fact is somewhat encouraging, for when war is over the inspiration for poetry will not cease. — Songs and Sonnets by Maurice Francis Egan, and Carmina, by Condé Benoist Pallen (Kegan Paul, London). Two authors in one book, and the book only thirty-eight

pages long ! In this case art is short, very short. The verse is smooth, decorous, thoughtful. — Unity Songs Resung ; compiled by C. H. K. (Colegrove Book Co. Chicago.) A collection of short poems by various authors, which have already appeared in the Unity Newspaper. They are mainly religious and sub-religious in character. — Random Shots, by Nelson Goodrich Humphrey. (Pantagraph Establishment, Bloomington, Ill.) Mr. Humphrey begins his preface with these words : "There is only one way to make ideas invariably interesting, — simply to tell the truth," but our ideas about Mr. Humphrey's poetry, if this rule were applied, would interest Mr. Humphrey's friends more than they would him. — Vladimir ; a Poem of the Snow. Malczewski. (Howard Lockwood, New York.) The author makes haste to explain that he is not Malczewski, but only wears the outside garment of the Pole. The poem is a blind, groping set of verses, which go staggering on to nothing in particular. — Poems of the Old Days and the New, by Jean Ingelow (Roberts), will be welcomed for its healthfulness, its hearty sympathy with the substantial in English nature and human nature. There are occasional lines which have a beauty on which one rests, but there is no such compactness of art as makes one know that the cup of beauty is just full. — Lyrical Poems by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Selected and Arranged by Francis T. Palgrave (Macmillan & Co.), is a tasteful collection of the laureate's minor poems, with judicious extracts from the more lyrical passages in his longer poems. A delightful pocket-volume for the seaside.

Politics and Economy. The Fall of the Great Republic (Roberts) is an anonymous skit, professing to be an historic sketch in 1895 of events which took place in 1886–1888. The author announces himself as Sir Henry Standish Coverdale, Intendant for the Board of European Administration in the Province of New York, and writes of the socialistic destruction of the United States, and the provisional government set up by the European powers. The satire is apparently written by some one very much in earnest, and its severity may set some people to thinking ; but the author most of all needs to think. He should settle for himself first the question, How came Europe to be impregnable when the United States fell so easily ? Then he should begin to estimate the powers of resistance. So far he has studied only the power of projectiles. He is like a person who sees a gun discharged. Only a trigger pulled, and all that mischief done ! What is to prevent the world from being blown up, if heavy enough guns are made ? — Democratic Government, a study of politics, by Albert Stickney (Harpers), is a clear, vigorous discussion of practical politics. Mr. Stickney wants a national convention, as do many, and he shows himself possessed of excellent qualifications for membership in that convention. His book may not hasten the calling of the convention directly, but it is one of many signs that people are thinking to the point, as well as a help to students to formulate their own vague notions. — The History of the Surplus Revenue of 1837, being an account of its origin, its distribution among the States, and the uses to which it was applied, by Edward G. Bourne (Putnams) : a well-considered little book which is a boon to those who have heretofore been obliged to put up with the most meagre and unsatisfactory account of this episode in our financial history. — The Mercantile, Manufacturing, and Mining Interests of Pittsburgh, issued by the Chamber of Commerce (W. G. Johnston & Co., Pittsburgh) : a sort of business card of the city, with heliotype or similar illustrations of buildings and the like. Ever so much about the people who run the city, but nothing about the workmen who do the bulk of the work. — Collected Essays in Political and Social Science, by William Graham Sumner (Holt) : a volume of vigorous and uncompromising thinking on the subjects of bimetallism, wages, sociology, collegiate education, and kindred topics. If the author is dogmatic and insolently narrow, he explains in his paper on colleges why he is.

Education and Text-Books. School Bulletin Year Book of the State of New York for 1885, giving sketches of the city superintendents and the county commissioners, and a list of the principals of village schools and academies, by C. W. Bardeen. (The author, Syracuse, N. Y.) The biographies are apparently written by the same genial man who writes epitaphs. — The Bureau of Education in Washington issues a pamphlet devoted to Planting Trees in School Grounds, a good subject, and treated both from the practical and from the sentimental side. It is a pity that with less continental ardor there might not be more attention paid to simple gardening in connection with school grounds. The yards of most schoolhouses are forlorn places. The same Bureau issues among its Circulars of Information one on City School Systems in the United States, by John D. Philbrick. It has nearly as many views as it has facts. — Lectures on the Science and Art of Education, with other lectures and essays, by the late Joseph Payne, edited by C. W. Bardeen. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) There is good sense in this book mixed with a great deal of rather pompous travesty of sense in philosophic terms. There is much also that is inexpressibly dull. It is singular how soon books about teaching can stop being interesting. — The Meisterschaft System has been applied to the Italian language by Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal, and the first of the fifteen parts to be published has been sent us. This system, as is well known, aims to communicate a short and practical method of acquiring complete fluency of speech. (Meisterschaft Publishing Company, Boston.) — Assyriology : its Use and Abuse in Old Testament Study, by Francis Brown (Scribners) is an address given at the Union Theological Seminary. It is an admirable piece of work, showing the author to have that judicial mind which keeps the scholar always in the saddle.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LVI. — SEPTEMBER, 1885. — No. CCCXXXV.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK FIRST.

I.

"Oh, yes, I dare say I can find the child, if you would like to see him," Miss Pynsent said; she had a fluttering wish to assent to every suggestion made by her visitor, whom she regarded as a high and rather terrible personage. To look for the little boy, she came out of her small parlor, which she had been ashamed to exhibit in so untidy a state, with paper "patterns" lying about on the furniture, and snippings of stuff scattered over the carpet — she came out of this somewhat stuffy sanctuary, dedicated at once to social intercourse and to the ingenious art to which her life had been devoted, and, opening the house-door, turned her eyes up and down the little street. It would presently be tea-time, and she knew that at that solemn hour Hyacinth narrowed the circle of his wanderings. She was anxious and impatient, and in a little fever of excitement and complacency, not wanting to keep Mrs. Bowerbank waiting, though she sat there, heavily and consideringly, as if she meant to stay; and wondering not a little whether the object of her quest would have a dirty face. Mrs. Bowerbank had intimated so definitely that she thought it remarkable on Miss Pynsent's part to have taken care of him, gratuitously, for so many years, that the little dressmaker, whose imagination took flights about every one but herself, and who had never been conscious of an exemplary benevolence, suddenly aspired to appear, throughout, as devoted to the child as she had struck her solemn, substantial guest as being, and felt how much she should like him to come in fresh and frank, and looking as pretty as he sometimes did. Miss Pynsent, who blinked confusedly as she surveyed the outer prospect, was very much flushed, partly with the agitation of what Mrs. Bowerbank had told her, and partly because, when she offered that lady a drop of something refreshing, at the end of so long an expedition, she had said she could n't think of touching anything unless Miss Pynsent would keep her company. The chiffonier (as Amanda was always careful to call it), beside the fireplace, yielded up a small bottle which had formerly contained eau-de-cologne, and which now exhibited half a pint of a rich gold-colored liquid. Miss Pynsent was very delicate; she lived on tea and watercress, and she kept the little bottle in the chiffonier only for great emergencies. She did n't like hot brandy and water, with a lump or two of sugar, but she

Copyright, 1885, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

partook of half a tumbler on the present occasion, which was of a highly exceptional kind. At this time of day the boy was often planted in front of the little sweet-shop on the other side of the street, an establishment where periodical literature as well as tough toffy and hard lollipops was dispensed, and where song-books and pictorial sheets were attractively exhibited in the small-paned, dirty window. He used to stand there for half an hour at a time, spelling out the first pages of the romances in the Family Herald and the London Journal, and admiring the obligatory illustration, in which the noble characters (they were always of the highest birth) were presented to the carnal eye. When he had a penny he spent only a fraction of it on stale sugar-candy; with the remaining halfpenny he always bought a ballad, with a vivid woodcut at the top. Now, however, he was not at his post of contemplation; nor was he visible anywhere to Miss Pynsent's impatient glance.

"Millicent Henning, tell me quickly, have you seen my child?" These words were addressed by Miss Pynsent to a little girl who sat on the doorstep of the adjacent house, nursing a dingy doll, and who had an extraordinary luxuriance of dark brown hair, surmounted by a torn straw hat. Miss Pynsent pronounced her name Enning.

The child looked up from her dandling and twitching, and after a stare of which the blankness was somewhat exaggerated, replied: "Law no, Miss Pynsent, I never see him."

"Are n't you always messing about with him, you naughty little girl?" the dressmaker returned, with sharpness. "Is n't he round the corner, playing marbles, or — or some jumping game?" Miss Pynsent went on, trying to be suggestive.

"I assure *you*, he never plays nothing," said Millicent Henning, with a mature manner, which she bore out by adding, "And I don't know why I should be called naughty, neither."

"Well, if you want to be called good, please go and find him, and tell him there 's a lady here come on purpose to see him, this very instant." Miss Pynsent waited a moment, to see if her injunction would be obeyed, but she got no satisfaction beyond another gaze of deliberation, which made her feel that the child's perversity was as great as the beauty, somewhat soiled and dimmed, of her insolent little face. She turned back into the house, with an exclamation of despair, and as soon as she had disappeared, Millicent Henning sprang erect and began to race down the street in the direction of another, which crossed it. I take no unfair advantage of the innocence of childhood in saying that the motive of this young lady's flight was not a desire to be agreeable to Miss Pynsent, but an extreme curiosity on the subject of the visitor who wanted to see Hyacinth Robinson. She wished to participate, if only in imagination, in the interview that might take place, and she was moved also by a quick revival of friendly feeling for the boy, from whom she had parted only half an hour before with considerable asperity. She was not a very clinging little creature, and there was no one in her own domestic circle to whom she was much attached; but she liked to kiss Hyacinth when he did n't push her away and tell her she was tiresome. It was in this action and epithet he had indulged half an hour ago; but she had reflected rapidly (while she stared at Miss Pynsent) that this was the worst he had ever done. Millicent Henning was only eight years of age, but she knew there was worse in the world than that.

Mrs. Bowerbank, in a leisurely, roundabout way, wandered off to her sister, Mrs. Chipperfield, whom she had come into that part of the world to see, and the whole history of the dropsical

tendencies of whose husband, an undertaker with a business that had been a blessing because you could always count on it, she unfolded to Miss Pynsent between the sips of a second glass. She was a high-shouldered, towering woman, and suggested squareness as well as a pervasion of the upper air, so that Amanda reflected that she must be very difficult to fit, and had a sinking at the idea of the number of pins she would take. Her sister had nine children and she herself had seven, the eldest of whom she left in charge of the others when she went to her service. She was on duty at the prison only during the day; she had to be there at seven in the morning, but she got her evenings at home, quite regular and comfortable. Miss Pynsent thought it wonderful she could talk of comfort in such a life as that, but could easily imagine she should be glad to get away at night, for at that time the place must be much more terrible.

"And are n't you afraid of them — ever?" she inquired, looking up at her visitor, with her little, heated face.

Mrs. Bowerbank was very slow, and considered her so long before replying that she felt herself to be, in an alarming degree, in the eye of the law; for who could be more closely connected with the administration of justice than a female turnkey, especially so big and majestic a one? "I expect they are more afraid of me," she replied at last; and it was an idea into which Miss Pynsent could easily enter.

"And at night I suppose they rave quite awful," the little dressmaker suggested, feeling vaguely that prisons and madhouses came very much to the same.

"Well, if they do, we hush 'em up," Mrs. Bowerbank remarked, rather portentously; while Miss Pynsent fidgeted to the door again, without results, to see if the child had become visible. She observed to her guest that she could n't call it anything but contrary that he should not turn up, when he knew so well, most days in the week, when his tea was ready. To which Mrs. Bowerbank rejoined, fixing her companion again with the steady orb of justice, "And do he have his tea, that way, by himself, like a little gentleman?"

"Well, I try to give it to him tidy-like, at a suitable hour," said Miss Pynsent, guiltily. "And there might be some who would say that, for the matter of that, he *is* a little gentleman," she added, with an effort at mitigation which, as she immediately became conscious, only involved her more deeply.

"There are people silly enough to say anything. If it 's your parents that settle your station, the child has n't much to be thankful for," Mrs. Bowerbank went on, in the manner of a woman accustomed to looking facts in the face.

Miss Pynsent was very timid, but she adored the aristocracy, and there were elements in the boy's life which she was not prepared to sacrifice even to a person who represented such a possibility of grating bolts and clanking chains. "I suppose we ought n't to forget that his father was very high," she suggested, appealingly, with her hands clasped tightly in her lap.

"His father? Who knows who *he* was? He does n't set up for having a father, does he?"

"But, surely, was n't it proved that Lord Frederick" —

"My dear woman, nothing was proved except that she stabbed his lordship in the back with a very long knife, that he died of the blow, and that she got the full sentence. What does such a piece as that know about fathers? The less said about the poor child's papa, the better!"

This view of the case caused Miss Pynsent fairly to gasp, for it pushed over, with a touch, a certain tall imaginative structure which she had been piling up for years. Even as she heard it crash around her she could n't forbear

the attempt to save at least some of the material. "Really — really," she panted, "she never had to do with any one but the nobility!"

Mrs. Bowerbank surveyed her hostess with an expressionless eye. "My dear young lady, what does a respectable little body like you, that sits all day with her needle and scissors, know about the doings of a wicked, low foreigner that carries a knife? I was there when she came in, and I know to what she had sunk. Her conversation was choice, I assure you."

"Oh, it's very dreadful, and of course I know nothing in particular," Miss Pynsent quavered. "But she was n't low when I worked at the same place with her, and she often told me she would do nothing for any one that was n't at the very top."

"She might have talked to you of something that would have done you both more good," Mrs. Bowerbank remarked, while the dressmaker felt rebuked in the past as well as in the present. "At the very top, poor thing! Well, she's at the very bottom now. If she was n't low when she worked, it's a pity she did n't stick to her work; and as for pride of birth, that's an article I recommend your young friend to leave to others. You had better believe what I say, because I'm a woman of the world."

Indeed she was, as Miss Pynsent felt, to whom all this was very terrible, letting in the cold light of the penal system on a dear, dim little theory. She had cared for the child because maternity was in her nature, and this was the only manner in which fortune had put it in her path to become a mother. She had as few belongings as the baby, and it had seemed to her that he would add to her importance in the little world of Lomax Place (if she kept it a secret how she came by him), quite in the proportion in which she should contribute to his maintenance. Her weakness and loneliness went out to his, and in the course of time this united desolation was peopled by the dressmaker's romantic mind with a hundred consoling evocations. The boy proved neither a dunce nor a reprobate; but what endeared him to her most was her conviction that he belonged, "by the left hand," as she had read in a novel, to an ancient and exalted race, the list of whose representatives and the record of whose alliances she had once (when she took home some work and was made to wait, alone, in a lady's boudoir) had the opportunity of reading in a fat red book, eagerly and tremblingly consulted. She bent her head before Mrs. Bowerbank's overwhelming logic, but she felt in her heart that she should n't give the child up, for all that, that she believed in him still, and that she recognized, as distinctly as she revered, the quality of her betters. To believe in Hyacinth, for Miss Pynsent, was to believe that he *was* the son of the extremely immoral Lord Frederick. She had told him so, from the earliest age, and as Mrs. Bowerbank would be sure not to approve of such indiscretions, Miss Pynsent prayed she might not question her on that part of the business. It was not that, when it was necessary, the little dressmaker had any scruple about using the arts of prevarication; she was a kind and innocent creature, but she told fibs as freely as she invented trimmings. She had, however, not yet been questioned by an emissary of the law, and her heart beat faster when Mrs. Bowerbank said to her, in deep tones, with an effect of abruptness, "And pray, Miss Pynsent, does the child know it?"

"Know about Lord Frederick?" Miss Pynsent palpitated.

"Bother Lord Frederick! Know about his mother."

"Oh, I can't say that. I have never told him."

"But has any one else told him?"

To this inquiry Miss Pynsent's an-

swer was more prompt and more proud; it was with an agreeable sense of having conducted herself with extraordinary wisdom and propriety that she replied, "How could any one know? I have never breathed it to a creature!"

Mrs. Bowerbank gave utterance to no commendation; she only put down her empty glass and wiped her large mouth with much thoroughness and deliberation. Then she said, as if it were as cheerful an idea as, in the premises, she was capable of expressing, "Ah, well, there 'll be plenty, later on, to give him all information!"

"I pray God he may live and die without knowing it!" Miss Pynsent cried, with eagerness.

Her companion gazed at her with a kind of professional patience. "You don't keep your ideas together. How can he go to her, then, if he 's never to know?"

"Oh, did you mean she would tell him?" Miss Pynsent responded, plaintively.

"Tell him! He won't need to be told, once she gets hold of him and gives him — what she told me."

"What she told you?" Miss Pynsent repeated, open-eyed.

"The kiss her lips have been famished for for years."

"Ah, poor desolate woman!" the little dressmaker murmured, with her pity gushing up again. "Of course he 'll see she 's fond of him," she pursued, simply. Then she added, with an inspiration more brilliant, "We might tell him she 's his aunt!"

"You may tell him she 's his grandmother, if you like. But it 's all in the family."

"Yes, on that side," said Miss Pynsent, musingly and irrepressibly. "And will she speak French?" she inquired. "In that case he won't understand."

"Oh, a child will understand its own mother, whatever she speaks," Mrs. Bowerbank returned, declining to administer a superficial comfort. But she subjoined, opening the door for escape from a prospect which bristled with dangers, "Of course, it 's just according to your own conscience. You need n't bring the child at all, unless you like. There 's many a one that would n't. There 's no compulsion."

"And would nothing be done to me, if I did n't?" poor Miss Pynsent asked, unable to rid herself of the impression that it was somehow the arm of the law that was stretched out to touch her.

"The only thing that could happen to you would be that he might throw it up against you later," the lady from the prison observed, with a gloomy impartiality.

"Yes, indeed, if he were to know that I had kept him back."

"Oh, he 'd be sure to know, one of these days. We see a great deal of that — the way things come out," said Mrs. Bowerbank, whose view of life seemed to abound in cheerless contingencies. "You must remember that it is her dying wish, and that you may have it on your conscience."

"That 's a thing I *never* could abide!" the little dressmaker exclaimed, with great emphasis and a visible shiver; after which she picked up various scattered remnants of muslin and cut paper, and began to roll them together with a desperate and mechanical haste. "It 's quite awful, to know what to do — if you are very sure she *is* dying."

"Do you mean she 's shamming? we have plenty of that — but we know how to treat 'em."

"Lord, I suppose so," murmured Miss Pynsent; while her visitor went on to say that the unfortunate person on whose behalf she had undertaken this solemn pilgrimage might live a week and might live a fortnight, but if she lived a month, would violate (as Mrs. Bowerbank might express herself) every established law of nature, being reduced to skin and bone, with nothing

left of her but the main desire to see her child.

"If you 're afraid of her talking, it is n't much she 'd be able to say. And we should n't allow you more than about eight minutes," Mrs. Bowerbank pursued, in a tone that seemed to refer itself to an iron discipline.

"I 'm sure I should n't want more; that would be enough to last me many a year," said Miss Pynsent, plaintively. And then she added, with another illumination, "Don't you think he might throw it up against me that I *did* take him? People might tell him about her in later years; but if he had n't seen her, he would n't be obliged to believe them."

Mrs. Bowerbank considered this a moment, as if it were rather a super-subtle argument, and then answered, quite in the spirit of her official pessimism, "There is one thing you may be sure of: whatever you decide to do, as soon as ever he grows up he will make you wish you had done the opposite." Mrs. Bowerbank called it opposite.

"Oh, dear, then, I 'm glad it will be a long time."

"It will be ever so long, if once he gets it into his head! At any rate, you must do as you think best. Only, if you come, you must n't come when it 's all over."

"It 's too impossible to decide."

"It is, indeed," said Mrs. Bowerbank, with superior consistency. And she seemed more placidly grim than ever when she remarked, gathering up her loosened shawl, that she was much obliged to Miss Pynsent for her civility, and had been quite freshened up: her visit had so completely deprived her hostess of that sort of calm. Miss Pynsent gave the fullest expression to her perplexity in the supreme exclamation:

"If you could only wait and see the child, I 'm sure it would help you to judge!"

"My dear woman, I don't want to judge — it 's none of our business!" Mrs. Bowerbank exclaimed; and she had no sooner uttered the words than the door of the room creaked open, and a small boy stood there, gazing at her. Her eyes rested on him a moment, and then, most unexpectedly, she gave an inconsequent cry. "Is that the child? Oh, Lord o' mercy, don't take *him!*"

"Now *ain't* he shrinking and sensitive?" demanded Miss Pynsent, who had pounced upon him, and, holding him an instant at arm's length, appealed eagerly to her visitor. "Ain't he delicate and high-bred, and would n't he be thrown into a state?" Delicate as he might be, the little dressmaker shook him smartly for his naughtiness in being out of the way when he was wanted, and brought him to the big, square-faced, deep-voiced lady, who took up, as it were, all that side of the room. But Mrs. Bowerbank laid no hand upon him; she only dropped her gaze from a tremendous height, and her forbearance seemed a tribute to that fragility of constitution on which Miss Pynsent desired to insist, just as her continued gravity was an implication that this scrupulous woman might well not know what to do.

"Speak to the lady, nicely, and tell her you are very sorry to have kept her waiting."

The child hesitated a moment, while he reciprocated Mrs. Bowerbank's inspection, and then he said, with a strange, cool, conscious indifference (Miss Pynsent instantly recognized it as his aristocratic manner), "I don't think she can have been in a very great hurry."

There was irony in the words, for it is a remarkable fact that, even at the age of ten, Hyacinth Robinson was ironical; but the subject of his allusion, who was not nimble, withal, appeared not to interpret it; and she rejoined only by remarking, over his head, to

Miss Pynsent, "It's the very face of her over again!"

"Of *her?* But what do you say to Lord Frederick?"

"I *have* seen lords that was n't so dainty!"

Miss Pynsent had seen very few lords, but she entered, with a passionate thrill, into this generalization; controlling herself, however, for she remembered the child was tremendously sharp, sufficiently to declare, in an edifying tone, that he would look more like what he ought to, if his face were a little cleaner.

"It was probably Millicent Henning dirtied my face, when she kissed me," the boy announced, with slow gravity, looking all the while at Mrs. Bowerbank. He exhibited not a symptom of shyness.

"Millicent Henning is a very bad little girl; she 'll come to no good," said Miss Pynsent, with familiar decision, and also, considering that the young lady in question had been her effective messenger, with marked ingratitude.

Against this qualification the child instantly protested. "Why is she bad? I don't think she is bad; I like her very much." It came over him that he had too hastily shifted to her shoulders the responsibility of his unseemly appearance, and he wished to make up to her for that betrayal. He dimly felt that nothing but that particular accusation could have pushed him to it, for he hated people who were not fresh, who had smutches and streaks. Millicent Henning generally had two or three, which she borrowed from her doll, into whom she was always rubbing her nose, and whose dinginess was contagious. It was quite inevitable she should have left her mark under his own nose, when she claimed her reward for coming to tell him about the lady who wanted him.

Miss Pynsent held the boy against her knee, trying to present him so that Mrs. Bowerbank should agree with her about his having the air of race. He was exceedingly diminutive, even for his years, and though his appearance was not positively sickly, it seemed written in his attenuated little person that he would never be either tall or strong. His dark blue eyes were separated by a wide interval, which increased the fairness and sweetness of his face, and his abundant, curly hair, which grew thick and long, had the golden brownness predestined to elicit exclamations of delight from ladies when they take the inventory of a child. His features were smooth and pretty; his head was set upon a slim little neck; his expression, grave and clear, showed a quick perception as well as a great credulity; and he was altogether, in his innocent smallness, a refined and interesting figure.

"Yes, he 's one that would be sure to remember," said Mrs. Bowerbank, mentally contrasting him with the undeveloped members of her own brood, who had never been retentive of anything but the halfpence which they occasionally contrived to filch from her. Her eyes descended to the details of his toilet: the careful mending of his short breeches and his long, colored stockings, which she was in a position to appreciate, as well as the knot of bright ribbon which the dressmaker had passed into his collar, slightly crumpled by Miss Henning's embrace. Of course Miss Pynsent had only one to look after, but her visitor was obliged to recognize that she had the highest standard in respect to buttons. "And you *do* turn him out so it 's a pleasure," she went on, noting the ingenious patches in the child's shoes, which, to her mind, were repaired for all the world like those of a little nobleman.

"I 'm sure you 're very civil," said Miss Pynsent, in a state of severe exaltation. "There 's never a needle but mine has come near him. That 's ex-

actly what I think: the impression would go so deep."

"Do you want to see me only to look at me?" Hyacinth inquired, with a candor which, though unstudied, had again much of the force of satire.

"I 'm sure it 's very kind of the lady to notice you at all!" cried his protectress, giving him an ineffectual jerk. "You 're no bigger than a flea; there are many that would n't spy you out."

"You 'll find he 's big enough, I expect, when he begins to go," Mrs. Bowerbank remarked, tranquilly; and she added that now she saw how he was turned out she could n't but feel that the other side was to be considered. In her effort to be discreet, on account of his being present (and so precociously attentive), she became slightly enigmatical; but Miss Pynsent gathered her meaning, which was that it was very true the child would take everything in and keep it: but at the same time it was precisely his being so attractive that made it a kind of sin not to gratify the poor woman, who, if she knew what he looked like to-day, would n't forgive his adoptive mamma for not producing him. "Certainly, in her place, I should go off easier if I had seen them curls," Mrs. Bowerbank declared, with a flight of maternal imagination which brought her to her feet, while Miss Pynsent felt that she was leaving her dreadfully ploughed up, and without any really fertilizing seed having been sown. The little dressmaker packed the child upstairs to tidy himself for his tea, and while she accompanied her visitor to the door, told her that if she would have a little more patience with her, she would think, a day or two longer, what was best, and write to her when she should have decided. Mrs. Bowerbank continued to move in a realm superior to poor Miss Pynsent's scruples and timidities, and her impartiality gave her hostess a high idea of her respectability; but the way was a little smoothed when, after Amanda had moaned once more, on the threshold, helplessly and irrelevantly, "Ain't it a pity she 's so bad?" the ponderous lady from the prison rejoined, in those tones which seemed meant to resound through corridors of stone, "I assure you, there 's a many that 's much worse!"

II.

Miss Pynsent, when she found herself alone, felt that she was really quite upside down; for the event that had just occurred had never entered into her calculations: the very nature of the case had seemed to preclude it. All she knew and all she wished to know was that in one of the dreadful institutions constructed for such purposes her quondam comrade was serving out the sentence that had been substituted for the other (the unspeakable horror) almost when the halter was already round her neck. As there was no question of *that* concession being stretched any further, poor Florentine seemed only a little more dead than other people, having no decent tombstone to mark the place where she lay. Miss Pynsent had therefore never thought again of her dying; she had no idea to what prison she had been committed on being removed from Newgate (she wished to keep her mind a blank about the matter, in the interest of the child), and it could not occur to her that out of such silence and darkness a voice would reach her again, especially a voice that she should really have to listen to. Miss Pynsent would have said, before Mrs. Bowerbank's visit, that she had no account to render to any one; that she had taken up the child (who might have starved in the gutter) out of charity, and had brought him up, poor and precarious as her own subsistence had been, without a penny's help from another source; that the mother had forfeited every right and title; and that this had been understood between them

— if anything, in so dreadful an hour, could have been said to be understood — when she went to see her at Newgate (that terrible episode, nine years before, overshadowed all Miss Pynsent's other memories), — went to see her because Florentine had sent for her (a name, face, and address coming up out of the still recent but sharply separated past of their working-girl years), as the one friend to whom she could appeal with some chance of a pitying answer. The effect of violent emotion, with Miss Pynsent, was not to make her sit with idle hands, or fidget about to no purpose; under its influence, on the contrary, she threw herself into little jobs, as a fugitive takes to by-paths, and clipped and cut, and stitched and basted, as if she were running a race with hysterics. And while her hands, her scissors, her needle flew, an infinite succession of fantastic possibilities trotted through her confused little head; she had a furious imagination, and the act of reflection, in her mind, was always a panorama of figures and scenes. She had had her picture of the future, painted in rather rosy hues, hung up before her now for a good many years; but it seemed to her that Mrs. Bowerbank's heavy hand had suddenly punched a hole in the canvas. It must be added, however, that if Amanda's thoughts were apt to be bewildering visions, they sometimes led her to make up her mind, and on this particular September evening she arrived at a momentous decision. What she made up her mind to was to take advice, and in pursuance of this view she rushed down-stairs and, jerking Hyacinth away from his simple but unfinished repast, packed him across the street to tell Mr. Vetch (if he had not yet started for the theatre) that she begged he would come in to see her when he came home that night, as she had something very particular she wished to say to him. It did n't matter if he should be very late, he could come in at any hour — he would see her light in the window — and he would do her a real mercy. Miss Pynsent knew it would be of no use for her to go to bed; she felt as if she should never close her eyes again. Mr. Vetch was her most distinguished friend; she had an immense appreciation of his cleverness and knowledge of the world, as well as of the purity of his taste in matters of conduct and opinion; and she had already consulted him about Hyacinth's education. The boy needed no urging to go on such an errand, for he, too, had his ideas about the little fiddler, the second violin in the orchestra of the Vauxhall Theatre. Mr. Vetch had once obtained for the pair an order for two seats at a pantomime, and for Hyacinth the impression of that ecstatic evening had consecrated him, placed him forever in the golden glow of the footlights. There were things in life of which, even at the age of ten, it was a conviction of the boy's that it would be his fate never to see enough, and one of them was the wonder-world illuminated by those playhouse lamps. But there would be chances, perhaps, if one did n't lose sight of Mr. Vetch; he might open the door again; he was a privileged, magical mortal, who went to the play every night.

He came in to see Miss Pynsent about midnight; as soon as she heard the lame tinkle of the bell she went to the door to let him in. He was an original, in the fullest sense of the word: a lonely, disappointed, embittered, cynical little man, whose musical organization had been sterile, who had the nerves, the sensibilities, of a gentleman, and whose fate had condemned him, for the last ten years, to play a fiddle at a second-rate theatre for a few shillings a week. He had ideas of his own about everything, and they were not always very comforting. For Amanda Pynsent he represented art, literature (the literature of the play-bill), and philosophy, and she

always felt about him as if he belonged to a higher social sphere (though his earnings were hardly greater than her own, and he lived, in a single back-room, in a house where she had never seen a window washed). He had, for her, the glamour of reduced gentility and fallen fortunes; she was conscious that he spoke a different language (though she could n't have said in what the difference consisted) from the other members of her humble, almost suburban circle; and the shape of his hands was distinctly aristocratic. (Miss Pynsent, as I have intimated, was immensely preoccupied with that element in life.) Mr. Vetch displeased her only by one of the facets of his character, — his blasphemous republican, radical views, and the contemptuous manner in which he expressed himself about the nobility. On that ground he distressed her extremely, though he never seemed to her so clever as when he horrified her most. These dreadful theories (expressed so brilliantly that, really, they might have been dangerous, if Miss Pynsent had not known her own place so well) constituted no presumption against his refined origin; they were explained, rather, to a certain extent, by a just resentment at finding himself excluded from his proper place. Mr. Vetch was short, fat, and bald, though he was not much older than Miss Pynsent, who was not much older than some people who called themselves forty-five; he always went to the theatre in evening-dress, with a flower in his button-hole, and wore a glass in one eye. He looked mild and smooth, and as if he would fidget at the most about the "get up" of his linen; you would have thought him finical but superficial, and never have suspected that he was a revolutionist, or even a critic of life. Sometimes, when he could get away from the theatre early enough, he went with a pianist, a friend of his, to play dance-music at small parties; and after such expeditions he was particularly cynical and startling; he indulged in diatribes against the British middle-class, its Philistinism, its snobbery. He seldom had much conversation with Miss Pynsent without telling her that she had the intellectual outlook of a caterpillar; but this was his privilege after a friendship now of seven years' standing, which had begun (the year after he came to live in Lomax Place) with her going over to nurse him, on learning from the milkwoman that he was alone at Number 17, — laid up with an attack of gastritis. He always compared her to an insect or a bird, and she did n't mind, because she knew he liked her, and she herself liked all winged creatures. How indeed could she complain, after hearing him call the Queen a superannuated form, and the Archbishop of Canterbury a grotesque superstition?

He laid his violin-case on the table, which was covered with a confusion of fashion-plates and pincushions, and glanced toward the fire, where a kettle was gently hissing. Miss Pynsent, who had put it on half an hour before, read his glance, and reflected with complacency that Mrs. Bowerbank had not absolutely drained the little bottle in the chiffonier. She put it on the table again, this time with a single glass, and told her visitor that, as a great exception, he might light his pipe. In fact, she always made the exception, and he always replied to the gracious speech by inquiring whether she supposed the greengrocers' wives, the butchers' daughters, for whom she worked, had fine enough noses to smell, in the garments she sent home, the fumes of his tobacco. He knew her "connection" was confined to small shopkeepers, but she did n't wish others to know it, and would have liked them to believe it was important that the poor little stuffs she made up (into very queer fashions, I am afraid) should not surprise the feminine nostril. But it had always been im-

possible to impose on Mr. Vetch; he guessed the truth, the untrimmed truth, about everything, in a moment. She was sure he would do so now, in regard to this solemn question which had come up about Hyacinth; he would see that though she was agreeably flurried at finding herself whirled in the last eddies of a case that had been so celebrated in its day, her secret wish was to shirk her duty (if it *was* a duty); to keep the child from ever knowing his mother's unmentionable history, the shame that attached to his origin, the opportunity she had had of letting him see the wretched woman before she died. She knew Mr. Vetch would read her troubled thoughts, but she hoped he would say they were natural and just: she reflected that as he took an interest in Hyacinth he would n't want him to be subjected to a mortification that might rankle forever and perhaps even crush him to the earth. She related Mrs. Bowerbank's visit, while he sat upon the sofa, in the very place where that majestic woman had reposed, and puffed his smoke-wreaths into the dusky little room. He knew the story of the child's birth, had known it years before, so she had no startling revelation to make. He was not in the least agitated at learning that Florentine was dying in prison, and had managed to get a message conveyed to Amanda; he thought this so much in the usual course that he said to Miss Pynsent, "Did you expect her to live on there forever, working out her terrible sentence, just to spare you the annoyance of a dilemma, or any reminder of her miserable existence, which you have preferred to forget?" That was just the sort of question Mr. Vetch was sure to ask, and he inquired, further, of his dismayed hostess, whether she was sure her friend's message (he called the unhappy creature her friend) had come to her in the regular way. The warders, surely, had no authority to introduce visitors to their captives; and was it a question of her going off to the prison on the sole authority of Mrs. Bowerbank? The little dressmaker explained that this lady had merely come to sound her, Florentine had begged so hard. She had been in Mrs. Bowerbank's ward before her removal to the infirmary, where she now lay, ebbing away, and she had communicated her desire to the Catholic chaplain, who had undertaken that some satisfaction — of inquiry, at least — should be given her. He had thought it best to ascertain first whether the person in charge of the child would be willing to bring him, such a course being perfectly optional, and he had some talk with Mrs. Bowerbank on the subject, in which it was agreed between them that if she would approach Miss Pynsent and explain to her the situation, leaving her to do what she thought best, he would answer for it that the consent of the governor of the prison should be given to the interview. Miss Pynsent had lived for fourteen years in Lomax Place, and Florentine had never forgotten that this was her address at the time she came to her at Newgate (before her dreadful sentence had been commuted), and promised, in an outgush of pity for one whom she had known in the days of her honesty and brightness, that she would save the child, keep it from the workhouse and the streets, keep it from the fate that had clutched the mother. Mrs. Bowerbank had a half-holiday, and a sister living also in the north of London, to whom she had been for some time intending a visit; so that after her domestic duty had been performed, it had been possible for her to drop in on Miss Pynsent in a kind of natural, casual way, and put the case before her. It would be just as she might be disposed to view it. She was to think it over a day or two, but not long, because the woman was so ill, and then write to Mrs. Bowerbank, at the prison. If she should consent, Mrs. Bowerbank would tell the

chaplain, and the chaplain would obtain the order from the governor and send it to Lomax Place; after which Amanda would immediately set out with her unconscious victim. But should she — *must* she — consent? That was the terrible, the heart-shaking question, with which Miss Pynsent's unaided wisdom had been unable to grapple.

"After all, he is n't hers any more, — he 's mine, mine only and mine always. I should like to know if all I have done for him does n't make him so!" It was in this manner that Amanda Pynsent delivered herself, while she plied her needle, faster than ever, in a piece of stuff that was pinned to her knee.

Mr. Vetch watched her awhile, blowing silently at his pipe, with his head thrown back on the high, stiff, old-fashioned sofa, and his little legs crossed under him like a Turk's. "It 's true you have done a good deal for him. You are a good little woman, my dear Pinnie, after all." He said "after all," because that was a part of his tone. In reality he had never had a moment's doubt that she was the best little woman in the north of London.

"I have done what I could, and I don't want no fuss made about it. Only it does make a difference when you come to look at it — about taking him off to see another woman. And *such* another woman — and in such a place! I think it 's hardly right to take an innocent child."

"I don't know about that; there are people that would tell you it would do him good. If he did n't like the place as a child, he would take more care to keep out of it later."

"Lord, Mr. Vetch, how can you think? And him such a perfect little gentleman!" Miss Pynsent cried.

"Is it you that have made him one?" the fiddler asked. "It does n't run in the family, you 'd say."

"Family? what do you know about that?" she replied, quickly, catching at her dearest, her only hobby.

"Yes, indeed, what does any one know? what did she know herself?" And then Miss Pynsent's visitor added, irrelevantly, "Why should you have taken him on your back? Why did you want to be so good? No one else thinks it necessary."

"I did n't want to be good. That is, I do want to, of course, in a general way: but that was n't the reason then. But I had nothing of my own, — I had nothing in the world but my thimble."

"That would have seemed to most people a reason for not adopting a prostitute's bastard."

"Well, I went to see him at the place where he was (just where she had left him, with the woman of the house), and I saw what kind of a shop *that* was, and felt it was a shame an innocent child should grow up in such a place." Miss Pynsent defended herself as earnestly as if her inconsistency had been of a criminal cast. "And he would n't have grown up, neither. *They* would n't have troubled themselves long with a helpless baby. *They 'd* have played some trick on him, if it was only to send him to the workhouse. Besides, I always was fond of small creatures, and I have been fond of this one," she went on, speaking as if with a consciousness, on her own part, of almost heroic proportions.

"He was in my way the first two or three years, and it was a good deal of a pull to look after the business and him together. But now he 's like the business — he seems to go of himself."

"Oh, if he flourishes as the business flourishes, you can just enjoy your peace of mind," said the fiddler, still with his manner of making a small dry joke of everything.

"That 's all very well, but it does n't close my eyes to that poor woman lying there and moaning just for the touch of his little 'and before she passes away.

Mrs. Bowerbank says she believes I will bring him."

"Who believes? Mrs. Bowerbank?"

"I wonder if there 's anything in life fearful enough for you to take it seriously," Miss Pynsent rejoined, snapping off a thread, with temper. "The day you stop laughing I should like to be there."

"So long as you are there, I shall never stop. What is it you want me to advise you? to take the child, or to leave the mother to groan herself out?"

"I want you to tell me whether he 'll curse me when he grows older."

"That depends upon what you do. However, he will probably do it in either case."

"You don't believe that, because you like him," said Amanda, with acuteness.

"Precisely; and he 'll curse me too. He 'll curse every one. He won't be happy."

"I don't know how you think I bring him up," the little dressmaker remarked, with dignity.

"You don't bring him up; he brings you up."

"That 's what you have always said; but you don't know. If you mean that he does as he likes, then he ought to be happy. It ain't kind of you to say he won't be," Miss Pynsent added, reproachfully.

"I would say anything you like, if what I say would help the matter. He 's a thin-skinned, morbid, mooning little beggar, with a good deal of imagination and not much perseverance, who will expect a good deal more of life than he will find in it. That 's why he won't be happy."

Miss Pynsent listened to this description of her *protégé* with an appearance of criticising it mentally; but in reality she did n't know what "morbid" meant, and did n't like to ask. "He 's the cleverest person I know, except yourself," she said in a moment, for Mr. Vetch's words had been in the key of what she thought most remarkable in him. What that was she would have been unable to say.

"Thank you very much for putting me first," the fiddler rejoined, after a series of puffs. "The youngster 's interesting, one sees that he has a mind, and in that respect he is — I won't say unique, but peculiar. I shall watch him with curiosity, to see what he grows into. But I shall always be glad that I 'm a selfish brute of a bachelor; that I never invested in that class of goods."

"Well, you *are* comforting. You would spoil him more than I do," said Amanda.

"Possibly, but it would be in a different way. I would n't tell him every three minutes that his father was a duke."

"A duke I never mentioned!" the little dressmaker cried, with eagerness. "I never specified any rank, nor said a word about any one in particular. I never so much as insinuated the name of his lordship. But I *may* have said that if the truth was to be found out, he might be proved to be connected — in the way of cousinship, or something of the kind, — with the highest in the land. I should have thought myself wanting if I had n't given him a glimpse of that. But there is one thing I have always added — that the truth never *is* found out."

"You are still more comforting than I!" Mr. Vetch exclaimed. He continued to watch her, with his charitable, round-faced smile, and then he said, "You won't do what I say; so what is the use of my telling you?"

"I assure you I will, if you say you believe it 's the *only* right."

"Do I often say anything so asinine? Right — right? what have you to do with that? If you want the only right, you are very particular."

"Please, then, what am I to go by?" the dressmaker asked, bewildered.

"You are to go by this, by what will take the youngster down."

"Take him down, my poor little pet?"

"Your poor little pet thinks himself the flower of creation. I don't say there is any harm in that: a fine, blooming, odoriferous conceit is a natural appendage of youth and cleverness. I don't say there is any great harm in it, but if you want a guide as to how you are to treat a boy, that's as good a guide as any other."

"You want me to arrange the interview, then?"

"I don't want you to do anything, but give me another sip of brandy. I just say this: that I think it's a great gain, early in life, to know the worst; then we don't live in a fool's paradise. I did that till I was nearly forty; then I woke up and found I was in Lomax Place." Whenever Mr. Vetch said anything that could be construed as a reference to a former position which had had elements of distinction, Miss Pynsent observed a discreet, a respectful silence, and that is why she did not challenge him now, though she wanted very much to say that Hyacinth was no more "presumptious" (that was the term she should have used) than he had reason to be, with his genteel figure and his wonderful intelligence; and that as for thinking himself a "flower" of any kind, he knew but too well that he lived in a small black-faced house, miles away from the West End, rented by a poor little woman who took lodgers, and who, as they were of such a class that they were not always to be depended upon to settle her weekly account, had a strain to make two ends meet, in spite of the sign between her windows —

MISS AMANDA PYNSENT.
MODES ET ROBES.
DRESSMAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES. COURT-DRESSES, MANTLES, AND FASHIONABLE BONNETS.

Singularly enough, her companion, before she had permitted herself to interpose, took up her own thought (in one of its parts), and remarked that perhaps she would say of the child that he was, so far as his actual circumstances were concerned, low enough down in the world, without one's wanting him to be any lower. "But by the time he's twenty, he'll persuade himself that Lomax Place was a bad dream, that your lodgers and your dressmaking were as imaginary as they are vulgar, and that when an old friend came to see you late at night, it was not your amiable practice to make him a glass of brandy and water. He'll teach himself to forget all this: he'll have a way."

"Do you mean he'll forget *me*, he'll deny me?" cried Miss Pynsent, stopping the movement of her needle, short off, for the first time.

"As the person designated in that attractive blazonry on the outside of your house, decidedly he will; and me, equally, as a bald-headed, pot-bellied fiddler, who regarded you as the most graceful and refined of his acquaintance. I don't mean he'll disown you and pretend he never knew you: I don't think he will ever be such an odious little cad as that; he probably won't be a sneak, and he strikes me as having some love, and possibly even some gratitude, in him. But he will, in his imagination (and that will always persuade him), subject you to some extraordinary metamorphosis; he will dress you up."

"He'll dress me up!" Amanda ejaculated, quite ceasing to follow the train of Mr. Vetch's demonstration. "Do you mean that he'll have the property — that his relations will take him up?"

"My dear, delightful, idiotic Pinnie, I am speaking in a figurative manner. I don't pretend to say what his precise position will be when we are relegated; but I affirm that relegation will be our fate. Therefore don't stuff him with any more illusions than are necessary to keep him alive; he will be sure to pick up enough on the way. On the contrary,

give him a good stiff dose of the truth at the start."

"Dear me, dear me, of course you see much further into it than I could ever do," Pinnie murmured, as she threaded a needle.

Mr. Vetch paused a minute, but apparently not out of deference to this amiable interruption. He went on suddenly, with a ring of feeling in his voice. "Let him know, because it will be useful to him later, the state of the account between society and himself; he can then conduct himself accordingly. If he is the illegitimate child of a French good-for-naught who murdered one of her numerous lovers, don't shuffle out of sight so important a fact. I regard that as a most valuable origin."

"Lord, Mr. Vetch, how you talk!" cried Miss Pynsent, staring. "I don't know what one would think, to hear you."

"Surely, my dear lady, and for this reason: that those are the people with whom society has to count. It has n't with you and me." Miss Pynsent gave a sigh which might have meant either that she was well aware of that, or that Mr. Vetch had a terrible way of enlarging a subject, especially when it was already too big for her; and her philosophic visitor went on: "Poor little devil, let him see her, let him see her."

"And if later, when he 's twenty, he says to me that if I had n't meddled in it he need never have known, he need never have had that shame, pray what am I to say to him then? That 's what I can't get out my head."

"You can say to him that a young man who is sorry for having gone to his mother when, in her last hours, she lay groaning for him on a pallet in a penitentiary, deserves more than the sharpest pang he can possibly feel." And the little fiddler, getting up, went over to the fireplace and shook out the ashes of his pipe.

"Well, I am sure it 's natural he should feel badly," said Miss Pynsent, folding up her work with the same desperate quickness that had animated her throughout the evening.

"I have n't the least objection to his feeling badly: that 's not the worst thing in the world! If a few more people felt badly in this sodden, stolid, stupid race of ours, the world would wake up to an idea or two, and we should see the beginning of the dance. It 's the dull acceptance, the absence of reflection, the impenetrable density." Here Mr. Vetch stopped short; his hostess stood before him with eyes of entreaty, with clasped hands.

"Now, Theophilus Vetch, don't go off into them dreadful wild theories," she cried, always ungrammatical when she was strongly moved. "You always fly away over the housetops. I thought you liked him better — the dear little unfortunate."

Theophilus Vetch had pocketed his pipe; he put on his hat with the freedom of old acquaintance and of Lomax Place, and took up his small, coffin-like fiddle-case. "My good Pinnie, I don't think you understand a word I say. It 's no use talking — do as you like!"

"Well, I must say I don't think it was worth your coming in at midnight only to tell me that. I don't like anything — I hate the whole dreadful business!"

He bent over, in his short plumpness, to kiss her hand, as he had seen people do on the stage. "My dear friend, we have different ideas, and I never shall succeed in driving mine into your head. It 's because I *am* fond of him, poor little devil; but you will never understand that. I want him to know everything, and especially the worst — the worst, as I have said. If I were in his position, I should n't thank you for trying to make a fool of me!"

"A fool of you? as if I thought of anything but his 'appiness!" Amanda Pynsent exclaimed. She stood looking

at him, but following her own reflections; she had given up the attempt to enter into his whims. She remembered, what she had noticed before, in other occurrences, that his reasons were always more extraordinary than his behavior itself; if you only considered his life, you would n't have thought him so fanciful. "Very likely I think too much of that," she added. "She wants him and cries for him: that's what keeps coming back to me." She took up her lamp to light Mr. Vetch to the door (for the dim luminary in the passage had long since been extinguished), and before he left the house he turned, suddenly, stopping short, and said, his placid face taking a strange expression from the quizzical glimmer of his little round eyes: —

"What does it matter after all, and why do you worry? What difference can it make what happens — on either side — to such low people?"

III.

Mrs. Bowerbank had let her know she would meet her, almost at the threshold of the dreadful place; and this thought had sustained Miss Pynsent in her long and devious journey, performed partly on foot, partly in a succession of omnibuses. She had had ideas about a cab, but she decided to reserve the cab for the return, as then, very likely, she should be so shaken with emotion, so overpoweringly affected, that it would be a comfort to escape from observation. She had no confidence that if once she passed the door of the prison she should ever be restored to liberty and her customers; it seemed to her an adventure as dangerous as it was dismal, and she was immensely touched by the clear-faced eagerness of the child at her side, who strained forward as brightly as he had done on another occasion, still celebrated in Miss Pynsent's industrious annals, a certain sultry Saturday in August, when she had taken him to the Tower of London. It had been a terrible question with her, when once she made up her mind, what she should tell him about the nature of their errand. She determined to tell him as little as possible, to say only that she was going to see a poor woman who was in prison on account of a crime she had committed years before, and who had sent for her, and had caused her to be told at the same time that if there was any child she could see — as children (if they were good) were bright and cheering — it would make her very happy that such a little visitor should come as well. It was very difficult, with Hyacinth, to make reservations or mysteries; he wanted to know everything about everything, and he projected the light of a hundred questions upon Miss Pynsent's incarcerated friend. She had to admit that she had been her friend (for where else was the obligation to go to see her?); but she spoke of the acquaintance as if it were of the slightest (it had survived in the memory of the prisoner only because every one else — the world was so very hard! — had turned away from her), and she congratulated herself on a happy inspiration when she represented the crime for which such a penalty had been exacted as the theft of a gold watch, in a moment of irresistible temptation. The woman had had a wicked husband, who maltreated and deserted her, and she was very poor, almost starving, dreadfully pressed. Hyacinth listened to her history with absorbed attention, and then he said: —

"And had n't she any children — had n't she a little boy?"

This inquiry seemed to Miss Pynsent a portent of future embarrassments, but she met it as bravely as she could, and replied that she believed the wretched victim of the law had had (once upon a time) a very small baby, but she was afraid she had completely lost sight of

it. He must know they did n't allow babies in prisons. To this Hyacinth rejoined that of course they would allow him, because he was — really — big. Miss Pynsent fortified herself with the memory of her other pilgrimage to Newgate, upwards of ten years before; she had escaped from that ordeal, and had even had the comfort of knowing that in its fruits the interview had been beneficent. The responsibility, however, was much greater now, and, after all, it was not on her own account she was in a nervous tremor, but on that of the urchin over whom the shadow of the house of shame might cast itself.

They made the last part of their approach on foot, having got themselves deposited as near as possible to the river, and keeping beside it (according to advice elicited by Miss Pynsent, on the way, in a dozen confidential interviews with policemen, conductors of omnibuses, and small shopkeepers), till they came to a big, dark building with towers, which they would know as soon as they looked at it. They knew it, in fact, soon enough, when they saw it lift its dusky mass from the bank of the Thames, lying there and sprawling over the whole neighborhood, with brown, bare, windowless walls, ugly, truncated pinnacles, and a character unspeakably sad and stern. It looked very sinister and wicked, to Miss Pynsent's eyes, and she wondered why a prison should have such an evil face, if it was erected in the interest of justice and order — an expression of the righteous forces of society. This particular penitentiary struck her as about as bad and wrong as those who were in it; it threw a blight over the whole place and made the river look foul and poisonous, and the opposite bank, with its protrusions of long-necked chimneys, unsightly gasometers, and deposits of rubbish, wear the aspect of a region at whose expense the jail had been populated. She looked up at the dull, closed gates of the place, tightening her grasp of Hyacinth's small hand; and if it was hard to believe anything so blind and deaf and closely fastened would relax itself to let her in, there was a dreadful premonitory sinking of the heart attached to the idea of its taking the same trouble to let her out. As she hung back, murmuring vague ejaculations, at the very goal of her journey, an incident occurred which fanned all her scruples and reluctances into life again. The child suddenly jerked his hand out of her own, and placing it behind him, in the clutch of the other, said to her, respectfully but resolutely, while he planted himself at a considerable distance: —

"I don't like this place."

"Neither do I like it, my darling," cried the dressmaker, pitifully. "Oh, if you knew how little!"

"Then we will go away. I won't go in."

She would have embraced this proposition with alacrity, if it had not become very vivid to her while she stood there, in the midst of her shrinking, that behind those sullen walls the mother who bore him was even then counting the minutes. She was alive, in that huge, dull tomb, and it seemed to Miss Pynsent that they had already entered into relation with her. They were near her, and she knew it; in a few minutes she would taste the cup of the only mercy (except the reprieve from hanging!) she had known since her fall. A few, a very few minutes would do it, and it seemed to Miss Pynsent that if she should fail of her charity now, the watches of the night, in Lomax Place, would be haunted with remorse and perhaps even with something worse. There was something inside that waited and listened, something that would break, with an awful sound, a shriek, or a curse, if she were to lead the boy away. She looked into his pale face for a moment, perfectly conscious that it would be vain for her to take the tone of command; besides, that would

have seemed to her shocking. She had another inspiration, and she said to him in a manner in which she had had occasion to speak before: —

"The reason why we have come is only to be kind. If we are kind we shan't mind its being disagreeable."

"Why should we be kind, if she's a bad woman?" Hyacinth inquired. "She must be very low; I don't want to know her."

"Hush, hush," groaned poor Amanda, edging toward him with clasped hands. "She is not bad now; it has all been washed away — it has been expiated."

"What's expiated?" asked the child, while she almost kneeled down in the dust, catching him to her bosom.

"It's when you have suffered terribly — suffered so much that it has made you good again."

"Has *she* suffered very much?"

"For years and years. And now she is dying. It proves she is very good now, that she should want to see us."

"Do you mean because *we* are good?" Hyacinth went on, probing the matter in a way that made his companion quiver, and gazing away from her, very seriously, across the river, at the dreary waste of Battersea.

"We shall be good if we are pitiful, if we make an effort," said the dressmaker, seeming to look up at him rather than down.

"But if she is dying? I don't want to see any one die."

Miss Pynsent was bewildered, but she rejoined, desperately, "If we go to her, perhaps she won't. Maybe we shall save her."

He transferred his remarkable little eyes — eyes which always appeared to her to belong to a person older than herself, to her face; and then he inquired, "Why should I save her, if I don't like her?"

"If she likes you, that will be enough."

At this Miss Pynsent began to see that he was moved. "Will she like me very much?"

"More, much more than any one."

"More than you, now?"

"Oh," said Amanda quickly. "I mean more than she likes any one."

Hyacinth had slipped his hands into the pockets of his scanty knickerbockers, and, with his legs slightly apart, he looked from his companion back to the immense dreary jail. A great deal, to Miss Pynsent's sense, depended on that moment. "Oh, well," he said, at last, "I 'll just step in."

"Deary, deary!" the dressmaker murmured to herself, as they crossed the bare semicircle which separated the gateway from the unfrequented street. She exerted herself to pull the bell, which seemed to her terribly big and stiff, and while she waited, again, for the consequences of this effort, the boy broke out, abruptly: —

"How can she like me so much if she does n't know me?"

Miss Pynsent wished the gate would open before an answer to this question should become imperative, but the people within were a long time coming, and their delay gave Hyacinth an opportunity to repeat it. So the dressmaker rejoined, seizing the first pretext that came into her head, "It's because the little baby she had, of old, was also named Hyacinth."

"That's a queer reason," the boy murmured, staring across again at the Battersea shore.

A moment afterwards they found themselves in a vast interior dimness, with a grinding of keys and bolts going on behind them. Hereupon Miss Pynsent gave herself up to an overruling Providence, and she remembered, later, no circumstance of what happened to her until the great person of Mrs. Bowerbank loomed before her in the narrowness of a strange, dark corridor. She only had a confused impression of being surrounded with high black walls, whose

inner face was more dreadful than the other, the one that overlooked the river; of passing through gray, stony courts, in some of which dreadful figures, scarcely female, in hideous brown, misfitting uniforms and perfect frights of hoods, were marching round in a circle; of squeezing up steep, unlighted staircases at the heels of a woman who had taken possession of her at the first stage, and who made incomprehensible remarks to other women, of lumpish aspect, as she saw them erect themselves, suddenly and spectrally, with dowdy untied bonnets, in uncanny corners and recesses of the draughty labyrinth. If the place had seemed cruel to the poor little dressmaker outside, it may be believed that it did not strike her as an abode of mercy while she pursued her devious way into the circular shafts of cells, where she had an opportunity of looking at captives through grated peepholes, and of edging past others who had temporarily been turned into the corridors — silent women, with fixed eyes, who flattened themselves against the stone walls at the brush of the visitor's dress, and whom Miss Pynsent was afraid to glance at. She never had felt so immured, so made sure of; there were walls within walls and galleries on top of galleries; even the daylight lost its color, and you could n't imagine what o'clock it was. Mrs. Bowerbank appeared to have failed her, and that made her feel worse; a panic seized her, as she went, in regard to the child. On him, too, the horror of the place would have fallen, and she had a sickening prevision that he would have convulsions after they got home. It was a most improper place to have brought him, no matter who had sent for him, and no matter who was dying. The stillness would terrify him, she was sure — the penitential dumbness of the clustered or isolated women. She clasped his hand more tightly, and she felt him keep close to her, without speaking a word. At last, in an open doorway, darkened by her ample person, Mrs. Bowerbank revealed herself, and Miss Pynsent thought it (afterwards) a sign of her place and power that she should not condescend to apologize for not having appeared till that moment, or to explain why she had not met the bewildered pilgrims near the principal entrance, according to her promise. Miss Pynsent could not embrace the state of mind of people who did n't apologize, though she vaguely envied and admired it, she herself spending much of her time in making excuses for obnoxious acts she had not committed. Mrs. Bowerbank, however, was not arrogant, she was only massive and muscular; and after she had taken her timorous friends in tow, the dressmaker was able to comfort herself with the reflection that even so masterful a woman could n't inflict anything gratuitously disagreeable on a person who had made her visit in Lomax Place pass off so pleasantly.

It was on the outskirts of the infirmary that she had been hovering, and it was into certain dismal chambers, dedicated to sick criminals, that she presently ushered her companions. These chambers were naked and grated, like all the rest of the place, and caused Miss Pynsent to say to herself that it must be a blessing to be ill in such a place, because you could n't possibly pick up again, and then your case was simple. Such simplification, however, had for the moment been offered to very few of Florentine's fellow-sufferers, for only three of the small, stiff beds were occupied — occupied by white-faced women in tight, sordid caps, on whom, in the stale, ugly room, the sallow light itself seemed to rest without pity. Mrs. Bowerbank discreetly paid no attention whatever to Hyacinth; she only said to Miss Pynsent, with her hoarse distinctness, "You 'll find her very low; she would n't have waited another day." And she guided them, through a still further door, to the smallest room of

all, where there were but three beds, placed in a row. Miss Pynsent's frightened eyes rather faltered than inquired, but she became aware that a woman was lying on the middle bed, and that her face was turned toward the door. Mrs. Bowerbank led the way straight up to her, and, giving a business-like pat to her pillow, looked invitation and encouragement to the visitors, who clung together not far within the threshold. Their conductress reminded them that very few minutes were allowed them, and that they had better not dawdle them away; whereupon, as the boy still hung back, the little dressmaker advanced alone, looking at the sick woman with what courage she could muster. It seemed to her that she was approaching a perfect stranger, so completely had nine years of prison transformed Florentine. She felt, immediately, that it was a mercy she had n't told Hyacinth she was pretty (as she used to be), for there was no beauty left in the hollow, bloodless mask that presented itself without a movement. She *had* told him that the poor woman was good, but she did n't look so, nor, evidently, was he struck with it as he stared back at her across the interval he declined to traverse, kept (at the same time) from retreating by her strange, fixed eyes, the only portion of all her wasted person in which there was still any appearance of life. She looked unnatural to Amanda Pynsent, and terribly old; a speechless, motionless creature, dazed and stupid, whereas Florentine Vivier, in the obliterated past, had been her ideal of personal, as distinguished from social, brilliancy. Above all she seemed disfigured and ugly, cruelly misrepresented by her coarse cap and short, rough hair. Amanda, as she stood beside her, thought with a sort of scared elation that Hyacinth would never guess that a person in whom there was so little trace of smartness — or of cleverness of any kind — was his mother. At the very most it might occur to him, as Mrs. Bowerbank had suggested, that she was his grandmother. Mrs. Bowerbank seated herself on the further bed, with folded hands, like a monumental timekeeper, and remarked, in the manner of one speaking from a sense of duty, that the poor thing would n't get much good of the child, unless he showed more confidence. This observation was evidently lost upon the boy; he was too intensely absorbed in watching the prisoner. A chair had been placed at the head of her bed, and Miss Pynsent sat down without her appearing to notice it. In a moment, however, she lifted her hand a little, pushing it out from under the coverlet, and the dressmaker laid her own hand softly upon it. This gesture elicited no response, but after a little, still gazing at the boy, Florentine murmured, in words no one present was in a position to understand: —

"*Dieu de Dieu, qu'il est beau!*"

"She won't speak nothing but French since she has been so bad — you can't get a natural word out of her," Mrs. Bowerbank said.

"It used to be so pretty when she spoke English — and so very amusing," Miss Pynsent ventured to announce, with a feeble attempt to brighten up the scene. "I suppose she has forgotten it all."

"She may well have forgotten it — she never gave her tongue much exercise. There was little enough trouble to keep *her* from chattering," Mrs. Bowerbank rejoined, giving a twitch to the sick woman's counterpane. Miss Pynsent settled it a little on the other side, and considered, in the same train, that this separation of language was indeed a mercy; for how could it ever come into her small companion's head that he was the offspring of a person who could n't so much as say good-morning to him? She felt, at the same

time, that the scene might have been somewhat less painful if they had been able to communicate with the object of their compassion. As it was, they had too much the air of having been brought together simply to look at each other, and there was a grewsome awkwardness in that, considering the delicacy of Florentine's position. Not, indeed, that she looked much at her old comrade; it was as if she were conscious of Miss Pynsent's being there, and would have been glad to thank her for it — glad even to examine her for her own sake, and see what change, for her, too, the horrible years had brought, but felt, more than this, that she had but the thinnest pulse of energy left, and that not a moment that could still be of use to her was too much to take in her child. She took him in with all the glazed entreaty of her eyes, quite giving up his poor little protectress, who evidently would have to take her gratitude for granted. Hyacinth, on his side, after some moments of embarrassing silence — there was nothing audible but Mrs. Bowerbank's breathing — had satisfied himself, and he turned about to look for a place of patience, while Miss Pynsent should finish her business, which as yet made so little show. He appeared to wish, not to leave the room altogether, as that would be a confession of a vanquished spirit, but to take some attitude that should express his complete disapproval of the unpleasant situation. He was not in sympathy, and he could not have made it more clear than by the way he presently went and placed himself on a low stool, in a corner, near the door by which they had entered.

"*Est-il possible, mon Dieu, qu'il soit gentil comme ça?*" his mother moaned, just above her breath.

"We are very glad you should have cared — that they look after you so well," said Miss Pynsent, confusedly, at random; feeling, first, that Hyacinth's coldness was, perhaps, excessive, and his skepticism too marked, and then that allusions to the way the poor woman was looked after were not exactly happy. They did n't matter, however, for she evidently heard nothing, giving no sign of interest, even when Mrs. Bowerbank, in a tone between a desire to make the interview more lively, and an idea of showing that she knew how to treat the young, referred herself to the little boy.

"Is there nothing the little gentleman would like to say, now, to the unfortunate? Has n't he any pleasant remark to make to her about his coming so far to see her when she 's so sunk? It is n't often that children are shown over the place (as the little man has been), and there 's many that would think they were lucky if they could see what he has seen."

"*Mon pauvre joujou, mon pauvre chéri,*" the prisoner went on, in her tender, tragic whisper.

"He only wants to be very good; he always sits that way at home," said Miss Pynsent, alarmed at Mrs. Bowerbank's address and hoping there would n't be a scene.

"He might have stayed at home then — with this wretched person moaning after him," Mrs. Bowerbank remarked, with some sternness. She plainly felt that the occasion threatened to be wanting in brilliancy, and wished to intimate that though she was to be trusted for discipline, she thought they were all getting off too easily.

"I came because Pinnie brought me," Hyacinth declared, from his low perch. "I thought at first it would be pleasant. But it ain't pleasant. I don't like prisons." And he placed his little feet on the cross-piece of the stool, as if to touch the institution at as few points as possible.

The woman in bed continued her strange, almost whining plaint. "*Il ne veut pas s'approcher; il a honte de moi.*"

"There 's a many that begin like that!" laughed Mrs. Bowerbank, who was irritated by the boy's contempt for one of her Majesty's finest establishments.

Hyacinth's little white face exhibited no confusion; he only turned it to the prisoner again, and Miss Pynsent felt that some extraordinary, dumb exchange of meanings was taking place between them. "She used to be so elegant; she *was* a fine woman," she observed, gently and helplessly.

"*Il a honte de moi — il a honte, Dieu le pardonne,*" Florentine Vivier went on, never moving her eyes.

"She 's asking for something, in her language. I used to know a few words," said Miss Pynsent, stroking down the bed, very nervously.

"Who is that woman? what does she want?" Hyacinth asked, his small, clear voice ringing over the dreary room.

"She wants you to come near her, she wants to kiss you, sir," said Mrs. Bowerbank, as if it were more than he deserved.

"I won't kiss her; Pinnie says she stole a watch!" the child answered, with resolution.

"Oh, you dreadful — how could you ever!" cried Pinnie, blushing all over and starting out of her chair.

It was partly Amanda's agitation, perhaps, which, by the jolt it administered, gave an impulse to the sick woman, and partly the penetrating and expressive tone in which Hyacinth announced his repugnance: at any rate, Florentine, in the most unexpected and violent manner, jerked herself up from her pillow, and, with dilated eyes and waving hands, shrieked out, "*Ah, quelle infamie!* I never stole a watch, I never stole anything — anything! *Ah, par exemple!*" Then she fell back, sobbing with the passion that had given her a moment's strength.

"I 'm sure you need n't put more on her than she has by rights," said Mrs. Bowerbank, with dignity, to the dressmaker, laying a large red hand upon the patient, to keep her in her place.

"Mercy, more? I thought it so much less!" cried Miss Pynsent, convulsed with confusion and jerking herself, in a wild tremor, from the mother to the child, as if she wished to fling herself upon one for contrition and upon the other for revenge.

"*Il a honte de moi — il a honte de moi!*" Florentine repeated, in the misery of her sobs, "*Dieu de bonté, quelle horreur!*"

Miss Pynsent dropped on her knees beside the bed, and trying to possess herself of Florentine's hand again, protested with a passion almost equal to that of the prisoner (she felt that her nerves had been screwed up to the snapping-point, and now they were all in shreds) that she had n't meant what she had told the child, that he had n't understood, that Florentine herself had n't understood, that she had only said she had been accused and meant that no one had ever believed it. The Frenchwoman paid no attention to her whatever, and Amanda buried her face and her embarrassment in the side of the hard little prison-bed, while, above the sound of their common lamentation, she heard the judicial tones of Mrs. Bowerbank.

"The child *is* delicate, you might well say! I 'm disappointed in the effect — I was in hopes you 'd hearten her up. The doctor 'll be down on *me*, of course; so we 'll just pass out again."

"I 'm very sorry I made you cry. And you must excuse Pinnie — I asked her so many questions."

These words came from close beside the prostrate dressmaker, who, lifting herself quickly, found the little boy had advanced to her elbow and was taking a nearer view of the mysterious captive. They produced upon the latter an effect even more powerful than his unfortunate speech of a moment before; for she found strength to raise herself,

partly, in her bed again, and to hold out her arms to him, with the same thrilling sobs. She was talking still, but she had become quite inarticulate, and Miss Pynsent had but a glimpse of her white, ravaged face, with the hollows of its eyes and the rude crop of her hair. Amanda caught the child with an eagerness almost as great as Florentine's, and, drawing him to the head of the bed, pushed him into his mother's arms. "Kiss her — kiss her, and we'll go home!" she whispered desperately, while they closed about him, and the poor dishonored head pressed itself against his little cheek. It was a terrible, tremendous embrace, to which Hyacinth submitted with instant patience. Mrs. Bowerbank had tried at first to keep her *protégée* from rising, evidently wishing to abbreviate the scene; then, as the child was enfolded, she accepted the situation and gave judicious support from behind, with an eye to clearing the room as soon as this effort should have spent itself. She propped up her patient with a vigorous arm: Miss Pynsent rose from her knees and turned away, and there was a minute's stillness, during which the boy accommodated himself as he might to his strange ordeal. What thoughts were begotten at that moment in his wondering little mind Miss Pynsent was destined to learn at another time. Before she had faced round to the bed again she was swept out of the room by Mrs. Bowerbank, who had lowered the prisoner, exhausted, with closed eyes, to her pillow, and given Hyacinth a business-like little push, which sent him on in advance. Miss Pynsent went home in a cab — she was so shaken; though she reflected, very nervously, on getting into it, on the opportunities it would give Hyacinth for the exercise of inquisitorial rights. To her surprise, however, he completely neglected them; he sat in silence, looking out of the window, till they reëntered Lomax Place.

Henry James.

THE LAUREATE OF DEATH.

In the year 1798, at Recanati, a little mountain town of Tuscany, was born, noble and miserable, the poet Giacomo Leopardi, who began even in childhood to suffer the malice of that strange conspiracy of ills which consumed him. His constitution was very fragile, and it early felt the effect of the passionate ardor with which the sickly boy dedicated his life to literature. From the first he seems to have had little or no direction in his studies, and hardly any instruction. He literally lived among his books, rarely leaving his own room except to pass into his father's library; his research and erudition were marvelous, and at the age of sixteen he presented his father a Latin translation and comment on Plotinus, of which Sainte-Beuve said that "one who had studied Plotinus his whole life could find something useful in this work of a boy." At that age Leopardi already knew all Greek and Latin literature; he knew French, Spanish, and English; he knew Hebrew, and disputed in that tongue with the Rabbis of Ancona.

The poet's father was Count Monaldo Leopardi, who had written little books of a religious and political character; the religion very bigoted, the politics very reactionary. His library was the largest anywhere in that region, but he seems not to have learned wisdom in it, and, though otherwise a blameless man,

he used his son, who grew to manhood differing from him in all his opinions, with a rigor that was scarcely less than cruel. He was bitterly opposed to what was called progress, to religious and civil liberty; he was devoted to what was called order, which meant merely the existing order of things, the divinely appointed prince, the infallible priest. He had a mediæval taste, and he made his palace at Recanati as much like a feudal castle as he could, with all sorts of baronial bricabrac. An armed vassal at his gate was out of the question, but at the door of his own chamber stood an effigy in rusty armor, bearing a tarnished halberd. He abhorred the fashions of our century, and wore those of an earlier epoch; his wife, who shared his prejudices and opinions, fantastically appareled herself to look like the portrait of some gentlewoman of as remote a date. Halls hung in damask, vast mirrors in carven frames, and stately furniture of antique form attested throughout the palace "the splendor of a race which, if its fortunes had somewhat declined, still knew how to maintain its ancient decorum."

In this home passed the youth and early manhood of a poet who no sooner began to think for himself than he began to think the things most discordant with his father's principles and ideas. He believed in neither the religion nor the politics of his race; he cherished with the desire of literary achievement that vague faith in humanity, in freedom, in the future, against which the Count Monaldo had so sternly set his face; he chafed under the restraints of his father's authority, and longed for some escape into the world. The Italians sometimes write of Leopardi's unhappiness, with passionate condemnation of his father; but neither was Count Monaldo's part an enviable one, and it was certainly not at this period that he had all the wrong in his differences with his son. Nevertheless, it is pathetic to read how the heartsick, frail, ambitious boy, when he found some article in a newspaper that greatly pleased him, would write to the author and ask his friendship. When these journalists, who were possibly not always the wisest publicists of their time, so far responded to the young scholar's advances as to give him their personal acquaintance as well as their friendship, the old count received them with a courteous tolerance, which had no kindness in it for their progressive ideas. He lived in dread of his son's becoming involved in some of the many plots then hatching against order and religion, and he repressed with all his strength Leopardi's revolutionary tendencies, which must always have been mere matters of sentiment, and not deserving of great rigor.

He seems not so much to have loved Italy as to have hated Recanati. It is a small village high up in the Apennines, between Loreto and Macerata, and is chiefly accessible in ox-carts. Small towns everywhere are dull, and perhaps are not more deadly so in Italy than they are elsewhere, but there they have a peculiarly obscure, narrow life indoors. Outdoors there is a little lounging about the *caffé*, a little stir on holidays among the lower classes and the neighboring peasants, a great deal of gossip at all times, and hardly anything more. The local nobleman, perhaps, cultivates literature, as Leopardi's father did; there is always some *abbate* mousing about in the local archives and writing pamphlets on disputed points of the local history; and there is the parish priest, to help form the polite society of the place. As if this social barrenness were not enough, Recanati was physically hurtful to Leopardi: the climate was very fickle; the harsh, damp air was cruel to his nerves. He says it seems to him a den where no good or beautiful thing ever comes; he bewails the common ignorance; in Recanati there is no love for

letters, for the humanizing arts; nobody frequents his father's great library, nobody buys books, nobody reads the newspapers. Yet this forlorn and detestable little town has one good thing: it has a preëminently good Italian accent, better even, he thinks, than the Roman; which would be a greater consolation to an Italian than we can well understand. Nevertheless it was not society, and it did not make his fellow-townsmen endurable to him; he recoiled from them more and more, and the solitude in which he lived among his books filled him with a black melancholy, which he describes as a poison, corroding the life of body and soul alike. To a friend who tries to reconcile him to Recanati he writes: "It is very well to tell me that Plutarch and Alfieri loved Cheronea and Asti: they loved them, but they left them; and so shall I love my native place when I am away from it. Now I say I hate it because I am in it. To recall the spot where one's childhood days were passed is dear and sweet; it is a fine saying, 'Here you were born, and here Providence wills you to stay.' All very well. Say to the sick man striving to be well that he is flying in the face of Providence; tell the poor man struggling to advance himself that he is defying heaven; bid the Turk beware of baptism, for God has made him a Turk!" So Leopardi wrote when he was in comparative health and able to continue his studies. But there were long periods when his ailments denied him his sole consolation of study. Then he rose late, walked listlessly about without opening his lips or looking at a book the whole day. As soon as he might, he returned to his studies; when he must, he abandoned them again. At such a time he once wrote to a friend who understood and loved him: "I have not energy enough to conceive a single desire, not even for death; not because I fear death, but because I cannot see any difference between that and my present life. For the first time *ennui* not merely oppresses and wearies me, but it also agonizes and lacerates me, like a cruel pain. I am overwhelmed with a sense of the vanity of all things and the condition of men. My passions are dead, my very despair seems nonentity. As to my studies, which you urge me to continue, for the last eight months I have not known what study means: the nerves of my eyes and of my whole head are so weakened and disordered that I cannot read or listen to reading, nor can I fix my mind upon any subject."

At Recanati Leopardi suffered not merely solitude, but the contact of people whom he despised, and whose vulgarity was all the greater oppression when it showed itself in a sort of stupid compassionate tenderness for him. He had already suffered one of those disappointments which are the rule rather than the exception, and his first love had ended as first love always does, when it ends fortunately — in disappointment. He scarcely knew the object of his passion, a young girl of humble lot, whom he used to hear singing at her loom in the house opposite his father's palace. Count Monaldo promptly interfered, and not long afterward the young girl died. But the sensitive boy, and his biographers after him, made the most of this sorrow; and doubtless it helped to render life under his father's roof yet heavier and harder to bear. Such as it was, it seems to have been the only love that Leopardi ever really felt, and the young girl's memory passed into the melancholy of his life and poetry.

But he did not summon courage to abandon Recanati before his twenty-fourth year, and then he did not go with his father's entire good-will. The count wished him to become a priest, but Leopardi shrank from the idea with horror, and there remained between him and his father not only the difference of their religious and political opinions, but an unkindness which must be remembered

against the judgment, if not the heart, of the latter. He gave his son so meagre an allowance that it scarcely kept him above want, and obliged him to labors and subjected him to cares which his frail health was not able to bear.

From Recanati, Leopardi first went to Rome; but he carried Recanati everywhere with him, and he was as solitary and as wretched in the capital of the world as in the little village of the Apennines. He despised the Romans as they deserved, upon very short acquaintance, and he declared that his dullest fellow-villager had a greater share of good sense than the best of them. Their frivolity was incredible: the men moved him to rage and pity; the women, high and low, to loathing. In one of his letters to his brother Carlo, he says of Rome, as he found it: "I have spoken to you only about the women, because I am at a loss what to say to you about literature. Horrors upon horrors! The most sacred names profaned, the most absurd follies praised to the skies, the greatest spirits of the century trampled under foot, as inferior to the smallest literary man in Rome. Philosophy despised; genius, imagination, feeling, names — I do not say things, but even names — unknown and alien to these professional poets and poetesses! Antiquarianism placed at the summit of human learning, and considered invariably and universally as the only true study of man!" This was Rome in 1822. "I do not exaggerate," he writes, "because it is impossible, and I do not even say enough." One of the things that moved him to the greatest disgust in the childish and insipid society of a city where he had fondly hoped to find a response to his high thoughts was the sensation caused throughout Rome by the dress and theatrical effectiveness with which a certain prelate said mass. All Rome talked of it, cardinals and noble ladies complimented the performer as if he were a ballet dancer, and the flattered prelate used to rehearse his part, and expatiate upon his methods of study for it to private audiences of admirers. In fact, society had then touched almost the lowest depth of degradation where society had always been corrupt and dissolute, and the reader of Massimo d'Azeglio's memoirs may learn particulars (given with shame and regret, indeed, and yet with perfect Italian frankness) which it is not necessary to repeat here.

There were, however, many foreigners living at Rome in whose company Leopardi took great pleasure. They were chiefly Germans, and first among them was Niebuhr, who says of his first meeting with the poet: "Conceive of my astonishment when I saw standing before me in the poor little chamber a mere youth, pale and shy, frail in person, and obviously in ill health, who was by far the first, in fact the only Greek philologist in Italy, the author of critical comments and observations which would have won honor for the first philologist in Germany, and yet only twenty-two years old! He had become thus profoundly learned without school, without instructor, without help, without encouragement, in his father's house. I understand, too, that he is one of the first of the rising poets of Italy. What a nobly gifted people!"

Niebuhr offered to procure him a professorship of Greek philosophy in Berlin, but Leopardi would not consent to leave his own country; and then Niebuhr unsuccessfully used his influence to get him some employment from the papal government, — compliments and good wishes it gave him, but no employment and no pay.

From Rome Leopardi went to Milan, where he earned something — very little — as editor of a comment upon Petrarch. A little later he went to Bologna, where a generous and sympathetic nobleman made him tutor in his

family; but Leopardi returned not long after to Recanati, where he probably found no greater content than he left there. Presently we find him at Pisa, and then at Florence, eking out the allowance from his father by such literary work as he could find to do. In the latter place it is somewhat dimly established that he again fell in love, though he despised the Florentine women almost as much as the Romans, for their extreme ignorance, folly, and pride. This love also was unhappy. There is no reason to believe that Leopardi, who inspired in men tender and ardent friendships, ever moved any woman to love. The Florentine ladies are darkly accused, by one of his biographers, of having laughed at the poor young pessimist, and it is very possible; but that need not make us think the worse of him, or of them either, for that matter. He is supposed to have figured the lady of his latest love under the name of Aspasia, in one of his poems, as he did his first love under that of Sylvia, in the poem so called. Doubtless the experience further embittered a life already sufficiently miserable. He left Florence, but after a brief sojourn at Rome he returned thither, where his friend Antonio Ranieri watched with a heavy heart the gradual decay of his forces, and persuaded him finally to seek the milder air of Naples. Ranieri's father was, like Leopardi's, of reactionary opinions, and the Neapolitan, dreading the effect of their discord, did not take his friend to his own house, but hired a villa at Capodimonte, where he lived four years in fraternal intimacy with Leopardi, and where the poet died, in 1837.

Ranieri has in some sort made himself the champion of Leopardi's fame. He has edited his poems, and has written a touching and beautiful sketch of his life. Their friendship, which was of the greatest tenderness, began when Leopardi sorely needed it; and Ranieri devoted himself to the hapless poet like a lover, as if to console him for the many years in which he had known neither reverence nor love. He indulged all the eccentricities of his guest, who for a sick man had certain strange habits, often not rising till evening, dining at midnight, and going to bed at dawn. Ranieri's sister Paolina kept house for the friends, and shared all her brother's compassion for Leopardi, whose family appears to have willingly left him to the care of these friends. How far the old unkindness between him and his father continued, it is hard to say. His last letter was written to his mother in May, 1837, some two weeks before his death; he thanks her for a present of ten dollars, — one may imagine from the gift and the gratitude that he was still held in a strict and parsimonious tutelage, — and begs her prayers and his father's, for after he has seen them again, he shall not have long to live.

He did not see them again, but he continued to smile at the anxieties of his friends, who had too great reason to think that the end was much nearer than Leopardi himself supposed. On the night of the 14th of June, while they were waiting for the carriage which was to take them into the country where they intended to pass the time together and sup at daybreak, Leopardi felt so great a difficulty of breathing — he called it asthma, but it was dropsy of the heart — that he begged them to send for a doctor. The doctor on seeing the sick man took Ranieri apart, and bade him fetch a priest without delay, and while they waited the coming of the friar, Leopardi spoke now and then with them, but sank rapidly. Finally, says Ranieri, "Leopardi opened his eyes, now larger even than their wont, and looked at me more fixedly than before. 'I can't see you,' he said, with a kind of sigh. And he ceased to breathe, and his pulse and heart beat

no more; and at the same moment the Friar Felice of the barefoot order of St. Augustine entered the chamber, while I, quite beside myself, called with a loud voice on him who had been my friend, my brother, my father, and who answered me nothing, and yet seemed to gaze upon me. . . . His death was inconceivable to me; the others were dismayed and mute; there arose between the good friar and myself the most cruel and painful dispute, . . . I madly contending that my friend was still alive, and beseeching him with tears to accompany with the offices of religion the passing of that great soul. But he, touching again and again the pulse and the heart, continually answered that the spirit had taken flight. At last, a spontaneous and solemn silence fell upon all in the room; the friar knelt beside the dead, and we all followed his example. Then after long and profound meditation he prayed, and we prayed with him."

In another place Ranieri says: "The malady of Leopardi was indefinable, for having its spring in the secretest fountains of life, it was like life itself, inexplicable. The bones softened and dissolved away, refusing their frail support to the flesh that covered them. The flesh itself grew thinner and more lifeless every day, for the organs of nutrition denied their office of assimilation. The lungs, cramped into a space too narrow, and not sound themselves, expanded with difficulty. With difficulty the heart freed itself from the lymph with which a slow absorption burdened it. The blood, which ill renewed itself in the hard and painful respiration, returned cold, pale, and sluggish to the enfeebled veins. And in fine, the whole mysterious circle of life, moving with such great effort, seemed from moment to moment about to pause forever. Perhaps the great cerebral sponge, beginning and end of that mysterious circle, had prepotently sucked up all the vital forces, and itself consumed in a brief time all that was meant to suffice the whole system for a long period. However it may be, the life of Leopardi was not a course, as in most men, but truly a precipitation towards death."

Some years before he died, Leopardi had a presentiment of his death, and his end was perhaps hastened by the nervous shock of the terror produced by the cholera, which was then raging in Naples. At that time the body of a Neapolitan minister of state who had died of cholera was cast into the common burial pit at Naples, — such was the fear of contagion, and so rapidly were the dead hurried to the grave. A heavy bribe secured the remains of Leopardi from this fate, and his dust now reposes in a little church on the road to Pozzuoli.

"In the years of boyhood," says the Neapolitan critic, Francesco de Sanctis, "Leopardi saw his youth vanish forever; he lived obscure, and achieved posthumous envy and renown; he was rich and noble, and he suffered from want and despite; no woman's love ever smiled upon him, the solitary lover of his own mind, to which he gave the names of Sylvia, Aspasia, and Nerina. Therefore, with a precocious and bitter penetration, he held what we call happiness for illusions and deceits of fancy; the objects of our desire he called idols, our labors idleness, and everything vanity. Thus he saw nothing here below equal to his own intellect, or that was worthy the throb of his heart; and inertia, rust, as it were, even more than pain consumed his life, alone in what he called this formidable desert of the world. In such solitude life becomes a dialogue of man with his own soul, and the internal colloquies render more bitter and intense the affections which have returned to the heart for want of nourishment in the world. Mournful colloquies and yet pleasing, where man is

the suicidal vulture perpetually preying upon himself, and caressing the wound that drags him to the grave. . . . The first cause of his sorrow is Recanati: the intellect, capable of the universe, feels itself oppressed in an obscure village, cruel to the body and deadly to the spirit. . . . He leaves Recanati; he arrives in Rome; we believe him content at last, and he too, believes it. Brief illusion! Rome, Bologna, Milan, Florence, Naples, are all different places, where he forever meets the same man, himself. Read the first letter that he writes from Rome: 'In the great things I see I do not feel the least pleasure, for I know that they are marvelous, but I do not feel it, and I assure you that their multitude and grandeur wearied me after the first day.' . . . To Leopardi it is rarely given to interest himself in any spectacle of nature, and he never does it without a sudden and agonized return to himself. . . . Malign and heartless men have pretended that Leopardi was a misanthrope, a fierce hater and enemy of the human race! . . . Love, inexhaustible and almost ideal, was the supreme craving of that angelic heart, and never left it during life. 'Love me, for God's sake,' he beseeches his brother Carlo; 'I have need of love, love, love, fire, enthusiasm, life.' And in truth it may be said that pain and love form the twofold poetry of his life."

Leopardi lived in Italy during the long contest between the classic and romantic schools, and it may be said that in him many of the leading ideas of both parties were reconciled. His literary form was as severe and sculpturesque as that of Alfieri himself, whilst the most subjective and introspective of the romantic poets did not so much color the world with his own mental and spiritual hue as Leopardi. It is not plain whether he ever declared himself for one theory or the other. He was a contributor to the literary journal which the partisans of the romantic school founded at Florence; but he was a man so weighed upon by his own sense of the futility and vanity of all things that he could have had little spirit for mere literary contentions. His admirers try hard to make out that he was positively and actively patriotic; and it is certain that in his earlier youth, he disagreed with his father's conservative opinions, and despised the existing state of things; but later in life he satirized the aspirations and purposes of progress, though without sympathizing with those of reaction.

The poem which his chief claim to classification with the poets militant of his time rests upon is that addressed To Italy. Those who have read even only a little of Leopardi have read it; and I must ask their patience with a version which drops the irregular rhyme of the piece for the sake of keeping its peculiar rhythm and measure.

My native land, I see the walls and arches,
The columns and the statues, and the lonely
Towers of our ancestors,
But not their glory, not
The laurel and the steel that of old time
Our great forefathers bore. Disarmèd now,
Naked thou showest thy forehead and thy breast!
O me, how many wounds,
What bruises and what blood! How do I see
thee,
Thou loveliest Lady! Unto Heaven I cry,
And to the world: "Say, say,
Who brought her unto this?" To this and worse,
For both her arms are loaded down with chains,
So that unveiled and with disheveled hair,
She crouches all forgotten and forlorn,
Hiding her beautiful face
Between her knees, and weeps.
Weep, weep, for well thou may'st, my Italy!
Born, as thou wert, to conquest,
Alike in evil and in prosperous sort!
If thy sweet eyes were each a living stream
Thou couldst not weep enough
For all thy sorrow and for all thy shame.
For thou wast queen, and now thou art a slave.
Who speaks of thee or writes,
That thinking on thy glory in the past
But says, "She was great once, but is no more."
Wherefore, oh, wherefore? Where is the ancient
strength,
The valor and the arms, and constancy?
Who rent the sword from thee?
Who hath betrayed thee? What art, or what
toil,

Or what o'erwhelming force,
Hath stripped thy robe and golden wreath from thee?
How didst thou fall, and when,
From such a height unto a depth so low?
Doth no one fight for thee, no one defend thee,
None of thy own? Arms, arms! For I alone
Will fight and fall for thee.
Grant me, O Heaven, my blood
Shall be as fire unto Italian hearts!
Where are thy sons? I hear the sound of arms,
Of wheels, of voices, and of drums;
In foreign fields afar
Thy children fight and fall.
Wait, Italy, wait! I see, or seem to see,
A tumult as of infantry and horse,
And smoke and dust, and the swift flash of swords
Like lightning among clouds.
Wilt thou not hope? Wilt thou not lift and turn
Thy trembling eyes upon the doubtful close?
For what, in yonder fields,
Combats Italian youth? O gods, ye gods,
For other lands Italian swords are drawn!
Oh, misery for him who dies in war,
Not for his native shores and his beloved,
His wife and children dear,
But by the foes of others
For others' cause, and cannot dying say,
"Dear land of mine,
The life thou gavest me I give thee back."

This suffers, of course, in translation, but I confess that in the original it wears something of the same perfunctory air. His patriotism was the fever-flame of the sick man's blood; his real country was the land beyond the grave, and there is a far truer note in this address to Death.

"And thou, that ever from my life's beginning,
I have invoked and honored,
Beautiful Death! who only,
Of all our earthly sorrows knowest pity:
If ever celebrated
Thou wast by me; if ever I attempted
To recompense the insult
That vulgar terror offers
Thy lofty state, delay no more, but listen
To prayers so rarely uttered:
Shut to the light forever,
Sovereign of time, these eyes of weary anguish!"

I suppose that Italian criticism of the present day would not give Leopardi nearly so high a place among the poets as his friend Ranieri claims for him and his contemporaries accorded. He seems to have been the poet of a national mood; he was the final expression of that long, hopeless apathy in which Italy lay bound for thirty years after the fall of Napoleon and his governments, and the reëstablishment of all the little despots, native and foreign, throughout the peninsula. In this time there was unrest enough, and revolt enough of a desultory and unorganized sort, but every struggle, apparently every aspiration, for a free political and religious life ended in a more solid confirmation of the leaden misrule which weighed down the hearts of the people. To such an apathy the pensive monotone of this sick poet's song might well seem the only truth; and one who beheld the universe with the invalid's loath eyes, and reasoned from his own irremediable ills to a malign mystery presiding over all human affairs, and ordering a sad destiny from which there could be no defense but death, might have the authority of a prophet among those who could find no promise of better things in their earthly lot.

Leopardi's malady was such that when he did not positively suffer he had still the memory of pain, and he was oppressed with a dreary ennui, from which he could not escape. Death, oblivion, annihilation, are the thoughts upon which he broods, and which fill his verse. The passing color of other men's minds is the prevailing cast of his, and he probably with far more sincerity than any other poet nursed his despair in such utterances as this: —

TO HIMSELF.

Now thou shalt rest forever,
O weary heart! The last deceit is ended,
For I believed myself immortal. Cherished
Hopes, and beloved delusions,
And longings to be deluded, — all are perished!
Rest thee forever! Oh, greatly,
Heart, hast thou palpitated. There is nothing
Worthy to move thee more, nor is earth worthy
Thy sighs. For life is only
Bitterness and vexation; earth is only
A heap of dust. So rest thee!
Despair for the last time. To our race Fortune
Never gave any gift but death. Disdain, then,
Thyself and Nature and the Power
Occultly reigning to the common ruin:
Scorn, heart, the infinite emptiness of all things!

Nature was so cruel a stepmother to this man that he could see nothing but harm even in her apparent beneficence, and his verse repeats again and again his dark mistrust of the very loveliness which so keenly delights his sense. One of his early poems, called The Quiet after the Storm, strikes the key in which nearly all his songs are pitched. The observation of nature is very sweet and honest, and I cannot see that the philosophy in its perversion of the relations of physical and spiritual facts is less mature than that of his later work: it is a philosophy of which the first conception cannot well differ from the final expression.

. . . See yon blue sky that breaks
The clouds above the mountain in the west!
The fields disclose themselves,
And in the valley bright the river runs.
All hearts are glad; on every side
Arise the happy sounds
Of toil begun anew.
The workman, singing, to the threshold comes,
With work in hand, to judge the sky,
Still humid; and the damsel next,
On his report, comes forth to brim her pail
With the fresh-fallen rain.
The noisy fruiterers
From lane to lane resume
Their customary cry.
The sun looks out again, and smiles upon
The houses and the hills. Windows and doors
Are opened wide; and on the far-off road
You hear the tinkling bells and rattling wheels
Of travelers that set out upon their journey.

Every heart is glad;
So grateful and so sweet
When is our life as now?
. . . . . .
O Pleasure, child of Pain
Vain joy which is the fruit
Of bygone suffering overshadowèd
And wrung with cruel fears
Of death, whom life abhors;
Wherein, in long suspense,
Silent and cold and pale,
Man sat, and shook and shuddered to behold
Lightnings and clouds and winds,
Furious in his offense!
Beneficent Nature, these,
These are thy bounteous gifts;
These, these are the delights
Thou offerest unto mortals! To escape
From pain is bliss to us;
Anguish thou scatterest broadcast, and our woes
Spring up spontaneous, and that little joy
Born sometimes, for a miracle and show,
Of terror is our mightiest gain. O man,
Dear to the gods, count thyself fortunate
If now and then relief
Thou hast from pain, and blest
When death shall come to heal thee of all pain!

"The bodily deformities which humiliated Leopardi, and the cruel infirmities that agonized him his whole life long, wrought in his heart an invincible disgust, which made him invoke death as the sole relief. His songs, while they express discontent, the discord of the world, the conviction of the nullity of human things, are exquisite in style; they breathe a perpetual melancholy, which is often sublime, and they relax and pain your soul like the music of a single chord, while their strange sweetness wins you to them again and again." This is the language of an Italian critic who wrote after Leopardi's death, when already it had begun to be doubted whether he was the greatest Italian poet since Dante. A still later critic finds Leopardi's style "without relief, without lyric flight, without the great art of contrasts, without poetic leaven," hard to read. "Despoil those verses of their masterly polish," he says, "reduce those thoughts to prose, and you will see how little they are akin to poetry."

I have a feeling that my versions apply some such test to Leopardi's work, and that the reader sees it in them at much of the disadvantage which this critic desires for it. Yet, after doing my worst, I am not wholly able to agree with him. It seems to me that there is the indestructible charm in it which, wherever we find it, we must call poetry. It is true that "its strange sweetness wins you again and again," and that this "lovely pipe of death" thrills and solemnly delights as no other stop has done. Let us hear it again, as the poet sounds it, figuring himself a Syrian shepherd, guarding his flock by night, and weaving his song under the Eastern moon: —

O flock that liest at rest, O blessèd thou
That knowest not thy fate, however hard,

How utterly I envy thee!
Not merely that thou goest almost free
Of all this weary pain, —
That every misery and every toil
And every fear thou straightway dost forget, —
But most because thou knowest not ennui
When on the grass thou liest in the shade.
I see thee tranquil and content,
And great part of thy years
Untroubled by ennui thou passest thus.
I likewise in the shadow, on the grass,
Lie, and a dull disgust beclouds
My soul, and I am goaded with a spur,
So that, reposing, I am farthest still
From finding peace or place.
And yet I want for naught,
And have not had till now a cause for tears.
What is thy bliss, how much,
I cannot tell; but thou art fortunate.
. . . . . .
Or, it may be, my thought
Errs, running thus to other's destiny:
May be, to everything,
Wherever born, in cradle or in fold,
That day is terrible when it was born.

It is the same note, the same voice; the theme does not change, but perhaps it is deepened in this ode: —

ON THE LIKENESS OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN CARVEN UPON HER TOMB.

Such wast thou: now under earth
A skeleton and dust. O'er dust and bones
Immovably and vainly set, and mute,
Looking upon the flight of centuries,
Sole keeper of memory
And of regret is this fair counterfeit
Of loveliness now vanished. That sweet look,
Which made men tremble when it fell on them,
As now it falls on me; that lip, which once,
Like some full vase of sweets,
Ran over with delight; that fair neck, clasped
By longing, and that soft and amorous hand,
Which often did impart
An icy thrill unto the hand it touched;
That breast, which visibly
Blanched with its beauty him who looked on it, —
All these things were, and now
Dust art thou, filth, a fell
And hideous sight hidden beneath a stone.

Thus fate hath wrought its will
Upon the semblance that to us did seem
Heaven's vividest image! Eternal mystery
Of mortal being! To-day the ineffable
Fountain of thoughts and feelings vast and high,
Beauty reigns sovereign, and seems
Like splendor thrown afar
From some immortal essence on these sands,
To give our mortal state
A sign and hope secure of destinies
Higher than human, and of fortunate realms,
And golden worlds unknown.
To-morrow, at a touch,
Loathsome to see, abominable, abject,
Becomes the thing that was
All but angelical before;
And from men's memories
All that its loveliness
Inspired forever faints and fades away.

Ineffable desires
And visions high and pure
Rise in the happy soul,
Lulled by the sound of cunning harmonies,
Whereon the spirit floats,
As at his pleasure floats
Some fearless swimmer over the deep sea;
But if a discord strike
The wounded sense, to naught
All that fair paradise in an instant falls.

Mortality! if thou
Be wholly frail and vile,
Be only dust and shadow, how canst thou
So deeply feel? And if thou be
In part divine, how can thy will and thought
Be things so poor and base
So easily be awakened and quenched?

Let us touch for the last time this pensive chord, and listen to its response of hopeless love. This poem, in which he turns to address the spirit of the poor child whom he loved boyishly at Recanati, is pathetic with the fact that possibly she only ever reciprocated the tenderness with which his heart was filled.

TO SYLVIA.

Sylvia, dost thou remember
In this that season of thy mortal being
When from thine eyes shone beauty,
In thy shy glances fugitive and smiling,
And joyously and pensively the borders
Of childhood thou didst traverse?

All day the quiet chambers
And the ways near resounded
To thy perpetual singing,
When thou, intent upon some girlish labor,
Sat'st utterly contented,
With the fair future brightening in thy vision.
It was the fragrant month of May, and ever
Thus thou thy days beguiledst.

I, leaving my fair studies,
Leaving my manuscripts and toil-stained volumes,
Wherein I spent the better
Part of myself and of my young existence,
Leaned sometimes idly from my father's windows,
And listened to the music of thy singing,
And to thy hand, that fleetly
Ran o'er the threads of webs that thou wast weaving.
I looked to the calm heavens,

Unto the golden lanes and orchards,
And unto the far sea and to the mountains:
No mortal tongue may utter
What in my heart I felt then.

O Sylvia mine, what visions,
What hopes, what hearts, we had in that far season!
How fair and good before us
Seemed human life and fortune!
When I remember hope so great, belovèd,
An utter desolation
And bitterness o'erwhelm me,
And I return to mourn my evil fortune.
O Nature, faithless Nature,
Wherefore dost thou not give us
That which thou promisest? Wherefore deceivest,
With so great guile, thy children?

Thou, ere the freshness of thy spring was withered,
Stricken by thy fell malady, and vanquished,
Didst perish, O my darling! and the blossom
Of thy years never sawest;
Thy heart was never melted
At the sweet praise, now of thy raven tresses,
Now of thy glances amorous and bashful;
Never with thee the holiday-free maidens
Reasoned of love and loving.

Ah! briefly perished, likewise,
My own sweet hope; and destiny denied me
Youth, even in my childhood.
Alas, alas, belovèd
Companion of my childhood!
Alas, my mournèd hope! how art thou vanished
Out of my place forever!
This is that world? the pleasures,
The love, the labors, the events, we talked of,
These, when we prattled long ago together?
Is this the fortune of our race, O Heaven?
At the truth's joyless dawning,
Thou fellest, sad one, with thy pale hand pointing
Unto cold death, and an unknown and naked
Sepulchre in the distance.

These pieces fairly indicate the range of Leopardi, and I confess that they and the rest that I have read leave me somewhat puzzled in the presence of his reputation. This, to be sure, is largely based upon his prose writings — his dialogues, full of irony and sarcasm — and his unquestionable scholarship. But the poetry is the heart of his fame, and is it enough to justify it? I suppose that such poetry owes very much of its peculiar influence to that awful love we all have of hovering about the idea of Death, — of playing with the great catastrophe of our several tragedies and farces, and of marveling what it can be. There are moods which the languid despair of Leopardi's poetry can always evoke, and in which it seems that the most life can do is to leave us, and let us lie down and cease. But I fancy we all agree that these are not very wise or healthful moods, and that their indulgence does not fit us particularly well for the duties of life, though I never heard that they interfered with its pleasures; on the contrary, they add a sort of zest to enjoyment. Of course the whole transaction is illogical. But if a poet will end every pensive strain with an appeal or an apostrophe to Death; not the real Death, that comes with a sharp, quick agony, or "after long lying in bed," after many days or many years of squalid misery and slowly dying hopes and medicines that cease even to relieve at last; not this Death, that comes in all the horror of undertaking, but a picturesque and impressive abstraction, whose business it is to relieve us in the most effective way of all our troubles, and at the same time to avenge us somehow upon the indefinitely ungrateful and unworthy world we abandon, — if a poet will do this, we are very apt to like him. There is little doubt that Leopardi was sincere, and there is little reason why he should not have been so, for life could give him nothing but pain.

De Sanctis, whom I have quoted already, and who speaks, I believe, with rather more authority than any other modern Italian critic, and certainly with great clearness and acuteness, does not commit himself to specific praise of Leopardi's work. But he seems to regard him as an important expression, if not force or influence, and he has some words about him, at the close of his History of Italian Literature, which have interested me, not only for the estimate of Leopardi which they embody, but for the singularly distinct statement which they make of the modern literary attitude. I should not, myself, have felt that Le-

opardi represented this, but I am willing that the reader should feel it, if he can. De Sanctis has been speaking of the romantic period in Italy, when he says, —

"Giacomo Leopardi marks the close of this period. Metaphysics at war with theology had ended in this attempt at reconciliation. The multiplicity of systems had discredited science itself. Metaphysics was regarded as a revival of theology. The Idea seemed a substitute for Providence. Those philosophies of history, of religion, of humanity, had the air of poetical inventions. . . . That reconciliation between the old and new, tolerated as a temporary political necessity, seemed at bottom a profanation of science, a moral weakness. . . . Faith in revelation had been wanting; faith in philosophy itself was now wanting. Mystery reappeared. The philosopher knew as much as the peasant. Of this mystery, Giacomo Leopardi was the echo in the solitude of his thought and his pain. His skepticism announced the dissolution of this theologico-metaphysical world, and inaugurated the reign of the arid True, of the Real. His songs are the most profound and occult voices of that laborious transition called the nineteenth century. That which has importance is not the brilliant exterior of that century of progress, and it is not without irony that he speaks of the progressive destinies of mankind. That which has importance is the exploration of one's own breast, the inner world, virtue, liberty, love, all the ideals of religion, of science, and of poetry, — shadows and illusions in the presence of reason, yet which warm the heart, and will not die. Mystery destroys the intellectual world; it leaves the moral world intact. This tenacious life of the inner world, despite the fall of all theological and metaphysical worlds, is the originality of Leopardi, and gives his skepticism a religious stamp. . . . Every one feels in it a new creation. The instrument of this renovation is criticism. . . . The sense of the real continues to develop itself; the positive sciences come to the top, and cast out all the ideal and systematic constructions. New dogmas lose credit. Criticism remains intact. The patient labor of analysis begins again. . . . Socialism reappears in the political order, positivism in the intellectual order. The word is no longer liberty, but justice. . . . Literature also undergoes transformation. It rejects classes, distinctions, privileges. The ugly stands beside the beautiful; or rather, there is no longer ugly or beautiful, neither ideal nor real, neither infinite nor finite. . . . There is but one thing only, the Living."

I began by calling Leopardi the Laureate of Death; I end by letting another proclaim him the Laureate of Life. Perhaps there is no difference, though I am not yet realist enough to affirm this.

W. D. Howells.

A TAUNT.

In the oldest wood, I know a brooklet,
That bubbles over stones and roots,
And ripples out of hollow places,
Like music out of flutes.

There creeps the pungent breath of cedars,
Rich coolness wraps the air about,

Whilst through clear pools electric flashes
Betray the watchful trout.

I know where wild things lurk and linger,
In groves as gray and grand as Time;
I know where God has written poems
Too strong for words or rhyme.

Come, let us go, each pulse is precious
Come, ere the day has lost its dawn;
And you shall quaff life's finest essence
From primal flagons drawn!

Just for a day slip off the tether
Of hothouse wants, and dare to be
A child of Nature, strong and simple,
Out in the woods with me.

Out in the woods, on freedom's bosom,
We shall be worthy sons of men,
Bred of remotest sires who bearded
The satyr in his den.

Come, just a sip of the wild man's nectar
Shall show you life from a point of view
As old as the oldest stones of the mountains,
And yet as fresh as dew!

Supple joints and bulging muscles,
Sinews taut as the cords of a harp,
Veins full-flushed, eyes clear as water,
And all the senses sharp!

Who was Shakespeare? Where is Homer?
Can Milton leap, or dance, or run?
Should you care to cast a fly with Walton?
Do you envy Napoleon?

What of this lore of buried thinkers?
What of these classic depths and heights?
Better one strong, bright, living creature
Than a myriad trilobites!

Ah, I see you scoff at my meaning,
You flaccid, indolent bookworm, you!
What would you give for my good digestion
And my nerve-cords sound and true?

Maurice Thompson.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XXVII.

A MINUTE after Warrender was in the room where Lady Markland sat, with her great writing-table against the light. He did not know how he got there. It seemed impossible that it could have been by mere walking out of one room into another in the ordinary mechanical way. She rose up, dark against the light, when he went in, which was not at all her habit, but he was not sufficiently self-possessed to be aware of that. She turned towards him, which perhaps was an involuntary, instinctive precaution, for against the full daylight in the great window he could but imperfectly see her features. The precaution was unnecessary. His eyes were not clear enough to perceive what was before him. He saw his conception of her, serene in a womanly majesty far above his troubled state of passion, and was quite incapable of perceiving the sympathetic trouble in her face. She held out her hand to him before he could speak, and said, with a little catch in her breath, "Oh, Mr. Warrender! I — Geoff — we were not sure whether we should see you to-day."

This was a perfectly unintentional speech, and quite uncalled for; for nobody could be more regular, more punctual, than Warrender. It was the first thing she could find to say.

"Did you think I could stay away?" he asked, in a low and hurried tone, which was not at all the beginning he had intended. Then he added, "But I have given Geoff a holiday: if you can accord me a little time — if I may speak to you" —

"Geoff is not like other boys," she said, with a nervous laugh, still standing with her back to the light. "He does not rejoice in a holiday, like most children; you have made him love his work."

"It is not about Geoff," he said. "I have — something to say to you, if you will hear me. I — cannot be silent any longer."

"Oh," she said, "you are going to tell me — I know what it is you are going to say — that this cannot continue. I knew that must come sooner or later. Mr. Warrender, you don't need to be told how grateful I am; I thank you, from the bottom of my heart. You have done so much for us. It was clear that it could not — go on forever." She put out her hand for her chair, and drew it closer, and sat down, still with her back to the window; and now, even in his preoccupation with his own overwhelming excitement, he saw that she too trembled a little, and that there was agitation in her tone.

"Lady Markland, it is not that. It is more than that. The moment has come when I must — when I cannot keep up these pretenses any longer. Ah!" for she made a little movement with her hand as if to impose silence, "must it be so? Must I go unheard?" He came closer to her, holding out his hands in the eloquence of nature, exposing his agitated countenance to the full revelation of the light. "It is not much, is it, in return for a life — only to be allowed to speak, once: for half an hour, for five minutes — once — and then to be silent?" Here he paused for breath, still holding out his hands in a silent appeal. "But if that is my sentence I will accept it," he said.

"Oh, Mr. Warrender, do not speak so. Your sentence! from me, that am so deeply in your debt — that never can repay — but I know you never thought of being repaid."

"You will repay me now, tenfold, if you will let me speak."

She put out her hand towards a chair, pointing him to it, and gave him an agitated smile. "Of course you shall speak, whatever you wish or please, as if to your mother, or your elder sister, or an old, old friend."

She put up this little barrier of age instinctively, hastily snatching at the first defensive object she could find. And he sat down as she bade him: but now that he had her permission said nothing, — nothing with his tongue, but with his clasped hands and with his eyes so much, that she covered hers with an involuntary movement, and uttered a little agitated cry. For the moment he was incapable of anything more.

"Mr. Warrender," she said tremulously, "don't, oh, don't say what will make us both unhappy. You know that I am your — friend; you know that I am a great deal older than you are, Geoff's mother, not a woman to whom — not a woman open to — not a" —

"I will tell you," he said, "I know better; this one thing I know better, — a woman as far above me as heaven is above earth, whom I am not worth a look or a word from. Do you think I don't know that? You will say I ought not to have come, knowing what I did, that there was no woman but you in the world for me, and that you were not for me, nor ever would have any thought of me. I should have taken care of myself, don't you think? But I don't think so," he added, almost with violence. "I have had a year of paradise. I have seen you every day, and heard you speak, and touched your hand. To-morrow I shall curse my folly that could not be content with that. But to-day I am mad, and I cannot help myself. I can't be silent, though it is my only policy. Morning and night I think of nothing but you. When I go to sleep, and when I wake, and even when I dream, I can't think of anything but only of what you will say. That is what I am going over and over all day long, — every little word that you say."

He poured this forth with a haste and fluency utterly unlike his usual mode of speech, never taking breath, never taking his eyes from her, a man possessed; while she, shrinking back in her chair, her eyes cast down, her hands nervously clasping and unclasping each other, listened, beaten down by the tempest of an emotion such as she had never seen before, such as she could scarcely understand. She had been wooed long ago, lightly wooed, herself almost a child; the whole matter little more than a frolic, though it turned into a tragedy; but she did not know and had never met with anything like this. He paused a little to recover his breath, to moisten his parched lips, which were dry and hot with excitement, and then he resumed.

"You talk of a mother, a sister, a friend. I think you want to mock me, Lady Markland. If you were to say a woman I ought to be content to worship, then I could understand you. I know I ought to have been content — except that I have gone distracted and can't be silent, can't keep quiet. Oh, forgive me for it. Here is my life which is all yours, and my heart to put your foot on if you please; all of me belongs to you; I wish no better, only forgive me for saying it — just once, once!" In his vehemence he got down on his knees — not by way of kneeling to her, only to get nearer, to come within reach. He touched her hand as if it had been the sceptre of mercy. "Speak to me," he said, "speak to me! even if to tell me that I am a castaway!"

Lady Markland got up quickly, with a look of pain, as if she would have fled. "How could you be a castaway?" she cried. "Oh, Mr. Warrender, have pity on me! What can I say? Why should not we live, as we have been doing, in peace and quiet? Why should

these dreadful questions be raised? Listen to me a little. Can friends not be friends without this? I am old, I am married! There never could be any question of — Oh, listen to me! All this that you have been telling me is pity. Yes, it is pity. You are so sorry for me. You think I am helpless and want — some one to take care of me, like other women. Stop, stop! it is not so! You must hear me out. I am not so helpless; and you are young; and some one better than me, some fresh girl, some one like yourself — Theo!" This name came from her lips like a cry, because he had drawn nearer as she drew away from him, and had got her hand in both his and was kissing it desperately, as if he never would let it go. She never called him by this name, and yet it was so usual in the house that it did not sound as does a man's Christian name suddenly pronounced by the woman he loves, like a surrender and end of all contention. But she did not, even when she made that cry, withdraw her hand from him. She covered her face with the other, and stood swaying slightly backward away from him, a figure full of reluctance, pain, almost terror; yet without either word or gesture that should send him away.

"Some one," he cried, "like myself! I want no one, nothing in the world, but you! It is not I that have raised the question, it is something stronger than I. Pity! Oh, how dare you! how dare you!" He kissed her hand with a kind of fury between every word. "I, sorry for the woman whom I worship, thinking she needs me! Good heaven! are you such a woman as you are, and know so little? Or is it true about women that they don't know love, or want love, but only something tame, something quiet, — what you call affection?" He stopped with his voice full of scorn, notwithstanding the paroxysm of passion, and looked up at her, though on his knees, in the superiority which he felt. "You want a friend that will be tame and live in peace and quiet; and I, you think, want a fresh girl, like myself. Do you mean to insult us both, Lady Markland? Yes, strike! Order me away from you; but don't mock me! — don't mock me!" Then out of scorn and superiority he sank again into the suppliant. "I will be tame, if you like; anything that you like. Only don't send me away!"

She drew her hand away from him, at last, and sank into her chair, with her heart in such a commotion, that she scarcely heard what he was saying for the loud beating in her ears. Then she made a stand again, having been, as it were, beaten from the first parallels, carried away by that fiery charge. She recovered herself a little; controlled the hurrying pulses; called back her strength. She said with a trembling voice, "Oh, let us be calm, if we can! Think a little of my position, and yours. O Theo! think, besides, what I have said, that I am old. How can I bid you go, I who owe to you — you will not let me say it, but I feel it in my heart — so much, so much, of the comfort of my life! I tell you again, you should have said what you have been saying to a girl — who would have put her hand in yours and that would have been all" —

He put out his hand to take hers once more, but this time she refused him.

"Sit there and let us talk. If I had been that girl! — but I am not, I never can be. I am a woman who have had to act for myself. I am Geoff's mother. I must think of him and what has to be done for him. How can you say I mock you? We are two reasonable beings. We must think; we cannot be carried away by — by — by fancy, by what you call" —

Her voice broke, she could not go on, what with the hurrying of her blood, the scrutiny of his looks, the passion in him

which infected her. She waved her hand to him to sit down, to be calm, to listen: but she had no voice to speak.

"I am not reasonable," he replied, "no, don't think it; there is no reason in me. Afterwards, I will hear all there is to say. You shall make conditions, explanations, anything you please. Now is not the time for it. Tell me, am I to go or stay?" He was hoarse, while she was dumb. With both the question had gone far beyond the bounds of that reason to which she had appealed. "That is the only thing," he repeated. "Tell me: am I to go or stay?"

Looking forward to this, it had seemed that there was much to be said: on his side all the eloquence of passion; on hers the specious arguments of a woman who thinks she may still be able to withhold and restrain. All these possibilities had fled. They looked at each other, almost antagonists, because of being so much the reverse. She drew back, holding herself apart; unwilling to accept the necessity of that decision, not knowing how to escape from it; holding her hands clasped together that he might not secure them; her heart fluttering in her throat, her head throbbing with pain and excitement. Ah, if she had been that girl! If he had sought one like himself! She felt it, too, even in the scorn with which he repulsed the suggestion; and for a moment it hung on the balance of a thought, on the turn of a look, whether his patience might not give way; whether his fastidious temper might not take fire at the aspect of the reluctance with which she held away from him, kept back, would not yield. But, on the other hand, the very reluctance, was it not a subtle attraction, a charm the more; giving a sweetness beyond all speaking to the certainty that, underneath all that resistance, the real citadel was won.

After this momentary armistice and pause, in which they both seemed to regain their hurried breath, and the mist of the combat dispelled a little, he threw himself down by her again, and got both the clasped hands into his own, saying with something between supplication and authority, "I am to stay?"

"I cannot tell. I cannot — I cannot" —

Her voice was almost inaudible; but it was enough that there was no negative which could be uttered; and in this way the long battle came to an end in a moment. They looked at each other, scarcely believing it; asking each other, could it be so? Even he scarcely ventured to presume that it was so, though he had forced it and taken the decision into his own hands.

There ensued a half hour or more of bewildered happiness, in which it seemed to him, at least, that the world had turned into a different sphere, and to her that there was in life a sweetness which had come to her too late, of which she could never taste the true flavor, nor forget the bitterness behind; yet which was sweet and wonderful, — too wonderful, almost, to believe. She delivered herself over to listen, to behold the flood of the young man's rapture. It filled her with a kind of admiration and almost terror. She was like his mother, though with a difference. She had not known what love was. It was wonderful to her to see it, to know that she was the object of it; but as the warm tide touched her, invaded her being, carried her away, there was something of fear mingled with her yielding to that delight. She had been so certain that she would not yield; and yet had made so poor a resistance! It was fortunate that he was so lost on his side in the wonder of the new bliss, and had so much to pour forth of triumph and ecstasy, that he accepted the silence on her part without comment even in his own mind. It was too completely unhoped for, too extraordinary, what had already happened, that he should ask for more. Her pas-

sive position, her reticence, but added to the rapture. She was his almost against her will, constrained by the torrent of love which was irresistible, which had carried all her defenses away. This gave her a sort of majesty in the young man's dazzled eyes. He was giddy with joy and pride. It had seemed to him impossible that he could ever win this queen of his every thought; and it became her, as a queen still, to stand almost aloof, reluctant, although in all the sweetness of consent she had been made to yield. It was her part, too, in nature and according to all that was most seemly, to bring him back to the consideration of that invading sea of common life which surrounded his golden isle of happiness. She put up her hand as if to stop his mouth.

"Oh, Theo, there are so many things which we must think of. It cannot be all happiness as you suppose. You are not thinking how many troublesome things I bring with me."

"Let trouble be for to-morrow," he cried; "nothing but joy on this white day."

She looked at him with a shiver, yet a smile. "Ah, you are so young! your heart has no ghosts like mine."

"Speak respectfully of my heart, for it is yours. The ghosts shall be laid, and the troubles will fly away. What are ghosts to you and me? One may be subject to them, but two can face the world."

"Oh, dreamer!" she cried, but the reflection of the light in his face came into hers, almost against her will.

"Not dreamer: lover, a better word. Don't spend your strength for nothing, my lady and mistress. Do you really believe that you can make me afraid, to-day?"

She shook her head, not answering, which indeed he scarcely left her time to do, he had so much to say. His very nature seemed changed, the proud, fastidious, taciturn Warrender babbling like a happy boy, in the sudden overflow of a bliss which was too much for him.

But while he ran on, a real interruption came: the profane and commonplace burst in with a louder voice than hers. It was not anything of importance equal to the greatness of the crisis: it was only the bell that meant the commonest of all events, the bell for luncheon. It fell into the soft retirement of that paradise, which was something of a fool's paradise to Theo, scaring and startling the pair. She made a start from his side with a guilty blush, and even he for a moment paused with something like a sense of alarm. They looked at each other as if they had been suddenly cited to appear before a tribunal and answer for what they had done. Then he broke into a breathless laugh. "I shall have to leave you. I can't face that ordeal. Oh, what a falling off is here — luncheon! must I leave everything for that?"

"Yes, go, go: it is too much," she murmured, like a culprit whose accomplice may be saved, but who herself must face the judge. "I could not bear it; I could not hold up my head, if you were there."

"One moment!" She was leaning towards him, when Geoff's hasty steps were heard in the hall and his voice that seemed to sound sharp in her very ears, "Where 's mamma?" Lady Markland fell back with a face like a ghost, covering it with her hands. Warrender felt as if a sudden flame was lit in his heart. He seized her almost with violence. "I will come back to-night, when he is in bed. Be in the avenue. I must see you again to-day."

"I will, Theo."

"At nine o'clock." He pulled away the hand which still was over her eyes. "You are mine, remember, mine first. I shall count the minutes till I come back. Mine first, mine always."

"Oh, Theo, yes! — for the love of Heaven go!"

Was that how to conclude the first meeting of happy lovers? Warrender rushed through the hall, with his blood on fire, almost knocking over Geoff, who presented himself, very curious and sharp-eyed, directly in the way.

"Oh, I say, Theo!" cried Geoff. "Where are you going, Theo? That's lunch! lunch is on the table. Don't you hear the bell? Can't you stay?"

Warrender waved his hand, he could make no reply. He would have taken the child by the collar and flung him far away into the unknown, if that had been practicable. Ghosts, she had said: Geoff was no ghost, but he was insupportable; not to be seen with composure at that tremendous moment. The young man rushed down the steps, and struck across the drive at a pace like a racehorse, though he was only walking. He forgot even the big black, munching his hay tranquilly in the stable and thinking no harm.

XXVIII.

Lady Markland came out of her room a little after, paler than usual, with a great air of stateliness and gravity, conscious to her finger-points of the looks that met her, and putting on an aspect of corresponding severity to meet them. Geoff seized and clung to her arm, as he was wont, and found it trembling. He had begun to pour forth his wonder about Theo even before he made that discovery.

"Why, Theo has gone away! He would n't stop for lunch. I shouted to him, but he never paid any attention. Is he ill, or is he in trouble, or what 's the — Why, mamma! you are all trembling!"

"Nonsense, Geoff, I have been — sitting with the window open, and it is a little cold to-day."

"Cold!" Geoff was so struck by the absurdity of the statement that he stopped to look at her. "Ah," he said, "you have not been running up and down to the stables, or you never would think that."

"No, I have been sitting — writing."

"Oh!" said the child again, "were you writing all the time Theo was there? I thought you were talking to Theo. He gave me a holiday because he had something he wanted to say to you."

"I have told you a great many times, Geoff, that you should not call Mr. Warrender Theo. It is much too familiar. You must not presume, because he is so very kind to you" —

"Oh, he does n't mind," said Geoff lightly. "What was he saying to you, mamma?"

By this time they were at table; that is, she was at the bar, — seated, indeed, as a concession to her weakness, — about to be tried for her life before those august judges, Geoff and old Soames, both of whom had their attention fixed on her with an intentness which the whole bench could scarcely equal. She held her head very high, but she did not dare to lift up her eyes.

"Will you have this, or some of the chicken?" she asked, with a voice of solemnity not quite adapted to the question.

"I say, mamma, was it about me, or was it some trouble he was in?"

"My dear Geoff, let us attend to our own business. The chicken is best for you. And why have you been running up and down to the stables? I thought I had said that I objected to the stables."

By dint of thus carrying the war into the enemy's country, she was able to meet her boy's keen eyes, which were sharp with curiosity, "like needles," as old Soames said. Soames, the other of her judges, gave his verdict without hesitation. "She has given him the sack," he said confidentially to the housekeeper, as soon as he could spare a moment. "And a very good thing, too." The housemaids had come to the same con-

clusion, seeing Theo's hurried exit, and the rate at which he walked down the avenue. The news ran through the house in a moment: "My lady has given him the sack." The old servants were glad, because there would then be no change; and the young ones were sorry for the same reason, and partly, too, because of their sympathy for the young lover dismissed, whose distracted departure without his horse went to their tender hearts.

Geoff had to enter into an explanation as to why he had sought the stables as soon as he was dismissed from his books, — an explanation which involved much; for it had already been pointed out to him on various occasions that the coachman and Black were not improving society. Geoff had to confess that it was dull when he had a holiday, that he did n't know where to go, that Black and the coachman were more fun than any one else, — with an expressive glance over his shoulder at old Soames: all which pleas went like so many arrows to Lady Markland's heart. Had she been so neglecting her boy that Black and the coachman had become his valued allies? — she who believed in her heart that up to this moment her life had been devoted to Geoff.

The day passed to her like a day in a fever. Geoff liked it, on the whole. There was no Theo to linger after lunch and interfere with his possession of his mother. The long afternoon was all his, and Lady Markland, though she was, he thought, dull, and sometimes did not hear what he said, letting her attention stray and her eyes go far away over his head, was yet very tender, more affectionate than ever, anxious to inquire into all his wishes and to find out everything he wanted. He talked to her more than he had done at a stretch for a long time, and made it so apparent how completely he calculated upon her as always his companion that Lady Markland's guilty soul was troubled within her. She faltered once, "But, Geoff, you know you will have to go to school, they all say; and then to Oxford, when you are a man." "Yes, and you can come and live close by my college," the boy said. "Many boys' mothers do, the rector told me." Her heart sank more and more as he opened up his plans before her. It was all quite simple to Geoff. He did not dream of any change in himself, and what change could ever come to her? Presently the manner in which the child calculated upon her, ignoring every personal claim of hers, awoke a little spark of resistance in Lady Markland's breast. A little while ago she would herself have said (nay, this morning she would have said it) that she had no life but in him, that for her there was no future save Geoff's future; and even now it seemed guilt in her that she should have calculations of her own.

But as for saying anything to him on the subject, how could she do it? It was impossible. Had he been a young man, with some acquaintance with life, she thought it would not have been so hard; or had he been a mere child, to whom she could have said that Theo was to be his new papa. But ten; a judge and a critic; a creature who knew so much and so little! Half a dozen times she cleared her throat to begin, to lead the conversation back to Theo, to make some attempt at disclosure; but another look at his face chilled the words on her lips. She could not do it: how could she ever do it? They went out and had a long drive together; they strolled about the park afterwards before dinner, the boy hanging, as was his habit, upon her arm, pressed close to her, talking — about everything in heaven and earth, but never loosening that claim which was supreme, that proprietorship in her which she had never contested till now, never herself doubted. Geoff meant to be very good to his mother, — to be her protector, her support, as soon

as he should be big enough. She was to be his chief companion, always with him, his alone, all his, as she was now. Any other reading of life was not possible to him. He felt sure there was something about Theo which he had not been told, some story which he would get mamma to tell him sooner or later, but never that this story could interfere with himself and his mother: that was impossible, beyond the range of the boy's wildest misgivings. As for Lady Markland, she was more than silenced, she was overawed, by his certainty. She let him run on, her own thoughts drifting away; pulled up now and then by an importunate, repeated question, then wandering again, but never far, only to the impossibility of making Geoff understand. How should she convey to him the first germ of the fact that mother and son are not one; that they separate and part in the course of nature; that a woman in the flower of her life does not necessarily centre every wish in the progress of a little boy? How to tell him this; how to find a language which could express it, in which such a horrible fact could be told! To herself it was terrible, a thing foreign to all her tenets, to all her principles. Even now that she had done it, and bound herself forever, and raised this wall between herself and her child, between herself and her past life, it was terrible to her. If she had ever been certain of anything in her life, it had been that such a step was impossible. Marriage for her who was already married; a new life to come in place of the old; a state of affairs in which Geoff should no longer be first, — in which, in fact, it would be better, an ease to her, that Geoff should be away. Oh, horrible thought! —an ease to her to be without Geoff! She had lived for him; she had said and felt that he was everything to her, the sole object of her love and her life. And now he was an embarrassment, and it would be well for her if he could be got away.

In this confusion of mind mingled with impulses to flight, with impulses of going and throwing herself on Theo's mercy, begging him to give her up, — for she could not do it, — the day passed. Geoff clung to her and talked, — talked incessantly all the day through, giving her his opinions about Theo as well as about everything else; and she listened, hearing some things most distinctly, as it may be believed, but not all, nor near all. Weary, was it possible, of her own child, of the ceaseless voice in her ears? She was conscious of urging him to go to bed, as she would not have thought of doing in other circumstances; urging him against his will, telling him that he was getting later and later, that it made him pale and nervous, that he must go — all because she was anxious to escape, because she had promised to meet — Could a woman sink into lower humiliation, — a woman a mother, not a foolish girl? At last she managed to escape breathlessly, tying a black veil over her head; stealing out, saying a nervous word to Soames about the beautiful moonlight. Even Soames had to see her humiliation. She had to linger, as if she were looking at the moonlight, while Soames stood upon the steps, and with shame and confusion crossed the space before the door, which was all one flood of light, marked only by her little shadow, small and clinging to her feet. She could have wished that there should never be moonlight more, so shamed and mortified and humiliated did she feel. The darkness would have been better; the darkness would have hidden her, at least. In this condition of shame and pain she went along, gliding into what shadow the young trees could throw, brushing against the bushes underneath. And then suddenly, all in a moment, there was calm; ah, more than calm, a refuge from all trouble, a sudden escape from herself and all things that were oppressing her. Without any word said, a sudden meeting in the shade of the

trees, and two where there had been but one, — a young lover and a woman who, Heaven help her, was young too, and could still drop her burden off her shoulders and for a moment forget everything except the arm that supported her, and the whisper close to her ear, and the melting of all her bonds, the melting of her very being into his, the heavenly ease and forgetfulness, the *Vita Nuova* never known before.

It seemed not herself all laden with shame, but another woman, who raised her head, and said to him, shaking as it were her bondage from her, "This is not becoming for you and me. Let us go in. Whatever we have to encounter together, we must not do it in secret. I must not linger about here, Theo, like one of my maids."

"Yet stay a moment," he said. Perhaps the maids have the best of it. The sweet air of the night, the magical light so near them, the contact and close vicinity, almost unseen of each other, added an ethereal atmosphere to the everlasting, always continued tale.

> "'T was partly love and partly fear,
> And partly 't was a bashful art,
> That I might rather feel than see
> The swelling of her heart."

After a time, they emerged into the moonlight; slowly moving towards the house; she leaning upon his arm, he stooping over her, a suggestive posture. Soames upon the doorsteps could not believe his eyes. He would have shut up before now, if he had not seen my lady go out. To admire the moonlight! It did not seem to Soames a very sensible occupation; but when he saw her coming back, not alone, wonder and horror crept over him. He watched them with his mouth open, as well as his eyes, and when he went down-stairs and told Black, who had made the horses comfortable for the night, to go and bring out Mr. Warrender's horse, a shock ran through the entire house. After all! But then it was possible that he had always intended to come back and ride his horse home.

Black walked about (very unwillingly and altogether indifferent to the beauty of the moonlight) for nearly an hour before Warrender came out, with an aspect was very unlike that of the morning. Happiness beamed from him as he walked; and Lady Markland came out to the door to see him start, and called good-night as he rode away. "Good-night — till to-morrow," he said, turning back as long as he could see her, which was a tempting of Providence on the part of a man who was not a great rider, and with a big horse like the black, and so fresh, and irritated to be taken out of the stable at that hour of the night. The servants exchanged looks as my lady walked back with eyes that shone as they had never shone before, and something of that glory about her, that dazzling and mist of self-absorption, which belongs to no other condition of the mind. She went back into the room and shut the door, and sat down where she had been sitting, and delivered herself over to those visions which are more enthralling than any reality; those mingled recollections and anticipations which are the elixir of love. She had forgotten all about herself, — herself as she was before that last meeting. Her age, her gravity, the falseness of the position, the terrible Geoff, all floated away from her thoughts. They were filled only with what he had been saying and doing, as if she had been that "fresh girl" of whom she had spoken to him. She forgot that she was not that girl. She forgot that she was four years (magnified this morning into a hundred) and a whole life in advance of Theo. She thought only — Poor lady, assailed after her time by this love-fever, taking it late and not lightly! — she thought not at all, but surrendered herself to that overwhelming wave of emotion which, more than almost anything else, has the power of filling up all the vacancies of

life. Her troublous thoughts, her shame, her sense of all the difficulties in her way, went from her in that new existence. They were all there unchanged, but for the moment she thought of them no more.

It was not till some time after this that she went upstairs with her candle through the hushed and darkened house, the light in her hand showing still that confused sweet shining in her eyes, the smile that lurked about the corners of her mouth. A faint sound made her look up as she went towards the gallery upon which all the bedrooms opened. Standing by the banister, looking down into the dark hall, was Geoff, a little white figure, his colorless hair ruffled by much tossing on his bed, his eyes dazzled by the light. "Geoff!" She stood still, and her heart seemed to stop beating. To see him there was as if a curtain had suddenly fallen, shutting out all the sweet prospects before her, showing nothing but darkness and danger instead. "Geoff! Is it you out of bed at this hour?"

"Yes, it is me," he said, in a querulous tone; "there is no one else so little in the house: of course it is me."

"You are shivering with cold; have you"— Her breath seemed to go from her as she came up to him and put her arm round him. "Have you been here long, Geoff?"

"I could n't sleep," said the child, "and I heard a noise. I saw Theo. Has Theo been back here with you? What did Theo want here so late at night?"

He did not look at her, but stared into the candle with eyes opened to twice their usual size.

"Come into my room," she said. "You are so cold; you are shivering. Oh, Geoff! if you make yourself ill, what shall I do?"

He let her lead him into her room, wrap him in a fur cloak, and kneel down beside him to chafe his feet with her hands; this helped her in the dreadful crisis which had come so suddenly, and which she feared more than anything else in the world. "You must have been about a long time, or you could not have got so cold, Geoff."

"Yes, I have been about a long time. I thought you would come up directly, after Theo went away." He looked at her very gravely as she knelt with her face on a level with his. He had filled the place of a judge before without knowing it; but now Geoff was consciously a judge, interrogating one who was too much like a criminal, who avoided the looks of that representative of offended law. "Theo stayed a long time," he said, "and then he rode away. I suppose he came to fetch his horse." How he looked at her! Her eyes were upon his feet, which she was rubbing, as he lay stretched out on the sofa; but his eyes burned into her, through her downcast eyelids, making punctures in her very brain.

"He did come for his horse." She could hardly hear the words she was saying, for the tumult of her heart in her ears. "But that was not all, Geoff."

For a long minute no more was said; it seemed like an hour. The mother went on rubbing the child's feet mechanically, then bent down upon them and kissed them. No Magdalen was ever more bowed with shame and trouble. Her voice was choked; she could not speak a word in her own defense. If it had been happiness, oh, what a price to pay!

At last Geoff said, with great gravity, "Theo was always very fond of you."

"I think so, Geoff," she answered, faltering.

"And now you are fond of him."

She could say nothing. She put her head down upon the little white feet and kissed them, with what humility, with what compunction! — her eyes dry and her cheeks blazing with shame.

"It 's not anything wrong, mamma."

"No, Geoff; oh no, my darling,— they say not: if only you don't mind."

The brave little eyes blinked and twinkled to get rid of unwelcome tears. He put his hand upon her head and stroked it, as if it had been she that was the child. "I do mind," he said. She thought, as she felt the little hand upon her head, that the boy was about to call upon her for a supreme sacrifice; but for a moment there was nothing more. Afterwards he repulsed her a little; very slightly, but yet it was a repulse. "I suppose," he said, "it cannot be helped, mamma. My feet are quite warm now, and I 'll go to bed."

"Geoff, is that all you have got to say to me? It can make no difference, my darling, no difference. Oh, Geoff, my own boy, you will always be my first" —

Would he, should he, be her first thought? She paused, conscience-stricken, raising for the first time her eyes to his. But a child does not catch such an unconscious admission. He took no notice of it. His chief object, for the moment, was not to cry, which would be beneath his dignity. His little heart was all forlorn. He had no clear idea of what it was, or of what was going to happen, but only a vague certainty that mamma and Theo were to stand more and more together, and that he was "out of it." He could not talk of grown-up things, as they could; he would be sent to play, as he had been this morning. He, who had been companion, counselor, everything to her, he would be sent out to play. The dreary future seemed all summed up in that. He slid out of her arms, with his little bare feet on the carpet, flinging the fur cloak from him. "I was a little cold because the door was open, but I 'm quite warm now; and I 'm sleepy, too. And it 's long, long past bedtime, don't you think, mamma? I wonder if I was ever as late before?"

He looked at her when he asked that question: and suddenly before them both, a little vague and confused to the child, to her clear as if yesterday, came the picture of that night when Geoff and she had watched together, he at her feet curled into her dress, while his father lay dying. Oh, *he* had no right to reproach her, no right! and yet the pale, awful face on the pillow, living, yet already wrapt in the majesty of death, rose up before her. She gave a great cry and clasped Geoff in her arms. She was still kneeling, and his slight little white figure swayed and trembled with the sudden weight. To have that face like a spectre rise up before her, and Geoff's countenance averted, his little eyes twitching to keep in the tears, — was there anything in the world worth that? Magdalen! Ah, worse than Magdalen! for that sinner poured out her tears for what was past, whereas all this shame was the price at which she was going to buy happiness to come.

And yet it was nothing wrong.

XXIX.

Mrs. Warrender and Chatty left the Warren at the end of the week in which these events had taken place. They had a farewell visit from the rector and Mrs. Wilberforce, which no doubt was prompted by kindness, yet had other motives as well. The Warren looked its worst on the morning when this visit was paid. It was a gray day, no sun visible, the rain falling by intervals, the sky all neutral tinted, melting in the gray distance into indefinite levels of damp soil and shivering willows, — that is, where there was a horizon visible at all. But in the Warren there was no horizon, nothing but patches of whitish-gray seen among the branches of the trees, upon which the rain kept up such an endless, dismal patter as became unendurable after a time, — a continual dropping, the water dripping

off the long branches, drizzling through the leaves with incessant, monotonous downfall. The Wilberforces came picking their way through the little pools which alternated with dry patches along all the approaches to the house, their wet umbrellas making a moving glimmer of reflection in the green, damp atmosphere. Inside, the rooms were all dark, as if it had been twilight. Boxes stood about in the hall, packed and ready, and there were those little signs of neglect in the usual garnishing of the rooms which is so apt to occur on the eve of a departure. Chatty, with her hat on, stood arranging a few very wet flowers in a solitary vase, as if by way of keeping up appearances, the usual decorations of this kind being all cleared away. "Theo is so little at home," she said, by way of explanation, "he would get no good of them." Afterwards when she thought of it, Chatty was sorry that she had mentioned her brother at all.

"Ah, Theo! We have been hearing wonderful things of Theo," said Mrs. Wilberforce, as Mrs. Warrender approached from the drawing-room to meet them. "I have never been so surprised in my life; and yet I don't know why I should be surprised. Of course it makes his conduct all quite reasonable when we look back upon it in that light."

"Who speaks of conduct that is reasonable?" said Mrs. Warrender. "It is kinder than reason to come and see us this melancholy day. It is very discouraging to leave home under such skies."

"But you don't need to leave in such a hurry, surely. Theo would never press you: and besides, I suppose, with a larger house so close at hand, they would not live here."

"There is nobody going to live here that I know of, except Theo," said his mother, while Chatty, always kind, took off the visitor's wet cloak. "Notwithstanding the packing and all the fuss the servants love to make, we may surely have some tea. I ought to ask you to come and sit down by the fire. Though it is June, a fire seems the only comfortable thing one can think of." Mrs. Warrender was full of suppressed excitement, and talked against time, that the callers might not insist upon the one topic of which she was determined nothing should be said. But the rector's wife was not one whom it was easy to balk.

"A fire would be cosy," she said; "but I suppose now the Warren will be made to look very different. With all the will in the world to change, it does need a new start, does n't it, a new beginning, to make a real change in a house?"

This assault was ineffective from the fact that it called forth no remark. As Mrs. Warrender had no answer to make, she took refuge in that which is the most complete of all, — silence, — and left her adversary to watch, as it were, the smoke of her own guns, dispersing vaguely into the heavy air.

"We are going to London, first," Mrs. Warrender said. "No, not for the season; but if any little simple gayeties should fall in Chatty's way" —

"Little simple gayeties are scarcely appropriate to London in June," said the rector, with a laugh.

"No; if we were to be received into the world of fashion, Chatty and I — But that does n't seem very likely. We all talk about London as if we were going to plunge into a vortex. Our vortex means two or three people in South Kensington, and one little bit of a house in Mayfair."

"That might be quite enough to set you going," said Mrs. Wilberforce. "It only depends upon who the people are; though now, I hear that in London there are no invitations more sought after than to the rich parvenus' houses, — people that never were heard of till they grew rich; and then they have nothing to do but get a grand house in

Belgravia, and let it be known how much money they have. Money is everything, alas, now."

"It always was a good deal, my dear," observed the rector, mildly.

"Never in my time, Herbert! Mamma would no more have let us go to such houses! It is just one of those signs of the time which you insist on ignoring, but which one day — This new connection will be a great thing for Chatty, dear Mrs. Warrender. It is such a nice thing for a girl to come out under good auspices."

"Poor Chatty, we cannot say she is coming out," said her mother, "and the Thynnes, I have always understood, were dull people, not fashionable at all."

"Oh, you don't think for a moment that I meant the Thynnes! She has been very quiet, to be sure; but now, of course, with a young husband — And I am sure Chatty does not look more than nineteen; I always say she is the youngest-looking girl of her age. And as she has never been presented, what is she but a girl coming out? But I do think I would wait till she had her sister-in-law to go out with. It may be a self-denial for a mother, but it gives a girl such an advantage!"

"But Chatty is not going to have a husband, either young or old," said Mrs. Warrender, with a laugh which was a little forced. "Ah, here is the tea. I wish we had a fire, too, Joseph, though it is against rules."

"I 'll light you a fire, mum," said Joseph, "in a minute. None of us would mind the trouble, seeing as it 's only for once, and the family going away."

"That is very good of you, not to mind," said his mistress, laughing. "Light it, then; it will make us more cheerful before we go."

"Ah, Joseph," said the rector's wife, "you may well be kind to your good old mistress, who has always been so considerate to you. For new lords, new laws, you know: and when the new lady comes" —

Joseph, who was on his knees lighting the fire, turned round with the freedom of an old servant. "There ain't no new ladies but in folks's imagination," he said. "The Warren ain't a place for nothing new."

"Joseph!" cried his mistress, sharply; but she was glad of the assistance thus afforded to her.

And there was a little interval during which Mrs. Wilberforce was occupied with her tea. She was cold and damp, and the steaming cup was pleasant to see; but she was not to be kept in silence even by this much-needed refreshment. "I should think," she resumed, "that the boy would be the chief difficulty. A step-mother is a difficult position; but a step-father, and one so young as dear Theo!"

"Step-fathering succeeds better than step-mothering," said the rector, "so far as my experience goes. Men, my dear, are not so exacting; they are more easily satisfied."

"What nonsense, Herbert! They are not brought so much in contact with the children, perhaps, you mean; they are not called on to interfere so much. But how a mother could trust her children's future to a second husband — For my part I would rather die."

"Let us hope you will never need to do so, my dear," said the rector, at which Mrs. Warrender was glad to laugh.

"Happily none of us are in danger," she said. "Chatty must take the warning to heart, and beware of fascinating widowers. Is it true about the Elms, that the house is empty and every one gone?"

"Thank Heaven! it is quite true; gone like a bubble burst, clean swept out, and not a vestige left."

"As every such place must be, sooner or later," said Mrs. Wilberforce. "That sort of thing may last for a time, but sooner or later" —

"I think," said the rector, "that our friend Cavendish had, perhaps, something to do with it. It appears that it is an uncle of his who bought the house when it was sold three years ago, and these people wanted something done — to the drainage, I suppose. I advised Dick to persuade his uncle to do nothing, hoping that the nuisance — for, I suppose, however wicked you are, you may have a nose like other people — might drive them out; and so it has done apparently," Mr. Wilberforce said, with some complacency, looking like a man who had deserved well of his kind.

"They might have caught fever, too, like other people. I wonder if that is moral, to neglect the drains of the wicked?"

"No," said Mrs. Wilberforce, firmly; "they have not noses like other people. How should they, people living in that way? The sense of smell is essentially a belonging of the better classes. Servants never smell anything. We all know that. My cook sniffs and looks me in the face and says, 'I don't get anything, m'm,' when it is enough to knock you down! And persons of *that* description, living in the midst of every evil! Not that I believe in all that fuss about drains," she added, after a moment. "We never had any drains in the old times, and who ever heard of typhoid fever *then*?"

"But if they had been made very ill?" said Chatty, who, up to this time, had not spoken. "I don't think — surely, Mr. Cavendish would not have done that."

She was a little moved by this new suggestion. Chatty was not interested in general about what was said, but now and then a personal question would rouse her. She thought of the woman with the blue eyes, so wide open and red with crying, and then of Dick with his laugh which it always made her cheerful to think of. Chatty had in her mind no possible link of connection between these two: but the absence of any power of comprehending the abstract in her made her lay hold all the more keenly on the personal, and the thought of Dick in the act of letting in poisonous gases upon that unhappy creature filled her with horror. She was indignant at so false an accusation. "Mr. Cavendish," she repeated with a little energy, "never would have done that."

"It is all a freak of those scientific men," said Mrs. Wilberforce. "Look at the poor people: they can do a great deal more, and support a great deal more, than we can; yet they live among bad smells. I think they rather like them. I am sure my nursery is on my mind night and day, if there is the least little whiff of anything; but the village children are as strong as little ponies — and where is the drainage there?"

With this triumphant argument she suddenly rose, declaring that she knew the brougham was at the door, and that Mrs. Warrender would be late for the train. She kissed and blessed both the ladies as she took leave of them: "Come back soon, and don't forget us," while to Mrs. Warrender she gave a little friendly pat on the shoulder. "You won't say anything, not even to true friends like Herbert and me: but a secret like that can't be kept, and though you may n't think so, everybody knows."

"Do you think that is true, mamma?" Chatty asked, when the wet umbrellas had again gone glimmering through the shrubberies and under the trees, and the ladies were left alone.

"That everybody knows? It is very likely. There is no such thing as a secret in a little world like ours; everybody knows everything. But still they cannot say that they have it by authority from you and me. It is time enough to talk of it when it is a fact, if it is to be."

"But you have not any doubt of it, mamma?"

"I have doubt of everything till it is

done: even," she said with a smile, as the wheels of the brougham cut the gravel and came round with a little commotion to the door, "of our going away: though I allow that it seems very like it now."

They did go away, at last, leaving the Warren very solitary, damp, and gray, under the rain, — a melancholy place enough for Theo to return to. But he was not in a state of mind to think of that, or of any of his home surroundings grave or gay. Chatty put her head out of the window to look behind her at the melancholy yet dear old house, with tears in her innocent eyes, but Mrs. Warrender, feeling that at last she had shaken herself free from that bondage, notwithstanding the anxiety in her heart for her son, had no feeling to spare for the leave-taking. She waved her hand to Mrs. Bagley at the shop, who was standing out at her door with a shawl over her cap to see the ladies go by. Lizzie stood behind her in the doorway saying nothing, while her grandmother curtseyed and waved her hand and called out her wishes for a good journey, and a happy return. Naturally Chatty's eyes sought those of the girl, who looked after her with a sort of blank longing as if she, too, would fain have gone out into the world. Lizzie's eyes seemed to pursue her as they drove past, — poor Lizzie, who had other things in her mind, Chatty began to think, beside the fashion books; and then there came the tall red mass of the Elms, with all its windows shut up, and that air of mystery which its encircling wall and still more its recent history conferred upon it. The two ladies looked out upon it, as they drove past, almost with awe.

"Mamma," said Chatty, "I never told you. I saw the — the lady, just when she was going away."

"What lady?" asked Mrs. Warrender, with surprise.

"I don't think," said Chatty, with a certain solemnity, "that she was any older, perhaps not so old as I. It made my heart sick. Oh, dear mother, must there not be some explanation, some dreadful, dreadful fate, when it happens that one so young" —

"Sometimes it is so; these are mysteries which you, at your age, Chatty, have no need to go into."

"At my age, which was about the same as hers," said Chatty; "and — oh, mamma, I wanted in my heart to stop her, to bring her to you. She had been crying; she had such innocent looking distracted eyes — and Lizzie said" —

"Lizzie! what had Lizzie to do with it?"

"I promised to tell no one: but you are not any one, you are the same as myself. Lizzie says she knew her long ago: that she was the same as a child still, not responsible for what she is doing — fond of toys and sweets like a child."

"My dear, I am sorry that Lizzie should have kept up such a friend. I believe there are some poor souls that if an innocent girl were to do what you say, stop them and bring them to her mother, might be saved, Chatty. I do believe that: but not — not *this* kind."

The tears by this time were falling fast from Chatty's eyes. "I wonder," she said, "if I shall ever see her again?"

"Never, I hope; for you could do nothing for her. Shut the window, my dear, the rain is coming in. Poor Theo, how wet he will get, coming home! I wonder if he will have the thought to change everything, now that there is no occasion to dress, now that we are away."

"Joseph will give him no peace till he does," said Chatty, happily diverted, as her mother had intended, from sadder thoughts. "And don't you think she will make him stay to dinner on such a day? Don't you think she must care a great deal for him, mamma?"

"She must care for him or she would not have listened to him. Poor Theo!" said the mother, with a sigh.

"But he cares very much for her: and he is happy," said Chatty, with a certain timidity, a half question; for to her inexperience these were very serious drawbacks, though perhaps not such as might have occurred to a more reasonable person. Mrs. Warrender had to change this subject, too, which Chatty showed a disposition to push too far, by making an inquiry into the number of their bags and parcels, and reminding her daughter that they were drawing near the station. It was a very forlorn little station, wet and dismal, with a few men lounging about, the collars of their coats up to their ears, and Mrs. Warrender's maid standing by her pile of boxes, having arrived before them. It had been an event long looked for, much talked of, but it was not a cheerful going away.

The rain had gone off, however, by the time they reached town, and a June day has a power of recovering itself, such as youth only possesses. But no, that is an error, as Mrs. Warrender proved. She had been leaning back in her corner very quiet, saying little, yet with an intense sense of relief and deliverance. She came to London with as delightful a consciousness of novelty and freedom as any boy coming to seek his fortune. Chatty's feelings were all very mild in comparison with her mother's. She was greatly pleased to see the clouds clear off and the humid sweetness of the skies, which even the breath of the great city did not obscure. "After all, Theo will have a nice evening for his drive home," she said, unexcited. Though it was all very agreeable, Chatty did not know of anything important that might await her in town. She knew more or less, she believed, what awaited her, — a few parties, a play or two, the Row in the morning, the pictures, a pleasant little glimpse of the outside of that fashionable life which was said to be "such a whirl," which she had no expectation, nor any desire to see much of. There was no likelihood that she and her mother would be drawn into that whirl. If all the people they knew asked them to dinner, or even to a dance, which was scarcely to be expected, there would still be no extravagant gayety in that. Driving from the railway to Half Moon Street was as pleasant as anything: to a girl of very highly raised expectations, it might have been the best of all: but Chatty did not anticipate too much, and would not be easily disappointed. She neither expected nor was afraid of any great thing that might be coming to her. Her quiet heart seemed beyond the reach of any touch of fate.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

A DIPLOMATIC EPISODE.

Historical and political conjunctures are sometimes curious and unexpected. That William H. Seward should join hands with a Spanish admiral across a gap of three hundred and seventy-five years for the protection of the swarthy republic of San Domingo seems like an exuberant fiction rather than a sober historical fact. It was the prevailing impression among certain citizens of the United States, some twenty years ago, that this distinguished old admiral was dead. They found to their surprise and confusion that he was still living, and, like the statue in Don Giovanni, could come down from his historic pedestal

and stalk through our diplomatic literature with a proud priority. The enterprise which he so signally defeated was nothing less than an ingenious attempt to rob the great commander of the fame of one of his earliest achievements, and to wrest from the republic of San Domingo one of the island jewels it wears upon its necklace.

Of the multitude of islands that dot the Caribbean Sea there is one so small that spectacles are almost needed to see it on any general map of the West Indies. It is no discredit to our readers to assume that the name of this island is unfamiliar, and that most of them would go to the foot in a geography class, if asked to indicate its location. This island, as described by the United States Coast Survey, is but three quarters of a mile long and about half a mile wide. It is composed almost entirely of a bell-shaped hill, the summit of which is five hundred feet above the sea. Its commanding height makes it a prominent object to the mariner. Seen from a distance it has the appearance of a high sail, and from this fact gets its Spanish name of Alto Velo. This island is situated about fifteen miles south of Beata, the southern point of the island of San Domingo.

It was this little bell-shaped dot in the ocean, uninhabited, but not unknown, which at the close of the war was to become the theatre of a complicated and interesting controversy. Notwithstanding the millions of square miles which constitute the territory of the United States, it was perfectly clear to certain citizens of this country (at least to two or three of them) that the dignity and the interest of our government demanded that this island should be annexed to the national domain. When, with melancholy retrospection, we recall the efficiency of our navy at that time, we can see that it would not have been a difficult matter for a few of our war vessels to pluck this island up by the roots and bring it to the United States. And it is no exaggeration of the facts of history to say that this was actually undertaken by some of our merchant marine. Indeed, it was the attempt to ship this island to New York, where it was to be sold at the rate of fifteen dollars per ton, that occasioned, shortly after, a miniature war-dance at the national capital.

To extract from the mazes of the national archives some of the more interesting and important phases of this diplomatic afterpiece, and to show the historic influences that blended in its solution, is the object of this paper.

In 1856 the Congress of the United States passed what is known as the Guano Island Act, which, by the approval of the President, became a law on the 18th of August of that year. The law substantially declares that when any citizen may have discovered a deposit of guano on any island, rock, or key not within the lawful jurisdiction of any government, and shall take peaceable possession thereof, and keep the same, this island, rock, or key may, at the discretion of the President, be considered as appertaining to the United States. The conditions prescribed were, first, that notice should be given to the Department of State, as soon as practicable, by the discoverer, verified by affidavit, describing the island, its latitude and longitude, and showing that possession was taken in the name of the United States, and that satisfactory evidence be furnished to the State Department that the island was not, at the time of the discovery or occupation, in the possession of any other government or of its citizens.

To the discoverer the exclusive right was granted, at the pleasure of Congress, of occupying such island for the purpose of obtaining guano and of selling and delivering the same to citizens of the United States, and to none others, for the purpose of being used in this coun-

try. The law further contained a significant provision authorizing the President, at his discretion, to employ the land and naval forces of the United States to protect the rights of the discoverer.

The object and provisions of the law are clearly apparent. It was intended to protect and encourage American commercial enterprise. Any citizen of the United States who should discover an uninhabited bird-roost in the ocean might unfurl the flag of the United States above it and carry away as much of the guano as he desired, provided it was used for the enrichment of his own country.

There was only one restriction laid upon the enterprise of the American discoverer: and that was that the island or key should not be within the lawful jurisdiction of any other government and not occupied by its citizens. The inconvenience of this restriction is immediately apparent: it would be so much easier for the American navigator to seize any island that he happened to find without troubling himself about international formalities; it would be so much easier for him to unfurl the American flag over an island which had been discovered three hundred and sixty-two years before the act was passed than to find one previously undiscovered and unknown. It was this embarrassing restriction which caused all the trouble in the Alto Velo case.

Encouraged and inspired by this act of Congress, American vessels fitted out by firms engaged in the guano trade immediately began to cruise in search of islands that were uninhabited and unoccupied, although, as will be seen, sufficient pains were not taken to avoid those under the jurisdiction of other governments.

In May, 1860, four years after the passage of this act, the Department of State received a letter from W. T. Kendall, a Baltimore merchant, stating that his brig Delta, of Baltimore, Captain R. Daulby, on the 19th of March, 1860, discovered a deposit of guano upon Alto Velo, an island in the Caribbean Sea; that he took possession of the island, loaded his vessel with guano, and sent her home, Captain Daulby remaining on the island with two men to work and hold possession. Mr. Kendall declared, and doubtless believed, that the island lay out of the jurisdiction of any other government and was uninhabited at the time of the discovery.

On the very same date, Messrs. Patterson & Murguiendo, another Baltimore firm, wrote to the State Department, claiming to have taken possession of this same island of Alto Velo, and that the island was then in their possession and was occupied by Captain S. A. Kimball and crew of the schooner Boston. The aspect of the case then was simply that two American sea-captains, representing different firms, laid claim to the same island, and that this island was Alto Velo. The question which of them had priority does not materially concern us. In the subsequent proceedings, however, the claim of Patterson & Murguiendo assumed more importance, and if the allegations contained in their affidavits were true, priority must be awarded to their claim.

Extracting from the memorials, affidavits, and correspondence with the State Department the significant events in this history, it appears that this Baltimore firm fitted out a vessel, the schooner Boston, of Baltimore, under the command of Captain S. R. Kimball, and that on the 23d of February he took possession of the island of Alto Velo. Captain Kimball put up a written notice of his occupancy of the island, and then left it for the purpose of chartering vessels to export the guano. He returned March 23 and took peaceable possession of the island and proceeded to work and ship the deposits. In the course of the next seven months they

shipped more than a thousand tons of guano, from which they realized a profit of $9000. During these seven months their occupation of the island was not disturbed. Certain fishing vessels from Hayti visited the island and made no protest against its occupation by the Americans; for the reason, perhaps, that Hayti had no valid claim to it.

The American occupants no doubt congratulated themselves upon the beneficence of this law of Congress, and upon the ease with which they had availed themselves of its privileges. But this industrious and profitable complacency was somewhat disturbed one morning when the men in charge of the island discovered a Dominican man-of-war lying off the shore. Her captain was in an interrogative frame of mind, and asked some ominous questions concerning the nationality of the inhabitants and their business on the island. The claimants alleged that when he went away he took a bucket of guano with him. That the captain of a Dominican man-of-war should have taken a bucket of guano from under the American flag without paying for it must have seemed an unwarrantable liberty to these Americans, who were selling it in New York at fifteen dollars per ton! The Dominican government evidently took time enough to ruminate, for, if the affidavits of the claimants are true, it was not till October 23, or some six weeks later, that the man-of-war, the Merced, appeared before the island, under the command of General Juan Evertz, who sent ashore a letter in which the iron doctrine of necessity, represented by a man-of-war, was elegantly upholstered with the velvet courtesies of diplomatic speech. The letter stated that the Dominican government was alarmed at the disagreeable advices that foreigners had violated that portion of Dominican territory which belongs to the province of Azua, with the object of exporting guano. He was authorized to dislodge them "with the greatest brevity." The commander "trusted that they would not depart from the justice and moderation characteristic of an American, and to reflect upon the consequences that such circumstances would bring on an infraction of international rights." He gave the twelve men on the island twenty-four hours in which to depart. Miller, the American in charge, answered that there was no vessel at the island at that time in which he and his men could embark. The commander of the man-of-war replied, with renewed courtesy, that his own vessel was at their disposal, and that he would with much pleasure receive them in it accompanied by all their men and effects. His instructions, however, forbade him to grant the request of Captain Miller to leave one man on the island. The men and their effects were thereupon removed by the man-of-war and taken to the city of San Domingo. The Dominican government immediately acquainted the United States commercial agent with its action, and although it insisted that it would have a lawful right to try and punish these men, it nevertheless proposed to put them at the disposal of the commercial agent, with all their effects, "reserving to the government of San Domingo the right to reclaim indemnity for the trespasses which had been committed." The men and the materials were therefore delivered to the commercial agent. Throughout this transaction the Dominican government acted with great moderation.

Imagine the surprise, at least the disappointment, of the American agent of this Baltimore firm, Captain Kimball, on arriving at Alto Velo soon after, and finding that it had resumed its primitive condition of solitude. He immediately proceeded to San Domingo, and learning the facts and the particulars of the eviction, offered to pay the Dominican government a fair amount for the

guano which had been taken, and also to buy what was left, on the supposition that the government of San Domingo had a legal right to the island. An amicable discussion followed, in which Captain Kimball stated that the amount of guano shipped was 1033 tons, in six different vessels. The Dominican government proposed indemnity for the guano taken and agreed to urge no claim for the illegal occupation of the island. It fixed the price of the royalty at the moderate sum of eight dollars per ton, and proposed if that price were not satisfactory that the matter be settled by arbitration. Captain Kimball declined to accept the terms proposed and was allowed, with his laborers, to return to the United States. Had he recognized the claim of San Domingo and accepted this agreement, it would have been far better for his employers. He concluded, however, to wrap his cause in the American flag, and to fall back upon the assurance of the guano act that the land and naval forces of the United States might be used to protect the rights of the discoverer.

Messrs. Patterson & Murguiendo, the Baltimore firm, lost no time in presenting to the Department of State a claim against the government of San Domingo.

Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, who afterwards figured prominently in this case, was at that time Secretary of State. Although favorably disposed towards the claimants, Mr. Black deemed it desirable, inasmuch as the government of San Domingo was understood to claim jurisdiction over the island, to secure a report from the United States commercial agent at San Domingo, Mr. Cazneau, as to the ground on which its claim to the island was based. Mr. Cazneau reported that by a Dominican law of 1855 the islands of Alto Velo and Beata were defined as a portion of the province of Azua. He recited the fact that the island was uninhabited, and, although it *claimed* jurisdiction, he knew of no instance in which the Dominican government had exercised a *de facto* jurisdiction.

The cloud of war which had been gathering in the United States during this little commercial episode soon broke upon the country. The government had something more important upon its hands than the disposition of a few tons of insular earth in the Caribbean Sea. Though the attention of the Department of State was frequently solicited by the claimants, all the resources of our arms were engaged at home, while all the resources of our diplomacy were needed to resist intervention from abroad. At the close of Buchanan's administration the portfolio of the State Department had passed from the hands of Mr. Black to those of William H. Seward. Mr. Black subsequently became the attorney for Messrs. Patterson & Murguiendo, so that the claimants had the advantage not only of having one of the finest lawyers in the country, but also one under whose administration in the State Department the claim had been filed.

The smoke of the war had scarcely passed away before Mr. Black promptly brought his claim to the attention of the government. It was referred to the State Department for examination. In that department it was committed by Mr. Seward to the Examiner of Claims, Mr. E. Peshine Smith, a lawyer of marked ability. The examiner reported adversely to the claim. The grounds of his decision were that the proofs submitted by the claimants that the island was not in the possession of another government were not sufficient. He insisted that such jurisdiction may exist in a foreign government, though actual possession may not have been taken, or if taken may not have been maintained; he recited a judicial decision of Lord Stowell, in which that judge showed "how fallacious would be an attempt to

deprive the United States of islands in the open sea, or off the mouth of the Mississippi, upon the ground that they were desert, uninhabited, and unoccupied."

The island of Alto Velo lies only fifteen miles from the mainland of San Domingo, or about half as far as Nantucket is from the United States coast, and Mr. Smith pertinently asked whether if the island of Nantucket had remained uninhabited and unoccupied by the government, or any person under its authority, it would be tolerated that a foreign power should seize and occupy it by force. He expressed the opinion that the controlling question in regard to jurisdiction over islands situated like that of Alto Velo is this: Are such adjacent islands necessary to the security and protection of the mainland, so that their occupation by a hostile power would be dangerous?

The examiner's report was laid before the President at a cabinet meeting, and upon recommendation of the Secretary of State was adopted without discussion. A memorandum to that effect was filed in the State Department and a copy furnished to Judge Black.

A man of ordinary courage and persistence would have abandoned his claim at this point; but Judge Black was a man of extraordinary courage and extraordinary persistence. It was just at this exigency that his remarkable abilities were most needed for the protection of his clients. He was not the man to be extinguished by a memorandum from the State Department. He was not only a personal friend of one of his clients, but he was also a personal friend of President Johnson, and at this date in his administration had considerable influence over him. He immediately wrote a letter to the President, accompanied by a skillfully prepared brief, in which he recited, with his accustomed force, the grievous wrongs of his clients. Mr. Black knew how to paint them. There is every reason to suppose that he painted them conscientiously. We must acquit the American claimants in this matter of all attempts at fraud. They undoubtedly believed in the justice of their cause. In his brief Judge Black claimed that "the island was totally barren and desolate, and had been previously uninhabited and unclaimed by any state, people, or government;" that his clients had taken possession of it under the act of Congress, in the name of the United States, and had filed notice of the discovery and occupation with the State Department, and entered the required bond. He described the eviction of his clients as a case of naked spoliation, and as in open contempt of their rights as discoverers, occupants, and Americans; as a grievous wrong, a shameless robbery; and said "that the faith of the United States is so solemnly pledged to restore their property that their final success in pursuit of justice can hardly be doubted." Mr. Black patriotically referred to the gross insult rendered to the American flag by the Dominican government. He went so far as to assert that the island of Alto Velo, after its occupation by his clients under the guano act, became virtually annexed to the United States, and that to expel the American occupants under such circumstances was like any other invasion of our territory. Judge Black proposed what he termed with correctness "a short and simple way of dealing with the business." This was to send an American man-of-war immediately to the spot and put his clients in possession.

The act of 1856, as already noticed, authorized the President, at his discretion, to employ the land and naval forces of the United States to protect the rights of the discoverer. It did not authorize, however, the use of the navy to wrest a little island from its political setting in the Atlantic which had been established hundreds of years before.

Baron Munchausen, in his famous and

somewhat highly colored narrative, mentions the discovery on his voyage to North America of a floating island. The Baron thought it was altogether disturbing to any fixed geographical notions to have an island floating about in this roving way, so he drove an immense spike through the centre and nailed it fast to the ocean bed. The method proposed by Mr. Black in the case of Alto Velo was entirely the reverse of this. It was to pull up the spike, loose the island from its political connections, and float it off to the United States for the sole benefit of his clients. In his brief Judge Black rightly described this island as "barren, desolate, and uninhabited;" but he did violence to the facts, however, when he stated that it was unclaimed by any state, people, or government. He at least overlooked the fact that while himself Secretary of State he had secured a report from the commercial agent of the United States, who had expressly declared that the island of Alto Velo was defined by the laws of San Domingo of 1855 as a portion of the province of Azua. Rightly or wrongly, therefore, the Dominican government had thus asserted its claim to the island more than a year before Congress had passed the guano act.

Under the pressure of Mr. Black's solicitation, the President once more referred the claim to the Department of State. The matter by this time had become a somewhat complicated one. A New York firm, recognizing the claim of the San Domingo government to this island, had wisely made a contract with that government for the purchase and removal of the guano and were shipping it at a good profit. Messrs. Patterson & Murguiendo had thus the mortification of seeing an American firm working under remunerative conditions and under amicable relations to the Dominican government the guano which they claimed by right of discovery. It was too late for them to repent and acknowledge the right of the Dominican government, as they would better have done in the first place. A man-of-war was needed not only to suppress the claim of San Domingo, but also to eject the Americans who had entered into contract with that government. So far as this was a conflict between citizens of the United States, Mr. Seward declined to enter into it. He referred them to the legal tribunals for the settlement of the controversy. But Messrs. Patterson & Murguiendo insisted that the San Domingo government was the responsible party, and the fundamental question came up once more whether, when Messrs. Patterson & Murguiendo took possession of that island, it was not in the legal jurisdiction of some foreign country.

The whole question was thus reduced to a purely historical and political one, and this phase of it will probably be more interesting to the reader than the complexities of diplomatic discussion. First, as has already been mentioned, the political claim to the island is a very definite one. This republic achieved its independence of Hayti in 1844. In the constitution which it adopted and proclaimed on the 18th of November of that year, it declared that the ancient Spanish part of the island of San Domingo, with the adjacent islands, formed the territory of the Dominican republic. Among the adjacent islands mentioned as definitely belonging to Dominican territory was the island of Beata and that of Alto Velo. From the report of the United States Coast Survey we see that Beata Island is only four miles from Beata Point on the mainland; and that Alto Velo, instead of being forty miles beyond the extreme point of San Domingo, as alleged by one captain, is only six and a quarter miles from the southwest part of Beata Island. From the report of the Coast Survey we may infer that these islands are really parts of the mainland. There are only three

fathoms between Beata and Beata Point; and although the channel between Alto Velo and Beata is described as quite clear, yet the report says "it will be prudent to keep outside of all."

But Mr. Seward was not content to show that the Dominican government had claimed these islands before the guano act was passed; he determined to show also the historical and ethical foundation on which that claim rested, even if it were necessary to wake a certain famous navigator from the dead. One of the distinguishing traits of Mr. Seward's character comes out in this examination. As a lawyer, he was noted from the beginning of his career for the generosity and power with which he espoused the cause of the weak and friendless. This had a notable illustration in the celebrated Freeman case, in which Mr. Seward, against much popular clamor, defended a half-idiotic criminal arraigned on the charge of murder. The subsequent death of the criminal from a diseased brain vindicated Mr. Seward's judgment as well as his heart. There was another trait in his character which has linked his name with the watchword of liberty: it was his reverence for the Higher Law. He arraigned with moral vigor the injustice of oppression. He proclaimed the everlasting obligation of nations as well as of individuals to do right. So in the Alto Velo case both these characteristics were united, not to disturb the calm impartiality of his judgment, but to give moral vigor to his work. He had an undisguised sympathy with the weak and infantile republic, on the one hand, and a profound sense of the injustice of robbing it of a portion of its territory, on the other hand. Having reached this conclusion on the political and ethical merits of the case, Mr. Seward, when the matter was referred to him again, determined to back it up with an array of irrefutable historical proof.

In the examination that followed, the value of ancient records and charts in determining territorial rights received a striking illustration.

The State Department had a library, at that time, of about twenty thousand volumes. It contained certain old and dusty folios invaluable to the antiquary, but of little interest to any one else. Some years before, the government had purchased of Dr. John G. Kohl, an eminent German cartographer, his collection of early maps relating to the American continent. Dr. Kohl spent some time in this country cataloguing his maps, but it is a matter of great regret that the inadequate encouragement he received from our government should have driven him back to Europe, where he died in 1878. Hon. Charles Deane, in a notice of his death written for the Massachusetts Historical Society, says of him, "After the death of Humboldt he was unquestionably the most distinguished geographer in Europe."

It could hardly have been supposed at the time this collection was purchased by the United States that it would ever attain any great practical utility. We can imagine some prosaic, hard-headed utilitarian regretting that the government had not spent its six thousand dollars in some more profitable way than on a collection of maps to be stored in its archives. Indeed, little care was taken at the outset to preserve them, and Mr. Justin Winsor, who has lately catalogued this entire collection, in the Harvard University Bulletin, tells us that "at the outbreak of the civil war it was temporarily put in charge of the War Department, placed in an apartment occupied by troops, and barely escaped destruction."

It was this collection of maps, combined with some ancient narratives and records, that suddenly shook off their dust and became of great practical importance in the Alto Velo case. They furnished successive links of evidence

in the strong historical cable which anchored Alto Velo to the Dominican republic. For the sake of consecutiveness we will follow these links in their chronological order.

Starting with the official maps of the United States Coast Survey in current use in 1868, when this investigation was prosecuted, we find, as already noticed in the report quoted, that the island of Alto Velo and those adjoining it were indicated with the accuracy which distinguishes the work of that bureau.

From the Coast Survey report in 1868, we take a leap of seventy-two years to the year 1796. In a map which accompanies M. L. E. Moreau de Saint Méry's Description Topographical, Natural, Civil, Political, and Historical, of the French part of the island of St. Domingo, published in Philadelphia, 1797, we find that the boundary line between the French and Spanish parts of San Domingo is prominently indicated, and that Cape Beata, the island La Beata, the island of Alto Velo, and the two contiguous islands called Los Frailes are all carefully put down.

On a French war map of San Domingo made during the revolution for independence in Hayti, the dividing line "betwixt the French and Spaniards fixed in 1776" is indicated. Cape Beata, Beata Island, and Alto Velo are all put down as falling within the Spanish part of the island. Alto Velo is here separated from Beata Island by a strait a little less than six miles wide, and is fourteen miles distant from Cape Beata or the mainland of San Domingo.

Pursuing our search back into the period of the purely Spanish occupancy of the island, we have several maps in the Kohl collection which are without date, but all of which antedate our own national existence.

One of these is an ancient chart, by Visconte de Majoli, of the Antilles and the mainland of Honduras and the cape of Santa Maria in Uruguay. Most of the West India islands are delineated; among them Spagnola and Isabella. We find a projection of the coast corresponding to Cape Beata, and south of it are two islands which correspond to Beata and Alto Velo, but without names.

On another chart, without date, of the same collection, probably of the sixteenth century, Cuba, Bahama, and Spagnola are named and Yucatan is put down as an island. South of "Spagnola" we find four small islands, two of which correspond to Alto Velo and Beata, although they are not accurately indicated.

On another ancient chart of the east coast of America from Hudson's Bay to the Straits of Magellan, the island of Hayti is named Spagnola, and it has several islands on its south side, although they are not named.

A map of the east coast of America from New Brunswick to the Amazon River shows "Hespanhol" among the larger West India islands, and adjacent to it three islands, one marked Beata, another "Frailes," while the third, corresponding to Alto Velo, is left unnamed. The position of "Frailes" is interchanged with Alto Velo.

But we are not left to the probabilities of undated maps, even though some of them are very ancient, or to mere conjectures concerning name and situation. We may follow a chronological path with very definite milestones upon it. In the work of Antonio de Herrera entitled A Description of the West Indies (Descripcion de las Indias occidentales, 1601), there is a map of the Antilles. It was made nineteen years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth or the slave ship sailed up the James. It gives the outline of the main island with considerable accuracy and records the name of the adjacent islands. Among them we find Beata and Alto Velo, though they are written Sabeata and Altobelo.

Returning to the Kohl collection, we

find a copy of an original chart of the West Indies bearing this inscription, "Thomas Hood made this platte, 1592," and beneath it a pen and ink flourish, looking very much like a spiral bed-spring, which seems to indicate that Thomas Hood was well satisfied with himself and his work. We have since thought that the author would have felt like adding another flourish to his signature if he had known that his putting down the name of Alto Velo would be used two hundred and seventy-six years later to contradict the preposterous claim of two modern navigators to the discovery of this island.

And yet old as is this map, it is modern compared with the evidence that antedates it.

Twenty-eight years earlier we have Paulo Forlano's map of San Domingo, made in 1564. This is a map drawn on a large scale, and correct proportions are not always observed; but south of the island we find Alto Velo and Beata. Alto Velo is exaggerated in size, but, considering all the experiences it was destined to go through, perhaps not in importance.

In the third volume of Ramusio's celebrated work (Delle navigationi et viaggi, 1556), we have a map in which the cluster of islands is properly indicated off the southern coast, but the name of Beata is incorrectly given to the island of Alto Velo, while Beata is named Delobos, which was the name of the cape afterward known as Cape Beata.

Going back twenty-two years earlier, to 1534, we come to the oldest engraved map of Hispaniola, which was copied by Kohl from the work of Oviedo. (Libro Primo della Historia, delle Indie occidentale cavate da libri scritti del P. Marted Oviedo. Venezia, 1534.)

This map is one of more accuracy in regard to the subject of our examination than several that followed it. Beata, Alto Velo, and Los Frailes are all given in their proper relation, but only Beata is named.

In 1528 Bordone issued the first edition of his well known Isolario, an attempted description of all the islands of the world. He gives charts of the important Antilles, and among others has outlined Spagnola. The extinct city of Isabella is named upon it, but none of the natural features of the island, its capes, bays, or adjacent islands are named. Nevertheless Beata, Alto Velo, and Los Frailes are all indicated in their proper position.

In the grand ducal library at Weimar are two of the most important and interesting maps relating to this country. One of them is the map of Ribero, made in 1529, the other a map made in 1527, which has been generally attributed to Ferdinand Columbus, though modern critics disallow this claim. Admirable fac-similes of these maps were published by Dr. Kohl in 1860 in his work in German entitled Die Beiden Aeltesten General Karten von America.

Both of these maps are highly illuminated and are good specimens of the beautiful work of that period. In Ribero's map of 1529 the main island appears under the name Haiti, and the two adjacent islands, Alto Velo and La Beata, are named and marked with distinctness and accuracy. In the map of 1527 the position of both islands is marked, but only La Beata is named.

But we have not yet reached the end of our geographical chain. Old as are these maps of 1529 and 1527, there is still another and older link. In 1832 Alexander von Humboldt, while industriously working in the Paris libraries, during the cholera time, found in the valuable library of Baron Walckenaer what was supposed to be a Portuguese map of the world. The acute eyes of the great geographer discovered in one corner an inscription: "Juan de la Cosa la fizo en el Puerto de Sta. Maria en ano de 1500." Near to this inscription

was a small colored picture representing Christopher bearing on his back through the sea the Christ child, who held the world-globe in his hand, a happy application of the legend of Saint Christopher to Christopher Columbus, and recalling one of the great objects which he had in mind and heart in his search for the New World: namely, the extension of Christianity to the regions he might discover, and the renewed prosecution of the crusades from the treasures he hoped to acquire.

Humboldt had thus exhumed from a library and published to the world the oldest known map of the New World, and one of the most important in the history of European knowledge concerning it. What has this map made by La Cosa three hundred and sixty-eight years before this controversy to say when placed on the witness stand? The American portions were first published by Humboldt in the fifth volume of his Examen Critique. They were not given with great exactness, however, in this copy. The two islands are indicated in their proper position, but only Beata is named. The same mistake in copying was made in the copy of the American portions of the map given in Ghillany's Ritter Martin Behaim, to which Humboldt furnished an introduction. Kohl's copy of this celebrated map gives the names of both Alto Velo and Beata, and when we turn to Jomard's Atlas, which reproduces the whole map, we find both islands and both names recorded.

Thus we see that upon seventeen maps, eleven of which are dated, ranging over a period of three hundred and sixty-eight years, from the maps of the United States Coast Survey in 1868, when this investigation was made, to the oldest map of the New World made in 1500, or eight years after the first voyage of Columbus, the island of Alto Velo is clearly indicated either by name or by position, and in most cases by both.

Throughout this examination we are struck with one notable feature: that while most of those early maps show a pardonable ignorance of the proper geographical relations of the New World and some of them jumble things together in promiscuous confusion, yet Alto Velo and its mate Beata are put down with remarkable correctness. There is but one place for them and that is adjacent to Cape Beata or de Lobos, on the southern coast of San Domingo, or Hispaniola, as it was originally called.

The position of this island as laid down in these maps is also confirmed by some of the oldest printed chronicles that we have. Thus in Hakluyt's Voyages, first published in the year 1599, or two hundred and fifty-seven years before these Baltimore captains discovered Alto Velo, we find minute directions given to the mariner for his voyage from Domingo to New Spain. After giving a course to Puerto Hermoso he says: "Thence you must stirre away south-southwest untill you looke out for Beata and Alto velo. Beata is a small island and not very high. You may passe along the outside thereof and there is no danger but that you may see; and by and by you shall raise Alto velo; and from thence you must stirre away west and by south to give a birth from the islands called Los Frailes or the Friers."

But though we go back to the year 1500 and find the name of Alto Velo on the oldest map of the West Indies known, we have not yet reached the limit of our inquiry. The question at once forces itself upon us: How did Alto Velo get on these maps? Here is an island about three quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide, a mere dot in the Atlantic, and yet it is one of the points which the earliest geographers fixed with a confident iteration and with almost unvarying consent. The solution is not far to seek. We find it in what seems to be the most interesting

and at the same time the most amusing feature of this case. The climax is not reached until we go back to the second voyage of Christopher Columbus and learn that it was a no less distinguished person than the great admiral himself, who discovered this little mote of an island and gave to it the name by which it is still known.

One of the early fruits of the first voyage of Columbus was the discovery of the islands of San Salvador, Cuba, and Hayti. The latter was discovered on the 6th of December, 1492. The cross which Columbus raised on the island on the 12th of December is still shown in the cathedral of San Domingo. A large part of the alluring interest as well as the pathos and tragedy of the first two voyages of Columbus centre in this island, called by the natives Hayti, but to which the Spaniards gave the name of Hispaniola. It was here, on the northern portion of the island, that on the 4th of January, 1493, but a few weeks after its discovery, the admiral built a rude fort and founded his first colony, which out of gratitude for his delivery from shipwreck on Christmas Day, he called La Navidad.

It was here that Columbus returned on his second voyage, on the 27th of November, 1493, with a large and well-laden fleet and numerous followers, only to find that the handful of thirty colonists had been exterminated by the savages in reprisal for their cruel and wanton irregularities. It was on Hispaniola that with a broader foundation he established the city of Isabella, the mother of numerous settlements. It was among the mountains of this island that he assiduously conducted his search for gold, and made with all the pomp he could command an expedition into the luxuriant valleys of this land of promise, the narrative of which forms one of the most charming chapters in the captivating pages of Irving.

Returning from this expedition into the interior, Columbus started on a voyage to the east end of Cuba, during which he discovered the island of Jamaica. After coasting along the south side of Cuba under the delusion that he was on the continent of Asia, he returned to Jamaica and then started east for Hispaniola. On the 19th of August the eastern extreme of Jamaica faded from sight, and on the following day he sighted the long peninsula of Hispaniola known as Cape Tiburon, though the admiral was not aware at first that he was on the southern coast of Hispaniola. During the voyage from Jamaica they encountered boisterous winds and water, and the ships were separated from each other. Proceeding along the coast of Hayti we may imagine the interest which was excited, toward the end of August, when a tall ship under sail was apparently discerned in the distance. Could this be one of the lost vessels of the fleet, or was it some spectre ship upon the ocean? Gradually, however, the illusion vanished, and the tall ship under sail became a single island or lofty rock which rises from the ocean opposite to the long cape at the south of Hayti. To this cape Columbus gave the name of Cape Beata, and from its resemblance to a high sail, called the island Alto Velo. Rising five hundred feet from the water this island afforded a fine lookout, and Columbus sent several of his seamen to climb to the top to look for the missing ships. The ships were not to be seen, but the seamen, bent on a voyage of conquest, and not belonging to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, killed eight sea-wolves which were sleeping on the sands. The island seemed to be a favorite roost for many pigeons and birds, and the sailors knocked some of them down with sticks, and took some of them by hand.

There were some things that Columbus and his men did not know. They did not know that the presence of these

flocks of birds, whose ancestors had probably inhabited this island uncounted years before Columbus discovered it, was to invest it with a commercial value in coming centuries. In their eager search for precious metals they did not know that the deposits on this bell-shaped hill could eventually, through the subtle chemistry of commerce, be transmuted into gold. Above all things they were excusably ignorant that this island upon which they had landed was the property of two Baltimore merchants, who were predestined to discover it three hundred and fifty years later.

As we contemplate the audacity of Judge Black in urging the United States government to dispatch a man-of-war to claim this island, we wonder that he did not go a little farther and indignantly indict the sailors of Christopher Columbus for trespass upon property which so clearly belonged to his clients. The time to have employed the army and navy of the United States in regard to Alto Velo was when Columbus and his men invaded it. Unfortunately the United States did not exist at this time, and the great continent of North America had not been rediscovered.

Had Columbus been a Yankee he would not have left Alto Velo without carving his name somewhere on the island during the six days that he anchored by it with his men. The great navigator adopted, however, a more scientific method. He had with him, on this second voyage, a faithful cartographer, Juan de la Cosa, a man who took part in five different expeditions to this continent, two of which he piloted. It is said that Columbus complained that La Cosa boasted that he knew more about the New World than even the admiral. Be this as it may, there is evidence that La Cosa attended to his duties as a chronicler, for when in 1500 he gave to the world the great chart which bears his name, and which Stevens has described as the "most important and the most authentic geographic monument relating to western discoveries that has come down to us," Alto Velo was faithfully recorded upon it. As Kohl says, and as we have seen by the maps mentioned, it has been put down on nearly every map of importance since that time.

The discovery of Alto Velo substantially as recited is described by Churchill in his Voyages and Travels, published in London in 1794; it is found in Herrera, and in the earliest records of the voyages of Columbus.

In his third voyage, Columbus, after having made discoveries on the continent of South America, came again to Alto Velo, anchored under the island of Beata, and communicated with his brother, who was acting as viceroy over the island of Hayti.

If we ask how the title to the island of Alto Velo descended to San Domingo the answer is easy. The regions discovered by Columbus, of which the West Indies were the first fruits, inured to the Spanish government. Hispaniola and its adjacent islands remained in the possession of Spain until 1697, when the French had obtained such a footing on the island that Spain was obliged to surrender the western part to France. By the treaty of 1777 a boundary line was fixed between the French and the Spanish portions. After a varied history which it is unnecessary to relate here, the French portion of the island became the republic of Hayti, and the Spanish portion became, in 1844, the republic of San Domingo. By mutual agreement the historic dividing line was accepted between the two republics, and Alto Velo and Beata were therefore in the territory of San Domingo. The political and historic title of San Domingo to the island seems to be without a flaw.

The evidence I have presented was carefully drawn up by Mr. Seward into a report which, with fac-similes of the

maps consulted, was submitted to the Senate. Judge Black had been previously able to command much support for his claim. But the evidence which Mr. Seward had marshaled against it was so overwhelming that it was completely crushed. There was but one resource left to him. It was to alter the nature of his plea and maintain that "claimants under the act of 1856 acquired title not by the discovery of the island, but by the discovery of the guano!"

The fallacy of this interpretation of the law is apparent to a school-boy. If San Domingo owned this island it could not forfeit it merely by a failure to utilize it. So long as farmer A.'s hens lay their eggs within the limits of that gentleman's property, farmer B. can have no excuse for robbing his neighbor's hen-house, or for taking the eggs which he may discover in his neighbor's fields. "Certainly," said Mr. Seward, "the United States do not forfeit by non-use the coal, iron, copper, and gold which are reported as being so profusely distributed throughout the islands and mainland of Alaska."

The claim, therefore, was promptly dismissed by Congress. The failure of President Johnson to support Judge Black caused a coolness to spring up between them, and when the impeachment trial took place Judge Black, although he had previously assisted Johnson in preparing his messages to Congress, declined to become one of his defenders in this crisis.

It is gratifying to reflect that the United States in this controversy had a conscience. Just at the close of the war, with an army so great that this island could not quarter a hundredth part of it, with a navy large enough to encircle it, and powder enough in the national magazines to blow it into meteoric dust, the United States was never in better position, if might made right, to commit such an egregious wrong. Judge Black called the eviction of his clients from the island a "naked robbery," but what kind of a robbery would it have been if our government had snatched this island from the feeble republic to which it belonged? Not a "naked robbery" indeed, but one clothed in sophistry and shame. The law of conquest gave place to the law of rectitude. It would have been a higher fulfillment of this law if the United States had returned to San Domingo the value of the guano, nine thousand dollars, which its citizens had unwarrantably taken from its treasury.

The Alto Velo case is one of a thousand illustrations of the value which ancient records may acquire in determining not only historic questions, but those of moral and practical importance. We may commend the accuracy and fidelity of La Cosa in writing down the name of Alto Velo when Columbus dropped anchor under its shadow; we may commend the accuracy of the long line of chroniclers and cartographers on whose maps and pages the name and situation of this island were correctly indicated; but this fidelity would have been of little use had not the memorials of this labor been as faithfully preserved to us. Through the labors of Dr. Kohl in collecting these maps, the Department of State, in addition to the ancient chronicles which it possessed in its library, had the means within its own archives of showing the unfounded nature of this claim. The six thousand dollars spent for these maps was more than saved to the government in relieving it of the cost of a warlike expedition to San Domingo. And what is of still more importance, it was well spent in relieving the United States of the ignominy and the injustice of robbing a feeble power of an island which was one source of income to its needy treasury.

Seven years more will bring us to the four hundredth anniversary of the

discovery of the New World by Columbus. The anniversary of that event will give a new impulse to historic study, will bring once more vividly before our minds the intrepid courage, the untiring perseverance, the unquenchable faith of the great explorer. We shall brighten again the jewels on the diadem of his fame. In the dazzling lustre of his great achievements, his humblest discoveries will not be forgotten, and the faithful historian who shall write for us again the story of his second voyage will number Alto Velo among them.

S. J. Barrows.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

XVII.

DR. BUTTS'S PATIENT.

THE physician found Maurice just regaining his heat after a chill of a somewhat severe character. He knew too well what this meant, and the probable series of symptoms of which it was the prelude. His patient was not the only one in the neighborhood who was attacked in this way. The autumnal fevers to which our country towns are subject, in the place of those "agues," or intermittents, so largely prevalent in the South and West, were already beginning, and Maurice, who had exposed himself in the early and late hours of the dangerous season, must be expected to go through the regular stages of this always serious and not rarely fatal disease.

Paolo, his faithful servant, would fain have taken the sole charge of his master during his illness. But the doctor insisted that he must have a nurse to help him in his task, which was likely to be long and exhausting.

At the mention of the word "nurse" Paolo turned white, and exclaimed in an agitated and thoroughly frightened way,

"No! no nuss! no woman! She kill him! I stay by him day and night, but don' let no woman come near him, — if you do, he die!"

The doctor explained that he intended to send a *man* who was used to taking care of sick people, and with no little effort at last succeeded in convincing Paolo that, as he could not be awake day and night for a fortnight or three weeks, it was absolutely necessary to call in some assistance from without. And so Mr. Maurice Kirkwood was to play the leading part in that drama of nature's composing called a typhoid fever, with its regular bedchamber scenery, its properties of phials and pill-boxes, its little company of stock actors, its gradual evolution of a very simple plot, its familiar incidents, its emotional alternations, and its denouement, sometimes tragic, oftener happy.

It is needless to say that the sympathies of all the good people of the village, residents and strangers, were actively awakened for the young man about whom they knew so little and conjectured so much. Tokens of their kindness came to him daily: flowers from the woods and from the gardens; choice fruit grown in the open air or under glass, for there were some fine houses surrounded by well-kept grounds, and greenhouses and graperies were not unknown in the small but favored settlement.

On all these luxuries Maurice looked with dull and languid eyes. A faint smile of gratitude sometimes struggled through the stillness of his features, or a murmured word of thanks found its

way through his parched lips, and he would relapse into the partial stupor or the fitful sleep in which, with intervals of slight wandering, the slow hours dragged along the sluggish days one after another. With no violent symptoms, but with steady persistency, the disease moved on in its accustomed course. It was at no time immediately threatening, but the experienced physician knew its uncertainties only too well. He had known fever patients suddenly seized with violent internal inflammation, and carried off with frightful rapidity. He remembered the case of a convalescent, a young woman who had been attacked while in apparently vigorous general health, who, on being lifted too suddenly to a sitting position, while still confined to her bed, fainted, and in a few moments ceased to breathe. It may well be supposed that he took every possible precaution to avert the accidents which tend to throw from its track a disease the regular course of which is arranged by nature as carefully as the route of a railroad from one city to another. The most natural interpretation which the common observer would put upon the manifestations of one of these autumnal maladies would be that some noxious combustible element had found its way into the system which must be burned to ashes before the heat which pervades the whole body can subside. Sometimes the fire may smoulder and seem as if it were going out, or were quite extinguished, and again it will find some new material to seize upon and flame up as fiercely as ever. Its coming on most frequently at the season when the brush fires which are consuming the dead branches, and withered leaves, and all the refuse of vegetation are sending up their smoke is suggestive. Sometimes it seems as if the body, relieved of its effete materials, renewed its youth after one of these quiet, expurgating, internal fractional cremations. Lean, pallid students have found themselves plump and blooming, and it has happened that one whose hair was straight as that of an Indian has been startled to behold himself in his mirror with a fringe of hyacinthine curls about his rejuvenated countenance.

There was nothing of what medical men call malignity in the case of Maurice Kirkwood. The most alarming symptom was a profound prostration, which at last reached such a point that he lay utterly helpless, as unable to move without aid as the feeblest of paralytics. In this state he lay for many days, not suffering pain, but with the sense of great weariness, and the feeling that he should never rise from his bed again. For the most part his intellect was unclouded when his attention was aroused. He spoke only in whispers, a few words at a time. The doctor felt sure, by the expression which passed over his features from time to time, that something was worrying and oppressing him, something which he wished to communicate, and had not the force, or the tenacity of purpose, to make perfectly clear. His eyes often wandered to a certain desk, and once he had found strength to lift his emaciated arm and point to it. The doctor went towards it as if to fetch it to him, but he slowly shook his head. He had not the power to say at that time what he wished. The next day he felt a little less prostrated and succeeded in explaining to the doctor what he wanted. His words, so far as the physician could make them out, were these which follow. Dr. Butts looked upon them as possibly expressing wishes which would be his last, and noted them down carefully immediately after leaving his chamber.

"I commit the secret of my life to your charge. My whole story is told in a paper locked in that desk. The key is — put your hand under my pillow. If I die, let the story be known. It will show that I was — human — and save my memory from reproach."

He was silent for a little time. A single tear stole down his hollow cheek. The doctor turned his head away, for his own eyes were full. But he said to himself, "It is a good sign; I begin to feel strong hopes that he will recover."

Maurice spoke once more. "Doctor, I put full trust in you. You are wise and kind. Do what you will with this paper, but open it at once and read. I want you to know the story of my life before it is finished — if the end is at hand. Take it with you and read it before you sleep." He was exhausted and presently his eyes closed, but the doctor saw a tranquil look on his features which added encouragement to his hopes.

XVIII.

MAURICE KIRKWOOD'S STORY OF HIS LIFE.

I am an American by birth, but a large part of my life has been passed in foreign lands. My father was a man of education, possessed of an ample fortune; my mother was considered a very accomplished and amiable woman. I was their first and only child. She died while I was yet an infant. If I remember her at all it is as a vision, more like a glimpse of a pre-natal existence than as a part of my earthly life. At the death of my mother I was left in the charge of the old nurse who had enjoyed her perfect confidence. She was devoted to me, and I became absolutely dependent on her, who had for me all the love and and all the care of a mother. I was naturally the object of the attentions and caresses of the family relatives. I have been told that I was a pleasant, smiling infant, with nothing to indicate any peculiar nervous susceptibility; not afraid of strangers, but on the contrary ready to make their acquaintance. My father was devoted to me and did all in his power to promote my health and comfort.

I was still a babe, often carried in arms, when the event happened which changed my whole future and destined me to a strange and lonely existence. I cannot relate it even now without a sense of terror. I must force myself to recall the circumstances as told me and vaguely remembered, for I am not willing that my doomed and wholly exceptional life should pass away unrecorded, unexplained, unvindicated. My nature is, I feel sure, a kind and social one, but I have lived apart, as if my heart were filled with hatred of my fellow-creatures. If there are any readers who look without pity, without sympathy, upon those who shun the fellowship of their fellow men and women, who show by their downcast or averted eyes that they dread companionship and long for solitude, I pray them, if this paper ever reaches them, to stop at this point. Follow me no further, for you will not believe my story, nor enter into the feelings which I am about to reveal. But if there are any to whom all that is human is of interest, who have felt in their own consciousness some stirrings of invincible attraction to one individual and equally invincible repugnance to another, who know by their own experience that elective affinities have as their necessary counterpart, and, as it were, their polar opposites, currents not less strong of elective repulsions, let them read with unquestioning faith the story of a blighted life I am about to relate, much of it, of course, received from the lips of others.

My cousin Laura, a girl of seventeen, lately returned from Europe, was considered eminently beautiful. It was in my second summer that she visited my father's house, where he was living with his servants and my old nurse, my mother having but recently left him a widower. Laura was full of vivacity, impulsive, quick in her movements, thoughtless occasionally, as it is not strange that a young girl of her age should be.

It was a beautiful summer day when she saw me for the first time. My nurse was carrying me in her arms, walking back and forward on a balcony with a low railing, upon which opened the windows of the second story of my father's house. While the nurse was thus carrying me, Laura came suddenly upon the balcony. She no sooner saw me than with all the delighted eagerness of her youthful nature she rushed toward me, and, taking me suddenly from the nurse's arms, began tossing me after the fashion of young girls who have been so lately playing with dolls that they feel as if babies were very much of the same nature. The sudden seizure frightened me, I sprang from her arms in my terror, and fell over the railing of the balcony. I should probably enough have been killed on the spot but for the fact that a low thorn-bush grew just beneath the balcony, into which I fell and thus had the violence of the shock broken. But the thorns tore my tender flesh, and I carry to this day marks of the deep wounds they inflicted.

That dreadful experience is burned deep into my memory. The sudden apparition of the girl; the sense of being torn away from the protecting arms around me; the frantic effort to escape; the shriek that followed me as I fell through what must have seemed unmeasurable space; the cruel lacerations of the piercing and rending thorns; all these fearful impressions blended in one paralyzing terror.

When I was taken up I was thought to be dead. I was perfectly white, and the physician who saw me almost immediately after my fall said that no pulse was perceptible. But after a time consciousness returned; the wounds, though painful, were none of them dangerous, and the most alarming effects of the accident passed away. My old nurse cared for me tenderly day and night, and my father, who had been almost distracted in the first hours which followed the injury, hoped and believed that no permanent evil results would be found to follow it. My cousin Laura was naturally deeply distressed to feel that her thoughtlessness had been the cause of so grave an accident. As soon as I had somewhat recovered she came to see me, very penitent, very anxious to make me forget the alarm she had caused me, with all its consequences. I was in the nursery sitting up in my bed, bandaged, but not in any pain, as it seemed, for I was quiet and to all appearance in a perfectly natural state of feeling. As Laura came near me I shrieked and suddenly changed color. I put my hand upon my heart as if I had been stabbed, and fell over, unconscious. It was very much the same state as that in which I was found immediately after my fall.

The cause of this violent and sudden seizure was but too obvious. The approach of the young girl and the dread that she was about to lay her hand upon me had called up the same train of effects which the moment of terror and pain had already occasioned. The old nurse saw this in a moment. "Go! go!" she cried to Laura, — "go, or the child will die!" Her command did not have to be repeated. After Laura had gone I lay senseless, white and cold as marble, for some time. The doctor soon came, and by the use of smart rubbing and stimulants the color came back slowly to my cheeks and the arrested circulation was again set in motion.

It was hard to believe that this was anything more than a temporary effect of the accident. There could be little doubt, it was thought by the doctor and by my father, that after a few days I should recover from this morbid sensibility and receive my cousin as other infants receive pleasant-looking young persons. The old nurse shook her head. "The girl will be the death of the child," she said, "if she touches him or comes near him. His heart stopped

beating just as when the girl snatched him out of my arms, and he fell over the balcony railing." Once more the experiment was tried, cautiously, almost insidiously. The same alarming consequences followed. It was too evident that a chain of nervous disturbances had been set up in my system which repeated itself whenever the original impression gave the first impulse. I never saw my cousin Laura after this last trial. Its result had so distressed her that she never ventured again to show herself to me.

If the effect of the nervous shock had stopped there, it would have been a misfortune for my cousin and myself, but hardly a calamity. The world is wide, and a cousin or two more or less can hardly be considered an essential of existence. I often heard Laura's name mentioned, but never by any one who was acquainted with all the circumstances, for it was noticed that I changed color and caught at my breast as if I wanted to grasp my heart in my hand whenever that fatal name was mentioned.

Alas! this was not all. While I was suffering from the effects of my fall among the thorns I was attended by my old nurse, assisted by another old woman, by a physician, and my father, who would take his share in caring for me. It was thought best to keep me perfectly quiet, and strangers and friends were alike excluded from my nursery, with one exception, that my old grandmother came in now and then. With her it seems that I was somewhat timid and shy, following her with rather anxious eyes, as if not quite certain whether or not she was dangerous. But one day, when I was far advanced towards recovery, my father brought in a young lady, a relative of his, who had expressed a great desire to see me. She was, as I have been told, a very handsome young person, of about the same age as my cousin Laura, but bearing no personal resemblance to her in form, features, or complexion. She had no sooner entered the room than the same sudden changes which had followed my cousin's visit began to show themselves, and before she had reached my bedside I was in a state of deadly collapse, as on the occasions already mentioned.

Some time passed before any recurrence of these terrifying seizures. A little girl of five or six years old was allowed to come into the nursery one day and bring me some flowers. I took them from her hand, but turned away and shut my eyes. There was no seizure, but there was a certain dread and aversion, nothing more than a feeling which it might be hoped that time would overcome. Those around me were gradually finding out the circumstances which brought on the deadly attack to which I was subject.

The daughter of one of our near neighbors was considered the prettiest girl of the village where we were passing the summer. She was very anxious to see me, and as I was now nearly well it was determined that she should be permitted to pay me a short visit. I had always delighted in seeing her and being caressed by her. I was sleeping when she entered the nursery and came and took a seat at my side in perfect silence. Presently I became restless, and a moment later I opened my eyes and saw her stooping over me. My hand went to my left breast, — the color faded from my cheeks, — I was again the cold marble image so like death that it had well-nigh been mistaken for it.

Could it be possible that the fright which had chilled my blood had left me with an unconquerable fear of woman at the period when she is most attractive not only to adolescents, but to children of tender age, who feel the fascination of her flowing locks, her bright eyes, her blooming cheeks, and that mysterious magnetism of sex which draws all life into its warm and potently vitalized

atmosphere? So it did indeed seem. The dangerous experiment could not be repeated indefinitely. It was not intentionally tried again, but accident brought about more than one renewal of it during the following years, until it became fully recognized that I was the unhappy subject of a mortal dread of woman, — not absolutely of the human female, for I had no fear of my old nurse or of my grandmother, or of any old wrinkled face, and I had become accustomed to the occasional meeting of a little girl or two, whom I nevertheless regarded with a certain ill-defined feeling that there was danger in their presence. I was sent to a boys' school very early, and during the first ten or twelve years of my life I had rarely any occasion to be reminded of my strange idiosyncrasy.

As I grew out of boyhood into youth, a change came over the feelings which had so long held complete possession of me. This was what my father and his advisers had always anticipated, and was the ground of their confident hope in my return to natural conditions before I should have grown to mature manhood.

How shall I describe the conflicts of those dreamy, bewildering, dreadful years? Visions of loveliness haunted me sleeping and waking. Sometimes a graceful girlish figure would so draw my eyes towards it that I lost sight of all else, and was ready to forget all my fears and find myself at her side, like other youths by the side of young maidens, — happy in their cheerful companionship, while I, — I, under the curse of one blighting moment, looked on, hopeless. Sometimes the glimpse of a fair face or the tone of a sweet voice stirred within me all the instincts that make the morning of life beautiful to adolescence. I reasoned with myself: —

Why should I not have outgrown that idle apprehension which had been the nightmare of my earlier years? Why should not the rising tide of life have drowned out the feeble growths that infested the shallows of childhood? How many children there are who tremble at being left alone in the dark, but who, a few years later, will smile at their foolish terrors and brave all the ghosts of a haunted chamber! Why should I any longer be the slave of a foolish fancy that has grown into a half insane habit of mind? I was familiarly acquainted with all the stories of the strange antipathies and invincible repugnances to which others, some of them famous men, had been subject. I said to myself, Why should not I overcome this dread of woman as Peter the Great fought down his dread of wheels rolling over a bridge? Was I, alone of all mankind, to be doomed to perpetual exclusion from the society which, as it seemed to me, was all that rendered existence worth the trouble and fatigue of slavery to the vulgar need of supplying the waste of the system and working at the task of respiration like the daughters of Danaus, — toiling day and night as the worn-out sailor labors at the pump of his sinking vessel?

Why did I not brave the risk of meeting squarely, and without regard to any possible danger, some one of those fair maidens whose far-off smile, whose graceful movements, at once attracted and agitated me? I can only answer this question to the satisfaction of any really inquiring reader by giving him the true interpretation of the singular phenomenon of which I was the subject. For this I shall have to refer to a paper of which I have made a copy, and which will be found included with this manuscript. It is enough to say here, without entering into the explanation of the fact, which will be found simple enough as seen by the light of modern physiological science, that the "nervous disturbance" which the presence of a woman in the flower of her age produced in my system was *a sense of impending death*, sudden, overwhelming, uncon-

querable, appalling. It was a reversed action of the nervous centres, — the opposite of that which flushes the young lover's cheek and hurries his bounding pulses as he comes into the presence of the object of his passion. No one who has ever felt the sensation can have failed to recognize it as an imperative summons, which commands instant and terrified submission.

It was at this period of my life that my father determined to try the effect of travel and residence in different localities upon my bodily and mental condition. I say bodily as well as mental, for I was too slender for my height and subject to some nervous symptoms which were a cause of anxiety. That the mind was largely concerned in these there was no doubt, but the mutual interactions of mind and body are often too complex to admit of satisfactory analysis. Each is in part cause and each also in part effect.

We passed some years in Italy, chiefly in Rome, where I was placed in a school conducted by priests, and where of course I met only those of my own sex. There I had the opportunity of seeing the influences under which certain young Catholics, destined for the priesthood, are led to separate themselves from all communion with the sex associated in their minds with the most subtle dangers to which the human soul can be exposed. I became in some degree reconciled to the thought of exclusion from the society of women by seeing around me so many who were self-devoted to celibacy. The thought sometimes occurred to me whether I should not find the best and the only natural solution of the problem of existence, as submitted to myself, in taking upon me the vows which settle the whole question and raise an impassable barrier between the devotee and the object of his dangerous attraction.

How often I talked this whole matter over with the young priest who was at once my special instructor and my favorite companion! But accustomed as I had become to the forms of the Roman Church, and impressed as I was with the purity and excellence of many of its young members with whom I was acquainted, my early training rendered it impossible for me to accept the credentials which it offered me as authoritative. My friend and instructor had to set me down as a case of "invincible ignorance." This was the loop-hole through which he crept out of the prison-house of his creed, and was enabled to look upon me without the feeling of absolute despair with which his sterner brethren would, I fear, have regarded me.

I have said that accident exposed me at times to the influence which I had such reasons for dreading. Here is one example of such an occurrence, which I relate as simply as possible, vividly as it is impressed upon my memory. A young friend whose acquaintance I had made in Rome asked me one day to come to his rooms and look at a cabinet of gems and medals which he had collected. I had been but a short time in his library when a vague sense of uneasiness came over me. My heart became restless, — I could feel it stirring irregularly, as if it were some frightened creature caged in my breast. There was nothing that I could see to account for it. A door was partly open, but not so that I could see into the next room. The feeling grew upon me of some influence which was paralyzing my circulation. I begged my friend to open a window. As he did so, the door swung in the draught and I saw a blooming young woman, — it was my friend's sister, who had been sitting with a book in her hand, and who rose at the opening of the door. Something had warned me of the presence of a woman, — that occult and potent *aura* of individuality, call it personal magnetism, spiritual effluence, or reduce it to a simpler

expression if you will; whatever it was, it had warned me of the nearness of the dread attraction which allured at a distance and revealed itself with all the terrors of the *lorelei* if approached too recklessly. A sign from her brother caused her to withdraw at once, but not before I had felt the impression which betrayed itself in my change of color, anxiety about the region of the heart, and sudden failure as if about to fall in a deadly fainting-fit.

Does all this seem strange and incredible to the reader of my manuscript? Nothing in the history of life is so strange or exceptional as it seems to those who have not made a long study of its mysteries. I have never known just such a case as my own, and yet there must have been such, and if the whole history of mankind were unfolded I cannot doubt that there have been many like it. Let my reader suspend his judgment until he has read the paper I have referred to, which was drawn up by a Committee of the Royal Academy of the Biological Sciences. In this paper the mechanism of the series of nervous derangements to which I have been subject since the fatal shock experienced in my infancy is explained in language not hard to understand. It will be seen that such a change of polarity in the nervous centres is only a permanent form and an extreme degree of an emotional disturbance, which as a temporary and comparatively unimportant personal accident is far from being uncommon, — is so frequent in fact that every one must have known instances of it, and not a few must have had more or less serious experiences of it in their own private history.

It must not be supposed that my imagination dealt with me as I am now dealing with the reader. I was full of strange fancies and wild superstitions. One of my Catholic friends gave me a silver medal which had been blessed by the Pope, and which I was to wear next my body. I was told that this would turn black after a time, in virtue of a power which it possessed of drawing out original sin, or certain portions of it, together with the evil and morbid tendencies which had been engrafted on the corrupt nature. I wore the medal faithfully, as directed, and watched it carefully. It became tarnished and after a time darkened, but it wrought no change in my unnatural condition.

There was an old gypsy who had the reputation of knowing more of futurity than she had any right to know. The story was that she had foretold the assassination of Count Rossi and the death of Cavour. However that may have been, I was persuaded to let her try her black art upon my future. I shall never forget the strange, wild look of the wrinkled hag as she took my hand and studied its lines and fixed her wicked old eyes on my young countenance. After this examination she shook her head and muttered some words, which as nearly as I could get them would be in English like these: —

> Fair lady cast a spell on thee,
> Fair lady's hand shall set thee free.

Strange as it may seem, these words of a withered old creature, whose palm had to be crossed with silver to bring forth her oracular response, have always clung to my memory as if they were destined to fulfilment. The extraordinary nature of the affliction to which I was subject disposed me to believe the incredible with reference to all that relates to it. I have never ceased to have the feeling that, sooner or later, I should find myself freed from the blight laid upon me in my infancy. It seems as if it would naturally come through the influence of some young and fair woman, to whom that merciful errand should be assigned by the Providence that governs our destiny. With strange hopes, with trembling fears, with mingled belief and doubt, wherever I have found myself I have sought with longing yet half avert-

ed eyes for the "elect lady," as I have learned to call her, who was to lift the curse from my ruined life.

Three times I have been led to the hope, if not the belief, that I had found the object of my superstitious belief. Singularly enough it was always on the water that the phantom of my hope appeared before my bewildered vision. Once it was an English girl who was a fellow passenger with me in one of my ocean voyages. I need not say that she was beautiful, for she was my dream realized. I heard her singing, I saw her walking the deck on some of the fair days when sea-sickness was forgotten. The passengers were a social company enough, but I had kept myself apart, as was my wont. At last the attraction became too strong to resist any longer. "I will venture into the charmed circle if it kills me," I said to my father. I did venture, and it did not kill me, or I should not be telling this story. But there was a repetition of the old experiences. I need not relate the series of alarming consequences of my venture. The English girl was very lovely, and I have no doubt has made some one supremely happy before this, but she was not the "elect lady" of the prophecy and of my dreams.

A second time I thought myself for a moment in the presence of the destined deliverer who was to restore me to my natural place among my fellow men and women. It was on the Tiber that I met the young maiden who drew me once more into that inner circle which surrounded young womanhood with deadly peril for me, if I dared to pass its limits. I was floating with the stream in the little boat in which I passed many long hours of reverie when I saw another small boat with a boy and a young girl in it. The boy had been rowing, and one of his oars had slipped from his grasp. He did not know how to paddle with a single oar and was hopelessly rowing round and round, his oar all the time floating farther away from him. I could not refuse my assistance. I picked up the oar and brought my skiff alongside of the boat. When I handed the oar to the boy the young girl lifted her veil and thanked me in the exquisite music of the language which

"Sounds as if it should be writ on satin."

She was a type of Italian beauty — a *nocturne* in flesh and blood, if I may borrow a term certain artists are fond of, but it was her voice which captivated me and for a moment made me believe that I was no longer shut off from all relations with the social life of my race. An hour later I was found lying insensible on the floor of my boat, white, cold, almost pulseless. It cost much patient labor to bring me back to consciousness. Had not such extreme efforts been made, it seems probable that I should never have waked from a slumber which was hardly distinguishable from that of death.

Why should I provoke a catastrophe which appears inevitable if I invite it by exposing myself to its too well ascertained cause? The habit of these deadly seizures has become a second nature. The strongest and the ablest men have found it impossible to resist the impression produced by the most insignificant object, by the most harmless sight or sound to which they had a congenital or acquired antipathy. What prospect have I of ever being rid of this long and deep seated infirmity? I may well ask myself these questions, but my answer is that I will never give up the hope that time will yet bring its remedy. It may be that the wild prediction which so haunts me shall find itself fulfilled. I have had of late strange premonitions, to which if I were superstitious I could not help giving heed. But I have seen too much of the faith that deals in miracles to accept the supernatural in any shape — assuredly when it comes from an old witch-like creature who takes pay for her revelations of the future. Be

it so: though I am not superstitious, I have a right to be imaginative, and my imagination will hold to those words of the old zingara with an irresistible feeling that, sooner or later, they will prove true.

Can it be possible that her prediction is not far from its realization? I have had both waking and sleeping visions within these last months and weeks which have taken possession of me and filled my life with new thoughts, new hopes, new resolves.

Sometimes on the bosom of the lake by which I am dreaming away this season of bloom and fragrance, sometimes in the fields or woods at a distant glimpse, once in a nearer glance, which left me pale and tremulous, yet was followed by a swift reaction, so that my cheeks flushed and my pulse bounded, I have seen her who — how do I dare to tell it so that my own eyes can read it? — I cannot help believing is to be my deliverer, my saviour.

I have been warned in the most solemn and impressive language by the experts most deeply read in the laws of life and the history of its disturbing and destroying influences, that it would be at the imminent risk of my existence if I should expose myself to the repetition of my former experiences. I was reminded that unexplained sudden deaths were of constant, of daily occurrence; that any emotion is liable to arrest the movements of life: terror, joy, good news or bad news, — anything that reaches the deeper nervous centres. I had already died once, as Sir Charles Napier said of himself; yes, more than once, died and been resuscitated. The next time, I might very probably fail to get my return ticket after my visit to Hades. It was a rather grim stroke of humor, but I understood its meaning full well, and felt the force of its menace.

After all, what had I to live for if the great primal instinct which strives to make whole the half life of lonely manhood is defeated, suppressed, crushed out of existence? Why not as well die in the attempt to break up a wretched servitude to a perverted nervous movement as in any other way? I am alone in the world, — alone save for my faithful servant, through whom I seem to hold to the human race as it were by a single filament. My father, who was my instructor, my companion, my dearest and best friend through all my late youth and my earlier manhood, died three years ago and left me my own master, with the means of living as might best please my fancy. This season shall decide my fate. One more experiment and I shall find myself restored to my place among my fellow-beings, or, as I devoutly hope, in a sphere where, consciously or unconsciously, all our mortal infirmities are past and forgotten.

I have told the story of a blighted life without reserve, so that there shall not remain any mystery or any dark suspicion connected with my memory if I should be taken away unexpectedly. It has cost me an effort to do it, but now that my life is on record I feel more reconciled to my lot, with all its possibilities, — and among these possibilities is a gleam of a better future. I have been told by my advisers, some of them wise and deeply instructed, and kind-hearted men, that such a life-destiny should be related by the subject of it for the instruction of others, and especially for the light it throws on certain peculiarities of human character often wrongly interpreted as due to moral perversion, when they are in reality the results of misdirected or reversed actions in some of the closely connected nervous centres.

For myself I can truly say that I have very little morbid sensibility left with reference to the destiny which has been allotted to me. I have passed through different stages of feeling with reference to it, as I have developed from infancy to manhood. At first it was

mere blind instinct about which I had no thought, living like other infants the life of impressions without language to connect them in series. In my boyhood I began to be deeply conscious of the infirmity which separated me from those around me. In youth began that conflict of emotions and impulses with the antagonistic influence of which I have already spoken, a conflict which has never ceased, but to which I have necessarily become to a certain degree accustomed, and against the dangers of which I have learned to guard myself habitually. That is the meaning of my isolation. You, young man, — if at any time your eyes shall look upon my melancholy record, — you at least will understand me. Does not your heart throb, at the presence of budding or blooming womanhood, sometimes as if it "were ready to crack" with its own excess of strain? What if instead of throbbing it should falter, flutter, and stop as if never to beat again? You, young woman, who with ready belief and tender sympathy will look upon these pages, if they are ever spread before you, know what it is when your breast heaves with uncontrollable emotion and the grip of the bodice seems unendurable as the embrace of the iron virgin of the Inquisition. Think what it would be if the grasp were tightened so that no breath of air could enter your panting chest!

Does your heart beat in the same way, young man, when your honored friend, a venerable matron of seventy years, greets you with her kindly smile, as it does in the presence of youthful loveliness? When a pretty child brings you her doll and looks into your eyes with artless grace and trustful simplicity, does your pulse quicken, do you tremble, does life palpitate through your whole being as when the maiden of seventeen meets your enamored sight in the glow of her rosebud beauty? Wonder not, then, if the period of mystic attraction for you should be that of agitation, terror, danger to one in whom the natural current of the instincts has had its course changed as that of a stream is changed by a convulsion of nature, so that the impression which is new life to you is death to him.

I am now twenty-five years old. I have reached the time of life which I have dreamed, nay even ventured to hope, might be the limit of the sentence which was pronounced upon me in my infancy. I can assign no good reason for this anticipation. But in writing this paper I feel as if I were preparing to begin a renewed existence. There is nothing for me to be ashamed of in the story I have told. There is no man living who would not have yielded to the sense of instantly impending death which seized upon me under the conditions I have mentioned. Martyrs have gone singing to their flaming shrouds, but never a man could hold his breath long enough to kill himself; he must have rope or water, or some mechanical help, or nature will make him draw in a breath of air, and would make him do so though he knew the salvation of the human race would be forfeited by that one gasp.

This paper may never reach the eye of any one afflicted in the same way that I have been. It probably never will, but for all that, there are many shy natures which will recognize tendencies in themselves in the direction of my unhappy susceptibility. Others, to whom such weakness seems inconceivable, will find their skepticism shaken, if not removed, by the calm, judicial statement of the Report drawn up for the Royal Academy. It will make little difference to me whether my story is accepted unhesitatingly or looked upon as largely a product of the imagination. I am but a bird of passage that lights on the boughs of different nationalities. I belong to no flock; my home may be among the palms of Syria, the olives of Italy, the oaks of England, the elms

that shadow the Hudson or the Connecticut; I build no nest; to-day I am here, to-morrow on the wing.

If I quit my native land before the trees have dropped their leaves I shall place this manuscript in the safe hands of one whom I feel sure that I can trust, to do with it as he shall see fit. If it is only curious and has no bearing on human welfare, he may think it well to let it remain unread until I shall have passed away. If in his judgment it throws any light on one of the deeper mysteries of our nature — the repulsions which play such a formidable part in social life, and which must be recognized as the correlatives of the affinities that distribute the individuals governed by them in the face of impediments which seem to be impossibilities — then it may be freely given to the world.

But if I am here when the leaves are all fallen, the programme of my life will have changed, and this story of the dead past will be illuminated by the light of a living present which will irradiate all its saddening features. Who would not pray that my last gleam of light and hope may be that of dawn and not of departing day?

The reader who finds it hard to accept the reality of a story so far from the common range of experience is once more requested to suspend his judgment until he has read the paper which will next be offered for his consideration.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MONDAMIN.

"First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

THE original habitat of maize, or Indian corn, was long a vexed question among naturalists, many of whom regarded this useful cereal as the gift of the Orient. Some maintained that it is identical with the corn of the Scriptures; others, relying on the testimony afforded by some drawings in an ancient Chinese work on natural history, inferred that the plant is of Chinese origin; still others were deceived by an ingenious forgery purporting to be a thirteenth-century document, the so-called Charter of Incisa, in which mention is made of a "kind of seed of a golden color and partly white," brought from Anatolia by crusaders. The theory of an Egyptian origin was fortified by the finding of an ear of maize in a Theban sarcophagus (since ascertained to have been surreptitiously placed there by an Arab). The distinguished naturalist, Alphonse de Candolle, reviewing the subject in his Origin of Cultivated Plants, is satisfied that maize did not proceed from the East. On the confusion of names which have been applied to this plant, he observes that "maize is called in Lorraine and in the Vosges Roman corn; in Tuscany, Sicilian corn; in Sicily, Indian corn; in the Pyrenees, Spanish corn; in Provence, Barbary or Guinea corn. The Turks call it Egyptian corn, and the Egyptians Syrian *dourra*." The French name, Turkish wheat, he supposes to have been fostered by the fancied resemblance of the tufted ears to the beard of the Turk, or "by the vigor of the plant, which may have given rise to an expression similar to the French *fort comme un turc*." He is convinced that maize is of American origin, and assigns, as its possible earliest home, the tableland of Bogota, anciently inhabited by a people of con-

siderable agricultural civilization, from whom the plant may have been derived by both Peruvian and Mexican. Certain it is that the tombs of these people frequently contain ears of maize, a fact which indicates that the plant was closely connected with the religious ceremonials of ancient America. Added to this evidence, Darwin found ears of Indian corn buried in the sand of the Peruvian coast eighty-five feet above sea-level.

Our national escutcheon displays an eagle. Now, if it were required to choose an emblem from the vegetable kingdom to bespeak the hope and hardihood of the New World, where would the selection fall? The plant to be promoted to the place of honor must possess the virtue of accommodation, growing readily north, south, east, and west; be notable for its fruitfulness; a right-hand reliance of the pioneer; above all, it must be an immemorial occupant of the soil. The Western continent has produced the potato, the pumpkin, and the tobacco plant; also maize. The first, prone in its ways, and fruiting subterraneously, would do wrong to our national genius; the second, a golden braggart, with its earth-embracing habits, — afar be its suggestion! The third would but conjure up a vision of Columbia, lapped in nicotian haze and vagaries, inviting the nations to smoke with her! There remains only the maize, and how can we do better than to adopt as our armorial device the Indian's own plant? Behold the blonde plume-waving stranger, whom first the fasting Hiawatha wrestled with, overcame, and gave due rites of burial, — Mondamin, fort comme un turc, yet noble in his bearing; urbane and gentle, though a savage! No other species in the list of cultivated cereals appears to such good advantage, in the isolated individual. A single full-grown plant of Indian corn, though but a fleeting, annual growth, possesses presence and dignity no less than does the oak itself. It stands erect, poised, sufficient, its green blades sweeping right and left in the curve of beauty, and ready at the wind's excitation to engage in a mock battle of scythes with its neighbors.

But we are over-hasty. Mondamin must first be laid under ground. Yearly we bury the handsome youth, who soon springs up and helps to make the yet unwritten history of the rural summer. Though we have made undoubted improvements in this direction, it is not uninteresting to learn how his obsequies were conducted in remote times. "The Indian method of planting corn was to make a conical hillock, in the top of which the corn was placed; and being used repeatedly for the same purpose, these hills became so hard that they have, in some old fields, lasted till to-day. In some places in Michigan a heavy growth of maple has sprung up since, and yet the old corn-hills are clearly marked." Still Mondamin enjoins it upon his conquerors to watch his grave. As of old, the body-snatchers are abroad, — "Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens," and his "black marauders!" Nor does that connecting link between genus homo and hobgoblin, the scarecrow, avail to stay the miscreants; even making an example of Kahgahgee, by suspending his dead body from a pole in the midst of the field, scarcely checks the pillage. That which was planted one day frequently *comes up* by the next. Nor are the crow and the blackbird alone in evil-doing, but are reinforced by the chipmunk, a brownie that harvests untimely. Tame ducks, also, have been known to exercise a stealthy ingenuity, with their bills probing the ground diagonally until the kernel was reached and snapped off, leaving the tender shoot above ground to wither without apparent cause. The farmer's best resort against the horde of feathered trespassers seems to be a boy with a shot-gun. Unless it were Min-

nehaha's magic circle, no way of blessing the cornfields so effectual as this!

First the blade. It must be an eye indifferent to contrast in color that will not take distinct delight in those little pennons of sunshiny green, fluttering above the rich umber of the soil, and signaling the welcome intelligence, "Corn is up." Every stage of its growth, as in the life of some lovely child, is interesting and repays attention, from the time when its blades, clasping the stalk, first form chalices to hold the rain, to its midsummer pride of twofold flowerage, yellow or brownish tassel above, and flowing silk below. What strides of growth it makes from evening to the next day's light! A sly, silent bacchanal, it gets drunk upon the dew every blessed night. By and by, it is seen standing on tiptoe; toes white, or, sometimes, prettily roseate. (The farmer, I am bound to say, sees only "brace-roots," the botanist only "aerial roots," extending from the first joint of the stalk downward until they fasten themselves in the soil: yet it will be evident to one who makes corn a sympathetic study that it stands a-tiptoe, out of pure good spirits and valiance.) Its leaf, closely scanned, shows, not one uniform green, but streakings of paler and deeper color. Hold the blade between you and the light, and you will see on each side of the strong, straight midrib an equal number of lucid hair-line channelings. The upper surface is roughish, being set with minute hairs; the under surface is of a cool smoothness. A day of "ninety in the shade" tells upon the leaves, causing them to curl their margins upward, as though to shut out the glare of the sun; but the night does not fail to bring restoration.

I listen to the whisper of corn-blades, and seem to receive hint of a mysterious council held by Mondamin and his fellow-braves. In what idiom of Cherokee, or Chippeway, or Sioux, do they converse? Or, for utmost secrecy, do they employ some one of the Indian dead languages? If we studiously attend to their conversation, we shall perhaps learn some word or phrase to which even the learned Eliot did not possess the key. On still, hot days, when not a lisp of sound proceeds from these balanced sickle blades, a musical contralto murmur goes through the field, reminding one of the orchard's audible reverie in May. The bees are humming at their work among the tassels, or staminate flowers, of the corn. Each laborer flies away with a good packful of yellow pollen, the substance of bee-bread, or, more properly speaking, of bee johnny-cake, sweet and wholesome, made from the fine bolted meal of the flower, whereas, later on, our own cake will be made of the coarser grist of the kernel. Perhaps it is the scent of the blossoms which attracts the bees, for the corn-blossom possesses a fragrance as characteristic as that of the clover-bloom, — a homely, hearty sweetness, food-promising.

We shall scarcely find a fairer midsummer picture, more of the spirit which broods in the midsummer fields, or more of the temper which contemplation of their tranquil beauty inspires, than in Sidney Lanier's poem, The Waving of the Corn, from which I quote the last stanza: —

"From here to where the louder passions dwell,
Green leagues of hilly separation roll:
Trade ends where yon far clover ridges swell.
Ye terrible Towns, ne'er claim the trembling soul
That, craftless all to buy, or hoard, or sell,
From out your deadly complex quarrel stole
To company with large amiable trees,
Suck summer honey with unjealous bees,
And takes Time's strokes as softly as this morn
Takes waving of the corn."

It is noticeable that the primitive significance of the word *corn*, still retained in Great Britain, is almost entirely lost in this country. Here, wheat is not corn, but "wheat" or "grain," and your farmer would stare at a proposition so absurd as that of "reaping the corn."

It is too late in the day to recover the word to its original wider use, and substitute for its present application the term Indian corn, or simply maize; but since maize was the earliest corn of America, why object to its carrying off the titulary honors? It is no mean victor. If the dusky planter of old time could revisit the site of his corn-hills, he might well start in amazement at the stature which his favorite plant has reached under the pale-face's persuasive treatment. In the centre and raciest soil of the "corn belt," it is not uncommon for corn to stand at more than twice a tall man's height; at fifteen feet or more, in some instances. Like Cotton Mather, in some matter of information regarding the workings of witchcraft, I am the ear-witness of one who was an eye-witness in the measuring of a stalk of maize which fell no inch short of nineteen feet! The farmer of such rich fields, when he goes through the corn, is scarcely able to touch the ear with his upreached hand. Beside these Brobdingnagian legions wearing the green, how squat and insignificant had appeared the Prussian Emperor's famous tall regiment! From forty to fifty bushels (shelled corn) is the common production to the acre, while eighty and even one hundred bushels are the rate of return from most favorable soils, the aggregate corn crop of the United States yearly mounting into the hundred million bushels. We may be pardoned some "tall talk" about that which has to commend it not only tallness, but a generous amplitude as well. At the New Orleans Exposition it was Nebraska's emblazoned boast, "Corn is King," — a boast which wins ready consent when one reflects upon the royal beneficence of maize. On the occasion of the last great freshets of the Ohio River, two counties in the State of Kansas (mindful of a good turn they had received after a scourge of grasshoppers) freighted a long train of cars with corn, and forwarded golden plenty to their needy neighbors in the East.

When we go to Sybaris, if the time be midsummer, I know not how they can entertain us better than to set before us dishes of boiled corn, — ay, *sweet* corn, tender, milky, — the full corn in the ear, requiring nothing more than the grace of a little salt. And if we go to Sparta, and their storehouse happens to afford only some ears of field corn, cannot we manage to do with these, provided the grinders are not too few, or our hardy friends have a little fire, so that they can serve us the kernels parched? But we are forgetting that Indian corn, Zea Mays, was not known to Sybaris and Sparta.

An expression of a somewhat scurrilous import is current. We have heard of "corn-fed Westerners." But why resent an epithet which has an Homeric breadth of suggestion in it, as when, in the Iliad, we read of

> "The renowned milk-nourished men, the Hippemolgians,
> Long-lived, most just, and innocent."

Milk-nourished are they who make their repasts off sweet corn.

From 54° north to 40° south latitude, inclusive, should not be thought a meagre garden-plot. Such, at all events, Indian corn enjoys in the Western continent. If the various peoples inhabiting between the two oceans should determine to celebrate, on a certain day, a feast of brotherly love, some preparation of maize, as being most convenient to all, would probably be fixed upon as the symbolic comestible. So, in typical America, the inhabitants would observe the rite by partaking of tortilla and pinole; in our own South pone and hoecake, in the North brown bread and johnny-cake, would occupy the pious consideration of the celebrants, while here and there would rise the steam of various polentas of savory name, hominy, samp, mush, or hasty-pudding, — the last duly honored in song by a

warm-hearted muse of New England yore.

In some parts of the West, where wood is scarce and corn most abundant, the latter is sometimes used to feed the hearth-fire. Diligent creature of the earth, and servant of man's comfort, furnishing both food and the fagot with which to cook it! A novel idea this, — to provide one's fuel by annual spring-time plantings, gathering the thrift thereof each autumn. Every last fibre of the maize has its use, as becomes a native plant. If the ear gives food, the stalk furnishes fodder for the keeping of our domestic animals. Baskets may be made of the stalks, and mats braided of the husks, of which, also, a very good quality of paper has been made. Many a "corn-fed Westerner," though he may not indulge in sleep upon the sheaves, in after-harvest idleness, does not scorn a couch of husks, even preferring it to the ancestral feather-bed. I have lost the ear, with other zests, of childhood, so that I cannot now decide which of three, dandelion pipe, basswood whistle, corn-stalk fiddle, make the best music. I incline to think that the last-named instrument requires a degree of skill in its construction not less than that which went to the notching of a reed by the streams of Arcady, since our rustic violin must be fashioned entire from one piece of stalk, the golden strings thereof subtly carven from the body of the instrument, then critically raised upon a bridge; in which delicate operations much choice material has been spoiled.

But the corn-husking should not pass unmentioned, whether this merry rite be accomplished under barn-roof or in the open field. Afield, poetic suggestion is more rife. How is it that, surveying the long lines of autumnal shocks, we are reminded of the aboriginal no less than when the summer field asserted its plumed chieftaincy? The Indian's corn and the Indian's summer! In this fine brief season named for him, his wigwam villages dot many a sunny field, dwelt in by what friendly tribe, plying, if invisibly, such arts of peace as a savage may. With half-shut eyes looking through the quivering hazy air upon the further fields, fancy helping, you seem to receive intimations of their village fires; almost, a slight film of smoke can be detected stealing upward from the tufted tops of the wigwams. No sooner are the shocks disturbed than the humble lodgers — not Indians, but a race whose ancestors were probably here contemporaneous with the Indian — scatter, panic-stricken, leaving their ruined granaries behind them. Usually, there is not wanting some Northern farmhouse dog, some Skip, or Bounce, or Towser, who, animated by the prospect of a cheap hunt, stands by when the shock is thrown down, ready to give the miserable fugitives death-gripe. I own to small compassion for a bread-and-cheese-fed rodent in the cat's clutches, but I have a tender interest for the wild mice of the shock, in their hour of peril. Taken into the hand, they remain quite motionless, only the small warm body throbbing with its volume of fear. The physiognomy of the field-mouse lacks the sophistry which characterizes the expression of the domestic species, and its thick, soft fur is as agreeable to the touch as that of the other is repugnant.

This *maizy* text has for punctuation marks the fruit of the pumpkin distributed here and there as colons and periods. Very likely the goldfinches are gathering seed-harvest in the weedy purlieus of the field, keeping up the while a constant flow of silvery "small talk." At this time of the year all toil has a flavor of indolence, is half play. So, as we sit among the corn shocks, in the tempered warmth of the south-going sun, we find something very pleasant in this task of removing garment after garment of the elaborate suit in which na-

ture has chosen to clothe the ear of the maize. Off come the sunburnt and rusty outer husks, which are as a sort of rough-and-ready great-coat; under this the vesture is of increasing fineness until the innermost husk is reached; this is of a tissuey or crape-like delicacy, the edges minutely hirsute or downy. Methinks when the stout husks are parted, the ear, with all its ivory well-set kernels, smiles broadly, declaring there 's luck in *even* numbers, if you will believe its testimony, since the number of rows on all the ears in all the cornfields of the land is, invariably, some multiple of the number two, as eight and twelve, and even as high as twenty-four and thirty-two, or more.

Rarely, the husker finds an ear which has the blush of the peach or the crimson of the bright maple leaf. Has the botanist an explanation of this anomaly? We might imagine that maize had, far back in its history, an erubescent ancestor, or that the maize-ear of the future will wear brighter colors than at present; or we might suspect that this familiar crop unconsciously emulates the chromatic splendors of the season, and so occasionally produces a red ear. To whatever conclusion we come, the rustic lovers of the old-time husking doubtless knew more than do we about the matter.

"And whene'er some lucky maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
Found a maize-ear red as blood is,
'Nushka!' cried they altogether
'Nushka!' you shall have a sweetheart!'"

Edith M. Thomas.

CHILDHOOD IN ENGLISH LITERATURE AND ART.

I.

To hunt through English literature and art for representations of childhood would seem to be like looking for the persons of children in any place where people congregate. How could there be any conspicuous absence, except under conditions which necessarily exclude the very young? Yet it is impossible to follow the stream of English literature, with this pursuit in mind, without becoming aware that at one point in its course there is a marked access of this force of childhood. There is, to be sure, a fallacy lurking in the customary study of the development of literature. We fall into the way of thinking of that literature as an organism proceeding from simpler to more complex forms; we are attent upon the transition of one epoch into another; we come to regard each period as essentially anticipatory of the succeeding period. We make the same mistake often in our regard of historical sequence, looking at all past periods simply and exclusively with reference to the present stand from which we take our observations. A too keen sensibility to the logic which requires time for its conclusion, a too feeble sense of the logic which dwells in the relation between the seen and the unseen, — these stand in the way of a clear perception of the forces immanent in literature and life.

The distinction is worth bearing in mind when one surveys English literature with the purpose of recognizing the child in it. There are certain elemental facts and truths of which old and new cannot be predicated. The vision of helpless childhood is no modern discovery; it is no ancient revelation. The child at play was seen by Homer and by Cowper, and the latter did not derive his apprehension from any study of the former. The humanism which underlies

all literature is independent of circumstances for its perception of the great moving forces of life; it is independent of the great changes in human history; even so great a change as the advent of Christianity could not interfere with the normal expression of elemental facts in life.

Wherein, then, lies the difference between an antique and a modern apprehension of childhood? For what may one look in a survey of English literature that he would not find in Greek or Roman authors? Is there any development of human thought in relation to childhood to be traced in a literature which has reflected the mind of the centuries since the Renaissance? The most aggressive type of modern Christianity, at any rate the most free type, is to be found amongst English-speaking people; and if Christianity has in any way modified the course of thought regarding the child, the effect will certainly be seen in English literature and art.

A recollection of ballad literature, without critical inquiry of the comparative age of the writings, brings to light the familiar and frequent incident of cruelty to children in some form: of the secret putting away of babes, as in the affecting ballad of the Queen's Marie; of the cold and heartless murder, as in the Cruel Mother, and in the tragic tale of The Child's Last Will, where a sudden dramatic and revealing turn is given, after the child has willed its various possessions, in the lines, —

"'What wish leavs't thou thy step-mother
Little daughter dear?'
'Of hell the bitter sorrow
Sweet step-mother mine
For ah, ah! I am so ill, ah!'

"'What wish leavs't thou thy old nurse
Little daughter dear?'
'For her I wish the same pangs
Sweet step-mother mine
For ah, ah! I am so ill, ah!'"

That grewsome story of Lamkin, with its dripping of blood in almost every stanza, gets half its curdling power from the slow torture of the sensibilities, as the babe is slain and then rocked in its cradle, and the mother, summoned by its cries, meets her own fate at the hands of the treacherous nurse and Lamkin, whose name is a piece of bald irony: —

"Then Lamkin 's ta'en a sharp knife
That hang down by his gaire,
And he has gi'en the bonny babe
A deep wound and a sair.

"Then Lamkin he rocked,
And the fause nourice sang
Till frae ilkae bore o' the cradle
The red blood outsprang.

"Then out it spak the ladie
As she stood on the stair
'What ails my bairn, nourice,
That he 's greeting sae sair?

"'O still my bairn, nourice
O still him wi' the pap!'
'He winna still, lady
For this nor for that.'

"'O still my bairn, nourice;
O still him wi' the wand!'
'He winna still, lady,
For a' his father's land.'

"'O still my bairn, nourice,
Oh still him wi' the bell!'
'He winna still, lady,
Till ye come down yoursel.'

"O the firsten step she steppit,
She steppit on a stane;
But the neisten step she steppit,
She met him, Lamkin."

Another early and significant illustration is found in the popular story of Hugh of Lincoln; but instead of turning to the ballad of that name, one may better have recourse to Chaucer's version as contained in the Canterbury tale of the Prioress. In the prologue to this tale appear the words of Scripture "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" in a paraphrase, and the Prioress turns to the Virgin, beseeching her to give words for the telling of the piteous tale. The story of Hugh of Lincoln — that in the reign of Henry III., the Jews of Lincoln stole a boy of eight years, named Hugh, tortured and crucified him — was

received with great credit, for it concentrated the venomous enmity with which Christians regarded the Jews, and by a refinement of cruelty pictured the Jews in a solitary instance as behaving in a Christian-like manner. Chaucer tells the story with exquisite pathos, lingering upon the childish ways of Hugh, and preparing the tears of his readers by picturing the little boy as a miniature saint. It can scarcely be called a picture of artless childhood; for though touches here and there bring out the prattler, Chaucer appears to have meant that his readers should be especially impressed by the piety of this "litel clergeoun," or chorister boy: —

"A litel clergeoun, seven yeer of age,
That day by day to scole was his wone;
And eek also, whereas he saugh thymage
Of Cristes mooder, he hadde in usage,
As hym was taught, to knele adoun and seye
His *Ave Marie*, as he goth by the weye."

And so we are told of the little fellow eager to learn the Alma Redemptoris of his elders, and conning it as he went to and from school, his way leading through the Jews' quarter: —

"As I have seyd, thurgh-out the Jewerie
This litel child, as he cam to and fro,
Ful murily wolde he synge and crie
O *Alma redemptoris* evere-mo
The swetnesse hath his herte perced so
Of Cristes mooder, that to hire to preye
He kan nat stynte of syngyng by the weye."

The wicked Jews, vexed by his singing, kill him, and cast his body into a pit. His weeping mother seeks him, and, happening by the pit, is made aware of his presence by the miracle of his dead lips still singing the Alma Redemptoris.

In two other stories has Chaucer dwelt upon the pathos of childhood and bereft or suffering motherhood. In the Man of Law's tale of Custance, there is a touching passage where Custance and her babe are driven away from the kingdom, and exposed to the sea in the ship which had brought them. The mother kneels upon the sand before embarking, and puts her trust in the Lord.

"Her litel child lay wepying in hir arm,
And knelynge, pitously to hym she seyde,
'Pees litel sone, I wol do thee noon harm!'
With that hir kerchief of hir heed she breyde,
And over hise litel eyen she it leyde,
And in hir arm she lulleth it ful faste
And in-to hevene hire eyen up she caste."

Then she commits herself and her child to Mary by the love of Mary's child.

"And up she rist, and walketh doun the stronde
Toward the ship, — hir folweth al the prees, —
And evere she preyeth hire child to hold his pees."

Again, in the Clerk's tale of Patient Griselda, the effect of the story is greatly heightened by the narrative of the successive partings of the mother with her child; and the climax is reached in the burst of gladness and pent-up feeling which overtakes Griselda at the restoration of her son and daughter. It is noticeable that in these and other instances childhood appears chiefly as an appeal to pity, rarely as an object of direct love and joy. This is not to be wondered at when one considers the character of the English race, and the nature of the redemption which it has been undergoing in the slow process of its submission to the spirit of Christ. We say the English race, without stopping to make nice distinctions between the elements which existed at the time of the Great Charter, just as we may properly speak of the American people of the time of the Constitution.

This character is marked by a brutality, a murderous spirit, which lies scarcely concealed, to-day, in the temper of every English crowd, and has left its mark on literature from the ballads to Oliver Twist. This brutal instinct, this rude, savage, northern spirit, is discovered in conflict with the disarming power of the spirit of Christ, and the stages of the conflict are most clearly indicated in poetry, which is to England what pictorial and sculpturesque art is to the south, the highest exponent of its spiritual life. More comprehensively, English literature affords the most complete

means of measuring the advance of England in humanity.

It belongs to the nature of this deep conflict that there should appear from time to time the finest exemplars of the ideals formed by the divine spirit, side by side with exhibitions of the most willful baseness. English literature abounds in these contrasts; it is still more expressive of tides of spiritual life, the elevation of thought and imagination succeeded by almost groveling animalism. And since one of the symbols of a perfected Christianity is the child, it is not unfair to seek for its presence in literature, nor would it be a rare thing to discover it in passages which hint at the conflict between the forces of good and evil so constantly going on.

It is not strange, therefore, that the earliest illustrations of childhood should mainly turn, as we have seen, upon that aspect which is at once most natural and most Christian. Pity, like a naked, new-born babe, does indeed ride the blast in those wild, more than half-savage bursts of the English spirit which are preserved for us in ballad literature; and in the first springs of English poetic art in Chaucer, the child is as it were the mediator between the rough story and the melody of the singer. One cannot fail to see how the introduction of the child by Chaucer, in close union with the mother, is almost a transfer of the Madonna into English poetry, — a Madonna not of ritual, but of humanity.

There are periods in the history of every nation when the inner life is more completely exposed to view, and when the student, if he be observant, may trace most clearly the fundamental arteries of being. Such a period in England was the Elizabethan era, when the tumultuous English spirit manifested itself in religion, in politics, in enterprise, in adventure, and in intellectual daring, — that era which was dominated by the great master of English speech. It is the fashion of every age to write its characteristics in forms which have become obsolete, and to resort to masquerade for a display of its real emotions. It was because chivalry was no longer the every-day habit of men that Spenser used it for his purposes, and translated the Seven Champions of Christendom into a profounder and more impassioned poem, emblematical of that great ethical conflict which has been a significant feature of English history from the first. In that series of knightly adventures, The Faery Queen, wherein the field of human character is traversed, sin traced to its lurking-place, and the old dragon of unrighteousness set upon furiously, there is a conspicuous incident contained in the second book. In each book Spenser conceives the antagonist of the knight, in some spiritual form, to have wrought a mischief which needs to be repaired and revenged. Thus a dragon occasions the adventures of the Red Cross knight, and in the legend of Sir Guyon the enchantress Acrasia, or Intemperance, has caused the death of a knight and his lady; the latter slays herself because of her husband's death, and plunges her babe's innocent hands into her own bloody breast for a witness. Sir Guyon and the Palmer, standing over the dead bodies, hold grave discourse upon the incident; then they bury the dead, and seek in vain to cleanse the babe's hands in a neighboring fountain. The pure water will not be stained, and the child bears the name Ruddymane, — the Red-Handed, — and shall so bear the sign of a vengeance he is yet to execute.

It is somewhat difficult to see into the full meaning of Spenser's allegory, for the reason that the poet breaks through the meshes of his allegoric net and soars into a freer air; but there are certain strong lines running through the poem, and this of the ineradicable nature of sin is one of them. To Spenser, vexed

with problems of life, that conception of childhood which knit it closely with the generations was a significant one, and in the bloody hand of the infant, which could not be suffered to stain the chaste fountain, he saw the dread transmission of an inherited guilt and wrong. The poet and the moralist struggle for ascendency, and in this conflict one may see reflected the passion for speculation in divinity which was already making deep marks in English literature.

But the Elizabethan era had its share of light-heartedness. The songs of the dramatists and other lyrics exhibit very clearly the influence upon literature of the revival of ancient learning. As the art of Italy showed the old poetic grace risen again under new conditions, so the dominant art of England caught a light from the uncovered glory of Greece and Rome. It was the time of the great translations of Phaer, Golding, North and Chapman; and as those translations are bold appropriations of antiquity, not timid attempts at satisfying the requisitions of scholarship, so the figures of the old mythology are used freely and ingenuously; they are naturalized in English verse far more positively than afterwards in the *elegantia* of the Queen Anne and Georgian periods. Ben Jonson's Venus' Runaway is an exquisite illustration of this rich, decorative use of the old fable. It was partly through this sportive appropriation of the myth of Amor, so vital in all literature, that the lullabies of the time came to get their sweetness. The poet, in putting songs into the mother's mouth, is not so much reflecting the Virgin and Child as he is possessed with the spirit of Greek beauty, and his delicate fancy plays about the image of a little Love. Thus may we read the Golden Slumbers of Dekker, in his Patient Grissel. By a pretty conceit George Gascoigne, in his Lullaby of a Lover, captures the sentiment of a mother and babe, to make it tell the story of his own love and content. There is a touching song by Robert Greene in his Menaphon, where Sephestia puts into her lullaby the story of her parting with the child's father: —

"Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old, there 's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt,
More thou crowed, more he cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide;
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bless;
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old, there 's grief enough for thee."

We are apt to look for everything in Shakespeare, but in this matter of childhood we must confess that there is a meagreness of reference which almost tempts us into constructing a theory to account for it. So far as dramatic representation is concerned, the necessary limitations of the stage easily account for the absence of the young. Girls were not allowed to act in Shakespeare's time, and it is not easy to reduce boys capable of acting to the stature of young girls. More than this, boys and girls are not themselves dramatic in action, though in the more modern drama they are sometimes used, especially in domestic scenes, to heighten effects, and to make most reasonable people wish them in bed.

Still, within the limits enforced by his art, Shakespeare more than once rested much on youthful figures. The gay, agile Moth has a species of femineity about him, so that we fancy he would be most easily shown on the stage by a girl; but one readily recalls others who have distinct boyish properties. In Coriolanus, when the mother and wife go out to plead with the angry Roman, they take with them his little boy. Volumnia, frantic with fear, with love, and with a woman's changing passion, calls upon one and another to join her in her entreaty. Virgilia, the wife, crowds in

a word at the height of Volumnia's appeal, when the voluble grandmother has been rather excitedly talking about Coriolanus treading on his mother's womb, that brought him into the world. Virgilia strikes in, —

> "Ay, and mine
> That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
> Living to time."

Whereupon young Marcius, with delicious boyish brag and chivalry: —

> "A' shall not tread on me;
> I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I 'll fight."

In the same play there is a description of the boy which tallies exactly with the single appearance which he makes in person. Valeria drops in upon the mother and grandmother in a friendly way, and civilly asks after the boy.

"*Vir.* I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

"*Vol.* He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

"*Val.* O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 't is a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again: and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth and tear it; Oh, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

"*Vol.* One on 's father's moods.

"*Val.* Indeed, la, 't is a noble child.

"*Vir.* A crack, madam."

The most eminent example in Shakespeare of active childhood is unquestionably the part played by young Arthur in the drama of King John. It is the youth of Arthur, his dependence, his sorry inheritance of misery, his helplessness among the raging wolves about him, his childish victory over Hubert, and his forlorn death, when he leaps trembling from the walls, which impress the imagination. "Stay yet," says Pembroke to Salisbury,

> "I 'll go with thee
> And find the inheritance of this poor child,
> His little kingdom of a forced grave."

Shakespeare, busy with the story of kings, is moved with deep compassion for this child among kings, who overcomes the hard heart of Hubert by his innocent words, the very strength of feeble childhood, and falls like a poor lamb upon the stones, where his princedom could not save him.

In that ghastly play of Titus Andronicus, which melts at last into unavailing tears, with what exquisite grace is the closing scene humanized by the passage where the elder Lucius calls his boy to the side of his dead grandsire: —

> "Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
> To melt in showers: thy grandsire loved thee well:
> Many a matter hath he told to thee,
> Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
> In that respect, then, like a loving child,
> Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
> Because kind nature doth require it so."

The relentless spirit of Lady Macbeth is in nothing figured more acutely than when the woman and mother is made to say, —

> "I have given suck, and know
> How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me.
> I would, while it was smiling in my face,
> Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums
> And dashed the brains out, had I sworn as you
> Have done to this."

In the witch's hell-broth one ingredient is "finger of birth-strangled babe," while in the portents which rise to Macbeth's vision a bloody child and a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, are apparitions of ghostly prophecy. Then in that scene where Ross discloses slowly and with pent-up passion the murder of Macduff's wife and children, and Macduff hears as in a dream, waking to the blinding light of horrid day, with what a piercing shriek he cries out, —

> "He has no children!"

and then surges back to his own pitiful state, transformed for a moment into an infuriated creature, all instinct, from which a hell-kite has stolen his mate and pretty brood.

The glances at childhood, though in-

frequent, are touched with strong human feeling. Ægeon, narrating the strange adventures of his shipwreck, tells of the

"Piteous plainings of the pretty babes
That mourned for fashion, ignorant what to fear;"

and scattered throughout the plays are passages and lines which touch lightly or significantly the realm of childhood: as,

"Pity like a naked, new-born babe;"

"'T is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil,"

in Macbeth;

"Love is like a child
That longs for every thing that he can come by;"

"How wayward is this foolish love
That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,
And presently all humble kiss the rod,"

in Two Gentlemen of Verona;

"Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks,"

says Desdemona; and Cleopatra, when the poisonous asp is planting its fangs, says with saddest irony, —

"Peace! peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast
That sucks the nurse asleep?"

There is a charming illustration of the blending of the classic myth of Amor with actual childhood in these lines of A Midsummer-Night's Dream, where Helena says, —

"Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste:
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in games themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere."

In the noonday musing of Jaques, when the summer sky hung over the greenwood, and he fell to thinking of the round world and all that dwell therein, the Seven Ages of Man passed in procession before him: —

"At first the infant
Muling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school,"

until the last poor shambling creature is borne off in second childhood.

There are doubtless other passages which might be gleaned, but the survey is full enough to show how scantily, after all, Shakespeare has made use of the figure and the image of childhood. The reflection has led an ingenious writer to explain the fact by the circumstances of Shakespeare's life, which hindered his study of children. "He was clearly old for his age when still a boy, and so would have associated, not with children, but with young men. His marriage as a mere lad and the scanty legends of his youth all tend in the same direction. The course of his life led him to live apart from his children in their youth; his busy life in London brought him into the interior of but few families; his son, of whom he saw but little, died young. If our supposition be true, it is a pathetic thought that the great dramatist was shut out from the one kind of companionship which, even while it is in no degree intellectual, never palls. A man, whatever his mental powers, can take delight in the society of a child, when a person of intellect far more matured, but inferior to his own, would be simply insufferable."[1]

The explanation is rather ingenious than satisfying. Where did Shakespeare get his knowledge of the abundant life which his dramas present? He had the privilege of most people of remembering his own boyhood, and the mind which could invent Hamlet out of such stuff as experience and observation furnished could scarcely have missed acquaintance enough with children to enable him to portray them whenever the exigencies of his drama required. No, it is simpler to refer the absence of children as actors to the limitations of the stage, and to ascribe the infrequent references to childhood to the general

[1] On Reading Shakespeare Through. The [London] Spectator, August 26, 1882. Qy.? By W. M. Rossetti.

neglect of the merely domestic side of life in Shakespeare's art. Shakespeare's world was an out-of-doors, public world, and his men, women, and lovers carried on their lives with no denser concealment than a wood or an arras could afford.

The comprehensiveness of Shakespeare found some place for children; the lofty narrowness of Milton, none. The word *child*, even, can scarcely be found on a page of Milton's verse. In his Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity, with its Hymn, how slight is the mention of the child Jesus! How far removed is the treatment from that employed in the great procession of Madonnas!

"Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?"

The Infant God! — that is Milton's attitude, more than half pagan. In L'Allegro and in Comus the lightness, which denotes the farthest swing of Milton's fancy, is the relief which his poetic soul found from the high themes of theology, in Greek art. One is aware that Milton's fine scholarship was the salvation of his poetry, as his Puritan sense of personality held in check a nature which else might have run riot in sportiveness and sensuousness. When he permitted himself his exquisite short flights of fancy, the material in which he worked was not the fresh spring of English nature, human or earthly, but the remote Arcadian virginity which he had learned of in his books. Not dancing children, but winged sprites, caught his poetic eye.

The weight of personal responsibility which rests upon the Puritan conception of life offers small play for the wantonness and spontaneity of childhood. Moreover, the theological substratum of Puritan morality denied to childhood any freedom, and kept the life of man in waiting upon the conscious turning of the soul to God. Hence childhood was a time of probation and suspense. It was wrong, to begin with, and was repressed in its nature until maturity should bring an active and conscious allegiance to God. Hence, also, parental anxiety was forever earnestly seeking to anticipate the maturity of age, and to secure for childhood that reasonable intellectual belief which it held to be essential to salvation; there followed often a replacement of free childhood by an abnormal development. In any event, the tendency of the system was to ignore childhood, to get rid of it as quickly as possible, and to make the state contain only self-conscious, determinate citizens of the kingdom of heaven. There was, unwittingly, a reversal of the Divine message, and it was said in effect to children. Except ye become as grown men and be converted, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.

Nevertheless, though Puritanism in its excessive anxiety may have robbed childhood of its freedom, the whole spirit of the movement was one conservative of family relations, and the narratives of domestic life under Puritanic control are often full of a grave sweetness. Indeed, it may almost be said that the domestic narrative was now born into English literature. Nor could the intense concern for the spiritual well-being of children, a religious passion reinforcing natural affection, fail to give an importance to the individual life of the family, and prepare the way for that new intelligence of the scope of childhood which was to come later to an England still largely dominated by Puritan ideas.

Milton expressed the high flight of the soul above earthly things. He took his place upon a summit where he could show the soul all the confines of heaven and earth. Bunyan, stirred by like religious impulses, made his soul trudge sturdily along toward an earthly paradise. The realism of his story often veils successfully the spiritual sense, and

makes it possible for children to read the Pilgrim's Progress with but faint conception of its religious import. In the second part of the allegory, Christian's wife and children set out on their ramble, in Christian's footsteps. There is no lack of individuality in characterization of the persons. The children are distinctly conceived as children; they are, to be sure, made to conform occasionally to the demands of the spiritual side of the allegory, yet they remain children, and by their speech and action betray the childish mind.

They come in sight of the lions, and "the boys that went before were glad to cringe behind, for they were afraid of the lions, so they stepped back and went behind." When they come to the Porter's Lodge, they abide there a while with Prudence, Piety, and Charity; Prudence catechises the four children, who return commendably correct answers. But Matthew, the oldest boy, falls sick of the gripes; and when the physician asks Christiana what he has been eating lately, she is as ignorant as any mother can be.

"Then said Samuel," who is as communicative as most younger brothers, "'Mother, mother, what was that which my brother did gather up and eat, so soon as we were come from the Gate that is at the head of this way? You know that there was an orchard on the left hand, on the other side of the wall, and some of the trees hung over the wall, and my brother did plash and did eat.'

"'True, my child,' said Christiana, 'he did take thereof and did eat, naughty boy as he was. I did chide him, and yet he would eat thereof.'" So Mr. Skill, the physician, proceeds to make a purge. "You know," says Bunyan, in a sly parenthesis, "physicians give strange medicines to their patients." "And it was made up," he goes on, "into pills, with a promise or two, and a proportionable quantity of salt. Now he was to take them three at a time, fasting, in half a quarter of a pint of Tears of Repentance. When this Portion was prepared and brought to the boy, he was loth to take it, though torn with the gripes as if he should be pulled in pieces. 'Come, come,' said the physician, 'you must take it.' 'It goes against my stomach,' said the boy. 'I must have you take it,' said his mother. 'I shall vomit it up again,' said the boy. 'Pray, sir,' said Christiana to Mr. Skill, 'how does it taste?' 'It has no ill taste,' said the doctor, and with that she touched one of the pills with the tip of her tongue. 'O Matthew,' said she, 'this Portion is sweeter than honey. If thou lovest thy mother, if thou lovest thy brothers, if thou lovest Mercy, if thou lovest thy life, take it.' So with much ado, after a short prayer for the blessing of God upon it, he took it, and it wrought kindly with him. It caused him to purge, it caused him to sleep and rest quietly, it put him into a fine heat and breathing sweat, and did quite rid him of his gripes."

The story is dotted with these life-like incidents, and the consistency is rather in the basis of the allegory than in the allegory itself. In truth, we get in the Pilgrim's Progress an inimitable picture of social life in the lower middle class of England, and in this second part a very vivid glimpse of a Puritan household.

Milton's Christmas Hymn has the organ roll of a mind moving among high themes, and making the earth one of the golden spheres. Pope's sacred eclogue of the Messiah is perhaps the completest expression of the religious sentiment of an age which was consciously bounded by space and time. In Pope's day, the world was scarcely a part of a greater universe; eternity was only a prolongation of time, and the sense of beauty, acute as it was, was always sharply defined. Pope's rhymed

couplets, with their absolute finality, their clean conclusion, their epigrammatic snap, are the most perfect symbols of the English mind of that period. When in the Messiah we read, —

"Rapt into future times the bard begun,
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a son!
. . . . . .
Swift fly the years and rise the expected morn!
O spring to light, auspicious babe, be born!"

we remember Milton's Infant God. The two poets touch, with a like faintness, the childhood of Jesus, but the one through awe and grandeur of contemplation, the other through the polite indifference of a man of the world. Or take Pope's mundane philosophy, as exhibited most elaborately in his Essay on Man, and set it beside Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man: —

"Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tired he sleeps and life's poor play is o'er."

This is the only passage in the Essay hinting at childhood, and suffices to indicate how entirely insignificant in the eyes of the philosophy underlying Pope and his school was the whole thought of childhood. The passage, while not perhaps consciously imitative of Shakespeare, suggests comparison, and one finds in Jaques under the greenwood a more human feeling. Commend us to the tramp before the drawing-room philosopher!

The prelusive notes of a new literature were sounded by Gray, Goldsmith, and Cowper. It was to be a literature which touched the earth again, the earth of a common nature, the earth also of a national inheritance. It is significant that Gray, with his delicate taste and fine classical scholarship, when he composed his Elegy used first the names of eminent Romans when he wrote: —

"Some village Cato, who with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of the fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Tully here may rest,
Some Cæsar, guiltless of his country's blood."

He changed these names for those of English heroes, and in doing so broke away from traditions which still had a strong hold in literature. It is a pity that for reasons hard to perceive he should have thought best to omit the charming stanza, —

"There, scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found:
The Red-breast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

When Gray wrote this he doubtless had in mind the ballad of the Children in the Wood. In the succession of English pictures which he does give is that lovely one, —

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening's care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the evening kiss to share."

In his poem On a Distant Prospect of Eton College he has lines which are instinct with a feeling for childhood and youth. There is, it is true, a touch of artificiality in the use made of childhood in this poem, as a foil for tried manhood, its little life treated as the lost golden age of mankind; but that sentiment was a prevailing one in the period.

Goldsmith, whose Bohemianism helped to release him from subservience to declining fashions in literature, treats childhood in a more genuine and artless fashion. In his prose and poetry I hear the first faint notes of that song of childhood which in a generation more was to burst from many lips. The sweetness which trembles in the Deserted Village finds easy expression in forms and images which call up childhood to memory, as in those lines, —

"The playful children just let loose from school,"
. . . . . .
"E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile," —

and in the quaint picture of the village school.

It is in the Vicar of Wakefield, however, that one finds the freest play of fancy about childish figures. Goldsmith says of his hero that "he unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth, — he is a priest, a husbandman, and the father of a family;" and the whole of the significant preface may lead one to revise the estimate of Goldsmith which his contemporaries have fastened upon English literary history. The waywardness and unconventionality of this man of genius and his eager desire to be accepted by the world, which was then the great world, were the characteristics which most impressed the shallower minds about him. In truth, he had not only an extraordinary sympathy with the ever-varying, ever-constant flux of human life, but he dropped a deeper plummet than any English thinker since Milton.

It was in part his loneliness that threw him upon children for complete sympathy; in part also his prophetic sense, for he had an unerring vision of what constituted the strength and the weakness of England. After the portraiture of the Vicar himself, there are no finer sketches than those of the little children. "It would be fruitless," says the unworldly Vicar, "to deny exultation when I saw my little ones about me;" and from time to time in the tale, the youngest children, Dick and Bill, trot forward in an entirely natural manner. They show an engaging fondness for Mr. Thornhill. "The whole family seemed earnest to please him. . . . My little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavors could scarcely keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his clothes, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket holes to see what was there." The character of Mr. Burchell is largely drawn by its association with the children. The account given by little Dick of the carrying off of Olivia is full of charming childish spirit, and there is an exquisite passage where the Vicar returns home with the news of Olivia's recovery, and discovers his house to be on fire, while in a tumult of confusion the older members of the family rush out of the dwelling.

"I gazed upon them and upon it by turns," proceeds the Vicar, "and then looked round me for my two little ones; but they were not to be seen. O misery! 'Where,' cried I, 'where are my little ones?' 'They are burnt to death in the flames,' says my wife calmly, 'and I will die with them.' That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. 'Where, where are my children?' cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined. 'Where are my little ones?' 'Here, dear papa, here we are!' cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatching them through the fire as fast as possible, just as I was got out the roof sunk in. 'Now,' cried I, holding up my children, 'now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are. I have saved my treasure. Here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy.' We kissed our little darlings a thousand times; they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns."

Cowper was more secluded from his time and its influence than Goldsmith, but like him he felt the instinct for a return to the elemental in life and nature. The gentleness of Cowper, combined with a poetic sensibility, found expression in simple themes. His life, led in a pastoral country, and occupied with trivial pleasures, offered him primitive material, and he sang of hares, and

goldfish, and children. His Tirocinium, or a Review of Schools, though having a didactic intention, has some charming bits of descriptive writing, as in the familiar lines which describe the sport of

"The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot."

The description melts, as do so many of Cowper's retrospections, into a tender melancholy. A deeper note still is struck in his Lines on the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.

The new birth which was coming to England had its premonitions in literature. It had them also in art. In this period appeared Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough: the one preëminently a painter of humanity, the other of nature, and both of them moved by a spirit of freedom, under well-recognized academic rules. There is in their work a lingering of the old formal character which took sharp account of the diversities of rank, and separated things common from things choice; yet they both belong to the new world rather than to the old, and in nothing is this more remarkable than in the number and character of the children pieces painted by Reynolds. They are a delight to the eye, and in the true democracy of art we know no distinction between Master Crewe as Henry VIII. and a Boy with a Child on his back and cabbage nets in his hand. What a revelation of childhood is in this great group! There is the tenderness of the Children in the Wood, the peace of the Sleeping Child, where nature itself is in slumber, the timidity of the Strawberry Girl, the wildness of the Gypsy Boy, the shy grace of Pickaback, the delightful wonder of Master Bunbury, the sweet simplicity and innocence in the pictures so named, and the spiritual yet human beauty of the Angels' heads. Reynolds studied the work of the mediæval painters, but he came back to England and painted English children. Goldsmith's Vicar, Cowper's Lines on his mother's portrait, and Reynolds's children bring us close to the heart of our subject.

Horace E. Scudder.

WHEN LESSER LOVES.

When lesser loves by the relentless flow
Of mighty currents from my arms were torn,
And swept, unheeding, to that silent bourn
Whose mystic shades no living man may know,
By night, by day, I sang my song, and so
Out of the sackcloth that my soul had worn
Weaving my purple, I forgot to mourn,
Pouring my grief out in melodious woe!
Now am I dumb, dear heart. My lips are mute.
Yet if from yonder blue height thou dost lean
Earthward, remembering love's last wordless kiss,
Know thou no trembling thrills of harp or lute,
Dying soft wails and tender songs between,
Were half so voiceful as this silence is!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

MINING FOR A MASTODON.

I.

THE widow Purvines was, safely speaking, the oldest inhabitant of the Maryland settlement. Her husband, Daniel Purvines, would have been a still older inhabitant, but many years ago he slept with his fathers, and Charity, his wife, reigned in his stead. She was indeed a rural autocrat, but a very wise and benevolent one. The vigor and brilliancy of her intellect enabled her to bear with ease a great weight of responsibility. Her memory was remarkably retentive, and her indefatigable and far-reaching human interest, vulgarly termed curiosity, made her a cyclopædia of neighborhood knowledge, useful and otherwise.

When Mrs. Purvines was led to speak of that portion of nature's domain over which her eyes and feet had wandered for nearly forty years, her language was appreciative, yet discriminating. At times she would diverge so far from her fixed premises, the indisputable superiority of Northern Indiana, as to admit the reasonableness of a doubt touching the beneficence of the existing distribution of wet land and dry. Once, in conversation with Mr. Buffey, a colporteur of her church, who availed himself of her hospitality several times a year, the good widow remarked, —

"I think this section of springy kentry can be accounted for only in one way. When the good Parent had got through makin' the United States and the rest of the world, he found he had on hand a large surplus of wild grass, — all the coarsest sorts, — marsh-mallers, flower-de-loose, yeller and red stemmed willers, cat-tails, and scrubby jack-oaks. Well, in the 'conomy of nater there 's no waste ; so this pecooliarly moist corner of Indiany was made just a purpose for that stuff to grow in. And, Lord, how it *hes* growed ! "

"But many of the marshes have been reclaimed by drainage, and now make valuable meadow-lands," suggested Mr. Buffey.

"Yes," said the widow, "there 's been a power of ditchin' done, in this and adjinin' counties, and some of the marshes have turned out well enough ; but there 's now and then a track that 's good to raise nothin' yerthly but what the Almighty planted on it. May be you 've noticed a long, lonesome-looking marsh, half a mile south o' here, on the Sudmore road ? "

"I have," assented Mr. Buffey ; "the highroad strikes a neck of it, a few rods beyond a quaint, wood-colored cottage, with fruit trees at the rear, and one spreading maple by the front gate. I stopped there with my books once, but sold nothing."

"Well, that house was built by the owner of the big marsh. There 's a matter of seventy acres in that marsh, and it 's sartain the most hopeless portion of the habited footstool. Why, the Desert of Sahary 's a 'bodiment of goodwill to men, compared to it ; for she is n't so deceivin' ; she makes no false promises ! "

"You speak strongly, sister Purvines," said the colporteur, a wan look of interest lighting up his pale face.

"I feel strongly," she said, "when I think how that marsh has swallered up the lives and fortunes of a promisin' family. But where 's the sense in reflectin' on a piece of onsensate nater, when it 's man's obstinacy that should be blamed ? You see, when Ozias Rowdybum came to Sudmore County, there were a few still airlier settlers here. Me and Dan'l were amongst 'em. We opened our house to the new-comers, as was the

kestom of the kentry, till they could get their own place fixed to move into. They stopped with us a matter of three weeks, and it was long enough to show us the kind of man he was — that sot, nothin' could move him! He was full of plans about his farm, speshully the marsh. Dan'l told him one day that he had made a mistake, buyin' so much wet land, and give it as his opinion that the marsh was one of the ornery kind that no 'mount of labor could reclaim. Rowdybum got mad, and his poor, pressed-down wife turned pale. After that we let him talk, thinkin' that his prop'ty and his plans were none o' our business. But as years passed on, I 'd defy anybody, livin' 's close as we did, not to take a vital interest in that creeter's goin's-on. He had enough dry land to make a good livin' on, but he was dead bent on clearin' up the marsh and gettin' it into tame grass. He cut willers in the winter and ditched and mowed wire-grass in the summer, neglectin' his plough-land the whiles. His family sided with the neighbors, and told him it was no use. Then he got hard and kinder ugly with them. He 'd sot his detarmined soul on makin' somethin' out o' that marsh, and he 'd do it or die! His boys grew up into likely chaps; just the sort to make good farmers, with encouragement, but they never got any.

"When they 'd been here about four year, a sad thing happened. Rolf, the oldest boy, got bit in the foot by a rattler, workin' down in the marsh. No doctor could be got to him till the next day, and he died. We all thought his mother would die, too, but she did n't. For a year or two after that Rowdy let the marsh alone, and tended to his dry land. People thought he was comin' to his senses. He fixed up the house right comfortable, and planted out that orchard. Then the evil spirit entered into him again, and gave him no rest for ten years. He got a ditch dug, clear through, a mighty deep and wide one, and it drened the marsh effectual. He sold off everything loose on the place, includin' a pair of colts he had solemn give to Reuben, to pay the ditchers. Late in the fall he turned off the wild grass, and sowed down fifty acres strong to timothy and red-top. In the spring it kem up, thick as dog's hair; there was just rain enough to keep it goin', and that year Rowdybum had a crop of tame hay. And it was *extry* good, and brought a good price. But the next summer, and every summer after that, the tame grass burnt out. You see, there was just no sile at all, — nothin' but vegetable roots, 'thout scarcely a particle o' grit, and no bottom till you got down to the blue clay.

"But the old man worked on, alone finally, for Reuben left home in disgust. He was last heard of way out beyant the Rocky Mountains. He went prospectin' into the Flat Foot kentry, and most likely the Flat Feet made an eend of him. There was nobody left but Rowdy and his wife and their girl Anice. She was about fifteen year old when Rube went away. The old man got deep in debt, gettin' the ditches cleared out and buyin' such quantities of grass seed, and piece after piece of his dry land was sold; but still he hung on to that dismal swamp. One summer he sot fire to a big pile of willers he 'd been cuttin'. The fire spread and burned and eat down into them spongy bogs, makin' holes four and five feet deep. The season was dry, and that fire worked away there for weeks. In the fall, when the rains had filled the marsh with water, one of his cows waded out and fell into one o' them holes. Rowdybum, in tryin' to get her out, wrenched hisself, somehow, and dropped down beside her. Anice found him there, and ran for help. They got him into the house, but he only lived a few hours. They burried him beside Rolf, at the foot o' the orchard."

"And how have those two, the widow

and her daughter, got along since?" inquired the colporteur.

"Any way they could. They 've been pretty poor sometimes. Anice was a good common-school scholar, but she went to Dalton Seminary to take on some more learnin'; then she came home and 'plied for the deestrict school. She taught it two terms, and could 'a' had it right along, but her mother broke down with a disease the doctors called locomotive attraction [mem., locomotor ataxy], and Anice had to give up her school and stay at home to take care of her. She does n't seem to suffer, ony she can't walk. That was about five year ago."

"But who has supported them?" inquired Mr. Buffey. "The income from the remnant of the farm would hardly do it, and pay taxes."

"It has done it, *somehow*. Anice has worked and managed. She has kept cows and fowls and bees. That girl has *worked*, I tell you; and such a lonesome life! But that *beater* of a marsh! Last summer it turned up somethin' new. Anice was walkin' over it, one day, lookin' for cranberries, when, comin' to one o' them fire-holes, she saw somethin' curious at the bottom. She got down and poked about some, and concluded it was a tush o' one o' them queer bein's that lived and went out 'fore Adam named the beasts in the garden. She got Lonzo Eckert to dig it up, and she 's got it in their wood-shed, — a great tusk like a elephant's, only bigger and coal black. There 's been no superstition 'mong my people since my grandfather's time; if there was, I 'd be moved to say that burried-up creeter had hed somethin' to do with the 'fairs of that misfortnit family."

II.

The next evening, Mr. Buffey, having spent the day showing his books to the different families in the neighborhood, found himself again at the widow Purvines'. After supper he drew up to the big kerosene lamp, put on his glasses, and wrote a letter.

DEAR SELDON, — Your favor of recent date received. It has moved me profoundly. Thank you, my dear boy, and God bless you! If *dark days* ever do come, I promise to remember what you have said. I am glad I owe you a letter, for I have something to communicate that you will think worth while. In my rounds to-day, I called upon a family who have in their possession a portion of the tusk (five feet in length, ivory and enamel perfect) of a *mastodon giganteus*. It was found in a marsh owned by this family, — Rhodobaum by name, — and I am strongly of the opinion that the entire skeleton is there and could be exhumed. If you should care to divert your attention from the cephalopods and batrachians of the carboniferous period long enough to look after this relic of post-tertiary life, I have no doubt you could easily become its possessor. A letter from you would reach me a week hence, at Fort Wayne.

Yours in affectionate obligation,

HIRAM BUFFEY.

This letter was received and read in a long, low apartment, counting-room, library, and museum combined, in a certain rambling old town in Southern Indiana. Its recipient, Hayne Seldon, was a thick-set man, in age anywhere between thirty-five and forty. He had that peculiar sanguine physiognomy which always leaves one in doubt as to its owner's age. At first glance he was rather impressive from his want of good looks. His hair was red and his eyes small. His nose and mouth were regular, and the latter feature could be very expressive. But the considerate stranger never gives painfully close scrutiny to the features of one who is the victim

of a great misfortune. Seldon had only one hand.

He read Mr. Buffey's letter, laid it upon his knee, smoothed it out with his hand, — which, by the way, might have served for an artist's model, — then took it up and read it again, attentively.

This was in the early spring. A few weeks later Mr. Seldon found himself in the Maryland settlement, with the address of Mrs. Purvines in his pocket and a valuable fossil in his mind's eye. At the widow's house he met the colporteur by appointment. Our geologist was the most diffident of men, and he had requested his old friend to be on hand to introduce him to his landlady, and to the people who owned the mastodon.

"Anice has been readin' a lot about them queer pre-Adamiters," said Mrs. Purvines, as she sat at her bounteous breakfast table with her two guests. "I 've been tellin' her to keep that new-fangled knowledge close atween herself and her old Aunt Charity. You know there 's a heap in it that 's onsettlin' to them that 's weak in the faith. But I know myself to be 'stablished, and Anice is that near an angel born that I sometimes think it don't much matter whether she holds any views or not."

"I was surprised at her air of cultivation," said Mr. Buffey, "till I saw their books."

"Them works was once owned by Mrs. Rowdybum's father. She brought them from the East in the big chist, with her quilts and coverlids packed on top. There 's just fifty o' them works. Rowdybum used to be spoke of fur and near as the man who had fifty books in his house. Folks seemed to think it was all along of his oddity; but land knows, he wa'n't to blame for the books. They were none o' his."

When Seldon and Anice Rhodobaum met, later that day, they were strongly moved by a common emotion. The prevailing sentiment in the breast of each was compassion for the other. Anice felt her pity stirred by the empty sleeve, of which its owner was scarcely aware at the moment. Seldon's honest heart commiserated the lonely young woman, with her sad brown eyes, insignificant figure, and forlorn surroundings. His quick observation took in the evident narrowness of means, the patient, helpless mother; and he caught a mental glimpse of the background of melancholy years, against which these two pathetic figures were set. When he made his errand known, Anice's dark face brightened, and she broke into a little laugh of genuine amusement, as she said, —

"You passed right by the specimen, on your way to the door. I loaned it to a church-fair in Sudmore, last week. They curtained off a corner of the hall and made a peep-show, with the tusk and a stuffed crocodile. I hear it paid right well; but when they returned my property they did not take the trouble to put it where they found it, but just rolled it off the wagon, over the fence, and drove away."

She told this with fine humor, as she led the way to where the fossil lay, — an object quite too heavy for her slender hands to lift. She was capable of appreciating the absurdity of the peep-show, as well as the coolness of the committee.

Seldon satisfied himself that it would be worth while to excavate for other remains. The ditches were choked, and the marsh was wet from the spring rains; but later Anice would write him, and he would arrange for the work.

About the middle of August, Seldon heard from Miss Rhodobaum. The marsh was quite dry, she wrote, and he might now come and direct the digging for the mastodon. A week later he was domiciled with the widow Purvines, and Lonzo Eckert, with his partner at odd jobs, Bijah Hoke, were at work under his supervision.

Near the spot where Anice had found the piece of tusk the mate to it was discovered, a magnificent specimen, fully nine feet in length and weighing over one hundred pounds. The next important find was the perfect lower jaw, with its mammoth grinders. Then several scattered teeth were unearthed, some of them with worn-off cusps, presenting a beautiful section of the crown. The bony interior was a deep chocolate in color. The enamel showed pearly white on its worn edges, where it was a quarter of an inch in thickness, and on its natural surface jet black from the action of mineral agents in the soil.

There came a week of rain, and the work was necessarily stopped, till the marsh had time to become dry again. Mr. Seldon manifested no impatience at this enforced delay. Unconsciously he was acquiring an interest more absorbing than geology. The widow Rhodobaum's cottage knew him for a daily visitor. In the absence of any literature whatever at his boarding-place, the fifty books at the other house were a resource. He found that they were mainly sermons, with a sprinkling of such authors as Young, Goldsmith, Dryden, Cowper, Sterne, and De Quincey. The volumes just named Anice had read again and again. Of newer literature she knew almost nothing. Seldon felt a deep thrill as he thought of the delight it would afford some one — any one — to give her the happiness of an acquaintance with Scott, Dickens, and their *confrères*. But these clear-cut English classics, combined with an experience, sombre from infancy and peculiar in its discipline, had made Anice what she was, a sweet, grave, self-forgetting woman, one of a thousand. The springs of imagination and mirthfulness sparkled deep and clear within her, though for the most part repressed and silent. Seldon thought he understood her well, and perhaps he did. She was very simple and frank with him about her life and her thoughts; and he in turn told her all his history.

He was an only son, had received a medical education, and, while taking a post-graduate course in an Eastern city met with the misfortune that had changed the color of his life. He had poisoned his hand, making an autopsy; the loss of his arm was the result, and he abandoned his profession. Practical surgery had mainly attracted him, and a surgeon must have two hands. For years he had lived an uneventful, lonely life, giving his time to a rather aimless pursuit of science. Then a valuable deposit of cannel-coal was discovered upon some land he had inherited. He developed a mine, and it had yielded him an interest in life and a fortune. Geology had always been a favorite study with him, and since his acquaintance with the coal-measures it had become almost an absorbent. The mastodon was not to form part of his own private collection, but was to be the property of the college museum at G——. Anice and her mother did not quite know whether the handsome sum of money he had placed to their credit in the Sudmore bank, as the price of the mastodon, came from the college or from him.

The work in the marsh was resumed, with this result: all the bones of the left fore leg and foot were found, some portions of the skull, and three ribs. While the digging was in progress, a continual procession of people crossed the marsh from the highroad, to gaze on the monster bones. Many and diverse were the opinions advanced by the rustic population, concerning the huge animal. One farmer thought there must be some undiscovered continent or island on the face of the globe, "where them lumberin' quaderpeds are livin' and roamin' still, same as they used ter."

"But how did this one get here?" asked another.

"Time o' the flood. Time o' the

flood, I tell ye. What do you think about it, Lonzo?"

The hind thus addressed was down in the pit. He stuck his spade into the marl, hitched up his overalls, rolled his tobacco, and replied, —

"Well, I 've a the'ry, as well 's the rest of ye. I think this animul were a female, and there were a young one. And the young one were cuttin' of its stummick teeth, and feelin' feverish waded in here for a mouthful of suthin' to cool its gums; and the old one naterally follered, and naterally got mired."

There was a laugh and a question: —

"But where 's the young one? You have n't found any bones of a young one."

"No, ner we hain't found near all the bones of the old one, and I judge we aint a-goin' to."

And indeed they did not. They removed the ground for a considerable distance on every side, occupying several days in the work, and then gave up the search. Seldon had the fossil bones boxed and shipped away, but still he lingered on, himself.

One morning, very early, he walked out in the direction of the wood-colored cottage by the marsh. He had no thought of presenting himself there at that hour; but he rambled on till he found himself beneath a roadside elm, within plain sight of the house. As he stood there, the door suddenly opened, and Anice appeared, with something of wildness and distress in her manner. She looked up and down the road, then returned within. A few minutes later Seldon stood upon the threshold, and Anice, coming out again, met him there.

"What is it?" he asked, with infinite sympathy in his tones.

"My mother — she is very ill! She had a fall. She has not known me all night. No one came, and I could not leave her. I am so glad you are here, — so glad! Stay, now, till I go for Aunt Charity."

"I will go," he said; but she drew him within, whispering hurriedly, —

"No, no. I know a nearer path, and I will *run*;" and she was gone ere she ceased speaking.

The invalid's room was the largest in the house, and as cosy as love and tidy skill could make it. On the low bed lay the widow in a deep stupor. Seldon felt her pulse, and found it moderately strong and regular. Death, he believed, was not imminent; but what more of trial was before this prostrate one and her devoted daughter, who could tell? His heart was wrung, for he loved Anice, and the thought of all she had endured, and must still endure, gave him the severest pang he had ever felt. He smoothed back the thin locks from the brow of the pale sleeper, then went out into the small, bare kitchen, and walked its narrow floor as the minutes passed.

"Anice!" he murmured, unconsciously. "Poor little girl! Anice — Anice!"

"Did you speak my name, sir?" She had returned. Mrs. Purvines was with her mother.

"Perhaps I did," he said, with a strange smile. "I was thinking of you, and yearning over you, and loving you with all my soul!"

She looked at him vaguely out of her deep eyes which had not known sleep for so many hours. Then throwing out her arms upon the kitchen table, she dropped her face upon them with the lonely cry, —

"Oh, my mother! — my mother!"

His beautiful, sensitive hand rested lightly on her bowed head, and strayed along the loosened mass of her thick black hair, as he said, "Be comforted, Anice; she will not die now. I feel confident that she will be better soon."

His solacing prophecy came true.

III.

"It was all along o' that swoopin' cat o' thern," explained Aunt Charity to Mr. Seldon that evening, as he was finishing his peaches and cream. "You see, Anice was dressin' a chicken to fry for their supper, and havin' to go into the buttery for something, left it on the work-table a minute. The big cat jumped up, and the old lady, forgettin' her helplessness, sprung to save the fowl, and of course fell like a log. I reckon she must 'a' struck her head, and that caused her to go off in a wanderin' sleep. The doctor says it were the shock like, and she 'll be in her chair again, in a day or two. I never could abide a cat, and — Just look at that, now! There comes that tarnal gobbler again down to the turkey-chicks' coop!"

The good woman sprang from her chair, caught her sun-bonnet from its hook, and disappeared out of the back door. Seldon heard a vigorous "shooing," and a shower of sticks flying about. Presently she returned, somewhat red and breathless, and resumed her place at the table.

"To think," she said, "of me abusin' my neighbor's cat, and keepin' such an onnateral bird on the place as that gobbler! He 'll stand by the coop for an hour, cranin' that head o' hisn, till one of the little turkeys slips through the pickets; then he 'll take it by the scruff o' the neck, and lift it up slow, and set it down hard, two or three times. There 's no tellin' what idee of p'rental duty the critter 's got, but he does it sort o' solemn, as though it were a matter o' discipline. But it don't agree with the young ones, and he 's got to stop it, or his time 'll come 'fore Thanksgivin'."

The next day her guest went away, to visit some ancient mounds, near the state line. He told her he might be gone a week; he was really absent two.

During this interval, Mrs. Rhodobaum recovered her usual degree of strength. Anice went about like one in a dream. A deep, sweet wonder was in her thoughts. Her remembrance of that troubled morning was indistinct, but surely there was matchless tenderness in his manner; and — did he say he loved her, or did she dream it, during the long, still afternoon, while Aunt Charity sat with her mother, and she slumbered on her bed?

She was in her garden, standing among flower-stalks taller than herself, when he came to see her again, and she learned the truth of her trembling surmises. They talked awhile of indifferent things, — the autumn splendors of the country garden, his little journey, and what he had seen and learned. Then he said abruptly, "What will you do, when I am gone?"

She gave him a little frightened glance, then smiled again, as she said, "Oh, for a time I shall be wishing for rain, to put out the fire in the marsh," — some one had dropped a coal from a lighted pipe, and the peat was smouldering, — "and for wind to blow the smoke away. And some fine morning my wish will come true. Then the snow will begin to fall, and the great white winter will settle down about us, and I shall pass the days wishing it were over, and that spring would come. And that wish also will come true, if I am good and patient."

"Good and patient!" he repeated softly; a moment after he exclaimed, "Oh, if I were only as other men, that I might take you for my own! But you, dear, have been such a burden-bearer all your days, it would be a cowardly act to ask you to share the life of one like myself, who has to be helped at almost every turn!"

I do not know what she said in answer. Perhaps it was by a broken word or two, a look, a caressing touch on the empty sleeve, that she made him

understand how desolate she would have been if he had not given her his love, and the sweet privilege of blessing and serving him with hers.

A year passed, and when October came again an event occurred in the life of the widow Purvines: she received a letter. It was from Anice Seldon, and in it were these words: —

"My blessed mother is stronger and brighter than she has been for years, though still unable to walk. Dear old Mr. Buffey has grown so nearly blind that he is no longer able to travel with his books, and has come to live with us. He was an early friend of my husband's father, and has always felt a peculiar nearness to Hayne, because, like him, he was turned aside from his life-plans by a physical misfortune. He would have been a minister, if his sight had not failed in his youth. I am glad we can take care of the good old man; of course we could not, if we were poor. Hayne says I am now literally hands, feet, and eyes to the maimed, halt, and blind. He bows down to me as if I were some sort of saint or martyr; while I know I am only a very human little woman, though a singularly fortunate and happy one.

"Our mastodon is behind glass doors in the G—— college museum. I expect to visit that cabinet once a year. It is a sort of shrine."

Angelina Teal.

ON HORSEBACK.

III.

From Burnsville the next point in our route was Asheville, the most considerable city in western North Carolina, a resort of fashion, and the capital of Buncombe County. It is distant some forty to forty-five miles, too long a journey for one day over such roads. The easier and common route is by the Ford of Big Ivy, eighteen miles, — the first stopping place; and that was a long ride for the late afternoon when we were in condition to move.

The landlord suggested that we take another route, stay that night on Caney River with Big Tom Wilson, only eight miles from Burnsville, cross Mt. Mitchell, and go down the valley of the Swannanoa to Asheville. He represented this route as shorter and infinitely more picturesque. There was nothing worth seeing on the Big Ivy way. With scarcely a moment's reflection, and while the horses were saddling, we decided to ride to Big Tom Wilson's. I could not at the time understand, and I cannot now, why the Professor consented. I should hardly dare yet confess to my fixed purpose to ascend Mt. Mitchell. It was equally fixed in the Professor's mind not to do it. We had not discussed it much. But it is safe to say that if he had one well defined purpose on this trip, it was not to climb Mitchell. "Not," as he put it,

"Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,"

had suggested the possibility that he could do it.

But at the moment the easiest thing to do seemed to be to ride down to Wilson's. When there we could turn across country to the Big Ivy, although, said the landlord, you can ride over Mitchell just as easy as anywhere — a lady rode plumb over the peak of it last week, and never got off her horse. You are not obliged to go; at Big Tom's, you can go any way you please.

Besides, Big Tom himself weighed in the scale more than Mt. Mitchell, and not to see him was to miss one of

the most characteristic productions of the country, the typical backwoodsman, hunter, guide. So we rode down Bolling Creek, through a pretty, broken country, crossed the Caney River, and followed it up a few miles to Wilson's plantation. There are little intervales along the river, where hay is cut and corn grown, but the region is not much cleared, and the stock browse about in the forest. Wilson is the agent of the New York owner of a tract of some thirteen thousand acres of forest, including the greater portion of Mt. Mitchell, a wilderness well stocked with bears and deer, and full of streams abounding in trout. It is also the playground of the rattlesnake. With all these attractions Big Tom's life is made lively in watching game poachers, and endeavoring to keep out the foraging cattle of the few neighbors. It is not that the cattle do much injury in the forest, but the looking after them is made a pretense for roaming around, and the roamers are liable to have to defend themselves against the deer, or their curiosity is excited about the bears, and lately they have taken to exploding powder in the streams to kill the fish.

Big Tom's plantation has an open-work stable, an ill-put-together frame house, with two rooms and a kitchen, and a veranda in front, a loft, and a spring-house in the rear. Chickens and other animals have free run of the premises. Some fish-rods hung in the porch, and hunter's gear depended on hooks in the passage-way to the kitchen. In one room were three beds, in the other two, only one in the kitchen. On the porch was a loom, with a piece of cloth in process. The establishment had the air of taking care of itself. Neither Big Tom nor his wife were at home. Sunday seemed to be a visiting day, and the travelers had met many parties on horseback. Mrs. Wilson was away for a visit of a day or two. One of the sons, who was lounging on the veranda, was at last induced to put up the horses; a very old woman, who mumbled and glared at the visitors was found in the kitchen, but no intelligible response could be got out of her. Presently a bright little girl, the housekeeper in charge, appeared. She said that her Paw had gone up to her brother's (her brother was just married and lived up the river in the house where Mr. Murchison stayed when he was here) to see if he could ketch a bear that had been rootin' round in the corn-field the night before. She expected him back by sundown — by dark any way. 'Les he 'd gone after the bear, and then you could n't tell when he would come.

It appeared that Big Tom was a thriving man in the matter of family. More boys appeared. Only one was married, but four had "got their time." As night approached, and no Wilson, there was a good deal of lively and loud conversation about the stock and the chores, in all of which the girl took a leading and intelligent part, showing a willingness to do her share, but not to have all the work put upon her. It was time to go down the road and hunt up the cows; the mule had disappeared and must be found before dark; a couple of steers had n't turned up since the day before yesterday, and in the midst of the gentle contention as to whose business all this was, there was an alarm of cattle in the corn-patch, and the girl started off on a run in that direction. It was due to the executive ability of this small girl, after the cows had been milked and the mule chased and the boys properly stirred up, that we had supper. It was of the oil-cloth, iron fork, tin spoon, bacon, hot bread and honey variety, distinguished, however, from all meals we had endured or enjoyed before by the introduction of fried eggs (as the breakfast next morning was by the presence of chicken), and it was served by the active maid with right hearty good will and genuine hospitable intent.

While it was in progress, after nine o'clock, Big Tom arrived, and, with a simple greeting, sat down and attacked the supper and began to tell about the bear. There was not much to tell except that he had n't seen the bear, and that, judged by his tracks and his sloshing around, he must be a big one. But a trap had been set for him, and he judged it would n't be long before we had some bear meat. Big Tom Wilson, as he is known all over this part of the State, would not attract attention from his size. He is six feet and two inches tall, very spare and muscular, with sandy hair, long gray beard, and honest blue eyes. He has a reputation for great strength and endurance; a man of native simplicity and mild manners. He had been rather expecting us from what Mr. Murchison wrote; he wrote (his son had read out the letter) that Big Tom was to take good care of us, and anybody that Mr. Murchison sent could have the best he 'd got.

Big Tom joined us in our room after supper. This apartment, with two mighty feather beds, was hung about with all manner of stuffy family clothes, and had in one end a vast cavern for a fire. The floor was uneven, and the hearthstones billowy. When the fire was lighted, the effect of the bright light in the cavern and the heavy shadows in the room was Rembrandtish. Big Tom sat with us before the fire and told bear stories. Talk? Why, it was not the least effort. The stream flowed on without a ripple. "Why, the old man," one of the sons confided to us next morning, "can begin and talk right over Mt. Mitchell and all the way back, and never make a break." Though Big Tom had waged a lifelong warfare with the bears, and taken the hide off at least a hundred of them, I could not see that he had any vindictive feeling towards the varmint, but simply an insatiable love of killing him, and he regarded him in that half humorous light in which the bear always appears to those who study him. As to deer — he could n't tell how many of them he had slain. But Big Tom was a gentle man, he never killed deer for mere sport. With rattlesnakes, now, it was different. There was the skin of one hanging upon a tree by the route we would take in the morning, a buster, he skinned him yesterday. There was an entire absence of braggadocio in Big Tom's talk, but somehow, as he went on, his backwoods figure loomed larger and larger in our imagination, and he seemed strangely familiar. At length it came over us where we had met him before. It was in Cooper's novels. He was the Leather-Stocking exactly. And yet he was an original; for he assured us that he had never read the Leather-Stocking Tales. What a figure, I was thinking, he must have made in the late war! Such a shot, such a splendid physique, such iron endurance! I almost dreaded to hear his tales of the havoc he had wrought on the Union army. Yes, he was in the war, he was sixteen months in the Confederate army, this Homeric man. In what rank? "Oh, I was a fifer!"

But hunting and war did not by any means occupy the whole of Big Tom's life. He was also engaged in "lawin'." He had a long time feud with a neighbor about a piece of land and alleged trespass, and they 'd been "lawin'" for years, with no definite result; but as a topic of conversation it was as fully illustrative of frontier life as the bear-fighting.

Long after we had all gone to bed, we heard Big Tom's continuous voice, through the thin partition that separated us from the kitchen, going on to his little boy about the bear; every circumstance of how he tracked him, and what corner of the field he entered, and where he went out, and his probable size and age, and the prospect of his coming again; these were the details of real every-day life, and worthy to be dwelt

on by the hour. The boy was never tired of pursuing them. And Big Tom was just a big boy also in his delight in it all.

Perhaps it was the fascination of Big Tom, perhaps the representation that we were already way off the Big Ivy route, and that it would in fact save time to go over the mountain, and we could ride all the way, that made the Professor acquiesce, with no protest worth noticing, in the preparations that went on, as by a natural assumption, for going over Mitchell. At any rate, there was an early breakfast, luncheon was put up, and by half past seven we were riding up the Caney — a half-cloudy day — Big Tom swinging along on foot ahead, talking nineteen to the dozen. There was a delightful freshness in the air, the dew-laden bushes, and the smell of the forest. In half an hour we called at the hunting shanty of Mr. Murchison, wrote our names on the wall, according to custom, and regretted that we could not stay for a day in that retreat, and try the speckled trout. Making our way through the low growth and bushes of the valley we came into a fine open forest, watered by a noisy brook, and after an hour's easy going reached the serious ascent.

From Wilson's to the peak of Mitchell it is seven and a half miles; we made it in five and a half hours. A bridle path was cut years ago, but it has been entirely neglected. It is badly washed, it is stony, muddy, and great trees have fallen across it which wholly block the way for horses. At these places long detours were necessary, on steep hillsides and through gullies, over treacherous sink-holes in the rocks, through quaggy places, heaps of brush, and rotten logs. Those who have ever attempted to get horses over such ground will not wonder at the slow progress we made. Before we were half-way up the ascent, we realized the folly of attempting it on horseback; but then to go on seemed as easy as to go back. The way also was exceedingly steep in places, and what with roots, and logs, and slippery rocks and stones, it was a desperate climb for the horses.

What a magnificent forest! Oaks, chestnuts, poplars, hemlocks, the cucumber (a species of magnolia, with a pinkish, cucumber-like cone), and all sorts of northern and southern growths meeting here in splendid array. And this gigantic forest, with little diminution in size of trees, continued two thirds of the way up. We marked, as we went on, the maple, the black walnut, the buckeye, the hickory, the locust, and the guide pointed out in one section the largest cherry-trees we had ever seen; splendid trunks, each worth a large sum if it could be got to market. After the great trees were left behind, we entered a garden of white birches, and then a plateau of swamp, thick with raspberry bushes, and finally the ridges, densely crowded with the funereal black balsam.

Half-way up, Big Tom showed us his favorite, the biggest tree he knew. It was a poplar, or tulip. It stands more like a column than a tree, rising high into the air, with scarcely a perceptible taper, perhaps sixty, more likely a hundred, feet before it puts out a limb. Its girth six feet from the ground is thirty-two feet! I think it might be called Big Tom. It stood here, of course, a giant, when Columbus sailed from Spain, and perhaps some sentimental traveler will attach the name of Columbus to it.

In the woods there was not much sign of animal life, scarcely the note of a bird, but we noticed as we rode along in the otherwise primeval silence a loud and continuous humming overhead, almost like the sound of the wind in pine tops. It was the humming of bees! The upper branches were alive with these industrious toilers, and Big Tom was always on the alert to discover and mark a bee-gum, which he could visit

afterwards. Honey hunting is one of his occupations. Collecting spruce gum is another, and he was continually hacking off with his hatchet knobs of the translucent secretion. How rich and fragrant are these forests! The rhododendron was still in occasional bloom, and flowers of brilliant hue gleamed here and there.

The struggle was more severe as we neared the summit, and the footing worse for the horses. Occasionally it was safest to dismount and lead them up slippery ascents; but this was also dangerous, for it was difficult to keep them from treading on our heels, in their frantic flounderings, in the steep, wet, narrow, brier-grown path. At one uncommonly pokerish place, where the wet rock sloped into a bog, the rider of Jack thought it prudent to dismount, but Big Tom insisted that Jack would "make it" all right, only give him his head. The rider gave him his head, and the next minute Jack's four heels were in the air, and he came down on his side in a flash. The rider fortunately extricated his leg without losing it, Jack scrambled out with a broken shoe, and the two limped along. It was a wonder that the horses' legs were not broken a dozen times.

As we approached the top, Big Tom pointed out the direction, a half mile away, of a small pond, a little mountain tarn, overlooked by a ledge of rock, where Professor Mitchell lost his life. Big Tom was the guide who found his body. That day as we sat on the summit he gave in great detail the story, the general outline of which is well known.

The first effort to measure the height of the Black Mountains was made in 1835, by Professor Elisha Mitchell, professor of mathematics and chemistry in the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Mr. Mitchell was a native of Connecticut, born in Washington, Litchfield County, in 1793; graduated at Yale, ordained a Presbyterian minister, and was for a time state surveyor; and became a professor at Chapel Hill in 1818. He first ascertained and published the fact that the Black Mountains are the highest land east of the Rocky Mountains. In 1844 he visited the locality again. Measurements were subsequently made by Professor Guyot and by Senator Clingman. One of the peaks was named for the senator (the one next in height to Mitchell is described as Clingman on the state map), and a dispute arose as to whether Mitchell had really visited and measured the highest peak. Senator Clingman still maintains that he did not, and that the peak now known as Mitchell is the one that Clingman first described. The estimates of altitudes made by the three explorers named differed considerably. The height now fixed for Mt. Mitchell is 6711; that of Mt. Washington is 6285. There are twelve peaks in this range higher than Mt. Washington, and if we add those in the Great Smoky Mountains which overtop it, there are some twenty in this State higher than the granite giant of New Hampshire.

In order to verify his statement, Professor Mitchell (then in his sixty-fourth year) made a third ascent in June, 1857. He was alone, and went up from the Swannanoa side. He did not return. No anxiety was felt for two or three days, as he was a good mountaineer, and it was supposed he had crossed the mountain and made his way out by the Caney River. But when several days passed without tidings of him, a search party was formed. Big Tom Wilson was with it. They explored the mountain in all directions unsuccessfully. At length Big Tom separated himself from his companions and took a course in accordance with his notion of that which would be pursued by a man lost in the clouds or the darkness. He soon struck the trail of the wanderer and, following it, discovered Mitchell's body lying in

a pool at the foot of a rocky precipice some thirty feet high. It was evident that Mitchell, making his way along the ridge in darkness or fog, had fallen off. It was the ninth (or the eleventh) day of his disappearance, but in the pure mountain air the body had suffered no change. Big Tom brought his companions to the place, and on consultation it was decided to leave the body undisturbed till Mitchell's friends could be present. There was some talk of burying him on the mountain, but the friends decided otherwise, and the remains, with much difficulty, were got down to Asheville and there interred.

Some years afterwards, I believe at the instance of a society of scientists, it was resolved to transport the body to the summit of Mt. Mitchell; for the tragic death of the explorer had forever settled in the popular mind the name of the mountain. The task was not easy. A road had to be cut, over which a sledge could be hauled, and the hardy mountaineers who undertook the removal were three days in reaching the summit with their burden. The remains were accompanied by a considerable concourse, and the last rites on the top were participated in by a hundred or more scientists and prominent men from different parts of the State. Such a strange cortége had never before broken the silence of this lonely wilderness, nor was ever burial more impressive than this wild interment above the clouds.

We had been preceded in our climb all the way by a huge bear. That he was huge, a lunker, a monstrous old varmint, Big Tom knew by the size of his tracks; that he was making the ascent that morning ahead of us, Big Tom knew by the freshness of the trail. We might come upon him at any moment, he might be in the Garden, was quite likely to be found in the raspberry patch. That we did not encounter him I am convinced was not the fault of Big Tom, but of the bear.

After a struggle of five hours we emerged from the balsams and briers into a lovely open meadow, of lush clover, timothy, and blue grass. We unsaddled the horses and turned them loose to feed in it. The meadow sloped up to a belt of balsams and firs, a steep rocky knob, and climbing that on foot we stood upon the summit of Mitchell at one o'clock. We were none too soon, for already the clouds were preparing for what appears to be a daily storm at this season.

The summit is a nearly level spot of some thirty or forty feet in extent either way, with a floor of rock and loose stones. The stunted balsams have been cut away so as to give a view. The sweep of prospect is vast, and we could see the whole horizon except in the direction of Roan, whose long bulk was enveloped in cloud. Portions of six States were in sight, we were told, but that is merely a geographical expression. What we saw, wherever we looked, was an inextricable tumble of mountains, without order or leading line of direction, — domes, peaks, ridges, endless and countless, everywhere, some in shadow, some tipped with shafts of sunlight, all wooded and green or black, and all in more softened contours than our Northern hills, but still wild, lonesome, terrible. Away in the southwest, lifting themselves up in a gleam of the western sky, the Great Smoky Mountains loomed like a frowning continental fortress, sullen and remote. With Clingman and Gibbs and Holback peaks near at hand and apparently of equal height, Mitchell seemed only a part and not separate from the mighty congregation of giants.

In the centre of the stony plot on the summit lie the remains of Mitchell. To dig a grave in the rock was impracticable, but the loose stones were scooped away to the depth of a foot or so, the body was deposited, and the stones were replaced over it. It was the original intention to erect a monument,

but the enterprise of the projectors of this royal entombment failed at that point. The grave is surrounded by a low wall of loose stones, to which each visitor adds one, and in the course of ages the cairn may grow to a good size. The explorer lies there without name or headstone to mark his awful resting-place. The mountain is his monument. He is alone with its majesty. He is there in the clouds, in the tempests, where the lightnings play and the thunders leap, amid the elemental tumult, in the occasional great calm and silence and the pale sunlight. It is the most majestic, the most lonesome grave on earth.

As we sat there, awed a little by this presence, the clouds were gathering from various quarters and drifting towards us. We could watch the process of thunderstorms and the manufacture of tempests. I have often noticed on other high mountains how the clouds, forming like genii released from the earth, mount into the upper air, and in masses or torn fragments of mist hurry across the sky as to a rendezvous of witches. This was a different display. These clouds came slowly sailing from the distant horizon, like ships on an aerial voyage. Some were below us, some on our level; they were all in well-defined, distinct masses, molten silver on deck, below trailing rain, and attended on earth by gigantic shadows that moved with them. This strange fleet of battle-ships, drifted by the shifting currents, was manœuvring for an engagement. One after another, as they came into range about our peak of observation, they opened fire. Sharp flashes of lightning darted from one to the other; a jet of flame from one leaped across the interval and was buried in the bosom of its adversary; and at every discharge the boom of great guns echoed through the mountains. It was something more than a royal salute to the tomb of the mortal at our feet, for the masses of cloud were rent in the fray, at every discharge the rain was precipitated in increasing torrents, and soon the vast hulks were trailing torn fragments and wreaths of mist, like the shot-away shrouds and sails of ships in battle. Gradually, from this long range practice with single guns and exchange of broadsides, they drifted into closer conflict, rushed together, and we lost sight of the individual combatants in the general tumult of this aerial war.

We had barely twenty minutes for our observations, when it was time to go, and had scarcely left the peak when the clouds enveloped it. We hastened down under the threatening sky to the saddles and the luncheon. Just off from the summit, amid the rocks, is a complete arbor, or tunnel, of rhododendrons. This cavernous place a Western writer has made the scene of a desperate encounter between Big Tom and a catamount, or American panther, which had been caught in a trap and dragged it there, pursued by Wilson. It is an exceedingly graphic narrative, and is enlivened by the statement that Big Tom had the night before drunk up all the whiskey of the party which had spent the night on the summit. Now Big Tom assured us that the whiskey part of the story was an invention; he was not (which is true) in the habit of using it; if he ever did take any it might be a drop on Mitchell; in fact, when he inquired if we had a flask, he remarked that a taste of it would do him good then and there. We regretted the lack of it in our baggage. But what inclined Big Tom to discredit the Western writer's story altogether was the fact that he never in his life had had a difficulty with a catamount, and never had seen one in these mountains.

Our lunch was eaten in haste. Big Tom refused the chicken he had provided for us, and strengthened himself with slices of raw salt pork, which he cut from a hunk with his clasp-knife.

We caught and saddled our horses, who were reluctant to leave the rich feed, enveloped ourselves in waterproofs, and got into the stony path for the descent just as the torrent came down. It did rain. It lightened, the thunder crashed, the wind howled and twisted the tree-tops. It was as if we were pursued by the avenging spirits of the mountains for our intrusion. Such a tempest on this height had its terrors even for our hardy guide. He preferred to be lower down while it was going on. The crash and reverberation of the thunder did not trouble us so much as the swish of the wet branches in our faces and the horrible road, with its mud, tripping roots, loose stones, and slippery rocks. Progress was slow. The horses were in momentary danger of breaking their legs. For the first hour there was not much descent. In the clouds we were passing over Clingman, Gibbs, and Holdback. The rain had ceased, but the mist still shut off all view, if any had been attainable, and bushes and path were deluged. The descent was more uncomfortable than the ascent, and we were compelled a good deal of the way to lead the jaded horses down the slippery rocks.

From the peak to the Widow Patten's, where we proposed to pass the night, is twelve miles, a distance we rode or scrambled down, every step of the road bad, in five and a half hours. Half-way down we came out upon a cleared place, a farm, with fruit-trees and a house in ruins. Here had been a summer hotel, much resorted to before the war, but now abandoned. Above it we turned aside for the view from Elizabeth rock, named from the daughter of the proprietor of the hotel, who often sat here, said Big Tom, before she went out of this world. It is a bold rocky ledge, and the view from it, looking south, is unquestionably the finest, the most pleasing and picture-like, we found in these mountains. In the foreground is the deep gorge of a branch of the Swannanoa, and opposite is the great wall of the Blue Ridge (the Blue Ridge is the most capricious and inexplicable system) making off to the Blacks. The depth of the gorge, the sweep of the sky line, and the reposeful aspect of the scene to the sunny south made this view both grand and charming. Nature does not always put the needed dash of poetry into her extensive prospects.

Leaving this clearing and the now neglected spring, where fashion used to slake its thirst, we zigzagged down the mountain-side through a forest of trees growing at every step larger and nobler, and at length struck a small stream, the North Fork of the Swannanoa, which led us to the first settlement. Just at night, — it was nearly seven o'clock, — we entered one of the most stately forests I have ever seen, and rode for some distance in an alley of rhododendrons that arched overhead and made a bower. It was like an aisle in a temple; high overhead was the sombre, leafy roof, supported by gigantic columns. Few widows have such an avenue of approach to their domain as the Widow Patten has.

Cheering as this outcome was from the day's struggle and storm, the Professor seemed sunk in a profound sadness. The auguries which the Friend drew from these signs of civilization of a charming inn and a royal supper did not lighten the melancholy of his mind. "Alas," he said, —

> "Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
> And make me travel forth without my cloak,
> To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
> Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
> 'T is not enough that through the cloud thou break,
> To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
> For no man well of such a salve can speak
> That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
> Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief:
> Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss."

"Loss of what?" cried the Friend, as he whipped up his halting steed.

"Loss of self-respect. I feel humiliated that I consented to climb this mountain."

"Nonsense! You 'll live to thank me for it, as the best thing you ever did. It 's over and done now, and you 've got it to tell your friends."

"That 's just the trouble. They 'll ask me if I went up Mitchell, and I shall have to say I did. My character for consistency is gone. Not that I care much what they think, but my own self-respect is gone. I never believed I would do it. A man can't afford to lower himself in his own esteem, at my time of life."

The Widow Patten's was only an advanced settlement in this narrow valley on the mountain side, but a little group of buildings, a fence, and a gate gave it the air of a place, and it had once been better cared for than it is now. Few travelers pass that way, and the art of entertaining, if it ever existed, is fallen into desuetude. We unsaddled at the veranda, and sat down to review our adventure, make the acquaintance of the family, and hear the last story from Big Tom. The mountaineer, though wet, was as fresh as a daisy, and fatigue in no wise checked the easy, cheerful flow of his talk. He was evidently a favorite with his neighbors, and not unpleasantly conscious of the extent of his reputation. But he encountered here another social grade. The Widow Patten was highly connected. We were not long in discovering that she was an Alexander. She had been a schoolmate of Senator Vance — "Zeb Vance" he still was to her — and the senator and his wife had stayed at her house. I wish I could say that the supper, for which we waited till nine o'clock, was as "highly connected" as the landlady. It was, however, a supper that left its memory. We were lodged in a detached house, which we had to ourselves, where a roaring wood-fire made amends for other things lacking. It was necessary to close the doors to keep out the wandering cows and pigs, and I am bound to say that, notwithstanding the voices of the night, we slept there the sleep of peace.

In the morning a genuine surprise awaited us; it seemed impossible, but the breakfast was many degrees worse than the supper; and when we paid our bill, large for the region, we were consoled by the thought that we paid for the high connection as well as for the accommodations. This is a regular place of entertainment, and one is at liberty to praise it without violation of delicacy.

The broken shoe of Jack required attention, and we were all the morning hunting a blacksmith, as we rode down the valley. Three blacksmith's shanties were found, and after long waiting to send for the operator it turned out in each case that he had no shoes, no nails, no iron to make either of. We made a détour of three miles to what was represented as a regular shop. The owner had secured the service of a colored blacksmith for a special job, and was not inclined to accommodate us; he had no shoe, no nails. But the colored blacksmith, who appreciated the plight we were in, offered to make a shoe, and to crib four nails from those he had laid aside for a couple of mules; and after a good of deal delay, we were enabled to go on. The incident shows, as well as anything, the barrenness and shiftlessness of the region. A horseman with whom we rode in the morning gave us a very low estimate of the trustworthiness of the inhabitants. The valley is wild and very pretty all the way down to Colonel Long's, — twelve miles, — but the wretched-looking people along the way live in a wretched manner.

Just before reaching Colonel Long's we forded the stream (here of good size), the bridge having tumbled down, and encountered a party of picnickers

under the trees — signs of civilization; a railway station is not far off. Colonel Long's is a typical Southern establishment: a white house, or rather three houses, all of one story, built on to each other as beehives are set in a row, all porches and galleries. No one at home but the cook, a rotund, broad-faced woman, with a merry eye, whose very appearance suggested good cooking and hospitality; the Missis and the children had gone up to the river fishing; the Colonel was somewhere about the place; always was away when he was wanted. Guess he 'd take us in, — mighty fine man the Colonel; and she dispatched a child from a cabin in the rear to hunt him up. The Colonel was a great friend of her folks down to Greenville, they visited here. Law, no, she did n't live here. Was just up here spending the summer, for her health. God-forsaken lot of people up here, poor trash. She would n't stay here a day, but the Colonel was a friend of her folks, the first-est folks in Greenville. Nobody round here she could 'sociate with. She was a Presbyterian, the folks round here mostly Baptists and Methodists. More style about the Presbyterians. Married? No, she hoped not. She did n't want to support no husband. Got 'nuff to do to take care of herself. That her little girl? No; she 'd only got one child, down to Greenville, just the prettiest boy ever was, as white as anybody. How did she what? reconcile this state of things with not being married and being a Presbyterian? Sho! she liked to carry some religion along; it was mighty handy occasionally, mebbe not all the time. Yes, indeed, she enjoyed her religion.

The Colonel appeared and gave us a most cordial welcome. The fat and merry cook blustered around and prepared a good dinner, memorable for its "light" bread, the first we had seen since Cranberry Forge. The Colonel is in some sense a public man, having been a mail agent, and a Republican. He showed us photographs and engravings of Northern politicians, and had the air of a man who had been in Washington. This was a fine country for any kind of fruit, apples, grapes, pears; it needed a little Northern enterprise to set things going. The travelers were indebted to the Colonel for a delightful noonday rest, and with regret declined his pressing invitation to pass the night with him.

The ride down the Swannanoa to Asheville was pleasant, through a cultivated region, over a good road. The Swannanoa is, however, a turbid stream. In order to obtain the most impressive view of Asheville we approached it by the way of Beaucatcher Hill, a sharp elevation a mile west of the town. I suppose the name is a corruption of some descriptive French word, but it has long been a favorite resort of the frequenters of Asheville, and it may be traditional that it is a good place to catch beaux. The summit is occupied by a handsome private residence, and from this ridge the view, which has the merit of "bursting" upon the traveler as he comes over the hill, is captivating in its extent and variety. The pretty town of Asheville is seen to cover a number of elevations gently rising out of the valley, and the valley, a rich agricultural region, well watered and fruitful, is completely inclosed by picturesque hills, some of them rising to the dignity of mountains. The most conspicuous of these is Mt. Pisgah, eighteen miles distant to the southwest, a pyramid of the Balsam range, 5757 feet high. Mt. Pisgah, from its shape, is the most attractive mounain in this region.

The sunset light was falling upon the splendid panorama and softening it. The windows of the town gleamed as if on fire. From the steep slope below came the mingled sounds of children shouting, cattle driven home, and all that hum of

life that marks a thickly peopled region preparing for the night. It was the leisure hour of an August afternoon, and Asheville was in all its watering-place gayety, as we reined up at the Swannanoa hotel. A band was playing on the balcony. We had reached ice-water, barbers, waiters, civilization.

Charles Dudley Warner.

BENEATH THE VEIL.

HOODED nun, with veilëd eyes,
In whose life the maiden dies,
Unto Christ a sacrifice!

Thou that kneelest at the shrine,
Wedded to the Love Divine,
Making all its sorrows thine:

Passion's agony and sweat,
Passion's hour when all forget,
Passion's cry on Olivet!

On thy brow the crown of sticks,
On thy lips the gall they mix,
On thy breast the crucifix!

Masses sung and incense cold,
Vespers rung and pittance doled,
Beads in pain at midnight told,

Light of windows dim and quaint,
Sight of pale and paneled saint,
Throe of martyr torn and faint,

Are thy joys, O child of prayers!
Child of sorrows! child of cares!
Ah, that none *thy* burden shares!

Were I weary, poor, distrest,
Thou, to give me comfort, rest,
Wouldst of all thyself divest;

Were I raving, fever-tost,
Homeless, friendless, spirit-lost,
Thou wouldst seek me, life the cost;

Were I dying 'mid the dead,
On the field whence all had fled,
Thou wouldst lift my wounded head.

Ah, so tender for His sake,
Living but love's cause to take,
Thou alone my heart dost break.

Worse am I than travel-worn,
Worse than needy, sick, forlorn,
Battle-spent, or sorrow-torn!

Death were not so dolorous
As to hear thee singing, thus
Lost to me, the Angelus!

James Lane Allen.

ANCIENT AND MODERN GREEK.

The progress of civilization may be compared to the ancient torch-race. The nations have succeeded one another like the runners. As one sinks exhausted, another grasps the torch and carries it forward. The light brightens and pales, but never quite goes out. The chief interest of the student of history must always be centred on these successive leaders. We wish to know not merely the tale of their brief triumph. It is at least as important to understand their earlier training, and to see how they were fitted for that high honor. Did their very greatness contain within itself the seeds of quick decay, or is their decline due to outward and accidental causes? Can we imitate what was best in their attainment, and yet avoid the rocks on which they made shipwreck?

But the exhausted runners regain the lead no more. When once their chief part is played, their subsequent story is of subordinate interest. Some types of men vanish suddenly, some decay slowly, others are cast in new moulds; but the former glory never returns.

To the Greek we owe far more than to any other of the long line who have handed down the sacred fire. Received by him from the Orient, it grew infinitely brighter and more precious before it passed from his slowly relaxing hand. Yet even for the Greek the supreme hour of destiny struck but once.

We are eager to know more of the beautiful childhood of the Hellenic race. We are permitted to see, like a landscape revealed by a flash of lightning, the picture of the Homeric age. Then, after centuries of impenetrable darkness, Herodotos unrolls before us the varied scenes of Hellenic life in his day, and something like connected history begins. But as for the long story of their wanderings from the far Aryan home, we can at best only guess it out vaguely from the bits of ethnic history left imbedded and preserved in language, like straws in amber. Where and when they first reached the blue Ægean, which was to be the amphitheatre of their exploits; whence they received the first impulse to artistic creation; out of what happy mixture of races, under what combination of sun and sea and air, the Ionian type arose, with its love of beauty, its delight in life, its reverent fearlessness even toward the divine beings; how it happened that the Greek, first of mankind, cast off the fetichistic dread of the blind forces of nature, — all this we can never hope to know. It is not strange

that students, in their eager quest for historic fact, have attempted to analyze those loveliest creations of the Hellenic imagination, the myths; though they may as well attempt to analyze the sunshine and golden haze that still cling unchanged about the capes and islands of the Archipelago, — the sunshine and haze from which the lovely shapes of Kalypso and Leukothea and Thetis sprang, and out of which they still rise for him who brings thither an Hellenic imagination.

But why is our interest in the beginnings of Hellenic history so intense? Why are the inscriptions of Egypt and Babylonia scrutinized so eagerly for the slightest hint of the earlier life of the children of Ion? What gives the highest value to myth and legend, and even to the great tale of Troy itself? Simply this: that these were the first fruits of that race which culminated in the Athens of Perikles, and produced there the poets, orators, architects, and sculptors who are still among our noblest teachers.

All the highest powers of the Greek race found free scope and development in the city of Perikles. Yet even as the roots of that greatness lay deep in the past, so its fruits were largely gathered in the next generations. We are slow to admit that Praxiteles, or Plato, or Demosthenes, merely marks a period of decline; but certainly before the fourth century closes the highest mission of the Greek is done. Henceforth the eyes of the noblest Hellenes themselves are turned in proud regret backward toward the more glorious past. The Greek long continues to play a part in the drama of history, but only the tale from the struggle with the Persian to the last stand against Philip, from Aischylos to Demosthenes, is our κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί, — the one priceless heritage of humanity. With Chaironeia the age of heroes is closed. The rest of the tale is merely one leaf in the vast record of human life.

Above all other men, more even than the Venetian or the Tuscan, the Athenian was an artist, a shaper. The commonest materials could take only forms of delicate symmetry under his hands. Outward nature gains fresh meaning when seen through his eyes. Above all, the life of man rounds into a complete drama, — a thing of beauty, its own sufficient excuse for being.

What is true of all else which the Athenians shaped — their architecture, their sculpture, their tragedy — is peculiarly true of their language. It is the most delicate, harmonious, artistic form of expression that ever lived on the lips of men. When we talk of the study of Greek, we mean, first and chiefly, the dialect and literature of Athens in the fifth and fourth centuries B. C.

As long as men escape from the turmoil of the workaday world, and strive to live the intellectual and contemplative life at all, there will always be some who will reverence what is noble and beautiful in the far-away past. As Socrates says, "The treasures of the wise of old, which they have left recorded in their scrolls, my friends and I unroll and con together, culling whatever good we find, and counting it a great gain, if thereby we grow dear one to another." Perhaps it will not matter so much, after all, if the throng of callow striplings sent up every year to the university shall no longer have made Xenophon's romance of the March to the Sea a *corpus vile* for painful grammatical dissection. It will be just as true as before that an earnest student of language, or of literature, must always find in Attic Greek the very crown and glory, the very heart and soul, of his desire. The true lovers of Greek will hardly be fewer or less earnest. To take a fair parallel case, there are some to whom the great Tuscans are the closest of friends. And how many of those who say to Dante, "Tu sei lo mio maestro e il mio autore!" would wish to hear the Italian tongue

(or even the Commedia itself!) taught in every girls' boarding-school, after the same fashion as French is now treated there? Perhaps those who can love the grim Tuscan will be sure to find their way to him; neither he nor Aischylos is within the reach of school-children.

In the endless array of later writers, from Aristotle on, there is no longer anything peculiarly beautiful or noble in the mere form of expression. The life and color have suddenly faded out of words. The syntax is growing stiff and artificial. And the reason is not far to seek. Attic was so strong because it was alive. Its literary forms had their roots deep and firm in the spoken language of the day. We hear at least the echo of that living dialect of the Athenian streets in the lighter Platonic dialogues, in Aristophanes' iambics, in Xenophon's recollections of his master's conversations, in pleas like the first oration of Lysias, which is put into the mouth of a simple peasant. It could not be an ignoble nor a stagnant dialect, any more than Elizabethan English could be; for in it the thoughts and aspirations of a free, enlightened, ambitious people were hourly striking out for themselves fresh and fit forms of expression. It was in this same living dialect, refined and ennobled but living still, that even Oidipous and Antigone appealed straight to the hearts of all Athens.

But the very greatness of Attic helped to check all vigorous growth thereafter. As the life of Hellas became more and more ignoble, its dialects inevitably shared in the general decline. They were by no means incapable of cultivation, as the example of Theokritos sufficiently proves. But the writers chose instead to ape the Attic masters. In thus becoming the universal literary model, Attic became conventional and artificial; that is, dead! Any one who has occasion to read much Greek of, say, the second century A. D. must feel that most of it is as artificial, and not half so clever, as the Attic of Professor Jebb. Even at its best, in Lucian, we have simply a laborious, scholarly patchwork, made up by studying ancient authors. Of course Pausanias the traveler, for example, could read a whole library of classics now lost; and besides his avowed quotations, he overflows with precious material drawn from them. But his own Greek, as Greek, is poor, clumsy stuff. He cannot handle it easily enough to make himself intelligible; not because he is dull or ignorant, but because he is trying to compose in a dead language.

There is no need to continue further on a line of argument which no Philhellene enjoys following. Even in Byzantine Greek there is a ghastly likeness to Greek. A mummy is horribly human still. A race that, sinking lower and lower with the centuries, became the slaves of the Roman, the Venetian, and at last of the Ottoman, could not but drag its language down with it into that utter degradation.

Nevertheless, the existence of the Greek race and language on the shores and islands of the Levant has been an unbroken one down to our own time. This of itself, to men of mixed blood and recent national origin like ourselves, is a strange and stirring thought. The Ægean was a Greek lake thirty centuries ago. It is essentially a Greek lake to-day. The Hellenic race amalgamated readily with many of the races with which it came in contact; but eventually they were all assimilated, and the resulting type was Hellenic still. It is not to be denied that Phœnician, Carian, Macedonian, Roman, Slavic, Venetian blood flows in the veins of the Ægean islanders: but they are all Greeks, nevertheless.

This is also true of the language. Though it has of course borrowed words,

the substructure and frame have remained Hellenic. The changes have been many and radical. It has reached an advanced stage of disintegration and decay, but those changes, that decay, have come almost wholly from within. Nor has the consciousness of a nobler past ever been wholly ground out of the people. Even in the bitterest degradation of Turkish slavery the Rayahs have at least held firm to the Orthodox Greek Church; and in the monasteries and among the higher clergy some faint sparks of classical culture still lingered. All this did not, indeed, keep the various dialects of the Levant from sinking to their natural level. They became — some of them still are — the rude, meagre *patois* which the serfs of the Ottoman would naturally employ; but they were not driven out, nor radically affected, by the language of their conquerors. When the effort to educate the Romaic Rayahs and revive a national spirit began, under Koraës' lead, a hundred years ago, the natural way to fashion a uniform language was to return to somewhat older forms, — or, perhaps more truly, to teach the people the written language of the more cultivated. This effort to push their language backward has indeed been carried to a ridiculous and unnatural extent in more recent times, as we shall see. Even at the beginning, the golden opportunity to introduce a simple phonetic spelling should have been seized. The so-called diphthongs, the three accents, and other pedantic lumber should have been thrown overboard once for all. But in itself the movement of Koraës was not only patriotic, it was natural and necessary.

The wonderful awakening of intelligence which began then has continued to the present day, gathering strength steadily, as the grasp of the Turk relaxes and the Christian islanders multiply and grow prosperous: and always their strongest desire is to get rid of their provincial patois and master a dialect intelligible to all, — the dialect of free Greece.

Our first acquaintance with living Greeks was in Mitylene, where they greatly outnumber the Turks and are exceptionally prosperous. We were filled with wonder that, despite the heavy and vexatious taxes levied on them by the Turks, they could support their local church, hospital, and other organized charities, and still devote so much money and energy to the education of their children. Among the Rayahs of Mitylene are many educated gentlemen. Their gymnasium is thoroughly organized, and apparently carried on by competent scholarly teachers. What we saw there is to be seen in all the larger islands where Greeks are numerous and prosperous. Afterward, in the interior of Lesbos, in cities of the mainland like Pergamon, and especially in little villages of the Troad, we came to know a much humbler and a more ignorant class of Rayahs. But everywhere there was the same craving for knowledge. A ragged, grizzly old fellow, almost a beggar, who had spent a number of hours in guiding us to the ruins of "Chigri," refused to accept money, but begged us, when we reached Athens, to send him a book from which his little boy could learn "the good Greek." The dialects which these Rayahs are so eager to abandon are of course debased and meagre; they are overloaded with Turkish and Italian words; but so far as we could get to understand them the bulk of the roots seemed still of recognizable Hellenic origin.

The little kingdom of Greece, and especially the University of Athens, is naturally enough the heart of this growing intellectual life. Thither hundreds of the young islanders flock to complete their education. This current to and from Athens is of course utilized also as a means of political agitation, and throughout the Ægean the insular

Greeks look forward to the day which shall unite them to the subjects of King George. In this truly national movement there is much hope for the future. Like the other Christian races who are or have been for centuries held captive by the Turkish army of occupation in Southeastern Europe and Asia Minor, the Greeks are organizing to fill the place of their captors, when their rule shall be allowed to break down. Even the jealousy of the great powers cannot forever prop the fallen strength nor prolong the slow death of the sick man of Europe; and whenever the day long expected shall come, it will be well if the Rayah races are enlightened, united, and courageous enough to hold firmly as freemen the lands they have so long dwelt in as slaves. Perhaps even the wildest dream of Greek national pride may yet be realized, and Constantinople, the bone of contention of the European powers, become the capital of a confederacy of the Christian races once subject to Ottoman tyranny: and of that league the Greeks may yet prove themselves worthy to hold the hegemony.

Unhappily, this young national life has not been allowed to develop naturally. A good deal of the mischief has been done by the sentimental Philhellenes. Much of Byron's poetry is an example of what we mean. They insist upon seeing in the uprising in the Morea and the foundation of Otho's little kingdom a miraculous resurrection of the "glorious Greeks of old." This sentimental fancy has actually invaded the diplomatic world, and has been persistently advanced (and no less seriously combated) as the ground of Greece's claim to freedom and protection from her old masters.

Now to the modern Greek himself this feeling is utterly unnatural, and indeed hardly intelligible. Slave or free, he is a true son of the Rayahs. His tastes, his aspirations, his faults, his beliefs, his language, are theirs. He hates the Turk with a perfect hatred, and longs to be lord where he has cringed and cowered so long. His Homer is the ballads of the Klephts (the brigands who from the fifteenth century on took to the mountains and defied the Ottoman, who was absolute lord of the coast and plain). He is attached to the organization and ritual of the Orthodox Greek Church, because it was the one bond of national union through the bitter past, and is still the strongest tie between enslaved and free Greece today. But the Hellenic past beyond that is infinitely more remote and unreal to him than it is to ourselves. Indeed, there is something pitiful in our earnest seeking, with Byron at the van, for the heirs of our Greeks in the Orient of to-day. We ourselves of the Occident are their heirs in the only possible sense. On Keats and Shelley and Byron himself the mantle of Anakreon and Simonides falls.

But the nineteenth-century Greek has at least this much of the blood of Odysseus and Themistokles in his veins: he is never slow to see his own advantage, and use the foibles of other men for securing it. Too weak, even if brave enough, to carve out a future for himself with the sword, perceiving clearly that only the capricious good-will of the powers can make him strong, he is quite ready, for that good end, to pose as the living representative of the Athenian of Perikles' day. (Indeed, the removal of the capital to Athens is hardly defensible on any other than this sentimental ground.) The whole play is largely a farce in his eyes. The enthusiastic Philhellene is a benevolent madman to him, but a madman whom it is worth while to humor. He has learned that the Occidental pilgrim will welcome a fine old classical Greek word as enthusiastically as a rare old coin, and is quite ready to pay full value for both. If you ask an Athenian the Greek equiv-

alent for an English word, he holds it his patriotic duty to give you the very best, that is to say, the very oldest word he knows; and he makes himself and you believe that if it is not now the expression in ordinary use it ought to be, it soon will be, and any way every intelligent Greek would understand it perfectly. Even the shepherd boy on the Arcadian hills is catching the trick, and if you ask the name for his donkey he answers, "Well, we say *gathouráki*, but the good word is *onos!*"

Of course we do not mean to say that the revival of classical and archæological studies in modern Greece has no higher motive than this. There is much real love of study there, and ancient Greek is as naturally the centre and backbone of all philology for them, is as absolutely essential to the comprehension of their vernacular, as Latin is for the Italians. Moreover, the actor always identifies himself more or less with his *rôle*. They themselves have come almost to believe that after all they can offer us a pretty good revival, if not survival, of the character, the manners, and particularly of the language of Periklean Athens.

The effect of all this on their language is peculiarly disastrous. The educated and half-educated Athenians, and especially the newspaper writers, are engaged in a frantic attempt to back their unwilling vernacular off toward a supposed classical stage (of which they have no real comprehension), at the rate of about a century every year. Of course the natural result follows. They are pulling their literary language up by the roots. However delightful and intelligible this jargon may be to the sentimental pilgrim to Athene's shrine or Paul's pulpit, it is utterly meaningless to the honest native mechanic, tradesman, and sailor. As we have said, this is being done, at least partly, in good faith and earnest. If you ask a fairly educated young Greek about his language, he will talk to you as fluently and almost as sincerely as Dr. Schliemann or Professor Blackie, in about this strain: —

"You are dreaming in the Occident that the classical Greek language is dead. You should come to us and learn that it is yet living. It has indeed cast off a few antiquated cumbrous forms, — the dual number, the -μι conjugation, the middle voice; but that has only renewed its vigor. The few Italian and Turkish words which disfigured it have long ago been driven out. You need only spend a few months in acquiring it from living Greeks, and you will then read Xenophon and Herodotos without any drudgery, and will see that our language and classical Attic are essentially identical. All Greek literature will be alive to you as it never was before. Only you must first unlearn your horrible Erasmian pronunciation, and speak Greek as the Greeks do and always have. Surely we know best how to speak our own language!"

It is the song of the Sirens! It promises us the lost youth of the world again!

Our own conviction we shall state frankly. Languages, like almost everything else, are made over from older elements. As fast as words are needed, they are borrowed and adapted, not created. But there are no miraculous survivals in this world. The heroic spirit of free Greece is separated from us by many centuries of slow decay, and finally by three or four of the lowest degradation. If the ancient language had indeed survived to our day, it would be a millstone about the neck of a modern people. But it is not true; for a language can live only upon the lips of those who speak it as the natural expression of their thoughts and aspirations. The spirit of it fled at once when Freedom perished. Slow decay sapped its foundations year by year ever after. From the crumbled materials the de-

generate Rayahs easily shaped the dialects that answered to their humble needs.

Out of that fiery furnace of slavery a young national life has come forth. If it is a vigorous and stable existence, if it can develop unfettered by any foreign dictation, whether ancient or modern, German or Hellenic, the Future belongs to it: but "*pas de rêves, messieurs,*" the Past belongs to the dead. Neither Constantinople, nor greatness in any form, will ever fall to them on sentimental grounds, as the heirs of old Hellas.

And as for their language, it should keep its foundations deep and firm in the living speech of their folk. Let worn-out and meaningless pedantries go. As fast as new words are really needed, let them use the materials of the ancient language as from a quarry, not imagining the stately structure still stands, either intact or slightly out of repair. If then great authors finally arise to shape their living idiom into forms of permanent literary value, their life will have become a part of the intellectual life of mankind.

It is well known that Dante began the composition of his poem in Latin. He loved the past as only the scholar and the poet can; but he had a stirring message to speak to living men, and he saw, reluctantly but clearly, that he must use the words of the present. Done into the language of Virgil, the Commedia would have passed long ago to the same limbo with the epics on which Petrarca built his hopes of immortal fame. Cast in the mould of the *lingua volgare*, it helped to create in Italy a more vigorous, because a more native, literature than that of Rome, and has vitally influenced poetic forms ever since.

It is fortunate that the loftiest of the poets has thus recorded his perception of the truth, that a great poem can be cast only in the mould of a living language. A man can speak to the afterworld only in his mother-tongue.

The question is often asked us, Is it worth while to learn modern Greek as an introduction to the study of the ancient tongue? Perhaps the remaining paragraphs of this necessarily rambling essay may be best grouped into an answer to this query.

In the first place, the problem is a double one. Do you mean the "newspaper Greek," which is cultivated at Athens for the especial edification of foreigners, or do you mean the living language of the common people throughout the Levant?

The native teacher in Athens will attempt to teach you a sort of semi-classical lingo, which he himself neither could nor would use to his own servants, his own children, or even to his friends in the public café. He will write verses for the Αἰών in it, but of an evening with his family he will sing, not them, but the Κλεφτικά. He will do his petty best to hold high converse with you in this style.

But we think it perfectly clear that, if the resuscitation of the ancient conversational idiom is worth attempting at all, it should be tried, like Latin, in the Seminar of a German university. Adolf Kirchhoff would laugh grimly at the thought of attempting such an exploit; and the best native Greek scholars may and do sit humbly at his feet for instruction in classical philology.

That is something which cannot be reiterated too plainly. We have abundant reason to be grateful to the race that upheld the slow-dying Byzantine empire, and so preserved through the Middle Ages the few fragmentary records of the old Greek world which have been transmitted to us. But when the fugitives from the Ottoman conqueror brought to Italy, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the precious manu-

scripts which they could no longer read appreciatively, their last service to learning was done. Like Pheidippides, they had only breath to pant out their message as they fell dying at our feet. There are Greeks in professorial chairs at Athens who have a goodly share of classical learning, but they acquired it where all must, in Berlin and Leipzig and Bonn. The assumption of some half-educated Greeks that they are the best classical teachers because they were born in the Levant is an audacious bit of conscious charlatanism.

We said the question was a double one, and the other side of it can be discussed in much better humor. Is it well to make one's self familiar with the colloquial Romaic of ordinary life in the Levant as a preparation for the study of classical Attic?

Now, however highly we may value the Spanish, French, or Italian language, no one thinks of making any one of them the regular introduction to the study of Latin. The resemblances between mother and daughters must in any case attract the notice of the dullest pupil. But when the time for any comparative linguistic study has arrived, the ancient language, with its complete and tolerably regular structure, must come first. Then the process of phonetic decay through which the Romance languages were formed may be described and exemplified in such a manner as to lighten materially the labor of acquiring the living languages.

All this is equally true of the Romaic dialects of the Eastern Mediterranean, with the important addition that they have as yet no literary development which should make them worth studying for their own sake. The manner in which they have worked over the materials of the ancient language is very instructive. The parallelism between this process and the growth of the Romance languages out of Latin is often very striking. But after all, this belongs to the science of comparative philology. Delightful and profitable as that science is, it demands special tastes and lifelong devotion. It can hardly be said to enter as an essential study into the scheme even of the higher education. If it be admitted there, it forces upon us first problems much nearer home; namely, the origin of our own language, and of its half-sisters on both the Teutonic and the Romance side.

The decayed and mutilated forms, the modern syntax, the humbler conceptions and aspirations, of the Romaic dialects make them the worst possible introduction to the language of Plato and Sophokles. We must always begin with the noblest and most highly developed form of the noblest of languages. Our young students should be soaked in Attic, in Xenophon and Lysias and the easier parts of Plato, until the language begins to live again for them, — until they can read, for instance, the opening scene of the Republic aloud for the first time, and feel in it the charm of perfect simplicity and ease and grace. This is Greek at its best: and the best is never too good for the beginner.

As for all the later history, whether of the people or of the language, it belongs almost exclusively to the special student. To the philologist it is a rich field. His clue through all the mazes of his task must always be that wonderful truth, — the existence of the Greek race and language on the shores and islands of the Ægean has been unbroken for thirty centuries; and if either the student or the Oriental traveler wishes to acquire a living dialect, more than half his labor will be spared if he already has a good knowledge of Greek, and studies Romaic comparatively, just as we master Italian after Latin.

William Cranston Lawton.

THE POETIC ELEMENT IN THE MEDIÆVAL DRAMA.

THERE exists, perhaps, no literature of any importance which is to-day less generally read for its own sake, apart from any antiquarian interest, than that bequeathed to us by the Middle Ages. Resulting as it does from the period of intense activity which followed the secular revival of the thirteenth century, it furnishes examples of nearly every literary form, from the epic to the drama, and reflects every phase of that extraordinary era, from its tragedy to its fun; yet it is, as a rule, contentedly ignored and relinquished to the researches of a few enthusiastic scholars.

The peculiarity of the language furnishes without doubt a partial explanation of this popular indifference. Mediæval French and English are alike just far enough removed from modern forms to render them perplexing, while at the same time they do not possess the mysterious charm offered by an entirely novel mode of expression. But a truer reason is found in the distance which separates the modern from the mediæval world, — a distance far greater, measured by any standard except that of time, than that which lies between us and the literature of Greece and Rome. Affiliated on one side to the dreamy metaphysics of the East, on the other to the uncompromising positivism of the Roman decadence, the thought of our own day has little sympathy with childlike straightforwardness or unquestioning delight in the present. Yet contrast is sometimes refreshing; and a generation which has listened to the Rubáiyát may find in some of the old English lyrics a freshness and genuineness of tone, a quaint sincerity of utterance, that have their own peculiar charm.

It is the intention of the writer to present some of these poetic bits, taken from a field which is for this purpose almost unsearched. The Mysteries and Miracle Plays of the Middle Ages differ from most of its other literature in that they are not, like the poems of Chaucer, written for a cultivated class, but for the people at large. Their aim, therefore, is not literary; and whatever merit may be found in them is the inevitable result of the ideas by which they were inspired. Originally a mere extension of the liturgy, and performed for a long while within the cathedral itself, their design remained to the end the presentation, in a vivid and attractive form, of the whole story of God's dealing with man. They consist, accordingly, of a paraphrase, more or less literal, of the biblical narrative, and it was in the elaboration of those episodes which appealed particularly to the emotions of the time that the mind of the poet had free scope. Here, for instance, is a passage from Mary Magdalen's address to the Saviour at the house of Simon, which is a good specimen of the average style and the most common metre of the dramas: —

> "Welcome, my lovely lord of leal,
> Welcome, my heart, welcome in heal,
> Welcome, all my worldës heal,
> My boote,[1] and all my bliss;
> From thee, Lord, may I not conceal
> My filth and my faultës frail,
> Forgive me that my flesh so frail
> To thee hath done amiss."

Often, however, the lyrical interludes reach a much higher note, and show a musical instinct, strong if as yet unelaborated.

Here is a fragment taken from the Chester Plays, and belonging probably to the first half of the fifteenth century. It is the song of the Saviour on Easter morning: —

> "Earthly man whom I have wrought,
> Awake out of thy sleep;
> Earthly man whom I have bought,
> Of me thou take no keep;

[1] Prayer.

From Heaven man's soul I sought
Out of a dungeon deep,
My dear leman thence I brought,
For ruth of her I weep;
I am very king of peace,
And lord of free mercy;
Who will of sinnës have release
On me they call and cry,
And if they will from sinnës cease,
I give them peace truly."

Many of these little lyrics have about them a singular sweetness and freshness. They stand in one way almost alone in our literature, or at least in our religious poetry. Allied by their quaint and simple grace to the later work of Herbert, they differ from his entirely in their spirit; for they contain no hint of Herbert's constant though varied theme, — the experience of the individual soul. The age of introspection was not yet; and indeed it is strange to think how little of our religious verse has a purely objective inspiration. By their subjects, therefore, these little poems approach more nearly to such works as Milton's Ode to the Nativity; but it is hard to compare with Milton's superbly skillful mosaic the unforced, spontaneous snatches of song which are scattered through the mediæval drama. To talk of relative merits would be as pointless as gravely to discuss the contrast between the singing of a thrush and that of Madame Patti; but listen for a moment to the one after the other.

Here is Milton's description of the light which appeared to the shepherds:

"At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefast night array'd;
The helmèd cherubim
And swordèd seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd;
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born heir.

"Such music (as 't is said),
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung;
While the Creator great
The constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep."

Here is part of a version of the same scene, half lyrical, half dramatic, from the Chester Plays. The shepherds are interrupted by the light, while chattering in a realistic way about their affairs:

FIRST SHEPHERD.

"What is all this light here
That blacks so bright here
On my black beard?
For to see this light here
A man may be afright here,
For I am feared.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

"Such a sight seeming
And a light leeming[1]
Sets me to look;
All to my deeming
From a star streaming
It to me strook.

THIRD SHEPHERD.

"Fellows will we
Kneel down on our knee
After comfórt,
To the true Trinity
For to lead us to see
Our elder's Lord."

While they are praying, the angels appear and sing the Gloria, and the shepherds resume: —

FIRST SHEPHERD.

"Fellows in fear,
May you not hear
This muttering on height?

SECOND SHEPHERD.

"A glore and a glere,
Yet no man was near
Within our sight.

THIRD SHEPHERD.

"What song was that, say ye,
That he sang to us all three?
Expounded shall it be
Ere we hence pass.
For I am oldest in degree,
And also best, as seemeth me: —
It was glore glarë with a glee,
It was neither more nor less.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

"Nay, it was glory, glory, glorious,
Methought that note rang over all the house;
A seemly man he was, and curious;
But soon away he was.

[1] Shining.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

"Nay, it was glory glory with a glo,
And much of celsis was thereto.
. . . . . .

THIRD SHEPHERD.

"By God! It was a gloria
Said Gabriel when he began so,
He had a much better voice than I have
As in heaven all others have so.
. . . . . .
Yet and he sang more too,
From my heart it shall not start,
He sang also A Deo
Methought healèd my heart.
. . . . . .

FIRST SHEPHERD.

"Now pray we to him with good intent,
And sing I will, and we embrace,
That he will let us to be bente
And to send us of his grace."

The whole story of the Nativity appealed strongly to the imagination of the Middle Ages. Again and again it is lovingly dwelt on, and the little touches which are added are almost always harmonious with the spirit of the Gospels. From the star by which the Wise Men are guided smiles down on them the face of the infant Jesus; when the child is born, Joseph holds him up tenderly, that he may be warmed by the breath of the friendly animals. Various pretty representations of this scene occur in illuminated manuscripts, where the ox and ass — always painted, for some inscrutable reason, bright red and blue respectively — rub their noses in the most affectionate and kindly way over the babe. It is touching to see with what joyful yet reverential awe these plays, written as they were for the people, and reflecting perfectly popular sentiment and taste, insist upon the humble birth of our Saviour, in an age when the middle and lower classes were regarded as almost beneath contempt. "Yet do I marvel," says one of the prophets who, with charming inconsistency, are discussing the birth of Christ,

"Yet do I marvel
In what pile or castle
These herdsmen did him see.

SECOND PROPHET.

"Neither in hall nor yet in bowers
Born would he not be;
Neither in castles nor in towers
That seemly were to see.
But at his father's will,
The prophecy to fulfil,
Between an ox and ass
Jesu this king born he was,
Heaven he bring us till!"

All the love and tenderness for childhood, which manifests itself to-day in a hundred different forms, seemed in the Middle Ages to be concentrated in adoration of the infant Redeemer. Mary's treatment of the Child, in particular, is rendered with the most sympathetic delicacy. In the York Plays, for instance, immediately after the birth, she kneels to the child, saying, —

"Hail, my lord God! Hail, Prince of Peace,
Hail, my father, and hail, my son,"

and then proceeds to implore him, with an awe touched by pity and by motherly love: —

"Son, as I am simple subject of thine,
Vouchsafe, sweet son, I pray thee,
That I might take thee in these arms of mine,
And in this poor weed to array thee.
Grant me this bliss,
As I am thy mother chosen to be
In sooth fastness."

So she takes him on her lap; and presently Joseph, who has been out gathering fuel, enters, and exclaims, —

"Oh Marie! What sweet thing is that upon thy knee?"

She explains the matter to him; and then they unite in worshiping this "flower fairest of hue," the "royal king, root of all right."

But perhaps this wistful reverence of infancy is even more striking in the case of the shepherds. The treatment of these men is thoroughly realistic ("Whew! Golly!" exclaims one of them, when the vision of heavenly light first breaks upon him), and the scenes where they appear are usually made the occasion for a good deal of rough buffoonery. The delightful literalness of the period saw nothing incongruous in the angel's message coming as interrup-

tion to an angry squabble concerning the ownership of a sheep. But as soon as the shepherds come in contact with the Child their coarseness and vulgarity give place to the prettiest mixture of adoration and of loving familiarity. Very simple and graceful in all its different versions is the scene where they present their gifts to the Holy Child. Here is the speech of one of the shepherd-boys, in the Chester Plays: —

"Now, child, altho' thou be comen of God,
And be God thyself, in thy manhood,
Yet I know that in thy childhood
Thou wilt for sweet-meat look,
To pull down apples, pears and plums,
Old Joseph shall not need to hurt his thumbs
Because thou hast not plenty of crumbs,
I give thee here my nut-hook."

And here is a complete lyric from the Towneley Series, which, coming as it does after a scene of vulgar brawling and joking, has in the original drama a wonderfully dainty effect. The manuscript of these plays, which dates from the reign of Henry VII., is the oldest we possess.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

"Hail, comely and clean! Hail, young child!
Hail, maker as I mean of a maiden so mild.
Thou hast waryd,[1] I wene, the warlo[2] so wild,
The false giver of teen, now goes he beguiled.
Lo, he merries!
Lo, he laughs, my sweeting!
I have holden my heting.[3]
Have a bob of cherries.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

"Hail, sovereign Saviour, for thou hast us bought!
Hail, frely foyde[4] and flower, that all things hast wrought!
Hail, full of favor, that made all of nought!
Hail! I kneel and I cower. A bird have I brought
To my bairn.
Hail, little tiny mop,[5]
Of our creed thou art crop,
I would drink in thy cup,
Little day-star.

THIRD SHEPHERD.

"Hail, darling dear, full of godhead;
I pray thee be near when that I have need.
Hail! Sweet is thy cheer. My heart would bleed
To see thee sit here in so poor weed
With no pennies.
Hail! Put forth thy dalle,[6]
I bring thee but a ball,
Have, and play thee withal,
And go to the tennis."

It is a pity that the necessary modernizing of the spelling should ruin several of the rhymes, and entail a great loss in the rhythmical grace of the original. In form, as in matter, this little lyric is almost perfect.

These shepherd songs are the earliest examples in the drama of the frequent invocations of Christ, which, introduced on every possible occasion, remind us forcibly by their character of the liturgical origin of the Miracle Plays. A fine example of these poems is found in the York Series, recently brought out by Miss Toulmin-Smith. It is the chant with which the citizens of Jerusalem greet the Saviour on the morning of Palm Sunday. Allied in form to the last given lyric, it yet offers a strong and suggestive contrast by the subdued and solemn dignity of its movement. The gradual development of the theme throughout the eight verses is beautiful; but a few brief extracts only can be given here: —

SECOND CITIZEN.

"Hail! flourishing flower that never shall fade,
Hail! violet vernal with sweet odoúr,
Hail! mark of mirth our medicine made,
Hail! blossom bright, hail, our succoúr.
Hail! King comely.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

"Hail! blissful babe, in Beth'lem born,
Hail! boote[7] of all our bitter bales,[8]
Hail! sage that shaped both eve and morn,
Hail! talker trustful of true tales,
Hail! comely knight.

SIXTH CITIZEN.

"Hail! conqueror, hail! most of might,
Hail! ransomer of sinful all,
Hail! pitiful, hail! lovely light,
Hail! to us welcomë be shall,
Hail! King of Jews."

It is well known that the glorious Angel Chorus in the Prologue to Faust

[1] Conquered. [2] Wizard. [3] Promise.
[4] Noble child. [5] Head. [6] Hand. [7] Remedy. [8] Sufferings.

was taken almost directly from an old Mistère. Unfortunately, the French of the best version that I have seen is so antiquated as to be generally unintelligible. This particular chorus does not seem to appear in English, although the parallel between the plays of the two countries is closely marked, and the English are often a mere translation of the French. Indeed, it is only within the last three centuries that schools of literature, distinct in aim and method, have developed themselves in the various countries of Europe. During the Middle Ages, types of national character had not yet been sharply defined, and all Europe formed one great commonwealth, animated by the same ideas, and possessing in common both its literature and its art. The Teutonic nations, however, confine themselves as a rule to scenes for which the warrant may be found in Scripture, while the Celts lay much greater stress on the many graceful legends which filled the gaps and bound together the parts of the Bible story. Some of these legends are very poetic, and merit, perhaps, a moment's passing notice. Here, for instance, is the beginning of the elaborate myth concerning the Tree of Life. The version is taken from Mr. Edwin Norris's translation of a Cornish drama, dating presumably from the fourteenth century. Seth, sent to Paradise by the dying Adam in search of the oil of mercy, protests that he does not know the way.

"*Adam.* Follow the prints of my feet, burnt. No grass nor flower in the world grows in that same road where I went. . . . I and thy mother surely also. . . .

"*Seth* (at the gate of Paradise). All the beauty that I saw, the tongue of man can tell it never. . . . In it there is a tree, high, with many boughs; but they are all bare, without leaves. And around it, bark there was none, from the stem to the head. All its boughs are bare. And at the bottom when I looked, I saw its roots, even into Hell descending, in midst of great darkness, and its branches growing up even to Heaven, high in light; and it was without bark altogether, from the head to the boughs.

"*Cherub.* Look yet again within. . . . Dost thou see more now than what there was, just now?

"*Seth.* There is a serpent in the tree, an ugly beast, without fail.

"*Cherub.* Go yet the third time to it, and look better in the tree. Look, what you can see in it besides roots and branches.

"*Seth.* O Cherub, angel of the God of grace, in the tree I saw, high up in the branches, a little child newly-born; and he was swathed in cloths and bound fast in napkins.

"*Cherub.* The Son of God was it whom thou sawest like a little child swathed. He will redeem Adam thy father with his flesh, and blood too, when the time is come. . . . He is the oil of mercy which was promised to thy father."

These plays of Cornwall and Brittany are further distinguished by an entire absence of the comic element, and by a curious liking for discussion. The argument of Judas, after the betrayal, with the Fury sent by Satan to torment him finds its key-note in Judas' aggrieved exclamation: "I ask then first of all: Why did God create me to be damned on His account?" and covers with a good deal of force the whole question of predestination. A more attractive example is found in the scene between Jesus and Mary before the Passion, where the courteous tenderness of each speaker towards the other is very gracefully rendered. A brief extract will suffice to show the profound deference paid to logic. Mary, having entreated her Son in vain that he would not sacrifice himself for the human race, begs that she may at least be permitted to die before witnessing his torments. To

this Jesus replies with the following ingenious bit of reasoning: —

"You must, dear Mother, follow sweetly the road of patience. You are to be refused again, for it would not be proper that you should be seen to die before me, and to leave this world the first.

"I will tell you the reason. When the first sin was committed by Father Adam, . . . he was punished, and Paradise was shut up, as it is still;

"And no one, whoever he be, will ever enter there, until my cruel death has satisfied God the Father.

"Now, my very holy Mother, examine the case. Never did you commit the shadow of a sin. If you were to die, alas! you must see yourself that it would be a serious matter for your immaculate soul not to be admitted into Heaven, pure as it is.

"Where then could it go to wait for me? For, more than all other souls, it must endure no pains of hell; on the contrary, it must immediately take its place on the throne of fidelity."

Mary admits the force of the argument, but prays that at all events she may be stupefied, so as not to realize what is happening. But this too Christ gently refuses, saying, —

"My Mother, listen well to this. . . . It would not be suitable that you should be seen without pity at my Passion; no, that would not be in accordance with Reason. . . .

"I say to you then, dear Mother, resign yourself serenely, and think to console your beautiful soul in God, the King of the Stars."

We find in this scene much more of an attempt at characterization than is common in the dramas, as well as a more dignified and quieter style. The mediæval artist had not yet learnt the rule of restraint and suggestion, and his treatment of strong emotion is hence almost ludicrously inadequate. Especially marked is the failure to delineate evil, either in demons or men, — a failure perhaps traceable to that curious mental attitude which, while profoundly impressed with awe of the supernatural, was yet never able to escape a sense of the absurdity of sin. The doggerel direction to the guild whose office it was at Chester to manage the episode of the Temptation represents fairly enough the average conception of the Prince of Darkness.

"And next to you butchers of this citie,
The story of Satan, that Christ needs must tempt,
Set forth as accustomedly have ye,
The devil in his feathers, all ragged and rent."

It is therefore not surprising to find in the Breton play already quoted — which, as has been said, is noticeable for its lack of humor — the only really fine rendering of the effect of guilt. In the scene where Judas hangs himself, having given his soul to the devil, the long struggle in which the poor man consecrates himself to the powers of darkness is treated with real power of shuddering insight, and rises at times into a grotesque gloom which recalls the Inferno. It is impossible to reproduce the effect of this passage in a translation; but the following fragments may at least suggest the original: —

"Demons, detestable demons, Lucifer and thou Satan . . . hasten at my call; let no one of you be absent at my summons, inhabitants of Hell; I am going to make my will.

"*Lucifer.* Good. Make it suitably. After your death, I swear to execute all its clauses.

"*Judas.* I, Judas, I, the infamous, I say first that I give myself to thee, Lucifer, body and soul. May the eternal flames, the agony, the torment and the woe that plunge their roots into the heart of hell, be my assured portion.

"Hither to me, hounds of hell! Drag my body into infamous places. Let me roll about, torn to shreds, an object of horror and pity; for agony and not joy have I merited in life.

"My entrails — we will begin there — do I relinquish first of all to the thousand hideous toads of that place; then, I bequeath especially my sense of smell to all the vilest infernal odors.

"I condemn my ears to hear all the cries of terror of the accursed, and my eyes to weep with the damned, for they have merited no less.

"I condemn my tongue and my pale lips to moan forever, from horror, grief, and anguish, without articulate sound; that I may be recognized by the groans that I shall utter from the depths of the abyss of hell, and by my cries when I shall be melted with heat.

"Come, behold me in the pealing of the thunder. I am ready to brave your infernal tempests. I defy the God who created me. I choose my abode forever in the fire near to Satan.

"It is over."

This scene, however, must not be taken as fairly representative. The real power of the mediæval dramatist is best shown when he is dealing with subjects into which his audience can thoroughly enter, and emotions which they completely understand. Such emotions are of necessity few and elementary. Among these, sympathy with the love of parents for children, and with the more obvious forms of physical or mental suffering, is, perhaps, the most marked. A few quotations will illustrate this.

The first example is from the Chester Play on the Sacrifice of Isaac. The extract is long; but it must be its own excuse, and an apology is really due for abridging the scene at all.

ABRAHAM.

"Make thee ready, my dear darling,
For we must do a little thing.
This wood do on thy back it bring,
We may no longer abide.
. . . . . .

ISAAC.

"Father, I am all ready,
To do thy bidding most meekly.
. . . . . .
Father, I am full sore afeard
To see you bear that drawn sword,
I hope for all middle earth
Thou wilt not slay thy child.
. . . . . .

ABRAHAM.

"Ah, Isaac, Isaac, I must thee kill!

ISAAC.

"Alas, father, is that thy will?
Your owen child here to spill
Upon the hillës brink?
If I have trespassed in any degree
With a yard you may beat me;
Put up your sword, if you will be,
For I am but a child.

ABRAHAM.

"My dear son I am sorry
To do thee this great annoy:
God's commandments do must I;
His works are ever full mild.

ISAAC.

"Would God my mother were here with me;
She would kneel down upon her knee,
Praying you, father, if it may be,
For to save my life.
. . . . . .

ABRAHAM.

"Ah, comely creature, but I thee kill,
I grieve my God, and that full ill.
. . . . . .

ISAAC.

"Is it God's will that I be slain?
. . . . . .
Marry, father, God forbid
But you do your offering!
Father, at home your sons you shall find
That you must love, by course of kind.
Be I once out of your mind,
Your sorrow may soon cease.
But yet you must do God's bidding.
Father, tell my mother for nothing.
. . . . . .

ABRAHAM.

"Ho, Isaac, Isaac, blessed must thou be!
Amost my wit I lose for thee,
The blood of thy body so free[1]
I am full loathe to shed.

ISAAC.

"Father, seeing thou must do so,
Let it pass lightly, and over go.
Kneeling on my kneës two,
Your blessing on me spread.
Father, I pray you, hide mine eyne,
That I see not the sword so keen,
Your stroke, father, will I not see,
Lest I against it grill.

[1] Noble.

ABRAHAM.

"My dear son Isaac, speak no more,
Thy wordës make my heart full sore.

ISAAC.

"Ah, dear father, wherefore, wherefore?
Seeing I must needs be dead,
Of one thing I will you pray,
Since I must die the death today,
As few strokes as you well may
When you strike off my head.

ABRAHAM.

"Thy meekness, child, makes me afray,
My songë will be wale-a waye.
. . . . . .
Come hither, my child, thou art so sweet,
Thou must be bound, both hands and feet.
. . . . . .

ISAAC.

"Father, greet well my breth'ren young,
And pray my mother of her blessing;
I come no more under her wing.
Farewell for ever and aye.
But, father, I cry your mercy
For all that ever I have trespass'd to thee,
Forgiven, father, that it may be,
Until Domesday.
. . . . . .

ABRAHAM.

"Now, my dear son, here shalt thou lie.
Unto my work now must I hie,
I had as lieve myself to die
As thou, my dear darling.
. . . . . .
Farewell, my sweetë son of grace.

ISAAC.

"I pray you, father, turn down my face
A little, while you have space,
For I am full sore adread.
. . . . . .

ABRAHAM.

"Heart, if thou would'st burst in three,
Thou shalt no longer master me,
I will no longer let[1] for thee,
My God I may not grieve.

ISAAC.

"Ah! Mercy, father, why tarry you so?
Strike off my head, and let me go.
. . . . . .

ABRAHAM.

"Ah, son, my heart will break in three
To hear thee speak such words to me;
Jesu on me thou have pity,
That I have most in mind.

ISAAC.

"Now, father, I see that I shall die;
Almighty God in majesty,
My soul I offer unto thee;
Lord, to it be kind!"

[1] Delay.

But it is above all in the account of the Passion and death of our Lord that the strength of the Miracle Plays concentrates itself. Inadequate and often painful as the treatment of such a theme must be, there is about these early dramas an earnestness so evident and a reverence so profound that they cannot fail to be impressive. The element on which the writers most dwell, and which they treat with the tenderest sympathy, is the sorrow of the Virgin. Here is an early Breton fragment: —

"While Jesus was upon the cross, his mother chanced in grief — his blessed mother chanced to meet her nephew, the wretched St. John.

"*Mary.* St. John, my nephew, tell me, why do you then not bow to me?

"*St. John.* My holy aunt, I beg you, forgive my discourtesy. I could not clearly see, my eyes are so full of tears. My mind is bewildered, my heart is broken in two. I come from the mountain, and there have I seen a new cross, a cross new and very high — alas, my heart! — that they are raising from the ground. On it is nailed a prophet who has done nothing but good to all the world; to it is fastened a King; to it is nailed a God. Fifteen hundred and sixteen Jews agreed to pass sentence upon your divine Son. Alas! yes, my aunt, I can no longer hide it from you; your poor Son is nailed to this cross.

"*Mary.* My nephew St. John, I can not believe it; do not put death in my soul. I will see for myself whether it is true or false. I see three crosses raised in air, and three men nailed thereon. St. John, St. John, cousin of God, which is my Son?

"*St. John.* It is he who is the first, and on the highest cross. . . . He sends from his side three streams of blood, one to the sea, one to the forests, the last to the plains of the earth.

"*Jesus.* St. John, St. John, cousin of God, take my poor mother away."

And here, finally, from the Towneley Plays, is part of Mary's lament before the cross: —

"My sorrow it is so sad, no solace may me save.
Mourning makes me mad, no hope of help I have,
I am readless [1] and read,[2] for fear that I must rave,
Nought may make me glad, till I be in my grave.
To death my dear is driven,
His robe is all to-riven
That of me was him given,
And shapen with my sides.
These Jews and he have striven,
And all the bale he bides.
Alas, my lamb so mild, why wilt thou fare me fro,
Among these wolvës wild, that work on thee this woe?
From shame who may thee shield, for friendës hast thou foes,
Alas, my comely child, why wilt thou fare me fro?
Maidens, make your moan,
And weep ye, wives, each one,
With me, most wrecche, in wone,
The child that born was best.
My heart is stiff as stone
That for no baÿll [3] will brest." [4]

It must be remembered, in the case of all these quotations, that many apparent defects in smoothness and melody are due simply to the change which the language has undergone. Our modern pronunciation eliminates many syllables formerly used, and alters entirely most of the vowel sounds, until, when applied to the old poetry, the result reminds one of Hamerton's famous instance of the Frenchman who had taught himself English, and insisted on reading Tennyson aloud. Perhaps, however, in spite of their modern dress, and of the fragmentary treatment which they have received in this paper, the selections which have been given may awaken in some readers a fresh interest in an attractive and little known portion of our poetic inheritance.

Davida Coit.

GENERAL GORDON AT KARTOUM.

It is a worthy function and a fitting time that now revive for us, with the novelty of an unexpected revelation, one of those stories of heroism and self-sacrifice that bring, most of all in epochs of moral sterility, a refreshing stimulus to one's faith in human nature quite independent of the limitations of race. New light on the life and work of General Gordon would have been welcomed even from an outsider, but to have the famous Englishman's sojourn at Kartoum made visible to us, in all its exciting and melancholy details, by the graphic pen of the chief actor himself is a timely privilege calling for a special gratitude, and shows that after all the true "psychological moment" in the appearance of books arises in their natural and unpremeditated coincidence with a great public need. It is true that an earlier publication of these Journals,[5] had that been possible, would in no way have impaired the high value which belongs to their disclosures to-day, yet one peruses them now with an interest that far transcends any feeling they would have excited during General Gordon's life. A sense of the final tragedy gives its color to every page, and details that would otherwise have appealed to the mind in the due order of their subordination to each other now assume the significance and solem-

[1] Counsel-less. [2] Distracted.
[3] Pain. [4] Burst.
[5] *The Journals of Major-General C. G. Gordon, C. B., at Kartoum.* Printed from the original MSS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

nity which belong to the narrative as a whole. But the Journals have a higher value than that of their association with the fall of Kartoum. They perform a service for the reading public, the importance of which it would not be easy to exaggerate. On the one hand, they form what must be called the most weighty and authoritative contribution to a notable episode of political history which has yet been made, since, while they clear up much that party controversy had rendered obscure in General Gordon's relations to the British and Egyptian governments, they also reveal, in all their sustained consistency, the long neglect and blundering which, thwarting him at every step, helped to bring on the closing catastrophe by an attitude not generically different from the native treachery to which it was directly due. On the other hand, these records give us, in a narrative of absorbing interest, our last glimpses of the brave soldier and upright man who loved honor better than life, and gladly entered the dark vale at the post of duty.

It is now abundantly manifest that the English government entrusted General Gordon with a mission which, in the nature of things, it was impossible for him to perform. The very multiplicity of his functions and responsibilities confused the problem submitted for his solution, and made the arbitrament of his own conscience a political as well as a moral necessity. As the envoy of her majesty's government, he went to Kartoum simply to report as to the best means of securing the safety of the Egyptian garrisons. As Governor-General of the Soudan, servant of the Khedive and his ministers, — a position assumed with the sanction of the English authorities, — it became his duty, as agreed upon by the two governments, to evacuate the Soudan. In entrusting to him this task, the joint powers expressed, on behalf of the Egyptian government, "the fullest confidence in his judgment and knowledge of the country, and of his comprehension of the general line of policy to be pursued;" it being further agreed that "no effort was to be wanting on the part of the Cairo authorities, whether English or Egyptian, to afford him all the coöperation and support in their power." The sanction of his appointment as Governor-General really rendered him independent of the home authorities. The character of the work before him, while it closed the field to the hard and fast lines of diplomacy, gave a large and necessary scope to his own discretion. But this liberty of an English agent, practically lent to the Khedive to discharge certain duties in the Soudan, in no way absolved the British government from its promise and obligation of support. The duty of the English cabinet could be suspended only by the canceling of the appointment as Governor-General. While General Gordon held the powers conferred upon him by Egypt, the British ministers were bound by every moral principle and political usage not only to abstain from undue interference with his arrangements, but to aid him in every possible way throughout the duration of his functions at Kartoum.

How, then, did those ministers discharge their obligation towards the man whom they had helped to place in a position perilous at the best of times, but doubly so in the disturbed condition of the Soudan? Their earliest communications with him were of the nature of obstacles. The new Governor-General had seen at once that to evacuate the garrisons without leaving some form of government in the place of that withdrawn would have involved the country in a new anarchy, besides costing thousands of lives. He therefore recommended the appointment of Zubair Pasha, the only man at all fitted to wield power in the Soudan, or make a

firm stand against the Mahdi, after the disappearance of the Egyptian officials. This proposal was repeatedly made, with an urgency growing from month to month with the peril of the situation; yet each time the English government refused its consent. Prejudice against Zubair as a slave-hunter seems to have blinded the home authorities to the wisdom of a necessary appointment; and here we see how the British cabinet, in its eagerness to protect a public principle, — that is, to avoid a party condemnation, — preferred for a moment, or appeared to prefer, a higher form of utilitarianism than that which characterized its political ethics as a whole. But the gravity of this refusal to support the advice from Kartoum cannot be overestimated. It held General Gordon a prisoner in his own capital, — captive to his own honor, — and kept him there until his life had fallen a sacrifice to his devotion. Believing that he would be supported, he inspired others with his own faith: to desert those who had cast in their lot with his would have been an act of abject cowardice. The help needed by the Governor-General for his own safety was not an expeditionary force of relief, but some one to rule in his place at Kartoum, some one who would inherit the responsibilities into which he had entered towards the people, some one whose authority would oppose a check to the triumphant progress of the Mahdi and stave off the growing forces of disorder. Had England given him Zubair, he could have withdrawn from the city he defended so well, and would have been spared, at least to Europe, if not to England, which did not know how to estimate at their just value his personality and his services. But Zubair was refused; the British offered no one in his place; and so Gordon was handed over to the conquering Arab hordes by the very men who had solemnly pledged themselves to give him every support, and who were still more bound to aid him by the commonest obligations of blood and race. We do not hesitate to say that, had the solitary hero's danger been as fully realized in this country as it must have been known in England, hundreds of Americans could have been found ready and willing to do more towards securing his safety — and to do it singly, and under the hard conditions of personal adventure — than was ever even attempted, before the time for help had passed, by a powerful government with the whole of England's resources at its back.

But the story is even blacker than this sacrifice of a noble-hearted man has made it. The Journals plainly show that their author was not only not supported, but was thwarted at every step. The most commonplace prudences of a judicious foreign policy seem to have been cast to the winds. Wiseacres in Downing Street, believing they could regulate the Soudan far better than any one stationed at Kartoum, exerted themselves to the utmost to nullify the powers of the Governor-General. The functionary who had been armed with the authority of the Khedive himself, the official who had the power of life and death over a vast territory, was now to become the dummy of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet. He was not to see the Mahdi, not to go to the Bahr Gazelle or Equatorial Provinces, not to have three hundred Turkish troops placed at his disposal, not to have a Firman recognizing a moral control and suzerainty over the Soudan, not to have Indian Moslem troops at Wady Halfa, not to have one hundred British troops at Assouan, not to be aided in smashing the Mahdi, not to have a British diversion at Berber — not, in fine, to have anything that he considered necessary to the proper discharge of his mission. Instead of manfully meeting the difficulties of the situation in the Soudan, and doing this in such a way as to fulfill

their obligations to General Gordon and the Egyptian government, — for the responsibility was not less heavy in the one case than in the other, — the British government decided to shirk the inconveniences inflicted upon them by their own policy; and so while Punch was depicting for the world that lonely figure scanning from the battlements of Kartoum the mirage-dimmed horizon for the help that was only to come too late, members of the English cabinet were coolly suggesting that the man whom their inactivity had imprisoned in the Nile desert could leave his post if he liked! In other words, the home authorities were prepared to disown all the pledges which had been given on their behalf and in the name of the Khedive; they were ready to scuttle out of the Soudan, even though the loss of thousands of lives should be an immediate consequence of the withdrawal, and these the lives of the people who had reposed faith in the promises and undertakings of England. How utterly irreconcilable was the English policy, or change of policy, with what General Gordon thought to be his duty as an honorable man must now be clear. He wished to act uprightly towards those who had given him their confidence: what the British government expected of him was a base compromise with his conscience as a soldier and a Christian, — an act so mean that, as he tells us himself, the black sluts would have stoned him had they thought he only meditated it. It is this striking contrast between the scant moral sense of the Gladstone cabinet and the honesty of its quasi-servant at Kartoum that makes these Journals one of the most powerful indictments of the foreign policy of a government we remember ever to have read. Had the English government gained its object, even at the sacrifice of everything highest in individual morality, the course pursued would have had at least a nominal justification. But not even this petty triumph could be counted. The task of evacuating the garrisons, as General Gordon understood it, was not seriously attempted. The expeditionary force — sent grudgingly, after an almost criminal delay, and dispatched to relieve the Governor-General instead of to aid him in withdrawing the Egyptian forces — began in blundering and ended in catastrophe. Yet the crowning humiliation of the English presence in the Soudan, having regard to political rather than personal issues, was the failure of the British ministers to redeem their military undertakings. "We mean," Cassim el mûs Pasha was informed, "to destroy the power of Mohammed Achmet [the Mahdi] at Kartoum, no matter how long it may take us to do so. You know Gordon Pasha's countrymen are not likely to turn back from any enterprise they have begun until it has been fully accomplished." Who wonders now that in every caravansary and bazaar of the Mohammedan world these pompous words of Lord Wolseley should have added so much to the ridicule and scorn which England's ignominious withdrawal from the Soudan has provoked, not in Europe alone, but in Persia, Arabia, India, and far on towards the Russian frontier?

But a shining figure grows all the brighter amid surrounding gloom, and so General Gordon stands before us in these Journals all the more radiant by contrast with the petty intrigues, the inglorious utilitarianism, and the basely strung morality that beset and vexed his path through life. Not a touch in the picture could be spared. It brings into relief the rare purity of the man's aims, the singular beauty of his moral nature. It shows us how intolerant was his fine feeling of honor of the exigencies of government by party. In reviving some of those higher truths which life in the camp and the council-chamber is sadly apt to dim, it more than suggests

that the secret of Gordon's success with Eastern peoples was that sense of universal justice, that intense sympathy with down-trodden races, which needed no knowledge of Chinese or Arabic to strengthen their appeal to the native heart. The hero of Kartoum proved that he had a purer love of his country than some of those who contrived to thwart him in Downing Street; yet he ranked humanity higher than patriotism, and would not have hesitated to sacrifice a whole cabinet of ministers to the interests of truth. Few will fail to admire, even where they cannot imitate, the robust independence with which he shaped his conduct according to the dictates of his conscience. It was probably this fidelity to himself and to the real England which he loved, not to the false, the time-serving England of the diplomatists, that strewed so many obstacles in his path.

There is still another side to the story told by the Journals now before us. If they depict the man, they also present the soldier. And truly, all wild and perilous elements combine in the narrative of the defense of Kartoum to give it at once the picturesque interest of romance and the startling realism of tragedy. In days of myth-making this solitary warrior of the desert would by this time have disappeared from ordinary history into a vague mist not unlike that which the Skalds wove around Odin and Thor, or the poet legend-tellers contrived for the figures half divine of Lancelot and Galahad. It is the triumph of narratives and times like these that hero-worship and human interest do not exclude each other. We are sensible of both these elements as the Journals tell us by what rare combination of watchfulness, ingenuity, and effort General Gordon contrived so long to hold his Arab enemies at bay; with what courage, truthfulness, modesty, kindness of heart, and yet with how full a presentiment of the final disaster, this single-handed soldier continued to plan and work in the interests of the population under his care; and last, by what light play of fancy and satire he sought to lighten the monotony of his daily tasks, and forget, if but for a moment, the growing peril of his situation. The knowledge that it was all of no avail, and that help came too late to save the life of such a man, makes it impossible to close the book without a feeling nearly akin to that of personal bereavement.

It should be added that the Journals have been carefully edited by Mr. A. Egmont Hake, whose introduction adequately covers the whole historical period of General Gordon's work in the Soudan. Not less welcome is a statement by Sir Henry W. Gordon regarding his brother's position at Kartoum. The Journals themselves are illustrated by General Gordon's own sketches and maps. The appendices contain a number of important documents — amongst them letters from the Mahdi — now for the first time given to the public. An excellent portrait of General Gordon — by far the best we have seen — faces the title-page of the work.

McMASTER'S SECOND VOLUME.

We owe a large debt to Mr. McMaster for the great industry which he has displayed in accumulating and sorting a mass of detail respecting the every-day life of the American people since the war for independence. The second

volume [1] of his history covers the period from 1790 to 1803, and to illustrate the time he has searched contemporary journals and pamphlets, narratives of travel, diaries, town histories, legislative journals, and other public documents. No student of our history and no general reader can quarrel with an author who has been so diligent and in the main so discriminating in this laborious task; and no matter how many histories of the country may be written, upon how many various plans, this work is likely to remain a repository of curious and suggestive facts.

The comprehensiveness of Mr. McMaster's interest gives the greatest value to the work. Nothing comes amiss, from a "brass-nail-studded hair trunk" to Jay's Treaty, and the orderly manner in which kindred topics are arranged and made to slide into the next theme is of assistance to the reader's memory. The wearisome newspaper warfare, which made the Federalist and Republican contest a "kettleopotomania," has evidently been followed patiently by Mr. McMaster, who has reported it in his digest style, and so given the reader a sufficient notion of its fury without subjecting him to the nauseating details. By means of the full excerpts one is able also to follow the contemporary discussion of such public measures as Jay's Treaty, without himself hunting down the newspapers and pamphlets of the day. A full index adds to the ease with which one consults the book for the light which it sheds on our history.

For, when we have recognized to the full the great value of Mr. McMaster's work, it remains that this value is rather in the illustration of history than in its interpretation. The work is a library of interesting and useful information on a multitude of points touching the life of the people, and it gathers these details into convenient groups. It follows a careful chronological order, and it intends a consecutive narrative, but it fails to impress one as a clear exponent of the organic growth of the nation; and thus far, at any rate, one may read it without discovering that the author sees into the principles of development, or comprehends the meaning of the movement of that great mass which he describes in so many of its features.

It is this absence of a strong underlying historic thought which makes the book entertaining rather than really instructive, and the reader is carried along from point to point by a certain superficial cleverness of transition in place of a real nexus of purpose. Indeed, these ingenious loops of one subject to another betray an almost whimsical eagerness of the author at times to cajole the reader into further diversion. One is tempted to think of a variety stage, where each successive entertainment is hurried forward as the last scene slips out of the spectator's sight. The very abundance of illustration employed by the author serves to defeat his purpose, by presenting the reader with all the instances, and leaving him to find for himself the principle, and to pass judgment. He cannot see the forest for the trees. This effect is heightened by the rotundity of expression in which the author indulges. The style is the man, and we regret to say that the multitude of words which flow from Mr. McMaster's ready pen bear testimony to the exuberance and fertility of his mind rather than to his power of seeing into his subject, and saving the reader's time by concentrating his attention upon the really fateful historic passages. When a historian, wishing to tell us of Cobbett's early life, begins by informing us that he "first saw the light of day" in a farmhouse in the town of Farnham, Surrey; or heralds an account of a launch with the words, "After three

[1] *A History of the People of the United States, from the Revolution to the Civil War.* By JOHN BACH MCMASTER. In five volumes. Volume II. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885.

years of unavoidable detention the first naval vessel built by the United States under the Constitution was to be committed to the waves;" or prefaces a description of the jerks by the extravagant assertion, "On a sudden this community, which the preachers had often called Satan's stronghold, underwent a moral awakening such as this world had never beheld," we cannot help wishing that he had adopted some model of style less florid, and more than that we wish that he were not so rich in indifferent material. It is a fine thing to value our own history, but if, when we come to display its riches, we dwell endlessly upon petty squabbles and ignoble details, the mere fullness of our chronicle does not save it from meanness.

It is this which disappoints us in Mr. McMaster's treatment. To use a homely phrase, he is trying very hard to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. To take, for example, the chapters which relate the complications of national policy and the contentions of party arising from the state of affairs in Europe. A mighty conflict was going on in the Old World, full of meaning and epochal in its significance. The incidents to which it gave birth were of a kind to tax the powers of the greatest of modern picturesque writers. Our own country, independent in name of Europe, and really independent in its destiny, was yet unavoidably entangled with European affairs. What was going on in France and England and Spain was of the greatest interest in Philadelphia and New York and Boston, while these places were apparently indifferent to the silent, unheroic march of American life to the westward. To trace the real influence of Europe on America at this period, and not to lose sight of the native forces at work, would be one of the most exacting pieces of work to which an historian could put his hand. Our complaint is that Mr. McMaster has confused the theme by his wearisome elaboration of the newspaper and pamphlet war which was waging on this side of the Atlantic. The significance of such men as John Butler and Matthew Lyon, and of such a fracas as that between Lyon and Griswold, is lifted out of all proportion to real importance, and for page after page we seem to be reveling in the affairs of Little Peddlington.

It seems to us that Mr. McMaster is misled by his authorities, and that a too industrious reading of the Aurora and other redoubtable papers has made him not a partisan, but a chameleon. His method of digesting speeches or newspaper articles, and giving the gist of them to the reader, seems to have made him at times scarcely more than a skillful digester. What is the use of retailing at length, even in the form of a report, the scandal concerning Adams and Jefferson which filled the papers of the day? We do not want to read those papers. Mr. McMaster is kind enough to do it for us, and we beg of him not to read so many extracts aloud, but to give us his own judgment of the rights and wrongs in the cases in dispute. We expect him to go through the disagreeable task of making himself acquainted with all the rubbish which political and partisan newspapers contain, but not for the purpose of laying it before us and leaving us to form our conclusions. It may be said that the author shows his judicial mind by such a course. Not at all. A judge is bound to sum up the evidence, and not merely to read us the pleas on both sides. Mr. McMaster's mind is rather that of a reporter than of a judge, and as he passes to one side or the other, in the tiresome battledore and shuttlecock style, we are ready to cry out, But what was the truth, after all? or, Have you not made up your mind yourself?

In all this rhetorical enumeration of endless detail, the real proportions of history become confused, and unless the reader brings to the book a tolerably

distinct notion of the historical development, he is likely to get lost in the woods, and be almost as helpless as if he were to try to pick out the history of a year from the file of a newspaper. In his desire to make a fluent narrative, Mr. McMaster sometimes disregards the needs of the humble reader, and talks about his subject in an allusive way which does not always afford to analysis a distinct and usable fact. Such is his treatment of the Embargo, which never, we think, is sharply defined, but presumes upon the reader's previous knowledge. An illustration of this indirect style is in the reference to Washington's recall to the head of the army in 1798. "To command them" (the regiments), Mr. McMaster says, "two major-generals, an inspector-general, and four brigadiers were provided. The chief command was given to a lieutenant-general, and for this post the whole country agreed that but one man was fit." Singularly enough, our author is entirely silent regarding the quarrel over the second place, and omits wholly any reference to Hamilton's schemes for the army in the West.

It may be a part of Mr. McMaster's plan to make little of leaders and much of plain people, yet we think it is unfortunate that he should, by the proportion which he follows, give but little hint of the significance of the great men in our early history. The American people was not a headless mob, and the shaping of history which resulted from such leadership as that of Hamilton has not yet ceased to be operative. The picturesque elements in our history are by no means wanting, but they are scarcely to be found in the thin colonialism which waited on European movements. The real points to be emphasized in the early years of the republic are rather the personal and human forces which were at work, and were to justify the promise of democracy. The few men who grasped the political situation are worth the historian's attention far more than the curs who barked at their heels, and the rising tide of democracy was not, we are convinced, so much the result of party conflict as the action of that undercurrent of American life which is only partly revealed in this volume, — a current which had its most notable disclosure in the formation of Western and Southwestern society.

CENTRAL ASIA.

WITHOUT detracting in the least from the merits of Dr. Lansdell's book on Central Asia,[1] it may be said that it is a curious as well as interesting work. The author, an English clergyman, animated by the desire of visiting prisons and hospitals and of placing there copies of the Bible, had no previous preparation for his journey except a similar one which he had taken through Siberia a year or two before.

He evidently made copious notes during his journey, and, on his return to England, studied up his subject as he had not done before, and submitted his manuscript to many persons well qualified to assist him. The scientific parts have been revised by competent authorities. The later chapters of the books were submitted to Mr. Lessar, who is for the moment the great authority on Turkmania, and it is easy for those acquaint-

[1] *Russian Central Asia, including Kuldja, Bokhara, Khiva, and Merv.* By HENRY LANSDELL, D. D. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

ed with the subject to trace the influence of others equally well posted in different branches. Dr. Lansdell caters to many different tastes, for each of which he has a special index, but with the result of making his work seem rather fragmentary. There are chapters on the history and statistics of the various parts of Central Asia; there are lists of the beasts, birds, and insects as well as of the plants found there; there is a very excellent catalogue of books on Central Asia from the earliest times to the present; and there is also a list of the various texts of Scripture which the author thinks have been illustrated by what he has seen. These are all arranged in such a way, together with an index to the actual journey, that it is possible to read any of these parts separately without touching on the others. His indices are as good as a card catalogue to a library.

To recur to the Scripture texts, it is impossible for any one acquainted with the Old Testament to travel in Central Asia without noticing what a very oriental book it is, and how little Eastern life has changed since the time it was written. On re-reading the Old Testament one sees many passages in a very different light from that which was thrown on them previously, and many of them are more intelligible than they would be to one who had simply journeyed in the Holy Land, where from circumstances there has been more change. Owing to the reasons which prompted his journey, the author has, either consciously or unconsciously, imitated to a great extent one of his predecessors, — Dr. Joseph Wolff, whose travels are exceedingly curious and interesting. This gentleman was a converted Jew, who visited the greater portion of the known and unknown world in both hemispheres for the purpose of carrying the light of the gospel to those of his race. In so doing he had once visited Bokhara and Afghanistan; and subsequently, after the murders of Connolly and Stoddart, he went again to Bokhara, in order to ascertain their real fate. We may remark parenthetically that Dr. Wolff, owing to the singularity of his adventures, captivated and married Lady Georgiana Walpole, the daughter of the Earl of Orford, and became the father of the present Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, a now well-known member of the conservative party. Dr. Lansdell constantly refers to Dr. Wolff's journeys, and remembers that when that reverend gentleman went to Khiva and Bokhara on his self-imposed mission he dressed himself in a white surplice, — if it were white after a journey of so long a time, — and carried an English Prayer-Book open before him. Perhaps this to some extent accounted for the immunities which were accorded to him, for the Orientals have always a respect for men whom they believe to be idiotic or demented. In similar wise, when he was to be received by the Amir of Bokhara, Dr. Lansdell, wishing to appear as gorgeous as possible, wore a cassock, which, as he says, had previously done duty at a levee at St. James; over that a gorgeous, gold-embroidered Serbian jacket; and over that his scarlet university hood, various Masonic collars and jewels, and his college cap. Feeling that his presents to the Amir were not sufficient, and on the ground that the Amir as well as himself was a Mullah, he graciously presented him with his hood, cap, and Masonic jewels, which were as graciously returned to him the next day by the Amir, who found no use for them. A similar odd vanity appears in the desire which has taken the author to intersperse among the excellent engravings which adorn his book pictures of himself in Khokand armor, in Bokharan robes, and in other curious Oriental attire.

But such reflections really do injustice to the merits of Dr. Lansdell, who made a long and interesting journey,

visiting in succession Kuldja, Tashkent, Khokand, and Samarkand, going thence by the way of Shahr-i-sabz to Rarshi and Bokhara, and thence to Tchardjui on the Oxus, which he descended to the Russian outposts of Petro-Alexandrofsk, visited Khiva, and went from there on by a fatiguing and somewhat adventurous journey to Krosnovodsk on the Caspian. His stay in all places was too short to enable him thoroughly to study the country or to learn anything new; but what he relates abundantly confirms the observations of his Western predecessors in that region. He distributed his Bibles everywhere, giving presents of them even to the Amir of Bokhara and the Khan of Khiva. But as was natural under the circumstances, he abstains from remark on the political condition of the countries through which he passed, and, except in his later chapters on Merv, — which he did not visit, — wrote no essays on the present vexed question of the relations between England and Russia with regard to Central Asia.

For full information on this subject we must turn to the latest English Blue-Books, which to the careful student will give much matter for reflection.[1] Diplomatic documents are not always trustworthy. Even in reading those which now form material for history one must take into account by whom and to whom they were written, what the peculiar circumstances of the case were, and one must be sufficiently acquainted with the subject to be able to read between the lines. Now that it has become the habit to print a selection of dispatches for the information or misinformation of the public, it is still more difficult. It is possible, however, even though some documents may be missing, to learn in the Blue-Books referred to the whole course of the recent negotiations between England and Russia with regard to the Afghan frontier; a curious light is thrown on English policy, and the differences in the methods of the two governments are strongly contrasted.

For some years past, Englishmen, or rather the Indian officers who have guided English opinion, have had the habit of everywhere seeing "*keys*" in places which were near each other on the map. Having succeeded in making themselves believe that Herat was the key to India, they soon thought that Merv was the key to Herat, and that the Turkomans along the Attrek held the key to Merv. If, therefore, Russia were allowed to put down even one small Turkoman tribe on the shore of the Caspian, she would with these different keys open all these successive doors, and suddenly make her appearance in India. Being, however, unable to keep these various doors closed at such a long distance from her own frontier, England became exceedingly nervous, and as soon as one was opened pestered Russia with questions as to whether she had any purpose of opening the next. In other words, after every Russian expedition against the Turkomans the English government began to ask questions as to whether it was the intention of the Russians to proceed to Merv, which they would "view with alarm." These papers show how often such questions were repeated, and show also how consistent were the replies of Russia, that at that time there was no intention of advancing further, but that it was impossible to tell what might happen in case the Turkomans of Merv were unruly; that in that case they would certainly put them down; and that they always reserve their freedom of action. The knot was cut at last in a different and unexpected way. The elders of Merv themselves asked to be taken under Russian protection. Whether this move were prepared or not by Russia makes little difference. The result was inevitable, and if General Komaroff had

[1] *Parliamentary Papers. Central Asia.* Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. (1885.) London. 1885.

the skill to arrange for the peaceful surrender of Merv he succeeded in saving a large amount of life and treasure; for the defense of Geak Tepi against Skobeleff had cost the Russians more men than all the previous battles and sieges in Central Asia.

When Merv was annexed the English were at first disposed to accuse the Russians of bad faith, which they would scarcely have done if they had read carefully their own previous dispatches. The Russians had no difficulty in showing their consistency, and we may imagine the smile on the Russian ambassador's face when he informed Lord Granville that had the matter not been a surprise, and "had it depended upon them, they would have endeavored to prevent a decision being taken at the moment when England was embarrassed by the affairs of the Soudan." As usual, however, England asked Russia what she intended to do next. The Russians replied that they had no proposals to make, but at the same time reminded the English that two years before they had offered, in order to avoid difficulty, to survey and fix the still unsettled part of the boundary between Afghanistan and the Turkoman Steppe, which they claimed was under Russian influence. This offer they now renewed. Although the English had previously refused it, fearing to commit themselves, they now accepted it with pleasure, — with so much haste, indeed, that they appointed their commissioner and suggested the time and place for meeting before any agreement had been come to as to the basis on which the delimitation of the frontier was to be carried out. This gave rise to considerable dispute. The Russians had desired to begin the work at Khodja-Saleh, on the Oxus, where the boundary was already fixed, — a known point. The English, on the contrary, fearful perhaps that the Russians might advance nearer to Herat, wished first to arrange the extreme southern limit of Russian possessions in that quarter. Nor were they willing to lay down any principles on which to base the tracing of the frontier; they wished to leave it all to commissioners, desiring even that one of them should be an Afghan. The Russians refused to recognize any Afghan official in the matter, on the ground that if Afghanistan were really under English protection, and a treaty had indeed been made by which the Afghans were to hold no intercourse with foreign nations except through English officials, they preferred their arrangement to be with England alone. They also called the attention of the English government to the difficulties which might arise between commissioners who were ignorant of the country and unacquainted with each other, unless they were to conduct their surveys within a fixed zone in order to carry out an approximate line of frontier, in the same way in which the delimitation of the Persian and Greek frontiers had been made a few years before. Interminable quarrels might arise at each difference of opinion between the commissioners, which would always have to be referred to the home government for arrangement; that in this way there would be the very delay which the English wished so much to avoid, and the two governments would then be obliged to agree upon principles which might as well be laid down at the beginning.

To make a long story short, Russia, after giving way on the point where the delimitation was to begin, and on various minor matters, proposed a zone within which the survey should be made, extending northward into a region which was incontestably Russian, and southward to what Colonel McGregor, in his reports some years before, had considered to be the true northern boundary of Afghanistan. The English consented to the northern limit of the zone, but refused to make a southern line. Meanwhile, the Russian com-

missioner had not started, owing to various unavoidable delays as well as to the desire of his government to settle principles beforehand, while Sir Peter Lumsden, the English commissioner, was on the spot, with an escort of four hundred men besides camp followers, which naturally induced the Afghans to believe that the English were going to support them in whatever they chose to undertake. Negotiations having come to this deadlock, the Russians then suggested, instead of a zone, an actual boundary line, to run somewhat to the north of the southern limit of the proposed zone. Lord Granville refused this, but was then willing to accept a zone, provided that this boundary line were made the southern limit. The Russians insisted on their boundary, and finally, after the Penjdeh affair, the English agreed to it. One or two slight concessions were made by the Emperor; but, practically, the boundary line originally proposed by Russia is the same as that accepted by Lord Granville in an agreement which was still unsigned when the liberal government went out of power.

The Penjdeh incident, although a sharp little fight, is important only as showing how two nations can nearly come to blows over a simple mistake. The Afghans had occupied Penjdeh in June, 1884, after the boundary commission had been proposed and in theory accepted. The Russians, finding their protests unavailing, had advanced on their side, and there were movements of troops, which caused excitement in the country and great uneasiness in London; for there the slightest incident was greatly exaggerated by the press and in Parliament. In spite of entreaties, the Russians had refused to withdraw from their positions unless the Afghans also withdrew from Penjdeh, and claimed the right that as long as the Afghans held any part of the disputed territory they could move their troops anywhere within the boundary line which they themselves had suggested; further than this they would not go, and they promised to avoid as far as possible any conflict. Matters were in this state when Mr. Gladstone, on the 13th of March, after a hasty reading of the dispatches and a hazy recollection of them, announced in Parliament, much to the surprise of his colleagues, that the Russians had agreed not to advance. Lord Granville found it necessary to telegraph to St. Petersburg, asking the Russian ministry if they were willing to understand their previous assurances as constituting an agreement of this kind. There was a little demur, but there was a desire to help the liberal ministry out of the difficulty into which Mr. Gladstone had put them, and, after the English ambassador had recapitulated a number of points which he said were in Russian occupation, they agreed to advance no further. One of these points was Pul-i-Khisti in Persian, or in Turkoman Dash-kepri, the "stone bridge" over the river Kushk. The other side of the stream had been occupied for a long time by Afghans, and the Russians, although they had been in the neighborhood, had never actually held this point. The agreement was telegraphed from St. Petersburg to General Komaroff, and, finding these points mentioned, he understood that he was to be allowed to occupy them by the English. It was in his effort to maintain his position at Pul-i-Khisti that the conflict with the Afghans came on. England was indignant at what was assumed to be an intended breach of the "sacred covenant;" the views of the English government were telegraphed to their chief ambassadors, and every preparation was made for war. The statements of Sir Peter Lumsden, the English commissioner, who had, however, not been personally on the spot, were so diametrically opposed to those of General Komaroff that they

greatly increased the excitement. It was, however, found, as soon as some one in the English ministry had leisure to look into the affair, — it is said that it was owing to one minister having a cold in his head, which kept him in the house over Sunday, — that the difficulty had all arisen through Sir Peter Lumsden. He had repeatedly stated that the Russians were at Pul-i-Khisti, and now he as positively denied this, saying that he had used that name only as being better known than the place some distance off, where the Russians had actually been. Of course there was little more to do after this except to allow Sir Peter Lumsden to return, although before that he had received a sharp telegram, telling him "to specify in each case what he knew for certain, what he had reason to believe, and what was merely based on hearsay." The point of honor was saved by an agreement to refer to some foreign sovereign, as an arbitrator, "any misunderstanding with regard to the interpretation of the agreement, if there shall still be found to subsist doubts or differences of opinion." There is an obvious moral in this history, but we leave that to our readers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I FIND that years have brought about in me a change of taste as regards literary style. Not that I have learned to consider it a matter of indifference, or to sympathize with a contributor who once expressed in the Club his satisfaction in looking forward to a time when the thing we call style should pass out of literature, leaving to readers only the pleasure of feeling themselves in company with a "just and wholesome mind." I rejoice to believe that such an era will never arrive, since a literature cannot exist without literary styles, more or less strongly marked, good or bad, finished or faulty. Perhaps the advocate of the extreme view above mentioned may have been moved to express himself thus strongly in consequence of a very natural reaction against the "fine" writing, so called, indulged in by many pseudo-cultivated authors of to-day. A plainness approaching to baldness is without doubt infinitely preferable to these tasteless attempts at ornate style. Yet even when language is handled by a master who intends that his words shall serve an æsthetic purpose beyond the simple setting forth of his thought, it is a question if the purpose does not sometimes defeat itself in the end, if the writer continue to address our ear. For a time he may enchant his readers, as Mr. Ruskin has enchanted so many of us with the music and color of his pages; but do we not after a while find ourselves wearying of this very affluence, and turning away to read in some author who, less captivating on first acquaintance, seems to retain a singular power to please? The preference for simplicity and repose in style grows, I think, with the habitual reader, and the more as he comes to recognize these qualities as the outcome of the finest art, and for that reason the most rarely to be met with. The stately structure of De Quincey's sentences do not fail to impress all who have what may be called the literary sense, and the impressive power of his "impassioned prose" we may continue to feel at a later stage of culture; but it is certain that in the earlier years, when we first knew and reveled in De Quincey, we should not have been susceptible to the attraction

of other writers who now delight our maturer taste. In gratitude for the pleasure he has given me, let me name here an author who possesses in a high degree the charm of an exquisite simplicity, mixed with a graciousness, a sweetness, — there seems no other word for it, — which is all his own. I mean the English author of Philochristus and other works, — the Rev. Edwin Abbott. We may be reminded, in reading him, of the author of Ecce Homo, but there is a directness and a gentleness in Mr. Abbott's manner, as of friend talking with friend, which is wanting to Mr. Seelye's more professorial style. Compare with the first-named author Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose style is simple enough, surely, in the sense of being devoid of ornament, but tending to become wearisome with its trick of repetition and air of condescension to the level of his reader's intelligence. As the perfection of some well-bred persons' manners seems to lie in their having no manner at all, so the never-failing charm of certain writers appears, so far as we can analyze it, to consist in the absolute ease and delicate simplicity of their style. Mr. John Morley, himself a writer of weighty and effective prose, describes Voltaire's style as of "dazzling" simplicity, moving like a translucent mountain stream with swift and animated flow under flashing sunbeams; but again alters his figure, and calls the light that illumines the great Frenchman's page the "piercing metallic brightness of electricity rather than the glowing beam of the sun." Simplicity, then, may be of more than one kind, if Voltaire is to be spoken of as simple, and the brilliant clearness of Voltaire's mode of expression differs from the serene and limpid current of George Sand's best prose. Certain writers of to-day so offend me by the vicious affectation of their style that I have not the patience to read them. Mr. Pater is one of these. I find him unbearably conscious, without real dignity or virility, his search after recondite words and novel turns of expression proving him, to my mind, a skillful artificer rather than the true artist, whose highest results are obtained at the least apparent expense of means. Mr. Symonds's manner, otherwise agreeable, is marred by something of this same consciousness and elaboration.

Unaffectedness and ease, it is true, do not of themselves alone constitute a graceful manner of writing, but surely they are primary ingredients. It is true also that there is no such thing as an ideal of style, in the sense of a single manner prescribed for all, any more than there is an ideal of painting. Each literary artist has his own manner, as Michael Angelo, and Titian, and Turner each had his. And if culture means anything, it means a catholicity of taste which enables us to delight in Milton, and Hooker, and Taylor, and John Henry Newman, in Addison and Lamb, in Mr. Froude and Mr. Green.

— Why is it that preachers and moralists have from time immemorial preferred to dwell so exclusively on the temptations of riches, neglecting to point out the temptations of poverty? And why is it that the world in general has been so ready to perceive the dangers attendant on the possession of exceptional and brilliant gifts of mind or person, and so slow in recognizing the moral peril to which men may be exposed by the very lack of talents and personal graces? I do not think we commonly conceive in any adequate way of the temptations that may besiege men and women able to appreciate the value of intellectual gifts or personal charms which nature has denied to themselves. Is it easy to be at all times quite reconciled to doing without things which we see making so large a part of the happiness of the lives of more fortunate people? A woman may know herself to be without beauty or fascination of

any sort, yet knowledge of the fact somehow does not suffice to hinder her from longing for admiration and influence; her craving for these we may admit to be foolish, perhaps even sinful, but is it unnatural? It is quite unreasonable for a man to desire distinction and supremacy while aware that he is destitute of the qualities that command them, but however unphilosophical, it is not altogether inexcusable. It is Daniel Deronda, I believe, who says that "some people must be middling," — an undeniable truth, but one which few care to believe is exemplified in their own particular persons. To know that our faces will no more than just "pass in a crowd," that we are not likely to be remembered for any special grace of manner or conversational charm, to become convinced, sooner or later, that our names will never be identified with any great achievement in art or letters, or in the broader fields of the world's action — does it not cost something to accept such knowledge as simple fact, and bring ourselves to graceful resignation to our entire insignificance?

George Eliot, with her usual power of sympathetic insight into human nature, has touched on this theme more than once in her writings. "Plainness," she says in Middlemarch, "has its peculiar temptations as much as beauty. . . . To be spoken of as an ugly thing in contrast with that lovely creature your companion is apt to produce effects beyond a sense of fine veracity and fitness in the phrase. . . . Mary had not attained that perfect good sense and good principle which are usually recommended to the less fortunate girl as if they were to be obtained in quantities ready mixed, with a flavor of resignation as required." Some persons, happily satisfied with their own modicum of intellect, are prone to wonder that others should have vain desires for superior gifts. There are men and women who crave hungrily after the material good things they *have* not; others, free from this more ignoble appetite, are open to temptation of another sort, and cannot wholly subdue unavailing desires to *be* what they are not. And the pain of "looking at joy through another's eyes" may be unmixed with mean jealousy. George Eliot's Walpurga, when she is driven to rouse Armgart from selfish despair by dealing her the wound of a faithful friend, asks her if she has ever stopped to think whether Walpurga could possibly need more than "a splendid cousin for my happiness." She reminds Armgart of the numbers who know joy but by negatives, whose

> "deepest passion is a pang,
> Till they accept their pauper's heritage,
> And meekly live from out the general store."

Armgart shall hear the truth, bitter but wholesome, from the lame girl whom no one has ever praised for being cheerful. "'It is well,' they said; 'were she cross-grained, she could not be endured.'" This last line has always struck me with its pathetic force. How little account is made of the simple patience and humility with which hundreds of commonplace people bear their humdrum lives, accepting without complaint the restrictions imposed by nature as well as by circumstance. Did they lament and rebel, how intolerable their folly would appear to the well-endowed and prosperous.

— Palaces have their destinies, as well as books and men. That of Chantilly was, like the phenix, to rise from its ashes, and reveal to us of the nineteenth century, by its present magnificence, something of the splendors of the past.

The Duc d'Aumale has sought consolation and fame in two imperishable works: the Restoration of the Château of Chantilly, and the History of the Condés. As Charles V. evoked the spirit of Charlemagne, so has the Duc d'Aumale evoked that of the hero of his house, and shows himself to be the

heir direct as well of his character and his love of great and beautiful things as of his race. And thus their two warlike figures will remain, however separated as to time, closely united for posterity. Louis de Bourbon and Henri d'Orleans will forever stand side by side, the past and present masters of Chantilly, the hero of Rocroy and the conqueror of the Smala, the friend of Corneille and the member of the Académie Française, the Maréchal of France who conquered Flanders and the general who has described that campaign in pages so glowing with the fire of battle that one would imagine that Condé himself had dictated them.

Were the Prince de Condé to return to his former abode, and with a step heavy with the weight of the laurels of his victories revisit his park, his palace, and its dependencies, he would find as he left them, his Gothic chapel, surmounted by a statue of St. Louis; the Vertugadin, that parterre, designed by Lenôtre, where Louis XIV. loved to wander; the lordly stables, where three hundred horses find ample accommodation. His eyes would dwell again upon the earlier and more austere architecture of that part of the palace which dates from the Montmorencys, as well as upon his own grandiose construction.

Should he enter the great vestibule and turn towards the grand staircase, he might even suppose the court of Louis XIV. to have revived, and would find that the lovely dames to be met there now, their dress and headdress slightly altered, had lost none of the sovereign attractions of their predecessors. All the salons and galleries at Chantilly are open, and resplendent with light and beauty. First see this young and charming Muscovite princess, with her chestnut hair, her eyes sparkling with wit and her smile full of merriment, her slender waist and fully developed shoulders, looking as if she were a divinity escaped from one of Mignard's pictures; she wears a robe of pale pink satin damasked in silver, with tufts of pink feathers and aigrettes of silver, and her throat is encircled by a necklace of nine rows of glorious pearls. And is not this Madame Henriette de France who appears next before us in the soft dark folds of her velvet dress, blue, of the blue called Eyes of Kings, wearing the colors and the monogram of the House of Orleans, walking like a goddess with her aerial step? No, it is Madame la Duchesse de Chartres, as bewitching as the former, but far more happy.

After the healthy fatigue of the hunt, or the delicious gallop over the thick carpet of autumn leaves, what exquisite pleasure to find one's self, in the evening, in the dazzling atmosphere of this royal dwelling, amid the lights, the flowers, the rare marvels of art, the rustling of silks, the busy hum of joyous converse, the ringing laugh of happy women, and the light rustling of their fans!

Some of these favored guests go here, and some go there, as fancy lists. The ladies group themselves in the White Drawing-Room. The Grand Duke Wladimir amuses himself in the Monkey Room (Singerie), a little boudoir peopled with monkeys, dressed in the style of Louis XV. This is a grotesque assembly! The Monkey King, glorying in his purple and scarlet; the Monkey Messenger, bearing gallantly a love token to some fair Sultana; the Huntsman Monkey, the Monkey Musician, the Monkey Apothecary, the Gentleman Monkey, the Dandy Monkey, each believing his grimace alone to be irresistible; the whole furnishing so fine a satire that one is involuntarily reminded of Montesquieu's famous Lettres Persanes, and Beaumarchais's Comedies, which sting, while they amuse. This High Monkey Court, the work of an artist and satirist, offers no bad resemblance to vain humanity. The

modest evolutionists of our day might look with tenderness upon the images of these little animals, as they might upon the portraits of their ancestors.

The furniture of this Monkeydom is in the style of Louis XV., with Chinese embroideries. All, even to the Sèvres vases in *pâte tendre*, which decorate the mantelpiece, has an air of originality corresponding to this fantastical domain.

In the Pink Drawing-Room the furniture is covered with Gobelin tapestries, the ground of which is a rose shade of most exquisite delicacy. The Vierge d'Orleans, the family treasure, one of the most divine of the works of Raphael, hangs in this room.

In the Salon des Chasses may be seen under convex glass cases, a collection of manuscripts relating to the achievements of the lovers of *vénerie*, adorned with miniatures, unique in their way.

A new work is rarely added to these relics of the arts, but should one be admitted, it is thereby stamped as a masterpiece of contemporaneous art. Thus in the Salon d'Europe, on the mantelpiece, hung with tapestry of the sixteenth century representing the carrying off of Europa, may be seen a clock from Fromont-Meurice, the Parisian jewelers, a group of ivory and silver worthy to be signed Cellini.

The Gallery of Battles is dedicated to the conqueror of Senef and the companions of his victories. There are the paintings illustrating the glorious life of the man whose fame is still so dear to France: Rocroy, Nordlingen, Lens, Freiburg, the Passage of the Rhine. The portrait of the great captain is perceived through plate glass: his brown head, his eagle nose, and the genius which flashes in his eyes, all bespeak the man.

The library forms a small gallery, and a portrait of the great Condé, taken in his youth, surmounts the high chimney-piece. The prince has placed his most precious books on the lower shelves in order to have them near at hand. He possesses a rich collection of old French Gothic editions, and Elzevirs and Plantins without number. Modern works, above all those of his colleagues of the Institute, clothed in sumptuous bindings, figure in the place of honor.

The Châtelain of Chantilly is profoundly erudite. One wonders when he could have found time and opportunity to learn so many things, and to class them in such order in his head. So much learning joined to a mind eminently French, quick, lively, and soldier-like, affords incomparable pleasure to his friends. This prince has the art which so few possess, of saying the right thing just when it ought to be said, and in the manner which can give most pleasure in the saying. Few have such tact, not to speak of his noble eloquence.

Not one word of politics was spoken at Chantilly during the four days' reception given in honor of their Russian Highnesses. The topics touched upon were the hunt, literature, pictures, curiosities, the drama, music, the French Academy, travel, etc. The Duc de Chartres related, with his usual vivacity, his excursions in the Caucasus and in Sweden, whence he brought the rarest and most beautiful gold embroidered stuffs, and picturesque jewels, to his wife. The Grand Duke Wladimir, President of the Fine Arts' Society of St. Petersburg, has the passion for the painting and curiosities of the eighteenth century of a true Paris-Athenian.

A banquet was given at Chantilly in honor of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess, on the occasion of the festival of Saint Hubert, the patron of hunters. In the grand dining hall, high on the table, amidst the sparkle of light and crystal, stood the famous and charming centrepiece, called "des Chasseurs," — a hunt in Sèvres china of the time of

Louis XVI., doubly dear to the Duc d'Aumale as having formerly decorated the table of King Louis Philippe. The great saint, painted by Baudry, seemed to preside over the feast, and his features to bear no slight resemblance to the martial traits of the Duc de Chartres. A host of great ladies added lustre to the occasion. Among these the Princesses Amélie and Marie d'Orleans were worthy to figure in their uncle's collection of Watteau's pictures — for these two young girls, with their delicately royal profiles and their blonde hair, are often compared to the emblematic lilies of France.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Theology and Philosophy. The Morals of Christ: a comparison with contemporaneous systems, by Austin Bierbower. (Colegrove Book Co., Chicago.) An interesting and forcible little book in which the author undertakes to differentiate Christ's morality from the Jewish or childish, the Pharisaic or ecclesiastic, and the Græco-Roman or worldly. Much of the discrimination is of value, but the discussion is not final, because it disregards that vital element of personality in Christ which separates him from a mere teacher, and his morality from a system of morality. A teacher of morality who says, "I am the Life," cannot be regarded only as a teacher, and a perception of this vital element would correct some of the positions taken by Mr. Bierbower in his attention to the dogmatic view of morality. — The Nature of Mind and Human Automatism, by Morton Prince, M. D. (Lippincott.) "The primary object of this book," says the author, "is to discuss certain problems of mind and matter — particularly the relation between the mind and the brain — simply as questions of psychology and physiology, without regard to the bearing they may have on philosophical doctrines. Still, all such questions lie so deeply at the root of the latter, that it is impossible to discuss the one without regarding the effect they have upon the other." He finds himself most in accord with the positions taken by Clifford. He is as uncompromising with mind as the Californians are with the Chinese. The old supernatural agents have been weeded out of our philosophies, and only one remains. "This is mind. This, in its turn, must go. It only remains to decide whether it shall be to-day or to-morrow." There is a temptation to say that Dr. Prince's mind has already gone, but that is merely feeble wit. We leave the real discussion to the psychological-physiological philosophers, who must have mind enough and to spare. — The Influence of the Apostle Paul on the Development of Christianity, by Otto Pfleiderer. Translated by J. F. Smith. (Scribners.) A volume of the Hibbert Lectures, and like previous volumes a free, but not irreverent, rather a sympathetic, handling of fundamental theological doctrines. The book compels thought, and justifies it. — The Child's Life and Regeneration is the title of an essay by John T. Prince (Massachusetts New-Church Union Press, Boston), in which certain elementary truths about education are presented in terms congenial to Swedenborgian writers and readers.

Biblical Scholarship. The Revision draws in its train many books, pamphlets, and newspaper notices. Everybody is to be helped to understand it, and one begins to wonder whether all this fury of study will be followed by any patient reading of the book. One of these literary accompaniments is A Companion to the Revised Old Testament, by Talbot W. Chambers, who was one of the American Committee. (Funk & Wagnalls.) It is mainly a running commentary on the changes made by the revisers, with a natural defense and magnifying of the work of the American Committee. There is also a general chapter on the value of the Old Testament, and a list of the revisers, with brief sketches. It is odd that neither in this nor in other similar lists which we have seen is there any extended account of Professor McGill, one of the Old Testament Revisers. To be sure, he died shortly after the work began, but nobody seems to know even his first name. He was Professor John McGill, LL. D., Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of St. Andrews. — Cuneiform Text on a recently discovered cylinder of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, from the original in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Copied, translated, and published by J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J., Woodstock College, Maryland. This is a pamphlet, to be followed later by a commentary. The author presents his work in a modest manner.

Art. National Academy Notes and Complete Catalogue, to accompany the sixtieth spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design, New York, by Chas. M. Kurtz (Cassell & Co.): a convenient memorandum-book for the visitor, including brief biographic details of artists. The cuts occasionally given are useless for any purpose except to identify pictures.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LVI. — OCTOBER, 1885. — No. CCCXXXVI.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK FIRST.

IV.

"Well, you 'll have to guess my reason before I 'll tell you," the girl said, with a free laugh, pushing her way into the narrow hall and leaning against the tattered wall-paper, which, representing blocks of marble with beveled edges, in streaks and speckles of black and gray, had not been renewed for years, and came back to her out of the past. As Miss Pynsent closed the door, seeing her visitor was so resolute, the light filtered in from the street, through the narrow, dusty glass above it, and then the very smell and sense of the place returned to Millicent; a kind of musty dimness, with the vision of a small, steep staircase at the end, covered with a strip of oilcloth which she recognized, and made a little less dark by a window in the bend (you could see it from the hall), from which you could almost bump your head against the house behind. Nothing was changed except Miss Pynsent, and of course the girl herself. She had noticed, outside, that the sign between the windows had not even been touched up; there was still the same preposterous announcement of "fashionable bonnets" — as if the poor little dressmaker had the slightest acquaintance with that style of head-dress, of which Miss Henning's own knowledge was now so complete. She could see Miss Pynsent was looking at her hat, which was a wonderful composition of flowers and ribbons; her eyes had traveled up and down Millicent's whole person, but they rested in fascination upon that ornament. The girl had forgotten how small the dressmaker was; she barely came up to her shoulder. She had lost her hair, and wore a cap, which Millicent noticed, in return, wondering if that were a specimen of what she thought the fashion. Miss Pynsent stared up at her as if she had been six feet high; but she was used to that sort of surprised admiration, being perfectly conscious that she was a magnificent young woman.

"Won't you take me into your shop?" she asked. "I don't want to order anything; I only want to inquire after your 'ealth: and is n't this rather an awkward place to talk?" She made her way further in, without waiting for permission, seeing that her startled hostess had not yet guessed.

"The show-room is on the right hand," said Miss Pynsent, with her professional manner, which was intended, evidently, to mark a difference. She spoke as if on the other side, where the horizon was bounded by the partition of

Copyright, 1885, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the next house, there were labyrinths of apartments. Passing in after her guest, she found the young lady already spread out upon the sofa, the everlasting sofa, in the right-hand corner as you faced the window, covered with a light, shrunken shroud of a strange yellow stuff, the tinge of which revealed years of washing, and surmounted by a colored print of Rebekah at the Well, balancing, in the opposite quarter, with a portrait of the Empress of the French, taken from an illustrated newspaper, and framed and glazed in the manner of 1853. Millicent looked about her, asking herself what Miss Pynsent had to show, and acting perfectly the part of the most brilliant figure the place had ever contained. The old implements were there on the table: the pincushions and needle-books; the pink measuring-tape with which, as children, she and Hyacinth used to take each other's height; and the same collection of fashion-plates (she could see in a minute), crumpled, sallow, and fly-blown. The little dressmaker bristled, as she used to do, with needles and pins (they were stuck all over the front of her dress), but there were no rustling fabrics tossed in heaps about the room — nothing but the skirt of a shabby dress (it might have been her own), which she was evidently repairing, and had flung upon the table when she came to the door. Miss Henning speedily arrived at the conclusion that her hostess's business had not increased, and felt a kind of good-humored, luxurious scorn of a person who knew so little what was to be got out of London. It was Millicent's belief that she herself was already perfectly acquainted with the resources of the metropolis.

"Now tell me, how is Hyacinth? I should like so much to see him," she remarked, extending a pair of large, protrusive feet, and supporting herself on the sofa by her hands.

"Hyacinth?" Miss Pynsent repeated, with majestic blankness, as if she had never heard of such a person. She felt that the girl was cruelly, scathingly, well dressed; she could n't imagine who she was, nor with what design she could have presented herself.

"Perhaps you call him Mr. Robinson, to-day — you always wanted him to hold himself so high. But to his face, at any rate, I 'll call him as I used to: you see if I don't!"

"Bless my soul, you must be the little 'Enning!" Miss Pynsent exclaimed, planted before her, and going now into every detail.

"Well, I 'm glad you have made up your mind. I thought you 'd know me directly. I had a call to make in this part, and it came into my 'ead to look you up. I don't like to lose sight of old friends."

"I never knew you — you 've improved so," Miss Pynsent rejoined, with a candor justified by her age and her consciousness of respectability.

"Well, *you* have n't changed; you were always calling me something horrid."

"I dare say it does n't matter to you now, does it?" said the dressmaker, seating herself, but quite unable to take up her work, absorbed as she was in the examination of her visitor.

"Oh, I 'm all right now," Miss Henning replied, with the air of one who had nothing to fear from human judgments.

"You were a pretty child — I never said the contrary to that: but I had no idea you 'd turn out like this. You 're too tall for a woman," Miss Pynsent added, much divided between an old prejudice and a new appreciation.

"Well, I enjoy beautiful 'ealth," said the young lady; "every one thinks I 'm twenty." She spoke with a certain artless pride in her bigness and her bloom, and as if, to show her development, she would have taken off her jacket or let you feel her fore-arm. She was very

handsome, with a shining, bold, good-natured eye, a fine, free, facial oval, an abundance of brown hair, and a smile which showed the whiteness of her teeth. Her head was set upon a fair, strong neck, and her tall young figure was rich in feminine curves. Her gloves, covering her wrists insufficiently, showed the redness of those parts, in the interstices of the numerous silver bracelets that encircled them, and Miss Pynsent made the observation that her hands were not more delicate than her feet. She was not graceful, and even the little dressmaker, whose preference for distinguished forms never deserted her, indulged in the mental reflection that she was common, for all her magnificence; but there was something about her indescribably fresh, successful, and satisfying. She was, to her blunt, expanded finger-tips, a daughter of London, of the crowded streets and hustling traffic of the great city; she had drawn her health and strength from its dingy courts and foggy thoroughfares, and peopled its parks and squares and crescents with her ambitions; it had entered into her blood and her bone, the sound of her voice and the carriage of her head; she understood it by instinct and loved it with passion; she represented its immense vulgarities and curiosities, its brutality and its knowingness, its good-nature and its impudence, and might have figured, in an allegorical procession, as a kind of glorified townswoman, a nymph of the wilderness of Middlesex, a flower of the accumulated parishes, the genius of urban civilization, the muse of cockneyism. The restrictions under which Miss Pynsent regarded her would have cost the dressmaker some fewer scruples if she had guessed the impression she made upon Millicent, and how the whole place seemed to that prosperous young lady to smell of poverty and failure. Her childish image of Miss Pynsent had represented her as delicate and dainty, with round loops of hair fastened on her temples by combs, and associations of brilliancy arising from the constant manipulation of precious stuffs — tissues, at least, which Millicent regarded with envy. But the little woman before her was bald and white and pinched; she looked shrunken and sickly and insufficiently nourished; her small eyes were sharp and suspicious, and her hideous cap did not disguise her meagreness. Miss Henning thanked her stars, as she had often done before, that she had not been obliged to get *her* living by drudging over needlework year after year in that undiscoverable street, in a dismal little room where nothing had been changed for ages; the absence of change had such an exasperating effect upon her vigorous young nature. She reflected with complacency upon her good fortune in being attached to a more exciting, a more dramatic, department of the dressmaking business, and noticed that, though it was already November, there was no fire in the neatly-kept grate beneath the chimney-piece, on which a design, partly architectural, partly botanical, executed in the hair of Miss Pynsent's parents, was flanked by a pair of vases, under glass, containing muslin flowers.

If she thought Miss Pynsent's eyes suspicious, it must be confessed that this lady felt very much upon her guard in the presence of so unexpected and undesired a reminder of one of the least honorable episodes in the annals of Lomax Place. Miss Pynsent esteemed people in proportion to their success in constituting a family circle — in cases, that is, when the materials were under their hand. This success, among the various members of the house of Henning, had been of the scantiest, and the domestic broils in the establishment adjacent to her own, whose vicissitudes she was able to follow, as she sat at her window at work, by simply inclining an ear to the thin partition behind her — these scenes, amid which the crash of crockery and the

imprecations of the wounded were frequently audible, had long been the scandal of a humble but harmonious neighborhood. Mr. Henning was supposed to occupy a place of confidence in a brush-factory, while his wife, at home, occupied herself with the washing and mending of a considerable brood, mainly of sons. But economy and sobriety, and indeed a virtue more important still, had never presided at their councils. The freedom and frequency of Mrs. Henning's relations with a stove-polisher in the Euston Road were at least not a secret to a person who lived next door, and looked up from her work so often that it was a wonder it was always finished so quickly. The little Hennings, unwashed and unchidden, spent most of their time either in pushing each other into the gutter, or in running to the public house at the corner for a pennyworth of gin, and the borrowing propensities of their elders were a theme for exclamation. There was no object of personal or domestic use which Mrs. Henning had not at one time or another endeavored to elicit from the dressmaker; beginning with a mattress, on an occasion when she was about to take to her bed for a considerable period, and ending with a flannel petticoat and a pewter teapot. Lomax Place had, eventually, from its overpeeping windows and doorways, been present at the seizure, by a long-suffering landlord, of the chattels of this interesting family, and at the ejectment of the whole insolvent group, who departed in a straggling, jeering, unabashed, cynical manner, carrying with them but little of the sympathy of the street. Millicent, whose childish intimacy with Hyacinth Robinson Miss Pynsent had always viewed with vague anxiety — she thought the girl a "nasty little thing," and was afraid she would teach the innocent orphan tricks — Millicent, with her luxuriant tresses, her precocious beauty, her staring, mocking manner on the doorstep, was at this time twelve years of age. She vanished with her vanishing companions. Lomax Place saw them turn the corner, and returned to its occupations with a conviction that they would make shipwreck on the outer reefs. But neither spar nor splinter floated back to their former haunts, and they were engulfed altogether in the fathomless deeps of the town. Miss Pynsent drew a long breath; it was her conviction that none of them would come to any good, and Millicent least of all.

When, therefore, this young lady reappeared, with all the signs of accomplished survival, she could not fail to ask herself whether, under a specious seeming, the phenomenon did not simply represent the triumph of vice. She was alarmed, but she would have given her silver thimble to know the girl's history, and between her alarm and her curiosity she passed an uncomfortable half hour. She felt that the familiar, mysterious creature was playing with her; revenging herself for former animadversions, for having been snubbed and miscalled by a peering little spinster who now could make no figure beside her. If it were not the triumph of vice, it was at least the triumph of impertinence, as well as of youth, health, and a greater acquaintance with the art of dress than Miss Pynsent could boast, for all her ridiculous signboards. She perceived, or she believed she perceived, that Millicent wanted to scare her, to make her think she had come after Hyacinth; that she wished to inveigle, to corrupt him. I should be sorry to impute to Miss Henning any motive more complicated than the desire to amuse herself, of a Saturday afternoon, by a ramble which her vigorous legs had no occasion to deprecate; but it must be confessed that when it occurred to her that Miss Pynsent regarded her as a ravening wolf and her early playmate as an unspotted lamb, she laughed out, in her hostess's anxious face, ir-

relevantly and good-humoredly, without deigning to explain. But what, indeed, had she come for, if she had not come after Hyacinth? It was not for the love of the dressmaker's pretty ways. She remembered the boy and some of their tender passages, and in the wantonness of her full-blown freedom — her attachment, also, to any tolerable pretext for wandering through the streets of London and gazing into shop-windows — she had said to herself that she would dedicate an afternoon to the pleasures of memory, would revisit the scenes of her childhood. She considered that her childhood had ended with the departure of her family from Lomax Place. If the tenants of that obscure locality never learned what their banished fellows went through, Millicent retained a deep impression of those horrible intermediate years. The family, as a family, had gone down-hill, to the very bottom; and in her humbler moments Millicent sometimes wondered what lucky star had checked her own descent, and indeed enabled her to mount the slope again. In her humbler moments, I say, for as a general thing she was provided with an explanation of any good fortune that might befall her. What was more natural than that a girl should do well when she was at once so handsome and so clever? Millicent thought with compassion of the young persons whom a niggardly fate had endowed with only one of these advantages. She was good-natured, but she had no idea of gratifying Miss Pynsent's curiosity; it seemed to her quite a sufficient kindness to stimulate it.

She told the dressmaker that she had a high position at a great haberdasher's in the Buckingham Palace Road; she was in the department for jackets and mantles; she put on all these articles to show them off to the customers, and on her person they appeared to such advantage that nothing she took up ever failed to go off. Miss Pynsent could imagine, from this, how highly her services were prized. She had had a splendid offer from another establishment, in Oxford Street, and she was just thinking whether she should accept it. "We have to be beautifully dressed, but I don't care, because I like to look nice," she remarked to her hostess, who at the end of half an hour, very grave, behind the clumsy glasses which she had been obliged to wear of late years, seemed still not to know what to make of her. On the subject of her family, of her history during the interval that was to be accounted for, the girl was large and vague, and Miss Pynsent saw that the domestic circle had not even a shadow of sanctity for her. She stood on her own feet, and she stood very firm. Her staying so long, her remaining over the half hour, proved to the dressmaker that she had come for Hyacinth; for poor Amanda gave her as little information as was decent, told her nothing that would encourage or attract. She simply mentioned that Mr. Robinson (she was careful to speak of him in that manner) had given his attention to bookbindery, and had served an apprenticeship at an establishment where they turned out the best work of that kind that was to be found in London.

"Bookbindery? Laws!" said Miss Henning. "Do you mean they get them up for the shops? Well, I always thought he would have something to do with books." Then she added, "But I did n't think he would ever follow a trade."

"A trade?" cried Miss Pynsent. "You should hear Mr. Robinson speak of it. He considers it one of the fine arts."

Millicent smiled, as if she knew how people often considered things, and remarked that very likely it was tidy, comfortable work, but she could n't believe there was much to be seen in it. "Perhaps you will say there is more than there is here," she went on, find-

ing at last an effect of irritation, of reprehension, an implication of aggressive respectability, in the image of the patient dressmaker, sitting for so many years in her close brown little dress, with the foggy familiarities of Lomax Place on the other side of the pane. Millicent liked to think that she herself was strong, and she was not strong enough for that.

This allusion to her shrunken industry seemed to Miss Pynsent very cruel; but she reflected that it was natural one should be insulted if one talked to a vulgar girl. She judged this young lady in the manner of a person who was not vulgar herself, and if there was a difference between them, she was right in feeling it to be in her favor. Miss Pynsent's "cut," as I have intimated, was not truly fashionable, and in the application of gimp and the distribution of ornament she was not to be trusted; but, morally, she had the best taste in the world. "I have n't so much work as I used to have, if that 's what you mean. My eyes are not so good, and my health has failed with advancing years."

I know not to what extent Millicent was touched by the dignity of this admission, but she replied, without embarrassment, that what Miss Pynsent wanted was a smart young assistant, some nice girl with a pretty taste, who would brighten up the business and give her new ideas. "I can see you have got the same old ones, always: I can tell that by the way you have stuck the braid on that dress," and she directed a poke of her neat little umbrella to the drapery in the dressmaker's lap. She continued to patronize and exasperate her, and to offer her consolation and encouragement with the heaviest hand that had ever been applied to Miss Pynsent's sensitive surface. Poor Amanda ended by gazing at her as if she were a public performer of some kind, a ballad-singer or a conjurer, and went so far as to ask herself whether the hussy could be (in her own mind) the "nice girl" who was to regild the tarnished sign. Miss Pynsent had had assistants, in the past — she had even, once, for a few months, had a "forewoman;" and some of these damsels had been precious specimens, whose misdemeanors lived vividly in her memory. Never, all the same, in her worst hour of delusion, had she trusted her interests to such an extravagant baggage as this. She was quickly reassured as to Millicent's own views, perceiving more and more that she was a tremendous highflyer, who required a much larger field of action than the musty bower she now honored, Heaven only knew why, with her presence. Miss Pynsent held her tongue, as she always did, when the sorrow of her life had been touched, the thought of the slow, inexorable decline on which she had entered that day, nearly ten years before, when her hesitations and scruples resolved themselves into a hideous mistake. The deep conviction of error, on that unspeakably important occasion, had ached and throbbed within her ever since like an incurable disease. She had sown in her boy's mind the seeds of shame and rancor; she had made him conscious of his stigma, of his exquisitely vulnerable spot, and condemned him to know that for him the sun would never shine as it shone for most others. By the time he was sixteen years old she had learned — or believed she had learned — the judgment he passed upon her, and at that period she had lived through a series of horrible months, an ordeal in which every element of her old prosperity perished. She cried her eyes out, on coming to a sense of her aberration, blinded and weakened herself with weeping, so that, for a moment, it seemed as if she should never be able to touch a needle again. She lost all interest in her work, and that artistic imagination which had always been her pride deserted her, together

with the reputation of keeping the tidiest lodgings in Lomax Place. A couple of commercial gentlemen and a Scotch plumber, of religious tendencies, who for several years had made her establishment their home, withdrew their patronage on the ground that the airing of her beds was not what it used to be, and disseminated cruelly this injurious legend. She ceased to notice or to care how sleeves were worn, and on the question of flounces and gores her mind was a blank. She fell into a grievous debility, and then into a long, low, languid fever, during which Hyacinth tended her with a devotion which only made the wrong she had done him seem more bitter, and in which, so soon as she was able to hold up her head a little, Mr. Vetch came and sat with her through the dull hours of convalescence. She re-established to a certain extent, after a while, her connection, so far as the letting of her rooms was concerned (from the other department of her activity the tide had ebbed apparently forever); but nothing was the same again, and she knew it was the beginning of the end. So it had gone on, and she watched the end approach; she felt it was very near indeed when a child she had seen playing in the gutters came to flaunt it over her in silk and lace. She gave a low, inaudible sigh of relief when at last Millicent got up and stood before her, smoothing the glossy cylinder of her umbrella.

"Mind you give my love to Hyacinth," the girl said, with an assurance which showed all her insensibility to tacit protests. "I don't care if you do guess that if I have stopped so long it was in the hope he would be dropping in to his tea. You can tell him I sat an hour, on purpose, if you like; there 's no shame in my wanting to see my little friend. He may know I call him that!" Millicent continued, with her show-room laugh, as Miss Pynsent judged it to be; conferring these permissions, successively, as if they were great indulgences. "Do give him my love, and tell him I hope he 'll come and see me. I see you won't tell him anything. I don't know what you 're afraid of; but I 'll leave my card for him, all the same." She drew forth a little bright-colored pocket-book, and it was with amazement that Miss Pynsent saw her extract from it a morsel of engraved pasteboard — so monstrous did it seem that one of the squalid little Hennings should have lived to display this emblem of social consideration. Millicent enjoyed the effect she produced as she laid the card on the table, and gave another ringing peal of merriment at the sight of her hostess's half-hungry, half-astonished look. "What *do* you think I want to do with him? I could swallow him at a single bite!" she cried.

Poor Amanda gave no second glance at the document on the table, though she had perceived it contained, in the corner, her visitor's address, which Millicent had amused herself, ingeniously, with not mentioning: she only got up, laying down her work with a trembling hand, so that she should be able to see Miss Henning well out of the house. "You need n't think I shall put myself out to keep him in the dark. I shall certainly tell him you have been here, and exactly how you strike me."

"Of course you 'll say something nasty — like you used to when I was a child. You let me 'ave it then, you know!"

"Ah, well," said Miss Pynsent, nettled at being reminded of an acerbity which the girl's present development caused to appear ridiculously ineffectual, "you are very different now, when I think what you 've come from."

"What I 've come from?" Millicent threw back her head, and opened her eyes very wide, while all her feathers and ribbons nodded. "Did you want me to stick fast in this low place for the rest of my days? You have had

to stay in it yourself, so you might speak civilly of it." She colored, and raised her voice, and looked magnificent in her scorn. "And pray what have you come from yourself, and what has *he* come from — the mysterious 'Mr. Robinson,' that used to be such a puzzle to the whole Place? I thought perhaps I might clear it up, but you have n't told me that yet!"

Miss Pynsent turned straight away, covering her ears with her hands. "I have nothing to tell you! Leave my room — leave my house!" she cried, with a trembling voice.

V.

It was in this way that the dressmaker failed either to see or to hear the opening of the door of the room, which obeyed a slow, apparently cautious impulse given it from the hall, and revealed the figure of a young man standing there, with a short pipe in his teeth. There was something in his face which immediately told Millicent Henning that he had heard, outside, her last resounding tones. He entered as if, young as he was, he knew that when women were squabbling men were not called upon to be headlong, and evidently wondered who the dressmaker's brilliant adversary might be. She recognized on the instant her old playmate, and without reflection, confusion, or diplomacy, in the fullness of her vulgarity and sociability, she exclaimed, in no lower pitch, "Gracious, Hyacinth Robinson, is *that* your style?"

Miss Pynsent turned round, in a flash, but kept silent; then, very white and trembling, took up her work again, and seated herself in her window.

Hyacinth Robinson stood staring; then he blushed all over. He knew who she was, but he did n't say so; he only asked, in a voice which struck the girl as quite different from the old one — the one in which he used to tell her she was beastly tiresome — "Is it of me you were speaking just now?"

"When I asked where you had come from? That was because we 'eard you in the 'all," said Millicent, smiling. "I suppose you have come from your work."

"You used to live in the Place — you always wanted to kiss me," the young man remarked, with an effort not to show all the surprise and agitation that he felt. "Did n't she live in the Place, Pinnie!"

Pinnie, for all answer, fixed a pair of strange, pleading eyes upon him, and Millicent broke out, with her recurrent laugh, in which the dressmaker had been right in discovering the note of affectation, "Do you want to know what you look like? You look for all the world like a little Frenchman! Don't he look like a little Frenchman, Miss Pynsent?" she went on, as if she were on the best possible terms with the mistress of the establishment.

Hyacinth exchanged a look with that afflicted woman; he saw something in her face which he knew very well by this time, and the sight of which always gave him an odd, perverse, unholy satisfaction. It seemed to say that she prostrated herself, that she did penance in the dust, that she was his to trample upon, to spit upon. He did neither of these things, but she was constantly offering herself, and her permanent humility, her perpetual abjection, was a sort of counter-irritant to the soreness lodged in his own heart forever, which had often made him cry with rage at night, in his little room under the roof. Pinnie meant that, to-day, as a matter of course, and she could only especially mean it in the presence of Miss Henning's remark about his looking like a Frenchman. He knew he looked like a Frenchman, he had often been told so before, and a large part of the time he felt like one — like one of those he had

read about in Michelet and Carlyle. He had picked up the French tongue with the most extraordinary facility, with the aid of one of his mates, a refugee from Paris, in the workroom, and of a second-hand dog's-eared dictionary, bought for a shilling in the Brompton Road, in one of his interminable, restless, melancholy, moody, yet all-observant strolls through London. He spoke it (as he believed) as if by instinct, caught the accent, the gesture, the movement of eyebrow and shoulder; so that if it should become necessary, in certain contingencies, that he should pass for a foreigner, he had an idea that he might do so triumphantly, once he could borrow a blouse. He had never seen a blouse in his life, but he knew exactly the form and color of such a garment, and how it was worn. What these contingencies might be which should compel him to assume the disguise of a person of a social station lower still than his own, Hyacinth would not for the world have mentioned to you; but as they were very present to the mind of our imaginative, ingenious youth, we shall catch a glimpse of them in the course of a further acquaintance with him. At the present moment, when there was no question of masquerading, it made him blush again that such a note should be struck by a loud, laughing, handsome girl, who came back out of his past. There was more in Pinnie's weak eyes, now, than her usual profusion; there was a dumb intimation, almost as pathetic as the other, that if he cared to let her off easily he would not detain their terrible visitor very long. He had no wish to do that; he kept the door open, on purpose; he did n't enjoy talking to girls under Pinnie's eyes, and he could see that this one had every disposition to talk. So without responding to her observation about his appearance, he said, not knowing exactly what to say, "Have you come back to live in the Place?"

"Heaven forbid I should ever do that!" cried Miss Henning, with genuine emotion. "I have to live near the establishment in which I 'm employed."

"And what establishment is that, now?" the young man asked, gaining confidence, and perceiving, in detail, how handsome she was. He had n't roamed about London for nothing, and he knew that when a girl was so handsome as that, a jocular tone of address, a pleasing freedom, was *de rigueur;* so he added, "Is it the Bull and Gate, or the Elephant and Castle?"

"A public house? Well, you have n't got the politeness of a Frenchman, at all events!" Her good-nature had come back to her perfectly, and her resentment of his imputation of her looking like a bar-maid — a blowzy beauty who handled pewter — was tempered by her more and more curious consideration of Hyacinth's style. He was exceedingly "rum," but this quality took her fancy, and since he remembered so well that she had been fond of kissing him, in their early days, she would have liked to say to him that she stood prepared to repeat this form of attention. But she reminded herself, in time, that her line should be, religiously, the ladylike, and she was content to exclaim, simply, "I don't care what a man looks like so long as he 's clever. That 's the style *I* like!"

Miss Pynsent had promised herself the satisfaction of taking no further notice of her brilliant invader; but the temptation was great to expose her to Hyacinth, as a mitigation of her brilliancy, by remarking sarcastically, according to opportunity, "Miss 'Enning would n't live in Lomax Place for the world. She thinks it too abominably low."

"So it is; it 's a beastly hole," said the young man.

The poor dressmaker's little dart fell to the ground, and Millicent exclaimed, jovially, "Right you are!" while she

directed to the object of her childhood's admiration a smile that put him more and more at his ease.

"Don't you suppose I'm clever?" he asked, planted before her with his little legs slightly apart, while, with his hands behind him, he made the open door waver to and fro.

"You? Oh, I don't care whether you are or not!" said Millicent Henning; and Hyacinth was at any rate quick-witted enough to see what she meant by that. If she meant he was so good-looking that he might pass on this score alone, her judgment was conceivable, though many women would strongly have dissented from it. He was as small as he had threatened — he had never got his growth — and she could easily see that he was not what she, at least, would call strong. His bones were small, his chest was narrow, his complexion pale, his whole figure almost childishly slight; and Millicent perceived afterward that he had a very delicate hand — the hand, as she said to herself, of a gentleman. What she liked was his face, and something jaunty and entertaining, almost theatrical, in his whole little person. Miss Henning was not acquainted with any member of the dramatic profession, but she supposed, vaguely, that that was the way an actor would look in private life. Hyacinth's features were perfect; his eyes, large and much divided, had as their usual expression a kind of witty candor, and a small, soft, fair mustache disposed itself upon his upper lip in a way that made him look as if he were smiling even when his heart was heavy. The waves of his dense, fine hair clustered round a forehead which was high enough to suggest remarkable things, and Miss Henning had observed that when he first appeared he wore his little soft circular hat in a way that left these frontal locks very visible. He was dressed in an old brown velveteen jacket, and wore exactly the bright-colored necktie which Miss Pynsent's quick fingers used of old to shape out of hoarded remnants of silk and muslin. He was shabby and work-stained, but the observant eye would have noted an idea in his dress (his appearance was plainly not a matter of indifference to himself), and a painter (not of the heroic) would have liked to make a sketch of him. There was something exotic about him, and yet, with his sharp young face, destitute of bloom, but not of sweetness, and a certain conscious cockneyism which pervaded him, he was as strikingly as Millicent, in her own degree, a product of the London streets and the London air. He looked both ingenuous and slightly wasted, amused, amusing, and indefinably sad. Women had always found him touching; yet he made them — so they had repeatedly assured him — die of laughing.

"I think you had better shut the door," said Miss Pynsent, meaning that he had better shut their departing visitor out.

"Did you come here on purpose to see us?" Hyacinth asked, not heeding this injunction, of which he divined the spirit, and wishing the girl would take her leave, so that he might go out again with her. He should like talking with her much better away from Pinnie, who evidently was ready to stick a bodkin into her, for reasons he perfectly understood. He had seen plenty of them before, Pinnie's reasons, even where girls were concerned who were not nearly so good-looking as this one. She was always in a fearful "funk" about some woman getting hold of him, and persuading him to make a marriage beneath his station. His station! — poor Hyacinth had often asked himself, and Miss Pynsent, what it could possibly be. He had thought of it bitterly enough, and wondered how in the world he could marry "beneath" it. He would never marry at all — to that his mind was absolutely made up; he would never hand

on to another the burden which had made his own young spirit so intolerably sore, the inheritance which had darkened the whole threshold of his manhood. All the more reason why he should have his compensation; why, if the soft society of women was to be enjoyed on other terms, he should cultivate it with a bold, free mind.

"I thought I would just give a look at the old shop; I had an engagement not far off," Millicent said. "But I would n't have believed any one who had told me I should find you just where I left you."

"We needed you to look after us!" Miss Pynsent exclaimed, irrepressibly.

"Oh, you 're such a swell yourself!" Hyacinth said, without heeding the dressmaker.

"None of your impudence! I 'm as good a girl as there is in London!" And to corroborate this, Miss Henning went on: "If you were to offer to see me a part of the way home, I should tell you I don't knock about that way with gentlemen."

"I 'll go with you as far as you like," Hyacinth replied, simply, as if he knew how to treat that sort of speech.

"Well, it 's only because I knew you as a baby!" And they went out together, Hyacinth careful not to look at poor Pinnie at all (he felt her glaring whitely and tearfully at him out of her dim corner — it had by this time grown too dusky to work without a lamp), and his companion giving her an outrageously friendly nod of farewell over her shoulder.

It was a long walk from Lomax Place to the quarter of the town in which (to be near the haberdasher's in the Buckingham Palace Road) Miss Henning occupied a modest back-room; but the influences of the hour were such as to make the excursion very agreeable to our young man, who liked the streets at all times, but especially at nightfall, in the autumn, of a Saturday, when, in the vulgar districts, the smaller shops and open-air industries were doubly active, and big, clumsy torches flared and smoked over hand-carts and costermonger's barrows, drawn up in the gutters. Hyacinth had roamed through the great city since he was an urchin, but his imagination had never ceased to be stirred by the preparations for Sunday that went on in the evening among the toilers and spinners, his brothers and sisters, and he lost himself in all the quickened crowding and pushing and staring at lighted windows, and chaffering at the stalls of fishmongers and hucksters. He liked the people who looked as if they had got their week's wage, and were prepared to lay it out discreetly; and even those whose use of it would plainly be extravagant and intemperate; and, best of all, those who evidently had n't received it at all, and who wandered about, disinterestedly, vaguely, with their hands in empty pockets, watching others make their bargains and fill their satchels, or staring at the striated sides of bacon, at the golden cubes and triangles of cheese, at the graceful festoons of sausage, in the most brilliant of the windows. He liked the reflection of the lamps on the wet pavements, the feeling and smell of the carboniferous London damp; the way the winter fog blurred and suffused the whole place made it seem bigger and more crowded, produced halos and dim radiations, trickles and evaporation, on the plates of glass. He moved in the midst of these impressions this evening, but he enjoyed them in silence, with an attention taken up mainly by his companion, and pleased to be already so intimate with a young lady whom people turned round to look at. She herself affected to speak of the rush and crush of the week's end with disgust: she said she liked the streets, but she liked the respectable ones; she could n't abide the smell of fish, and the whole place seemed full of it, so that she hoped they would

soon get into the Edgware Road, towards which they tended and which was a proper street for a lady. To Hyacinth she appeared to have no connection with the long-haired little girl who, in Lomax Place, years before, was always hugging a smutty doll and courting his society; she was like a stranger, a new acquaintance, and he observed her curiously, wondering by what transitions she had reached her present pitch.

She enlightened him but little on this point, though she talked a great deal on a variety of subjects, and mentioned to him her habits, her aspirations, her likes and dislikes. The latter were very numerous. She was tremendously particular, difficult to please, he could see that; and she assured him that she never put up with anything a moment after it had ceased to be agreeable to her. Especially was she particular about gentlemen's society, and she made it plain that a young fellow who wanted to have anything to say to her must be in receipt of wages amounting at the least to fifty shillings a week. Hyacinth told her that he did n't earn that, as yet; and she remarked again that she made an exception for him, because she knew all about him (or if not all, at least a great deal), and he could see that her good-nature was equal to her beauty. She made such an exception that when, after they were moving down the Edgware Road (which had still the brightness of late closing, but with more nobleness), he proposed that she should enter a coffee-house with him and "take something" (he could hardly tell himself, afterwards, what brought him to this point) she acceded without a demur — without a demur even on the ground of his slender earnings. Slender as they were, Hyacinth had them in his pocket (they had been destined in some degree for Pinnie), and he felt equal to the occasion. Millicent partook profusely of tea and bread and butter, with a relish of raspberry jam, and thought the place most comfortable, though he himself, after finding himself ensconced, was visited by doubts as to its respectability, suggested, among other things, by photographs, on the walls, of young ladies in tights. Hyacinth himself was hungry, he had not yet had his tea, but he was too excited, too preoccupied, to eat; the situation made him restless and gave him palpitations; it seemed to be the beginning of something new. He had never yet "stood" even a glass of beer to a girl of Millicent's stamp — a girl who rustled and glittered and smelt of musk — and if she should turn out as jolly a specimen of the sex as she seemed it might make a great difference in his leisure hours, in his evenings, which were often very dull. That it would also make a difference in his savings (he was under a pledge to Pinnie and to Mr. Vetch to put by something every week) it did n't concern him, for the moment, to reflect; and indeed, though he thought it odious and insufferable to be poor, the ways and means of becoming rich had hitherto not greatly occupied him. He knew what Millicent's age must be, but felt, nevertheless, as if she were older, much older, than himself — she appeared to know so much about London and about life; and this made it still more of a sensation to be entertaining her like a young swell. He thought of it, too, in connection with the question of the respectability of the establishment; if this element was deficient she would perceive it as soon as he, and very likely it would be a part of the general initiation she had given him an impression of that she should n't mind it so long as the tea was strong and the bread and butter thick. She described to him what had passed between Miss Pynsent and herself (she did n't call her Pinnie, and he was glad, for he would n't have liked it) before he came in, and let him know that she should never dare to come to the place again, as his mother would tear her eyes

out. Then she checked herself. "Of course she ain't your mother! How stupid I am! I keep forgetting."

Hyacinth had long since convinced himself that he had acquired a manner with which he could meet allusions of this kind: he had had, first and last, so many opportunities to practice it. Therefore he looked at his companion very steadily while he said, "My mother died many years ago; she was a great invalid. But Pinnie has been awfully good to me."

"My mother's dead, too," Miss Henning remarked. "She died very suddenly. I dare say you remember her in the Place." Then, while Hyacinth disengaged from the past the wavering figure of Mrs. Henning, of whom he mainly remembered that she used to strike him as dirty, the girl added, smiling, but with more sentiment, "But I have had no Pinnie."

"You look as if you could take care of yourself."

"Well, I 'm very confiding," said Millicent Henning. Then she asked what had become of Mr. Vetch. "We used to say that if Miss Pynsent was your mamma, he was your papa. In our family we used to call him Miss Pynsent's young man."

"He 's her young man still," Hyacinth said. "He 's our best friend — or supposed to be. He got me the place I 'm in now. He lives by his fiddle, as he used to do."

Millicent looked a little at her companion, after which she remarked, "I should have thought he would have got you a place at his theatre."

"At his theatre? That would have been no use. I don't play any instrument."

"I don't mean in the orchestra, you guby! You would look very nice in a fancy costume." She had her elbows on the table, and her shoulders lifted in an attitude of extreme familiarity. He was on the point of replying that he did n't care for fancy costumes, he wished to go through life in his own character; but he checked himself, with the reflection that this was exactly what, apparently, he was destined not to do. His own character? He was to cover that up as carefully as possible; he was to go through life in a mask, in a borrowed mantle; he was to be, every day and every hour, an actor. Suddenly, with the utmost irrelevance, Miss Henning inquired, "Is Miss Pynsent some relation? What gave her any right over you?"

Hyacinth had an answer ready for this question; he had determined to say, as he had several times said before, "Miss Pynsent is an old friend of my family. My mother was very fond of her, and she was very fond of my mother." He repeated the formula now, looking at Millicent with the same inscrutable calmness (as he fancied), though what he would have liked to say to her would have been that his mother was none of her business. But she was too handsome to talk that way to, and she presented her large fair face to him, across the table, with an air of solicitation to be cosy and comfortable. There were things in his heart and a torment and a hidden passion in his life which he should be glad enough to lay open to some woman. He believed that perhaps this would be the cure, ultimately; that in return for something he might drop, syllable by syllable, into a listening feminine ear, certain other words would be spoken to him which would make his pain forever less sharp. But what woman could he trust, what ear would be safe? The answer was not in this loud, fresh, laughing creature, whose sympathy could n't have the fineness he was looking for, since her curiosity was vulgar. Hyacinth objected to the vulgar as much as Miss Pynsent herself; in this respect she had long since discovered that he was after her own heart. He had not taken up the

subject of Mrs. Henning's death; he felt himself incapable of inquiring about that lady, and had no desire for knowledge of Millicent's relationships. Moreover, he always suffered, to sickness, when people began to hover about the question of his origin, the reasons why Pinnie had had the care of him from a baby. Mrs. Henning had been untidy, but at least her daughter could speak of her. "Mr. Vetch has changed his lodgings: he moved out of No. 17, three years ago," he said, to vary the topic. "He could n't stand the other people in the house; there was a man that played the accordeon."

Millicent, however, was but moderately interested in this anecdote, and she wanted to know why people should like Mr. Vetch's fiddle any better. Then she added, "And I think that, while he was about it, he might have put you into something better than a bookbinder's."

"He was n't obliged to put me into anything. It 's a very good place."

"All the same, it is n't where I should have looked to find you," Millicent declared, not so much in the tone of wishing to pay him a compliment as of resentment at having miscalculated.

"Where should you have looked to find me? In the House of Commons? It 's a pity you could n't have told me, in advance, what you would have liked me to be."

She looked at him, over her cup, while she drank, in several sips. "Do you know what they used to say in the Place? That your father was a lord."

"Very likely. That 's the kind of rot they talk in that precious hole," the young man said, without blenching.

"Well, perhaps he was," Millicent ventured.

"He may have been a prince, for all the good it has done me."

"Fancy your talking as if you did n't know!" said Millicent.

"Finish your tea — don't mind how I talk."

"Well, you *'ave* got a temper!" the girl exclaimed, archly. "I should have thought you 'd be a clerk at a banker's."

"Do they select them for their tempers?"

"You know what I mean. You used to be too clever to follow a trade."

"Well, I 'm not clever enough to live on air."

"You might be, really, for all the tea you drink! Why did n't you go in for some high profession?"

"How was I to go in? Who the devil was to help me?" Hyacinth inquired, with a certain vibration.

"Have n't you got any relations?" said Millicent, after a moment.

"What are you doing? Are you trying to make me brag?"

When he spoke sharply she only laughed, not in the least ruffled, and by the way she looked at him seemed to like it. "Well, I 'm sorry you 're only a journeyman," she went on, pushing away her cup.

"So am I," Hyacinth rejoined; but he called for the bill as if he had been an employer of labor. Then, while it was being brought, he remarked to his companion that he did n't believe she had an idea of what his work was and how charming it could be. "Yes, I get up books for the shops," he said, when she had retorted that she perfectly understood. "But the art of the binder is an exquisite art."

"So Miss Pynsent told me. She said you had some samples at home. I should like to see them."

"You would n't know how good they are," said Hyacinth, smiling.

He expected that she would exclaim, in answer, that he was an impudent wretch, and for a moment she seemed to be on the point of doing so. But the words changed, on her lips, and she replied, almost tenderly, "That 's just the way you used to speak to me, years ago, in the Place."

"I don't care about that. I hate all that time."

"Oh, so do I, if you come to that," said Millicent, as if she could rise to any breadth of view. And then she returned to her idea that he had not done himself justice. "You used always to be reading: I never thought you would work with your 'ands."

This seemed to irritate him, and, having paid the bill and given threepence, ostentatiously, to the young woman with a languid manner and hair of an unnatural yellow, who had waited on them, he said, "You may depend upon it, I sha'n't do it an hour longer than I can help."

"What will you do then?"

"Oh, you 'll see, some day." In the street, after they had begun to walk again, he went on: "You speak as if I could have my pick. What was an obscure little beggar to do, buried in a squalid corner of London, under a million of idiots? I had no help, no influence, no acquaintance of any kind with professional people, and no means of getting at them. I had to do something; I could n't go on living on Pinnie. Thank God, I help her now, a little. I took what I could get." He spoke as if he had been touched by the imputation of having derogated.

Millicent seemed to imply that he defended himself successfully when she said, "You express yourself like a gentleman" — a speech to which he made no response. But he began to talk again afterwards, and, the evening having definitely set in, his companion took his arm for the rest of the way home. By the time he reached her door he had confided to her that, in secret, he wrote: he had a dream of literary distinction. This appeared to impress her, and she branched off to remark, with an irrelevance that characterized her, that she did n't care anything about a man's family if she liked the man himself; she thought families were all rot. Hyacinth wished she would leave his alone; and while they lingered in front of her house, before she went in, he said —

"I have no doubt you 're a jolly girl, and I am very happy to have seen you again. But you have awfully little tact."

"*I* have little tact? You should see me work off an old jacket!"

He was silent a moment, standing before her with his hands in his pockets. "It 's a good job you 're so handsome."

Millicent did n't blush at this compliment, and probably did n't understand all it conveyed, but she looked into his eyes a while, with a smile that showed her teeth, and then said, more inconsequently than ever, "Come now, who are you?"

"Who am I? I 'm a wretched little bookbinder."

"I did n't think I ever could fancy any one in that line!" Miss Henning exclaimed. Then she let him know that she could n't ask him in, as she made it a point not to receive gentlemen, but she did n't mind if she took another walk with him, and she did n't care if she met him somewhere — if it were handy. As she lived so far from Lomax Place, she did n't care if she met him half-way. So, in the dusky by-street in Pimlico, before separating, they took a casual tryst; the most interesting, the young man felt, that had yet been — he could scarcely call it granted him.

VI.

One day, shortly after this, at the bindery, his friend Poupin was absent, and sent no explanation, as was customary in case of illness or domestic accident. There were two or three men employed in the place whose non-appearance, usually following close upon pay-day, was better unexplained, and was an implication of moral feebleness; but as a

general thing Mr. Crookenden's establishment was a haunt of punctuality and sobriety. Least of all had Eustache Poupin been in the habit of asking for a margin. Hyacinth knew how little indulgence he had ever craved, and this was part of his admiration for the extraordinary Frenchman, an ardent stoic, a cold conspirator, and an exquisite artist, who was by far the most interesting person in the ranks of his acquaintance, and whose conversation, in the workshop, helped him sometimes to forget the smell of leather and glue. His conversation! Hyacinth had had plenty of that, and had endeared himself to the passionate refugee — Poupin had come to England, early in life, as a victim of the wide proscriptions by which the Second French Empire was ushered in — by the solemnity and candor of his attention. He was a republican of the note of 1848, humanitary and idealistic, infinitely addicted to fraternity and equality, and inexhaustibly surprised and exasperated at finding so little enthusiasm for them in the land of his exile. Poupin had a high claim upon Hyacinth's esteem and gratitude, for he had been his godfather, his protector, at the bindery. When Theophilus Vetch found something for Miss Pynsent's *protégé* to do, it was through the Frenchman, with whom he had accidentally formed an acquaintance, that he found it.

When the boy was about fifteen years of age Mr. Vetch made him a present of the essays of Lord Bacon, and the purchase of this volume had important consequences for Hyacinth. Theophilus Vetch was a poor man, and the luxury of giving was for the most part denied him; but when, once in a way, he tasted it, he liked the sensation to be pure. No man knew better the difference between the common and the rare, or was more capable of appreciating a book which opened well — of which the margin was not hideously sliced, and of which the lettering on the back was sharp. It was only such a book that he could bring himself to offer even to a poor little devil whom a fifth-rate dressmaker (he knew Pinnie was fifth rate) had rescued from the workhouse. So when it was a question of fitting the pages of the great Elizabethan with a new coat, a coat of full morocco, discreetly, delicately gilt, he went with his little cloth-bound volume, a Pickering, straight to Mr. Crookenden, whom every one that knew anything about the matter knew to be a prince of binders, though they also knew that his work, limited in quantity, was mainly done for a particular bookseller and only through the latter's agency. Theophilus Vetch had no idea of paying the bookseller's commission, and though he could be lavish (for him) when he made a present, he was capable of taking an immense deal of trouble to save sixpence. He made his way into Mr. Crookenden's workshop, which was situated in a small, superannuated square in Soho, and where the proposal of so slender a job was received at first with coldness. Mr. Vetch, however, insisted, and explained with irresistible frankness the motive of his errand: the desire to obtain the best possible binding for the least possible money. He made his conception of the best possible binding so vivid, so exemplary, that the master of the shop at last confessed to that disinterested sympathy which, under favoring circumstances, establishes itself between the artist and the connoisseur. Mr. Vetch's little book was put in hand as a particular favor to an eccentric gentleman, whose visit had been a smile-stirring interlude (for the circle of listening workmen) in a merely mechanical day; and when he went back, three weeks later, to see whether it were done, he had the pleasure of finding that his injunctions, punctually complied with, had even been bettered. The work had been accomplished with a perfection of skill which made him ask whom he was to

thank for it (he had been told that one man should do the whole of it), and in this manner he made the acquaintance of the most brilliant craftsman in the establishment, the incorruptible, the imaginative, the unerring Eustache Poupin.

In response to an appreciation which he felt not to be *banal*, M. Poupin remarked that he had at home a small collection of experiments in morocco, Russia, parchment, of fanciful specimens, with which, for the love of the art, he had amused his leisure hours, and which he should be happy to show his interlocutor, if the latter would do him the honor to call upon him at his lodgings in Lisson Grove. Mr. Vetch made a note of the address, and, for the love of the art, went one Sunday afternoon to see the binder's esoteric studies. On this occasion he made the acquaintance of Madame Poupin, a small, fat lady with a bristling mustache, the white cap of an *ouvrière*, a knowledge of her husband's craft that was equal to his own, and not a syllable of English save the words, "What you think, what you think?" which she introduced with startling frequency. He also discovered that his new acquaintance was a political proscript, and that he regarded the iniquitous fabric of church and state with an eye scarcely less reverent than the fiddler's own. M. Poupin was a socialist, which Theophilus Vetch was not, and a constructive democrat (instead of being a mere scoffer at effete things), and a theorist, and an optimist, and a visionary; he believed that the day was to come when all the nations of the earth would abolish their frontiers and armies and custom-houses, and embrace on both cheeks, and cover the globe with boulevards, radiating from Paris, where the human family would sit, in groups, at little tables, according to affinities, drinking coffee (not tea, *par exemple!*) and listening to the music of the spheres. Mr. Vetch neither prefigured nor desired this organized felicity: he was fond of his cup of tea, and only wanted to see the British constitution a good deal simplified; he thought it a much overrated system. But his heresies rubbed shoulders, sociably, with those of the little bookbinder, and his friend in Lisson Grove became for him the type of the intelligent foreigner whose conversation completes our culture. Poupin's humanitary zeal was as unlimited as his English vocabulary was the reverse, and the new friends agreed with each other enough, and not too much, to discuss, which was much better than an unspeakable harmony. On several other Sunday afternoons the fiddler went back to Lisson Grove, and having, at his theatre, as a veteran, a faithful servant, an occasional privilege, he was able to carry thither, one day in the autumn, an order for two seats in the second balcony. Madame Poupin and her husband passed a lugubrious evening at the English comedy, where they did n't understand a word that was spoken, and consoled themselves by gazing at their friend in the orchestra. But this adventure did not arrest the development of a friendship into which, eventually, Amanda Pynsent was drawn. Madame Poupin, among the cold insularies, lacked female society, and Mr. Vetch proposed to his amiable friend in Lomax Place to call upon her. The little dressmaker, who in the course of her life had known no Frenchwoman but the unhappy Florentine (so favorable a specimen till she began to go wrong), adopted his suggestion, in the hope that she should get a few ideas from a lady whose appearance would doubtless exemplify (as Florentine's originally had done) the fine taste of her nation; but she found the bookbinder and his wife a bewildering mixture of the brilliant and the undressed, and was haunted, long afterwards, by the memory of the lady's calico jacket, her uncorseted form, and her carpet slippers.

The acquaintance, none the less, was sealed three months later by a supper, one Sunday night, in Lisson Grove, to which Mr. Vetch brought his fiddle, at which Amanda presented to her hosts her adoptive son, and which also revealed to her that Madame Poupin could dress a Michaelmas goose, if she could n't dress a fat Frenchwoman. This lady confided to the fiddler that she thought Miss Pynsent exceedingly *comme il faut — dans le genre anglais;* and neither Amanda nor Hyacinth had ever passed an evening of such splendor. It took its place, in the boy's recollection, beside the visit, years before, to Mr. Vetch's theatre. He drank in the conversation which passed between that gentleman and M. Poupin. M. Poupin showed him his bindings, the most precious trophies of his skill, and it seemed to Hyacinth that on the spot he was initiated into a fascinating mystery. He handled the books for half an hour; Theophilus Vetch watched him, without giving any particular sign. When, therefore, presently, Miss Pynsent consulted her friend, for the twentieth time, on the subject of Hyacinth's "career" — she spoke as if she were hesitating between the diplomatic service, the army, and the church — the fiddler replied with promptitude, "Make him, if you can, what the Frenchman is." At the mention of a handicraft poor Pinnie always looked very solemn, yet when Mr. Vetch asked her if she were prepared to send the boy to one of the universities, or to pay the premium required for his being articled to a solicitor, or to make favor, on his behalf, with a bank-director or a mighty merchant, or, yet again, to provide him with a comfortable home while he should woo the muse and await the laurels of literature — when, I say, he put the case before her with this cynical, ironical lucidity, she only sighed, and said that all the money she had ever saved was ninety pounds, which, as he knew perfectly well, it would cost her his acquaintance forevermore to take out of the bank. The fiddler had, in fact, declared to her, in a manner not to be mistaken, that if she should divest herself, on the boy's account, of this sole nest-egg of her old age, he would wash his hands of her and her affairs. Her standard of success for Hyacinth was vague, save on one point, as regards which she was passionately, fiercely firm; she was perfectly determined he should never go into a small shop. She would rather see him a bricklayer or a costermonger than dedicated to a retail business, tying up candles at a grocer's, or giving change for a shilling across a counter. She would rather, she declared on one occasion, see him articled to a shoemaker or a tailor.

A stationer in a neighboring street had affixed to his window a written notice that he was in want of a smart errand boy, and Pinnie, on hearing of it, had presented Hyacinth to his consideration. The stationer was a dreadful bullying man, with a patch over his eye, who seemed to think the boy would be richly remunerated with fifteen pence a week; a contemptible measure, as it seemed to the dressmaker, of his rare abilities and acquirements. His schooling had been desultory, precarious, and had had a certain continuity mainly in his early years, while he was under the care of an old lady, who combined with the functions of pew-opener at a neighboring church the manipulation, in the Place itself, where she resided with her sister, a monthly nurse, of such pupils as could be spared (in their families) from the more urgent exercise of holding the baby and fetching the beer. Later, for a twelvemonth, Pinnie had paid five shillings a week for him at an "Academy" in Maida Vale, where there was an "instructor in the foreign languages," a platform for oratory, and a high social standard, but where Hyacinth suffered from the fact that almost all his mates were the sons of dealers in edible arti-

cles — pastry-cooks, grocers, and fishmongers — and in this capacity subjected him to pangs and ignominious contrasts by bringing to school, for their exclusive consumption, or for exchange and barter, various buns, oranges, spices, and marine animals, which the boy, with his hands in his empty pockets, and the sense of a savorless home in his heart, was obliged to see devoured without his participation. Miss Pynsent would not have pretended that he was highly educated, in the technical sense of the word, but she believed that at fifteen he had read almost every book in the world. The limits of his reading were, in fact, only the limits of his opportunity. Mr. Vetch, who talked with him more and more as he grew older, knew that, and lent him every volume he possessed or could pick up for the purpose. Reading was his happiness, and the absence of any direct contact with a library his principal source of discontent, that is, of that part of his discontent which he could speak out. Mr. Vetch knew that he was really clever, and therefore thought it a woful pity that he could n't have furtherance in some liberal walk; but he would have thought it a greater pity still that so bright a lad should be condemned to measure tape or cut slices of cheese. He himself had no influence which he could bring into play, no connection with the great world of capital or the market of labor. That is, he touched these mighty institutions at but one very small point — a point which, such as it was, he kept well in mind.

When Pinnie replied to the stationer round the corner, after he had mentioned the "terms" on which he was prepared to receive applications from errand-boys, that, thank Heaven, she had n't sunk so low as that — so low as to sell her darling into slavery for fifteen pence a week — he felt that she only gave more florid expression to his own sentiment. Of course, if Hyacinth did not begin by carrying parcels, he could not hope to be promoted, through the more refined nimbleness of tying them up, to a position as accountant or bookkeeper; but both the fiddler and his friend — Miss Pynsent, indeed, only in the last resort — resigned themselves to the forfeiture of this prospect. Mr. Vetch saw clearly that a charming handicraft was a finer thing than a vulgar "business," and one day, after his acquaintance with Eustache Poupin had gone a considerable length, he inquired of the Frenchman whether there would be a chance of the lad's obtaining a footing, under his own wing, in Mr. Crookenden's workshop. There could be no better place for him to acquire a knowledge of the most delightful of the mechanical arts; and to be received into such an establishment, and at the instance of such an artist, would be a real start in life. M. Poupin meditated, and that evening confided his meditations to the companion who reduplicated all his thoughts, and understood him better even than he understood himself. The pair had no children, and had felt the defect; moreover, they had heard from Mr. Vetch the dolorous tale of the boy's entrance into life. He was one of the disinherited, one of the expropriated, one of the exceptionally interesting; and, moreover, he was one of themselves, a child, as it were, of France, an offshoot of the sacred race. It is not the most authenticated point in this veracious history, but there is strong reason to believe that tears were shed that night, in Lisson Grove, over poor little Hyacinth Robinson. In a day or two M. Poupin replied to the fiddler that he had now been for years in Mr. Crookenden's employ; that during that time he had done work for him that he would have had *bien du mal* to get done by another, and had never asked for an indulgence, an allowance, a remission, an augmentation. It was time, if only for the dignity of the thing, he should

ask for something, and he would make their little friend the subject of his demand. "La société lui doit bien cela," he remarked afterwards, when, Mr. Crookenden proving dryly hospitable, and the arrangement being formally complete, Mr. Vetch thanked him, in his kindly, casual, bashful English way. He was paternal when Hyacinth began to occupy a place in the malodorous chambers in Soho; he took him in hand, made him a disciple, the recipient of a precious tradition, discovered in him a susceptibility to philosophic as well as technic truth. He taught him French and socialism, encouraged him to spend his evenings in Lisson Grove, invited him to regard Madame Poupin as a second, or rather as a third, mother, and in short made a very considerable mark on the boy's mind. He elicited the latent Gallicism of his nature, and by the time he was twenty, Hyacinth, who had completely assimilated his influence, regarded him with a mixture of veneration and amusement. M. Poupin was the person who consoled him most when he was miserable; and he was very often miserable.

His staying away from his work was so rare that, in the afternoon, before he went home, Hyacinth walked to Lisson Grove to see what ailed him. He found his friend in bed, with a plaster on his chest, and Madame Poupin making *tisane* over the fire. The Frenchman took his indisposition solemnly but resignedly, like a man who believed that all illness was owing to the imperfect organization of society, and lay covered up to his chin, with a red cotton handkerchief bound round his head. Near his bed sat a visitor, a young man unknown to Hyacinth. Hyacinth, naturally, had never been to Paris, but he always supposed that the *intérieur* of his friend's in Lisson Grove gave rather a vivid idea of that city. The two small rooms which constituted their establishment contained a great many mirrors, as well as little portraits (old-fashioned prints) of revolutionary heroes. The chimney-piece, in the bedroom, was muffled in some red drapery, which appeared to Hyacinth extraordinarily magnificent; the principal ornament of the salon was a group of small and highly decorated cups, on a tray, accompanied by gilt bottles and glasses, the latter still more diminutive — the whole intended for black coffee and liqueurs. There was no carpet on the floor, but rugs and mats, of various shapes and sizes, disposed themselves at the feet of the chairs and sofas; and in the sitting-room, where there was a wonderful gilt clock, of the Empire, surmounted with a "subject" representing Virtue receiving a crown of laurel from the hands of Faith, Madame Poupin, with the aid of a tiny stove, a handful of charcoal, and two or three saucepans, carried on a triumphant *cuisine*. In the windows were curtains of white muslin, much fluted and frilled, and tied with pink ribbon.

VII.

"I am suffering extremely, but we must all suffer, so long as the social question is so abominably, so iniquitously neglected," Poupin remarked, speaking French, and rolling toward Hyacinth his salient, excited-looking eyes, which always had the same proclaiming, challenging expression, whatever his occupation or his topic. Hyacinth had seated himself near his friend's pillow, opposite the strange young man, who had been accommodated with a chair at the foot of the bed.

"Ah, yes; with their filthy politics, the situation of the *pauvre monde* is the last thing they ever think of!" his wife exclaimed, from the fire. "There are times when I ask myself how long it will go on."

"It will go on till the measure of their imbecility, their infamy, is full.

It will go on till the day of justice, till the reintegration of the despoiled and disinherited, is ushered in with an irresistible force."

"Oh, we always see things go on; we never see them change," said Madame Poupin, making a very cheerful clatter with a big spoon in a saucepan.

"We may not see it, but *they* 'll see it," her husband rejoined. "But what do I say, my children? I do see it," he pursued. "It 's before my eyes, in its luminous reality, especially as I lie here — the revendication, the rehabilitation, the rectification."

Hyacinth ceased to pay attention, not because he had a differing opinion about what M. Poupin called the *avénement* of the disinherited, but, on the contrary, precisely on account of his familiarity with that prospect. It was the constant theme of his French friends, whom he had long since perceived to be in a state of chronic spiritual inflammation. For them the social question was always in order, the political question always abhorrent, the disinherited always present. He wondered at their zeal, their continuity, their vivacity, their incorruptibility; at the abundant supply of conviction and prophecy which they always had on hand. He believed that at bottom he was sorer than they, yet he had deviations and lapses, moments when the social question bored him, and he forgot not only his own wrongs, which would have been pardonable, but those of the people at large, of his brothers and sisters in misery. They, however, were perpetually in the breach, and perpetually consistent with themselves, and, what is more, with each other. Hyacinth had heard that the institution of marriage in France was rather lightly considered, but he was struck with the closeness and intimacy of the union in Lisson Grove, the passionate identity of interest: especially on the day when M. Poupin informed him, in a moment of extreme but not indiscreet expansion, that the lady was his wife only in a spiritual, transcendental sense. There were hypocritical concessions and debasing superstitions of which this exalted pair wholly disapproved. Hyacinth knew their vocabulary by heart, and could have said everything, in the same words, that on any given occasion M. Poupin was likely to say. He knew that "they," in their phraseology, was a comprehensive allusion to every one in the world but the people — though who, exactly, in their length and breadth, the people were was less definitely established. He himself was of this sacred body, for which the future was to have such compensations; and so, of course, were the Frenchman and his consort, and so was Pinnie, and so were most of the inhabitants of Lomax Place and the workmen in old Crookenden's shop. But was old Crookenden himself, who wore an apron rather dirtier than the rest of them and was a master-hand at "forwarding," but who, on the other side, was the occupant of a detached villa in Kentish Town, with a wife known to have secret aspirations toward a page in buttons? Above all, was Mr. Vetch, who earned a weekly wage, and not a large one, with his fiddle, but who had mysterious affinities of another sort, reminiscences of a phase in which he smoked cigars, had a hat-box, and used cabs, besides visiting Boulogne? Theophilus Vetch had interfered in his life, atrociously, in a terrible crisis; but Hyacinth, who strove to cultivate justice in his own conduct, believed he had acted conscientiously and tried to esteem him, the more so as the fiddler evidently felt that he had something to make up to him, and had treated him with marked benevolence for years. He believed, in short, that Mr. Vetch took a sincere interest in him, and if he should meddle again would meddle in a different way: he used to see him sometimes looking at him with the kindest eyes. It would make a difference, therefore,

whether he were of the people or not, inasmuch as in the day of the great revenge it would only be the people who should be saved. It was for the people the world was made: whoever was not of them was against them; and all others were cumberers, usurpers, exploiters, *accapareurs*, as M. Poupin used to say. Hyacinth had once put the question directly to Mr. Vetch, who looked at him a while through the fumes of his eternal pipe, and then said, "Do you think I'm an aristocrat?"

"I did n't know but you were a *bourgeois*," the young man answered.

"No, I'm neither. I'm a Bohemian."

"With your evening dress, every night?"

"My dear boy," said the fiddler, "those are the most confirmed."

Hyacinth was only half satisfied with this, for it was by no means definite to him that Bohemians were also to be saved; if he could be sure, perhaps he would become one himself. Yet he never suspected Mr. Vetch of being a "spy," though Eustache Poupin had told him that there were a great many who looked a good deal like that: not, of course, with any purpose of incriminating the fiddler, whom he had trusted from the first and continued to trust. The middle-class spy became a very familiar type to Hyacinth, and though he had never caught one of the infamous brotherhood in the act, there were plenty of persons to whom, on the very face of the matter, he had no hesitation in attributing the character. There was nothing of the Bohemian, at any rate, about the Poupins, whom Hyacinth had now known long enough not to be surprised at the way they combined the socialistic passion, a red-hot impatience for the general ratification, with an extraordinary decency of life and a worship of proper work. The Frenchman spoke, habitually, as if the great swindle practiced upon the people were too impudent to be endured a moment longer, and yet he found patience for the most exquisite "tooling," and took a book in hand with the deliberation of one who should believe that everything was immutably constituted. Hyacinth knew what he thought of priests and theologies, but he had the religion of conscientious craftsmanship, and he reduced the boy, on his side, to a kind of prostration before his delicate, wonder-working fingers. "What will you have? J'ai la main parisienne," M. Poupin would reply modestly, when Hyacinth's admiration broke out; and he was good enough, after he had seen a few specimens of what our hero could do, to inform him that *he* had the same happy conformation. "There is no reason why you should n't be a good workman, *il n'y a que ça;*" and his own life was practically governed by this conviction. He delighted in the use of his hands and his tools, and the exercise of his taste, which was faultless, and Hyacinth could easily imagine how it must torment him to spend a day on his back. He ended by perceiving, however, that consolation was, on this occasion, in some degree conveyed by the presence of the young man who sat at the foot of the bed, and with whom M. Poupin exhibited such signs of acquaintance as to make our hero wonder why he had not seen him before, nor even heard of him.

"What do you mean by an irresistible force?" the young man inquired, leaning back in his chair, with raised arms and his interlocked hands behind him, supporting his head. M. Poupin had spoken French, which he always preferred to do, the insular tongue being an immense tribulation to him; but his visitor spoke English, and Hyacinth immediately perceived that there was nothing French about *him* — M. Poupin could never tell him he had *la main parisienne.*

"I mean a force that will make the bourgeois go down into their cellars and

hide, pale with fear, behind their barrels of wine and their heaps of gold!" cried M. Poupin, rolling terrible eyes.

"And in this country, I hope, in their coal-bins. *Là, là,* we shall find them even there," his wife remarked.

"'89 was an irresistible force," said M. Poupin. "I believe you would have thought so if you had been there."

"And so was the *coup d'état,* which sent you over here, seventeen years ago," the young man rejoined. He saw that Hyacinth was watching him, and he met his eyes, smiling a little, in a way that added to our hero's interest.

"*Pardon, pardon,* I resist!" cried Eustache Poupin, glaring, in his improvised nightcap, out of his sheets; and Madame repeated that they resisted — she believed well that they resisted! The young man burst out laughing; whereupon his host declared, with a dignity which even his recumbent position did not abate, that it was really frivolous of him to ask such questions as that, knowing as he did — what he did know.

"Yes, I know — I know," said the young man, good-naturedly, lowering his arms and thrusting his hands into his pockets, while he stretched his long legs a little. "But everything is yet to be tried."

"Oh, the trial will be on a great scale — *soyez tranquille!* It will be one of those experiments that constitute a proof."

Hyacinth wondered what they were talking about, and perceived that it must be something important, for the stranger was not a man who would take an interest in anything else. Hyacinth was immensely struck with him — he could see that he was remarkable — and felt slightly aggrieved that he should be a stranger; that is, that he should be, apparently, a familiar of Lisson Grove, and yet that M. Poupin should not have thought his young friend from Lomax Place worthy, up to this time, to be made acquainted with him. I know not to what degree the visitor in the other chair discovered these reflections in Hyacinth's face, but after a moment, looking across at him, he said in a friendly yet just slightly diffident way, a way our hero liked, "And do you know, too?"

"Do I know what?" asked Hyacinth, wondering.

"Oh, if you did, you would!" the young man exclaimed, laughing again. Such a rejoinder, from any one else, would have irritated our sensitive hero, but it only made Hyacinth more curious about his interlocutor, whose laugh was loud and extraordinarily gay.

"*Mon ami,* you ought to present *ces messieurs,*" Madame Poupin remarked.

"*Ah ça,* is that the way you trifle with state secrets?" her husband cried out, without heeding her. Then he went on, in a different tone: "M. Hyacinthe is a gifted child, *un enfant très-doué,* in whom I take a tender interest — a child who has an account to settle. Oh, a thumping big one! Is n't it so, *mon petit?*"

This was very well meant, but it made Hyacinth blush, and, without knowing exactly what to say, he murmured, shyly, "Oh, I only want them to let me alone!"

"He is very young," said Eustache Poupin.

"He is the person we have seen in this country whom we like the best," his wife added.

"Perhaps you are French," suggested the strange young man.

The trio seemed to Hyacinth to be waiting for his answer to this; it was as if a listening stillness had fallen upon them. He found it a difficult moment, partly because there was something exciting and embarrassing in the attention of the other visitor, and partly because he had never yet had to decide that important question. He did n't really know whether he were French or English, or which of the two he should prefer to be. His mother's blood, her

suffering in an alien land, the unspeakable, impenetrable misery that consumed her, in a place, among a people, she must have execrated — all this made him French; yet he was conscious at the same time of qualities that did n't mix with it. He had evolved, long ago, a legend about his mother, built it up slowly, adding piece to piece, in passionate musings and broodings, when his cheeks burned and his eyes filled; but there were times when it wavered and faded, when it ceased to console him and he ceased to trust it. He had had a father, too, and his father had suffered as well, and had fallen under a blow, and had paid with his life; and him also he felt in his mind and his body, when the effort to think it out did not simply end in darkness and confusion, challenging still even while they baffled, and inevitable freezing horror. At any rate, he seemed rooted in the place where his wretched parents had expiated, and he knew nothing about any other. Moreover, when old Poupin said, "M. Hyacinthe," as he had often done before, he did n't altogether enjoy it; he thought it made his name, which he liked well enough in English, sound like the name of a hair-dresser. Our young friend was over-clouded and stigmatized, but he was not yet prepared to admit that he was ridiculous. "Oh, I dare say I ain't anything," he replied in a moment.

"En v'là des bêtises!" cried Madame Poupin. "Do you mean to say you are not as good as any one in the world? I should like to see!"

"We all have an account to settle, don't you know?" said the strange young man.

He evidently meant this to be encouraging to Hyacinth, whose quick desire to avert M. Poupin's allusions had not been lost upon him; but our hero could see that he himself would be sure to be one of the first to be paid. He would make society bankrupt, but he would be paid. He was tall and fair and good-natured looking, but you could n't tell — or at least Hyacinth could n't — whether he were handsome or ugly, with his large head and square forehead, his thick, straight hair, his heavy mouth and rather vulgar nose, his admirably clear, bright eye, light-colored and set very deep; for though there was a want of fineness in some of its parts, his face had a marked expression of intelligence and resolution, and denoted a kind of joyous moral health. He was dressed like a workman in his Sunday toggery, having evidently put on his best to call in Lisson Grove, where he was to meet a lady, and wearing in particular a necktie which was both cheap and pretentious, and of which Hyacinth, who noticed everything of that kind, observed the crude, false blue. He had very big shoes — the shoes, almost, of a country laborer — and spoke with a provincial accent, which Hyacinth believed to be that of Lancashire. This did n't suggest cleverness, but it did n't prevent Hyacinth from perceiving that he was the reverse of stupid; that he probably, indeed, had a tremendous head. Our little hero had a great desire to know clever people, and he interested himself on the spot in this strong, humorous fellow, who had the complexion of a ploughboy and the glance of a commander-in-chief, and who might have been (Hyacinth thought) a distinguished young *savant* in the disguise of an artisan. The disguise would have been very complete, for he had several brown stains on his fingers. Hyacinth's curiosity, on this occasion, was both excited and gratified; for after two or three allusions, which he did n't understand, had been made to a certain place where Poupin and the stranger had met and expected to meet again, Madame Poupin exclaimed that it was a shame not to take in M. Hyacinthe, who, she would answer for it, had in him the making of one of the pure.

"All in good time, in good time, *ma*

bonne," the invalid replied. "M. Hyacinthe knows that I count upon him, whether or no I make him an *interne* to-day, or wait a while longer."

"What do you mean by an interne?" Hyacinth asked.

"Mon Dieu, what shall I say?" and Eustache Poupin stared at him solemnly, from his pillow. "You are very sympathetic, but I am afraid you are too young."

"One is never too young to contribute one's *obole*," said Madame Poupin.

"Can you keep a secret?" asked the other visitor, smilingly.

"Is it a plot — a conspiracy?" Hyacinth broke out.

"He asks that as if he were asking if it's a plum-pudding," said M. Poupin. "It is n't good to eat, and we don't do it for our amusement. It's terribly serious, my child."

"It's a kind of society, to which he and I and a good many others belong. There is no harm in telling him that," the young man went on.

"I advise you not to tell it to Mademoiselle; she is quite in the old ideas," Madame Poupin suggested to Hyacinth, tasting her tisane.

Hyacinth sat baffled and wondering, looking from his fellow-laborer in Soho to his new acquaintance opposite. "If you have some plan, something to which one can give one's self, I think you might have told me," he remarked, in a moment, to Poupin.

The latter merely gazed at him a while; then he said to the strange young man, "He is a little jealous of you. But there is no harm in that; it's of his age. You must know him, you must like him. We will tell you his history some other day; it will make you feel that he belongs to us, in fact. It is an accident that he has n't met you here before."

"How could ces messieurs have met, when M. Paul never comes? He does n't spoil us!" Madame Poupin cried.

"Well, you see I have my little sister at home to take care of, when I ain't at the shop," M. Paul explained. "This afternoon it was just a chance; there was a lady we know came in to sit with her."

"A lady — a real lady?"

"Oh, yes, every inch," said M. Paul, laughing.

"Do you like them to thrust themselves into your apartment like that, because you have the *désagrément* of being poor? It seems to be the custom in this country, but it would n't suit me at all," Madame Poupin continued. "I should like to see one of *ces dames* — the real ones — coming in to sit with me!"

"Oh, you are not a cripple; you have got the use of your legs!"

"Yes, and of my arms!" cried the Frenchwoman.

"This lady looks after several others in our court, and she reads to my sister."

"Oh, well, you are patient, you English."

"We shall never do anything without that," said M. Paul, with undisturbed good-humor.

"You are perfectly right; you can't say that too often. It will be a tremendous job, and only the strong will prevail," his host murmured, a little wearily, turning his eyes to Madame Poupin, who approached slowly, holding the tisane in a rather full bowl, and tasting it again and yet again as she came.

Hyacinth had been watching his fellow-visitor with deepening interest; a fact of which M. Paul apparently became aware, for he said, presently, giving a little nod in the direction of the bed, "He says we ought to know each other. I 'm sure I have nothing against it. I like to know folk, when they 're worth it!"

Hyacinth was too pleased with this even to take it up; it seemed to him,

for a moment, that he could n't touch it gracefully enough. But he said, with sufficient eagerness, "Will you tell me all about your plot?"

"Oh, it 's no plot. I don't think I care much for plots." And with his mild, steady, light-blue English eye, M. Paul certainly had not much the appearance of a conspirator.

"Is n't it a new era?" asked Hyacinth, rather disappointed.

"Well, I don't know; it 's just a little movement."

"Ah bien, voilà du propre; between us we have thrown him into a fever!" cried Madame Poupin, who had put down her bowl on a table near her husband's bed and was bending over him, with her hand on his forehead. Eustache was flushed, he had closed his eyes, and it was evident there had been more than enough conversation. Madame Poupin announced as much, with the addition that if the young men wished to make acquaintance they must do it outside; the invalid must be perfectly quiet. They accordingly withdrew, with apologies and promises to return for further news on the morrow, and two minutes afterward Hyacinth found himself standing face to face with his new friend on the pavement in front of M. Poupin's residence, under a street-lamp which struggled ineffectually with the brown winter dusk.

"Is that your name — M. Paul?" he asked, looking up at him.

"Oh, bless you, no; that 's only her Frenchified way of putting it. My name *is* Paul, though — Paul Muniment."

"And what 's your trade?" Hyacinth demanded, with a jump into familiarity; for his companion seemed to have told him a great deal more than was usually conveyed in that item of information.

Paul Muniment looked down at him from above broad shoulders. "I work at a wholesale chemist's, at Lambeth."

"And where do you live?"

"I live over the water, too; in the far south of London."

"And are you going home now?"

"Oh, yes, I am going to toddle."

"And may I toddle with you?"

Mr. Muniment considered him further; then he gave a laugh. "I 'll carry you, if you like."

"Thank you; I expect I can walk as far as you," said Hyacinth.

"Well, I admire your spirit, and I dare say I shall like your company."

There was something in his face, taken in connection with the idea that he was concerned in a little movement, which made Hyacinth feel the desire to go with him till he dropped; and in a moment they started away together, and took the direction Muniment had mentioned. They discoursed as they went, and exchanged a great many opinions and anecdotes; but they reached the southeasterly court in which the young chemist lived with his infirm sister before he had told Hyacinth anything definite about his little movement, or Hyacinth, on his side, had related to him the circumstances connected with his being, according to M. Poupin, one of the disinherited. Hyacinth did n't wish to press him; he would not for the world have appeared to him indiscreet; and, moreover, though he had taken so great a fancy to Muniment, he was not quite prepared, as yet, to be pressed. Therefore it did not become very clear to him how his companion had made Poupin's acquaintance, and how long he had enjoyed it. Paul Muniment, nevertheless, was, to a certain extent, communicative about himself, and forewarned Hyacinth that he lived in a very poor little corner. He had his sister to keep — she could do nothing for herself; and he paid a low rent, because she had to have doctors, and doses, and all sorts of little comforts. He spent a shilling a week for her on flowers. It was better, too, when you

got upstairs, and from the back windows you could see the dome of St. Paul's. Audley Court, with its pretty name, which reminded Hyacinth of Tennyson, proved to be a still dingier nook than Lomax Place; and it had the further drawback that you had to pass through a narrow alley, a passage between high, black walls, to enter it. At the door of one of the houses the young men paused, lingering a little, and then Muniment said, "I say, why should n't you come up? I like you well enough for that, and you can see my sister; her name is Posy." He spoke as if this would be a great privilege, and added, humorously, that Posy enjoyed a call from a gentleman, of all things. Hyacinth needed no urging, and he groped his way, at his companion's heels, up a dark staircase, which appeared to him — for they stopped only when they could go no further — the longest and steepest he had ever ascended. At the top Paul Muniment pushed open a door, but exclaimed, "Hullo, have you gone to roost?" on perceiving that the room on the threshold of which they stood was unlighted.

"Oh dear, no; we are sitting in the dark," a small, bright voice instantly replied. "Lady Aurora is so kind; she 's here still."

The voice came out of a corner so pervaded by gloom that the speaker was indistinguishable. "Dear me, that 's beautiful!" Paul Muniment rejoined. "You 'll have a party, then, for I have brought some one else. We are poor, you know, but I dare say we can manage a candle."

At this, in the dim firelight, Hyacinth saw a tall figure erect itself — a figure angular and slim, crowned with a large, vague hat, surmounted, apparently, with a flowing veil. This unknown person gave a singular laugh, and said, "Oh, I brought some candles; we could have had a light if we had wished it." Both the tone and the purport of the words announced to Hyacinth that they proceeded from the lips of Lady Aurora.

Henry James.

THE FIRST ABBÉ GALANT.

THROUGHOUT French memoirs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there is one figure who is never out of sight, — a black-coated, close-shaven figure, sometimes dapper, sometimes stately; now appearing as a dandy, now as a courtier, again as a confessor, often as a statesmanikin. One day he is seen on the front seat of a royal coach, another in the secret cabinet where official assassinations are decided, on a third behind the door of a lady's boudoir. At every turn, under any disguise, he can be recognized by a quick, bright glance, a ready smile, an insinuating manner, a prompt, discreet use of his wits. He glides into French society with the Medici, — Catherine brought him in her baggage; he disappears with the French Revolution. He is called Monsieur l'Abbé, not because he is necessarily in holy orders, though always supposed to be looking that way. The title may mean that he is abbot of an abbey, or it may be merely conventional, as a duke's sons are "lords by courtesy;" he often exchanges it for a higher one, — bishop, or cardinal; sometimes he returns to the secular dress and style. His name is legion, not all devils by any means. La Bruyère gives us a classification: Théocrine, Théodate, Théodule, Théodore, Théodime, Théonas. He appeared in France as the Abbé de Gondi,

and vanished as the Abbé Galiani. But he was soon naturalized, for he is known as Marolles, Bernis, Chaulieu, Prévost, Morellet, and by many more surnames of Gallic growth, and whatever there may have been of sinister about him originally evaporated in the adopted climate.

At first acquaintance this personage strikes us as essentially modern, not much older than the seventeenth century certainly; but he is another proof that there is nothing new under the sun in any age, for his prototype may be found in the sixth. He too came from Italy into France, — or Gaul, as it then was, — flourished in the congenial atmosphere, and took root there; for he was a sort of air-plant, a rare butterfly-orchid of the human species. His baptismal names were Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus, and he was best known by the last, of happy augury, given him in honor of an early martyr of the ancient patriarchate of Aquileia. His family name is supposed to have been Titium or Titian, and his ancestors were driven by the incursion of Attila from Aquileia to the Trevisan marches, where Fortunatus was born, in sight of the riven blue mountains which a thousand years later made backgrounds for the pictures of a Titian Vercelli. Of his parentage or his early childhood in this borderland between expiring Roman civilization and outer barbarism there is no record; but every instinct of the man betrays long-descended love of culture and luxury. He was sent when very young to Ravenna, the last seat of Roman art and letters, and already under the influence of the East, to be educated by a dignitary know as the Deacon Paul, and there he continued to live after schooldays were over. His studies were grammar, rhetoric, prosody, classical literature, and jurisprudence, with at least an inkling of the Apostolic Fathers, to judge by his own writings. He hurt his eyes by over-study, but they were cured by applying the oil from a votive lamp which burned before an altar dedicated to St. Martin of Tours in one of the Ravennese basilicas. Fortunatus set this down as a miracle, and it inspired him with a gratitude and veneration which fixed from afar the turning-point of his career. He made a vow to pay his thanks and devotions at the tomb of St. Martin, who had been dead about a century and a half, and in course of time he kept his word. He was past thirty, however, before he started on the long and dangerous journey which lay between him and the fulfillment of his pledge. Up to that time there is nothing to show that he had taken any step towards the priesthood, but his native bent and early training had given him that ecclesiastical bias which was part of the social abbé's outfit. With this, added to his real talents and accomplishments, he set forth to cross the Alps.

It was an undertaking full of risks. With the disintegration of the Roman Empire Europe was fast relapsing into chaos. Fortunatus had hardly got safely out of Ravenna before it was seized by Alboin and the Lombards, who spread over Upper Italy, quenching such lingering sparks of enlightenment as had survived the successive floods of invasion, though they were to kindle new altar fires of religion, patriotism, and art which would glow for a few centuries, and be stamped out in their turn by the race of Charlemagne. The France of our days, from the Alps to the Pyrenees, from the Rhone to the Loire, from the Meuse to the Mediterranean, was the prey of the wolfish breed of Clovis, the Frankish kings. These Merovingians were parricides, fratricides, regicides, savage and lustful as wild beasts. One day they would enforce conformity to their new-found Christianity by the bloodiest tyranny; the next they would rend the nets which the Church had drawn over them, woven chiefly out of their own superstition, and send their bishops to join the noble army of mar-

tyrs. There was no respite from war in its most horrible forms, — the warfare of barbarians, whose laws were perfidy, carnage, rapine, and pillage. Along the great river-valleys, the natural highways of the country, the arts, agriculture, and legislation of those grand, civilizing conquerors, the Romans, were being torn up and flung to the winds. Here and there one man, better than his race and beyond his age, a wolf-hound rather than a wolf, held a court in which the primitive virtues and some glimmer of meaning from his new faith made an island in this ocean of blood. Such was that of Sigebert, king of Austrasia, whose chief seat was at Metz. Fortunatus, coming by way of the Rhine, reached that stage of his pilgrimage while the town was rejoicing over the marriage of Sigebert with Brunehilde, or Brunehaut, daughter of the Visigothic king of Spain. She was a princess of great beauty and strong character, who brought with her from beyond the Pyrenees learning, dignity of manners, and a purer morality than belonged to the Franks, and who protected and prolonged for half a century the traditions of Roman rule. Fortunatus composed an epithalamium for the occasion, beginning, —

"Sun! ope the happy day and spread thy locks
Of rays serene."

Sigebert desired to elevate his life and his dynasty by marriage with a royal bride, instead of falling into the base concubinage and polygamy usual among the Merovingians. He gave many proofs of a generous nature, above the common pitch, and raised higher by Brunehilde, whose influence in the early years of their long union was only for good. His brother Chilperic, king of Neustria, of very different clay, had disposed of one or two wives, and was in the toils of the infamous Fredegonde; but not to be outdone by Sigebert, he broke with her for a time, and sued for the hand of Galeswinthe, Brunehilde's sister. The Visigothic king demurred, knowing Chilperic's habits and character, and the princess held him in horror. The father's objections were overcome at last by the promise of a magnificent wedding-present, — nothing less than the principal Pyrenean towns which had fallen to Chilperic's share of the paternal inheritance. The match was arranged, and a large escort of Frankish chiefs, with horsemen and charioteers, came to bring Galeswinthe to Neustria. The poor bride put off her departure from day to day, and when she could delay no longer set out with a heavy heart. Her parents shared her grief. The king went with her the first stage of the journey, bidding her farewell where the road crossed the Tagus. The queen, with her attendants, went on from day to day, constantly deferring the moment of parting, until they reached the mountains, when she was forced to turn back. There was a last embrace between the mother and child, and the queen stood watching from a height until the last Frank disappeared beyond the further ridge.

The marriage was celebrated at Rouen with a splendor and solemnity which were meant to outshine the nuptials of Sigebert. The religious ceremony was Christian, but the secular rites were pagan and national; the new queen was saluted by the Franks according to their custom of swearing fealty to their king, surrounding her in a circle and brandishing their drawn swords. The story is short. After a few months of satisfaction in his bride and the treasures of her dower, Chilperic grew tired of her gentle companionship, and Fredegonde, who was biding her time, saw and seized the chance. The old ties were renewed, at first secretly, then so publicly that the low-born woman treated the young queen with open insolence and contempt. Galeswinthe was a mild, yielding creature, unfit for her era or her destiny; she took this turn of fortune as no more

than she had foreseen from the first, and made no stand, only asking leave to go back to her parents. This request was not easily granted: the dower might have to be returned, or the wedding-gift might be claimed, and the Pyrenean towns become part of the Hispano-Gothic kingdom. There were simpler ways of settling the difficulty, and before the first year of her marriage was over, Galeswinthe was found dead in her bed, strangled. Soon afterwards Chilperic openly espoused the triumphant Fredegonde, the mistress of his fate, who ruled him and Gaul through many bloody years, and brought him at length to a violent death, ending her own execrable life peacefully in old age.

Venantius Fortunatus, while on his travels, fell in with Galeswinthe and her train on the ill-starred journey to Rouen, and heard the details of her leaving Toledo from her attendants. The story and her early doom affected him deeply, and he recorded them in a poem, the most touching and true to nature he ever wrote, and which has been accepted by modern French historians as a trustworthy chronicle. The lament of the Gothic queen when she loses sight of her daughter among the mountains has the pathos of Andromache's lamentations in the Iliad and Æneid.

But although Fortunatus was tender-hearted, he liked to pipe to those who danced better than to mourn with those who wept. He had the art of pleasing, and excelled in that of getting himself petted. His halt at Metz was a long one. Sigebert gave him a house, horses, servants, and the post of laureate, and he lived there in clover for a year or two. He had not forgotten his vow, however, and most likely had gained a taste for seeing the world, so he set off again. Wherever he went he always stayed at the best house, at the palace if there were one, if not, at the next best. The rude Frankish chiefs were delighted to see him, and treated him with honor. He explains it with needless modesty by saying that they welcomed him because he had seen their Germany, but Hincmar, the Archbishop of Rheims, writing of Fortunatus a couple of hundred years later, when information about him was still plentiful, tells us that his fame preceded him everywhere. To the Gallo-Roman nobles and prelates, in whose homes literature and the arts of life found their last refuge, he must have been indeed the favored guest. He was in no haste to reach the tomb of St. Martin, but he kept that goal always in view. In his versified life of the saint he describes the devious ways by which he reached it; noting the natural beauties of the provinces through which he passed, the various methods of agriculture, the strongholds, churches, villas, and monuments of ancient art, and setting down his impressions and enjoyment of all that he saw. Bishops, princes, chieftains, and patricians received him with cordiality, and he never failed to make a friend of his host. After bidding good-by and going on his way, he would courteously write back to ask for those he had left and to give news of himself. They replied, and he kept up the correspondence by sending verses, in which he praised the home and hospitality he had found with them, complimenting each on his foible, — the Frankish lord on his fluent use of Latin, the Gallo-Roman on his refinement and knowledge of law and politics, the churchman on his munificence and public spirit. He was a flatterer, but he was charming and thoroughly amiable. In this wise he traversed France in her length and breadth, remembering that whichever road he took he might go back the same way.

Fortunatus never retraced his steps. He sometimes bewailed his lengthened absence from his native country, and sang his homesickness, as miles and years widened the separation. At last

news came that the Lombards had left his part of Italy, and that he could go back in safety. Did he return, or not? It is uncertain, but if he did so it was by the most direct way, and his stay was short. When he had reached Tours and acquitted himself of his vow, his pilgrimage was beginning, not ending, but this time the saint was a woman.

Tours, so venerable to this day as the former abode of many holy men, had already, A. D. 567, been hallowed as the hiding-place of a remarkable lady, a runaway princess, a future saint, whose history is the most romantic and least painful that has come down to us from that period, — Radegonde, who has stood in the Roman Catholic calendar for thirteen hundred years as St. Radegonde. She was the daughter of one of the last kings of Thuringia, a twig of the many-branched Frankish royal tree, and her family and country had been overthrown by her distant kinsman, Lothair, the father of Sigebert and Chilperic. Most of her nearest relations had perished, but she and a brother, both under ten years of age, were kept as captives and hostages by the conqueror. The little girl's beauty and intelligence made such an impression on Lothair that he set her apart as his future wife. She was taken to one of his seats in the Vermandois, where she was brought up not only to ride and spin like a child of the Teutonic tribes, but to read and enjoy the Bible, the fathers of the church, the classic poets, and even the Roman historians and legists. She was an apt scholar in whatever she was taught, but her preference was for the Scriptures and lives of the saints and martyrs, whose day was not very long past. She had a natural bent towards religion, and a dreamy, enthusiastic German temperament. The terrible scenes and sorrows of her childhood had done much to kill the joy of youth in her, and the intended marriage to Lothair, who had several wives, hung darkly over her horizon. During her girlhood the horrible condition of the outer world offered no relief from her sad preoccupations, and she turned more and more upon herself and the love of God. Her most ardent wish was to be a martyr, and failing that to withdraw into a religious seclusion. The thought of marrying the man who had destroyed her country, murdered her family, and torn her from her home became a fixed idea of hatred and repugnance, and as she grew towards womanhood the horror increased. Lothair had not lost sight of her meanwhile, and at length named a time for the marriage. At this news Radegonde fled, but was soon caught and taken to Soissons, which Lothair made his capital, and there she became one of his queens.

For about five years she bore this detested yoke, trying by every means in her power to disgust her husband. She gave up her time to prayer, to active charity, and to personal austerities; she took no pleasure in the pastimes of the court, but if a religious or learned man came by chance among the noisy barbarians she treated him as her particular guest, and found an unwonted enjoyment in talking to him. It is probably to this part of her life that the touching legend belongs which makes her in sacred art the patroness of captives. Walking one day in the court-yard or inclosure of the palace, she heard the sighs and sobs of the captives on the other side of the wall. She, also "a captive in the land of Egypt," was moved by an immense compassion, and prayed so fervently for their deliverance that their bonds were suddenly loosened, and they found themselves free. The beauty of this story is that it may be an allegory, and that her intercession may have gained liberty for the prisoners and slaves about the court.

There are some striking coincidences between the history of this Thuringian princess and that of the well-known

saint of Thuringia, Elizabeth of Hungary. Brought from her native country in early childhood to be the bride of a foreign prince, and educated in his land for that purpose; pensive, devout, ecstatic; longing to dedicate herself to the service of God; spending herself in prayer, fasts, and vigils; paying the most menial and repulsive offices to the poor; leaving her husband's banquet table and couch to mortify her flesh in penance; at last forsaking her state for poverty and obscurity, — so far the lives of the two young women run nearly parallel, with the great difference that Elizabeth was a cherished and adopted child, and loved her betrothed husband, both before and after their marriage, with her whole heart. But Radegonde was not a mystic, and had a different force from that of the sweet victim of Marburg; she had a practical side, which developed strongly as she grew older, and she already had a notion of bringing about what she wished should happen. When she got up at night to lie on the stone floor, she would creep back a chilly, uncomfortable bedfellow, and she made a practice of being unpunctual at meals, not coming until she had been called several times, habits which must have tried the temper of an uncivilized husband. But Lothair either was indifferent to trifles, or his beautiful wife's perversity kept alive his fancy for her; he gave proof, not of fidelity, to be sure, but of a constancy unusual to his disposition and to the manners of his family and nation. Her penances gave him a sort of rude amusement, and he sometimes said, "That wife of mine is more of a nun than a queen."

The fetters galled her more and more, until the intolerable life came to an end suddenly. Her young brother and fellow captive, to whom she had clung with not a mere sisterly affection, but with the passionate love for her own people which never died in her, was put to death for some whim or rage of Lothair's. Radegonde, struck to the heart by this blow, took an instant and final resolution, which she had the self-command to carry out with prudence. She begged for permission to go with her attendants to seek consolation of St. Médard, Bishop of Noyon, who, although he had not yet attained his posthumous miraculous celebrity, was already widely venerated. The journey was not a long or hard one, and Lothair, who had the masculine inconsistency of caring nothing for a woman's sorrow, but being unable to endure her tears, allowed her to go without opposition, "hoping," says one historian, "that she would come back in better spirits." The queen found the saint in church officiating at the altar, and, boldly coming forward, she announced her intention of taking up a religious life, and claimed consecration and protection at his hands. The bishop was startled, and saw the full danger to them both in granting her wish. An agitated discussion arose, and Radegonde's followers, who had remained without, hearing of the crisis, crowded into the church, threatening to drag her and St. Médard forth if they should proceed a step further in the matter. The queen defied them, and as they were about to use force, she and her women rushed into the sacristy and the bishop took refuge at the altar. The tumult was still raging when she reappeared, having hastily drawn a nun's dress over her royal robes, and again coming to the altar adjured St. Médard to admit her to the religious life. Overborne by her appeals and by the fervor of martyrdom which still coursed in Christian veins, he proclaimed the marriage of Lothair and Radegonde null, and consecrated her deaconness of the church. The Frankish attendants, awed by the solemnity of the moment and by the intensity of emotions of which they blindly felt the sway, assisted in silence at the ceremony, and retired peaceably, carrying back the news to Soissons.

Radegonde's first act was to lay her regal ornaments as a gift upon the altar; she then made all speed to reach the Loire and embark for Tours, where she trusted to find safeguard in one of the sanctuaries of St. Martin.

Behind the wreck of the noble abbey of Marmoutier, where the arches of the ruined nave form an open screen for the spacious, quiet flower-garden which the ladies of the Sacred Heart have planted on this reconsecrated spot, the hillside rises abruptly, looking over the lofty skeletons of the twin towers and the great trees of a former convent to the wide-spreading river, split by shoals and islets, and the sun as it goes down glows on the shrub-grown cliff and lights up the mouth of a grotto. This is cherished by tradition as one of the hiding-places of Radegonde. Another is pointed out further along the ridge, where the steep little street leading from Marmoutier to St. Symphorien, a suburb of Tours, gives access to the beautiful, tiny Romanesque church of St. Radegonde, which conceals a ladder-like staircase cut in the rocks and another small cave. Earlier fugitives had been there before her, — St. Gatien, an apostle of the Gauls, and the Seven Sleepers,[1] — and the sacredness of the places gave her a greater sense of security. Lothair, infuriated at her escape, sent to order her home, threatening to pursue her if she did not obey. The Church took up her cause with zeal and discretion, raising obstacles and delays, while she sought shelter in these dens. As one stands on the very sites, and reckons the lapse of ages backwards by the ruins of successive sanctuaries, each many centuries older than the last, remembering that Radegonde came and went before the first stone was laid, it carries her into a very distant past. But the broken fragments are links in a chain that holds her and us together, and her hopes, fears, and daring thrill us yet; she was so courageous and steadfast, so truly a heroine. She did not feel safe enough even in the asylum of St. Martin, and made her way to Poitiers.

The Loire must have been the same broad, slow, perilous river as to-day, sallow with shoals and quicksands, making great bends through green stretches of solitude broken by sparse trees, under a low, gray sky; the Vienne the same lively stream, winding briskly through cheerful valleys and between widely spaced bluffs, on which the sun seems pleased to shine. The same abrupt humps or long, low chines of rock rose from the level, but then they were saddled by broken Druidical circles or by the remains of Roman camps, while the arched miles of the aqueducts crossed the verdant desolation on their endless journey. Poitiers stood on the same craggy knob, with the Clain and the Boivre twisting round its base, fortified centuries before, and a better stronghold than the grottoes of Touraine. Radegonde had not left them too soon, for Lothair made good his threat, and burst into Tours, determined to take her back with him. St. Germanus, the Bishop of Paris, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, St. Germain des Près, St. Germain-en-Laye, the most prominent churchman in Gaul, interfered in her behalf. He had great influence with the Merovingians, and by his moral ascendency he pacified the king, and induced him to relinquish his claims to his wife and permit her to found a convent at Poitiers, in which she should pass the rest of her days. Radegonde asked nothing better; it was the fulfillment of her life-long dream, and it came when her fate seemed desperate. Lothair had the generosity to leave her in possession of her wedding-gift, which she dedicated to the erection of her convent, and he troubled her no more.

The queen's plans for her future abode and mode of life were by no means simple; it is wonderful how such a mag-

[1] Not they of Ephesus, but seven emulous inhabitants of Touraine.

nificent and elaborate conception found place in her mind, torn and tormented as she had been. It took several years to complete the buildings, which had every appointment of a Roman villa, gardens, fish-ponds, porticoes, baths, surrounded by an outer wall like a fortress. Meanwhile she had collected a congregation of young girls and trained them to a religious routine, and with them she solemnly and publicly entered this chosen retreat, named the Convent of the Holy Cross, from a fragment of the true cross which had been sent to her, it is said, by the Emperor Justinian. Her sisterhood belonged to the Augustinian order, and the rule she adopted for it was that of St. Cæsaria of Arles. But the existence she organized was of her own devising, and shows extraordinary intelligence and scope, a refinement and appreciation of letters and luxury worthy of a daughter of the fifteenth century, and a humane, genial, gracious disposition, besides the most genuine piety. If she had been a Roman, or even a Gaul, by birth, this would have been remarkable enough, though less astonishing; but for the child of a half-civilized tribe, brought up among people of the same race, with only education to elevate her to a higher grade, the way in which she had absorbed and appropriated all that antiquity and Christianity could do for her is a proof of genius. The religious exercises, to which the chief part of the day was given, were varied by study, by transcribing valuable books, by reading aloud, and by needlework. Among the recreations were bathing, gardening, and several games, including dice. Great stress was laid on cleanliness, Radegonde being intolerant of bad smells, in which she was so much beyond her age that the superiors of most religious houses have not yet caught up with her. The clergy and laity of distinction were welcome visitors, and were regaled with sumptuous feasts, for although the rule of the order forbade meat, every other sort of good cheer abounded; meat and wine, too, which the sisters did not taste themselves, were served by them to their guests. Among the diversions offered to these friends were private theatricals, acted in costume by young ladies of the town, assisted by the novices. Whether the performances were from the ancient drama, or were mystery plays, the chronicler does not tell, but it sounds amazingly like the boarders at modern French convents acting Corneille and Racine before the bishop and curé and other worshipful company.

It took some time to establish this rational and delightful mode of life systematically and solidly. When Radegonde felt sure of it, she resigned the direction to a beautiful young woman named Agnes, of noble Gallic family, whom she had educated for the purpose, and caused her to be elected abbess. There existed an almost maternal relation between herself and this youthful coadjutor, and to confirm the latter's authority Radegonde laid aside all outward token of rank, and took her turn with the rest in the kitchen and household. But as long as she lived she was the soul and brain of the community.

During the vicissitudes of Radegonde's early career Fortunatus was leading an unknown and uneventful life at Ravenna. Long before he started on his travels she was settled in her convent at Poitiers. By the time he reached Tours Lothair was dead; his sons reigned in his stead, Chilperic being master of Touraine and Poitou. The ex-queen's flight and hiding were an old story; her reputation for piety and wisdom had gone abroad; the literary studies and innocent amusements of St. Cross drew visitors to it from all parts of Christendom. Fortunatus was bound to see everything and everybody of note, if possible; he was eager to make the acquaintance of two ladies who joined so much sanctity and learning to beauty, rank, and a hearty en-

joyment of this world's delights. It is likely that some of his epithalamiums and elegies had been read at Poitiers; the poem on Galeswinthe, whose fate was fresh in everybody's memory, must have gone deep into Radegonde's heart. She was delighted to meet the most accomplished stranger in Gaul, the last representative of the literature and cultivation in which she had been brought up. Ladies in your middle lustre, think of your first meeting with a celebrated Englishman of letters, when such a bird was rarer in this land than now, and you can imagine her feelings. Fortunatus's early associations with the church, the pious errand which he had kept in sight throughout his pleasant vagrancy, were additional recommendations. He was received with great warmth, and his polished manners, the charms of his conversation, did the rest. Radegonde and Agnes feasted him, flattered him; they had a thousand things to say to him, they could not see or hear enough of him; they pressed him to stay, to come again. He came continually; he could not come too often. The attraction was mutual; the triple conquest was complete; how was he ever to part from them? What should they do without him? Every household, still more every community of women absolutely requires one male retainer, be he only man-of-all-work. These devout ladies were greatly in want of such an ally; they needed a man of business, a legal adviser, and a director. They had found their factotum, Fortunatus had found his niche; he accepted his evident and delightful vocation, gave up his country, said "no" to St. Germanus, who wanted him at Paris, took orders, became parish priest of the metropolitan church at Poitiers, chaplain and almoner of St. Cross, and solicitor, agent, and ambassador for the convent to the many powers and violences ready to take advantage of feminine inexperience.

From this time forward, somewhere about the year 567, Fortunatus was stationed at Poitiers. His life was neither idle nor sedentary, as it obliged him to make frequent journeys and to keep up a large correspondence, besides his regular religious duties and his literary work, which he never neglected. He was born for the position, to exercise the diplomatic qualities by which Italians were already distinguished, and the delicate discretion needful to settle questions among women. Wielding a gentle supremacy over the entire convent, and especially over the two strong spirits at its head, whom he managed as a man of the world can always control women even of more force than himself; passing from chapter to chapter and from court to court, honored and caressed at all, the undisputed prince of living poets; strengthening his ecclesiastical position by intercourse with churchmen on church matters, he was in his element, and no gold-fish in a fountain was ever more contented. Radegonde and the abbess Agnes pampered him absurdly: every day, at the time of the convent meals, they sent him his, with many dishes not on their own bill of fare, and they plied him with dainties at odd hours. He acknowledged these attentions by little poems, still extant; thanking sometimes Radegonde, sometimes Agnes, for milk, chestnuts, fresh eggs, butter, plums, greengages, and other delicacies (*alias delicias*). He sent them in return flowers in osier baskets which he himself made, either for themselves or to adorn the altar, and verses generally went with the offering. There were frequent repasts shared by the three friends at the convent, when the room was hung with garlands of leaves and flowers, and the marble table was strewn with rose petals; the poultry and vegetables were served in silver dishes, the honey and fruit in crystal ones, and the wine was in precious goblets wreathed with ivy. Fortunatus had taken no vow of abstinence, it is clear, but the women ob-

served theirs, as he wrote verses urging Radegonde to drink wine, making use, no doubt, of St. Paul's arguments to Timothy.

The ex-queen was about the poet's age, possibly a little older than he, — they were not far from forty when their intimacy began; the abbess was under thirty, and very handsome. The three were soon knit together by the tenderest affection: between the two women it was like that of elder and younger sister, or of mother and daughter; what was it with him? Fortunatus habitually called Radegonde mother, and Agnes sister; but when they were cosily breakfasting together he ventured on more affectionate epithets with Italian diminutives, such as "my life," "my light," "joy of my soul," harmless familiarities for which Madame Necker would have rebuked the Abbé Galiani with a tap of her fan. Their conversation turned chiefly upon intellectual topics, and when the three were together it was apt to be gay. No doubt the poet's sprightly turn was acceptable to Radegonde, who had no animal spirits herself, though so strong a vein of sociability; but when they two were alone their intercourse was grave. She could not recover from the effect of her misfortunes; they had stamped melancholy into her core. In the midst of her active administrative cares, her important plans, her devotions, and her pleasures, she was secretly sad. In religion a Christian, by training a Roman of the latest and most civilized type, by instinct an æsthetic, her heart remained inalienably German; the rustle of the Thuringian forest haunted her ears, and the love of country, home, and family to the end of her life would sometimes burst out in passionate regret. She could not help dwelling on the frightful scenes she had passed through, and on the destruction and dispersion of her race; she turned with deep yearning towards distant kinsfolk whom she had never seen; she lived in perpetual exile. She found solace in talking about it to Fortunatus, who embodied her recollections in a poem supposed to be her story told by herself, and entitled De Excidio Thuringiæ; he also wrote an address in her name to a distant cousin of hers who had taken refuge in Constantinople. There are passages of great pathos in both.

Fortunatus likewise had lost his country and kindred, and called himself an exile, —

"Tristius erro nimis, patriis exul ab oris;"

but he bore it cheerfully, like many a poet since, not going back when he had the chance, but consoling himself by sentimental verse. He had enough serious writing to do in the multifarious correspondence which the interests of the convent required, and with the homilies and commentaries called for by his sacred office. On important public occasions he was to the fore. The council of Braine was convened in 580 by Chilperic to investigate charges of treason against the saintly Gregory of Tours. It was a mixed assembly of wild, long-haired warriors, with battle-axes and spiked maces, and Christian missionaries, calling themselves bishops, priests, and deacons of somewhat imaginary dioceses and benefices. They met in a vast hall of rough-hewn timber, hung with the skins of wild beasts, and were presided over by Chilperic, an assassin, polygamist, and savage. They were about to begin their deliberations, when in walked the debonair abbé with a low bow and a long poem in his hand, in which politic praises of Chilperic and Fredegonde alternate with Utopian descriptions of the condition of Neustria. It is a figure of speech to say that Fortunatus was there, but he had sent his poem, which the king, with a true savage's vanity, caused to be read aloud before proceeding to business, and it probably put him into a good humor, and helped in the acquittal of Gregory. The situation is laughable, almost in-

credible, and what Gregory, whose character and life were at stake, thought of his friend's airy way of taking things we can but guess, as he makes no allusion to it in his admiring notices of his brother clerk.

Such was the course of Fortunatus's life at Poitiers. There was no relaxation in the graceful offices of the ladies of St. Cross to him, nor in his services to them; the wine and milk and honey of their bounty flowed without stint, and his verse ran in a parallel stream. The flowers and fruits of St. Cross must have been perennial, to judge by his pretty little rhymes. Elegies and epitaphs continued to spring from his pen, with epigrams and curious anagrams like the *concetti* of a thousand years later, or the twisted posies of Quarles and Herbert, and the *vers d'occasion* and *vers de société* of modern literature. And there were more tender addresses at leave-takings, absences, and separations, as when, for instance, Radegonde was not at home to her visitor during the whole of Lent.

There were gossips and evil tongues in those days, and the excessive intimacy of the poet-priest and the two women gave rise to tattle; slander did not spare Radegonde's age or Agnes's official dignity. Fortunatus felt it more for their sakes than for his own, and he indignantly and solemnly repelled the accusations in lines of some vigor and elevation: —

"An honored mother, a sweet sister's love,
With truth and faith and heart and soul I cherish;
Affections blameless, fit for heaven above,
Born of the spirit, pure of fleshly blemish,
Be Christ my witness and the spotless Dove."

Not a single contemporary writer has left the smallest blot on the conduct of Fortunatus. The holiest and most ascetic men held him and his two friends in the highest esteem. The standard of Christian practice was perforce exalted and rigid, as it had to bear the strain of contrast with the heathenish habits of new converts, and of consistency with an occasional fierceness of orthodoxy which would not pull together with loose living. No subsequent historian has dared to raise a doubt as to the innocence of the tie. Even the puritanical M. Guizot acquits their memory of unworthy charges. He is too hard on their self-indulgence and trifling, and cites Fortunatus's verses to prove that from the earliest ages to the present day convent life has fostered only gluttony and futility, and to confirm the testimony of old *fabliaux* and modern satires against it on this score. M. Guizot's Calvinistic prejudices make him too severe in this case, at any rate. Renard the Fox and Vert-Vert personify the vices and follies of the orders, but not their serious side, which, as has been shown, was not absent from the existence of St. Cross. To worldly-minded people the irreproachable nature of the friendship of Fortunatus, Radegonde, and Agnes is best proved by its never having been broken; no jealousy or mistrust ever disturbed it. The women were plainly superior to the man in many ways, and more earnest than he was. The light, mundane temper which he brought from Italy, his friendly and obliging disposition, his love of pleasure and desire to please, were precisely the unmonastic qualities which make him the antitype of the drawing-room priest, the *abbé galant*, and preserve him to us not in the aspect of a robed and corded friar, nor of a bishop in his canonicals, but as an elegant, versatile, agreeable ecclesiastic, at home in every society.

There is little known of his life after the council of Braine, except by his writings. One of his biographers in the seventeenth century thinks that he spent some time in England, which could only have been on an important religious mission. It was even said that one of his fair friends followed him there, when people might have been excused for talking; but this episode is obscure and

doubtful. Radegonde died on August 13, 587; she was soon canonized, and the day belongs to her; Poitou still keeps it in her memory. The Abbess Agnes vanishes with her like her shadow. Now Fortunatus might say with truth, "Tristius erro." His friend Gregory of Tours soon followed. Of all the patrons of his outset in Gaul not one was left but the royal Brunehilde, a furious old woman, maddened by the perfidy and cruelty that had robbed her of her husband and children, and grown barbarous by living with barbarians; it is to be hoped he did not live to know her fate. Like most old people for whom life has been happy, he lived chiefly in the past, and found interest and a labor of love in writing the life of St. Radegonde. Some ten years after her death he was made Bishop of Poitiers. He lingered into the next century, when he gently fades from view on a December day. The 14th is kept in memory of St. Fortunatus, but the year is not known.

Fortunatus, in one of his later works, speaks slightingly of his attainments, but this was mock modesty; they were not thought little of either by himself or by others. The days of profound scholarship and classic perfection of style were over, and his writings are not models either of prose or verse, but they display talent, descriptive power, truth to human nature, grace, and sprightliness. He ranked very high among his contemporaries for learning and culture, and has been classed by posterity with the great Gallo-Roman literary men of the declining Empire. To appreciate his completely civilized and modern character we must not forget the condition of Europe during his life. If he had died young, or even in middle age, he might be dismissed with his peccadilloes of vanity and epicurism, his curiosity and his little verses, —

"Dans l'Élysée des héros perroquets;"

but he deserves a better place. He lived to be a man of weight and value; he is the author of a noble hymn, Vexilla Regis, the common property of the Roman and Anglican churches; and as he is last seen, in his dignified old age, fulfilling his episcopal duties, and devoting his lonely leisure to writing the life of his sainted friend, he is worthy of reverence.

TACITA.

She roves through shadowy solitudes,
  Where scentless herbs and fragile flowers
Pine in the gloom that ever broods
  Around her sylvan bowers.

No winds amid the branches sigh,
  No footfall wakes the sodden ground;
And the cold streams that hurry by
  Flow on without a sound.

Strange, voiceless birds from spray to spray
  Flit silently; and all day long
The dancing midges round her play,
  But sing no elfin song.

The haunting twilight ebbs and flows;
Chill is the night, wan is the morn;
Through this dim wood no minstrel goes,
No hunter winds his horn.

No panting stag seeks yon dark pool;
No shepherd calls his bleating sheep
From sunburnt meads to shadows cool,
And grasses green and deep.

Across her path, from reed to reed,
The spider weaves his gossamer;
She recks not where her footsteps lead,
The world is dead to her.

Her eyes are sad, her face is pale,
Her head droops sidewise wearily;
Her dusky tresses, like a veil,
Down ripple to her knee.

How many a cycle hath she trod
Each mossy aisle, each leafy dell!
Alas, her feet with silence shod
Ne'er flee the hateful spell!

James B. Kenyon.

CHILDHOOD IN ENGLISH LITERATURE AND ART.

II.

It was the saying of the Swedish seer Count Swedenborg that a Day of Judgment was to come upon men at the time of the French Revolution. Then were the spirits to be judged. In whatever terms we may express the fact, clear it is to us that the close of the last century marks a great epoch in the history of Christendom, and the farther we withdraw from the events which gather about our own birth as an organized nation, and those which effected such enormous changes in European life, the more clearly do we perceive that the movements of the present century are mainly along lines which may be traced back to genetic beginnings then. There was indeed a great awakening, a renaissance, a new birth.

The French Revolution was a sign of the times: it furnishes a convenient name for an epoch, not merely because important changes in Christendom were contemporaneous with it, but because they were intimately associated with it. Then appeared the portent of Democracy, and the struggle of humanity has ever since been for the realization of dreams which came as visions of a great hope. Then began that examination of the foundation of things in science and philosophy which has become a mighty passion in intellectual life.

I have said that every great renaissance has left its record in the recognition which childhood receives in litera-

ture and art. I add that the scope and profundity of that renaissance may be measured by the form which this recognition takes. At the birth of Christianity the pregnant sentences, "Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven," "For of such is the kingdom of heaven," "Verily I say unto you, their angels do always behold the face of my Father in heaven," sound a depth unreached before. They were, like other words from the same source, veritable prophecies, the perfect fulfillment of which waits the perfect manifestation of the Son of Man. At the Renaissance, when mediævalism gave way before modern life, art reflected the hopes of mankind in the face of a divine child. At the great Revolution, when, amidst fire and blood, the new life of humanity stood revealed, an unseen hand again took a little child and placed him in the midst of men. It was reserved for an English poet to be the one who most clearly discerned the face of the child. Himself one of the great order of angels, he beheld in the child the face of God. I may be pardoned, I trust, for thus reading in Western fashion, the meaning of that Oriental phrase which I find has perplexed theologians and biblical critics. Was it any new disclosure which the Christ made if he merely said that the attendant ministers of children always beheld the face of the Father in heaven? Was it not the very property of such angelic nature that it should see God? But was it not rather a revelation to the crass minds of those who thrust children aside, that the angels who moved between the Father of spirits and these new-comers into the world saw in their faces a witness to their divine origin? They saw the Father repeated in the child.

When Wordsworth published his Lyrical Ballads, a storm of ridicule fell upon them. In that age, when the old and the new were clashing with each other on every hand, so stark a symbol of the new as these ballads presented could not fail to furnish an objective point for criticism which was born of the old. Wordsworth, in his defensive Preface, declares, "The principal object proposed in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain coloring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting, by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature; chiefly as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature."

Every one of these reasons, unless the last, which I do not understand, be excepted, applies with additional force to the use of forms and images and incidents drawn from childhood; and though Wordsworth takes no account of this in his Preface, it is more to the point that he does freely and fully recognize

the fact in his poetry. The Preface, with its dry formality, was like much of Wordsworth's poetry, — Pegasus on a walk, his wings impeding free action. It is one of the anomalies of nature that a poet with such insight as Wordsworth should never apparently have discovered his own pragmatical dullness. It seems to me that Wordsworth's finer moods were just those of which he never attempted to give a philosophic account, and that he did not refer to childhood in his Preface is an evidence of his inspiration when dealing with it.

All the same, his treatment of childhood accords with his manifesto to the British public. Could anything be more trivial, as judged by the standards of the day, than his ballad of Alice Fell, or Poverty? — of which he has himself said, "The humbleness, meanness if you like, of the subject, together with the homely mode of treating it, brought upon me a world of ridicule by the small critics, so that in policy I excluded it from many editions of my Poems, till it was restored at the request of some of my friends, in particular my son-in-law, Edward Quillinan." What is the motive of a poem which excited such derision that the poet in a moment of alarm withdrew it from publication, and when he restored it held his son-in-law responsible? Simply the grief of a poor child, who had stolen a ride behind the poet's post-chaise, upon finding that her tattered cloak had become caught in the wheel and irretrievably ruined. The poet makes no attempt to dignify this grief; the incident is related in poetic form, but without any poetic discovery beyond the simple *worth* of the grief. It is, perhaps, the most audaciously matter of fact of all Wordsworth's poems; and yet, such is the difference in the audience to-day from what it was in Wordsworth's time that Alice Fell appears as a matter of course in all the anthologies for children, and is read by men and women with positive sympathy, with a tenderness for the forlorn little girl, and without a question as to the poem's right of existence. The misery, the grief of childhood, is conceived of as a real thing, measured by the child's mind into which we enter, and not by our own standards of pain and loss.

Again, recall the poem of Lucy Gray, or Solitude. The story is far more pathetic, and has an appeal to more catholic sensibility: a child, sent with a lantern to town from the moor on which she lives, that she may light her mother back through the snow, is lost among the hills, and her footsteps are traced at length to the fatal bridge through which she has fallen. The incident was one from real life; Wordsworth seized upon it, reproducing each detail, and with a touch or two of genius made a wraith. He discovered, as no one before had done, the element of solitude in childhood, and invested it with a fine spiritual, ethereal quality, quite devoid of any ethical property, — a subtle community with nature.

How completely Wordsworth entered the mind of a child and identified himself with its movements is consciously betrayed in his pastoral, The Pet Lamb. He puts into the mouth of Barbara Lewthwaite the imaginary song to her lamb, and then says for himself, —

> "As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
> This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
> And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
> That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was mine.
> Again and once again did I repeat the song;
> Nay, said I, more than half to the damsel must belong,
> For she looked with such a look and she spake with such a tone
> That I almost received her heart into my own."

His second thought was best: more than half did belong to the child, for he himself was but the wise interpreter.

Wordsworth's incidents of childhood are sometimes given a purely objective character, as in Rural Architecture, The

Anecdote for Fathers, The Idle Shepherd Boys; but more often childhood is to him the occasion and suggestion of the deeper thought of life. A kitten, playing with falling leaves before the poet and his child Dora, leads him on by exquisite movement to the thought of his own decay of life. But what impresses us most is the twofold conception of childhood as a part of nature, and as containing within itself not only the germ of human life, but the echo of the divine. There are poems of surpassing beauty which so blend the child and nature that we might almost fancy, as we look upon the poetical landscape, that we are mistaking children for bushes, or bushes for children. Such is that one beginning

"Three years she grew in sun and shower,"

and

"Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!"

He drew images from his children and painted a deliberate portrait of his daughter Catharine, solemnly entitled, Characteristics of a Child Three Years Old.

Yet, though Wordsworth drew many suggestions from his own children and from those whom he saw in his walks, it is remarkable how little he regards children in their relation to parents in comparison of their individual and isolated existence. Before Wordsworth, the child, in literature, was almost wholly considered as one of a group, as a part of a family, and only those phases of childhood were treated which were obvious to the most careless observer. Wordsworth — and here is the notable fact — was the first deliberately to conceive of childhood as a distinct, individual element of human life. He first, to use a truer phrase, apprehended the personality of childhood. He did this and gave it expression in artistic form in some of the poems already named; he did it methodically and with philosophic intent in his autobiographic poem The Prelude, and also in The Excursion. Listen how he speaks of his infancy even, giving it by anticipation a life separate from mother and nurse. "Was it for this?" he asks, —

"Was it for this
That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,
And, from his alder shades and rocky falls,
And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice
That flowed along my dreams? For this, didst thou,
O Derwent! winding among grassy holms
Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,
Make ceaseless music that composed my thoughts
To more than infant softness, giving me
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and groves."

Still more minutely does he disclose the consciousness of childhood in his record of the mind of the Wanderer in The Excursion, in the lines beginning: —

"From his sixth year, the Boy of whom I speak
In summer tended cattle on the hills."

It may be said that in all this Wordsworth is simply rehearsing and expanding an exceptional experience; that his recollection of his own childhood passed through the alembic of a fervid poetic imagination. Be it so; we are not so much concerned to know how the poet came by this divination, as to know that he should have treated it as universal and common to the period of childhood. Again and again in descriptive poem, in direct address, in indirect allusion, he so uses this knowledge as to forbid us to regard it as peculiar and exceptional in his own view; and a poet's attestation to a universal experience is worth more than any negation which comes from our individual blurred recollection. Wordsworth discovers in childhood the germ of humanity; he sees there thoughts, emotions, activities, sufferings, which are miniatures of the maturer life, — but, he sees more than this and deeper. To him the child is not a pigmy man; it has a life of its own, out of which something even may pass, when childhood is left behind. It is not the ignorant innocence of childhood, the infantile grace, which holds him, but a certain childish possession, in which he

sees a spiritual presence obscured in conscious youth. Landor in one of his Imaginary Conversations stoutly asserts a similar fact when he says, "Children are not men or women; they are almost as different creatures, in many respects, as if they never were to be one or the other; they are as unlike as buds are unlike flowers, and almost as blossoms are unlike fruits." [1]

In all this again, in this echo of the divine which Wordsworth hears in the voice of childhood, there is reference, psychologically, to his own personal experience. Yet why should we treat that as ruled out of evidence, which only one here and another there acknowledges as a part of his history? Is it not fairer, more reasonable, to take the experience of a profound poet as the basis of spiritual truth than the negative testimony of those whose eyes lack the wondrous power of seeing? In the preface to his ode, Intimations of Immortality from the Recollections of Early Childhood, Wordsworth declares with great earnestness: —

"To the attentive and competent reader the whole sufficiently explains itself; but there may be no harm in adverting here to particular feelings or experiences of my own mind, on which the structure of the poem partly rests. Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. I have said elsewhere —

> 'A simple child
> That lightly draws its breath,
> And feels its life in every limb,
> What should it know of death!'

But it was not so much from feelings of animal vivacity that my difficulty came, as from a sense of the indomitableness of the spirit within me. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated, in something of the same way, to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in my own immaterial nature. Many times, while going to school, have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from the abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we all have reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character."

Here Wordsworth defends the philosophy of the poem by making it an induction from his own experience. There will be found many to question its truth because they have no recollections which correspond with the poet's; and others who will claim that the poem is but a fanciful argument in behalf of the philosophic heresy of a preëxistent state. In my judgment, Wordsworth's preface is somewhat misleading by its reference to this theory, although he has furnished hints in the same preface of his more integral thought. As I have noticed before, his artistic presentation is truer and more final than his exegesis. Whoever reads this great ode is aware of the rise and fall of the tide of thought; he hears the poet reasoning with himself; he sees him passing in imagination out of childhood into age, yet constantly recovering himself to fresh perception of the immortality which transcends earthly life. It is visible childhood with its intimation of immortality which brings to the poet, not regret for what is irretrievably lost, but firmer faith in the reality of the unseen and eternal. The confusion into which some have been cast by the ode arises from their bringing to the idea of immortality the time conception; they conceive the poet to be hinting of an indefinite time antedating the child's birth, an indefinite time extending beyond the man's death, whereas Wordsworth's conception of immortality rests in the indestructibility

[1] Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

of spirit by any temporal or earthly conditions, — an indestructibility which even implies an absence of beginning as well as of ending.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy"

he declares. It is the investment of this visible life by an unseen, unfelt, yet real spiritual presence for which he contends, and he maintains that the inmost consciousness of childhood bears witness to this truth; this consciousness fades as the earthly life penetrates the soul, yet it is there and recurs in sudden moments.

"Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

In thus connecting childhood with the highest hope of the human race, Wordsworth was repeating the note which twice before had been struck in great epochs of history. This third renaissance was the awaking of the human soul to a sense of the common rights and duties of humanity, the dignity and worth of the Person.

The poetic form, while most perfectly inclosing these divinations of childhood, and especially suited to the presentation of the faint and elusive elements, is less adapted to the philosophic and discursive examination of the subject of childhood. It is, then, an indication of the impression which the idea had made upon men that a prose writer of the period, of singular insight and subtlety, should have given some of his most characteristic thought to an examination of the essential elements of childhood. De Quincey was undoubtedly strongly affected by Wordsworth's treatment of the subject; he has left evidence upon this point. Nevertheless, he appears to have sounded his own mind and appealed to his own memory for additional and corroborative testimony. In his Suspiria de Profundis, a sequel to the Confessions of an English Opium-Eater, he offers an account of his recollections of infancy, together with many reflections upon the experience which he then underwent. If it be said that the opium-eater was an untrustworthy witness, since his dreaming might well lead him to confuse the subtle workings of a mature mind with the vivid remembrance of one or two striking events of childhood, we may consider that De Quincey's imagination was a powerful one, and capable of interpreting the incidents and emotions brought to it by memory, as a more prosaic mind could not. We are compelled, of course, in all such cases, to submit the testimony of such a man to the judgment of our own reason, but that reason ought, before pronouncing a final verdict, to be educated to perceive the possibilities of a wider range of observation than may have fallen to us individually, and to submit the results to a comparison with known operations of the human mind. Above all, it should be borne in mind that a distinction clearly exists between a child's consciousness and its power of expression. De Quincey himself in a note says with acuteness and justice: —

"The reader must not forget in reading this and other passages that though a child's feelings are spoken of, it is not the child who speaks. I decipher what the child only felt in cipher. And so far is this distinction or this explanation from pointing to anything metaphysical or doubtful, that a man must be grossly unobservant who is not aware of what I am here noticing, not as a peculiarity of this child or that, but as a necessity of all children. Whatsoever in a man's mind blossoms and expands to his own consciousness in mature life must have preëxisted in germ during his infancy. I, for instance, did not, as a child, consciously read in my own deep feelings these ideas. No, not at all; nor was it

possible for a child to do so. I, the child, had the feelings; I, the man, decipher them. In the child lay the handwriting mysterious to him; in me, the interpretation and the comment."

Assuredly this is reasonable, and since we are looking for the recognition of childhood in literature, we may wisely ask how it presents itself to a man like De Quincey, who had peculiar power in one form of literature — the autobiographic-imaginative. He entitles the first part of his Suspiria, The Affliction of Childhood. It is the record of a child's grief, interpreted by the man when he could translate into speech the emotion which possessed him in his early suffering; and near its close, De Quincey, partially summing up his philosophy of the subject, declares: —

"God speaks to children, also, in dreams and by the oracles that lurk in darkness. But in solitude, above all things when made vocal by the truths and services of a national church, God holds communion undisturbed with children. Solitude, though silent as light, is like light the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world alone; all leave it alone. Even a little child has a dread, whispering consciousness that if he should be summoned to travel into God's presence, no gentle nurse will be allowed to lead him by the hand, nor mother to carry him in her arms, nor little sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child, all must walk those mighty galleries alone. The solitude, therefore, which in this world appals or fascinates a child's heart, is but the echo of a far deeper solitude, through which already he has passed, and of another solitude, deeper still, through which he has to pass: reflex of one solitude, prefiguration of another.

"Deeper than the deepest of solitudes is that which broods over childhood, bringing before it, at intervals, the final solitude which watches for it, within the gates of death. Reader, I tell you in truth, and hereafter I will convince you of this truth, that for a Grecian child solitude was nothing, but for a Christian child it has become the power of God and the mystery of God. O mighty and essential solitude, that wast and art and art to be! thou, kindling under the touch of Christian revelations, art now transfigured forever, and hast passed from a blank negation into a secret hieroglyphic from God, shadowing in the hearts of infancy the very dimmest of his truths!"

I must refer the reader to the entire chapter for a full exposition of De Quincey's views on this subject. Despite the bravura style which makes us in our soberer days listen a little incredulously to these far-fetched sighs and breathings, the passage quoted bears testimony to that apprehension of childhood which De Quincey shared with Wordsworth. Both of these writers were looked upon in their day as somewhat reactionary in their poetical philosophy; so much the more valuable is their declaration of a poetical and philosophical faith which was fundamentally in unison with the political faith that lay behind the outburst of the French Revolution. The discovery of this new continent of childhood by such explorers of the spiritual world marks the age as distinctly as does the discovery of new lands and explorations in the earlier renaissance. It was indeed one of the great signs of the period ushered in by the French Revolution and the establishment of the American republic, that the bounds of the spiritual world were extended. When poverty and childhood were annexed to the poet's domain, the world of literature and art suddenly became larger.

At such times there are likely to be singular exhibitions of genius, which are ill-understood in contemporary life, but

are perceived by later observers to be part and parcel of the age in which they occur. Something like this may be said of the pictures and poems of William Blake, who was a visionary in a time when a red flame along the horizon made his spiritual fires invisible. He has since been rediscovered, and has been for a generation so potent an influence in English art that we may wisely attend to him, not merely as a person of genius, but as furnishing an illustration of some of the deep things of our subject.

No one acquainted with Blake's work has failed to observe the recurrence of a few types drawn from elemental figures. The lamb, the child, the old man, — these appear and reappear, carrying the prevalent ideas in this artist's imagination. Of all these the child is the most central and emphatic, even as the Songs of Innocence is the most perfect expression of Blake's vision of life. It may be said that in his mind childhood was largely resolvable into infancy, and that when he looked upon a babe, he saw life in its purest form, and that most suggestive of the divine, as in the exquisite cradle song, into which is woven the weeping of the child Jesus for all the human race. The two short antithetical poems, The Little Boy Lost and The Little Boy Found, reveal the depths which Blake penetrated when engaged in his solitary voyage of discovery to the little known shores of childhood. They have, to be sure, the teasing property of parables, and it would be hard to render them into the unmistakable language of the understanding; but they could be set to music, and like the Duke we exclaim: —

"That strain again! it had a dying fall."

It must always be borne in mind that Blake's contribution to the literature of childhood is through highly idealized forms. It is spiritual or angelic childhood which floats before his eyes, so that the little creatures who dance on the green, the little chimney sweep, the children filing into St. Paul's, are translated by his visionary power into the images of an essential childhood: they cease to be individual illustrations.

We are told that in the fearful days of the French Revolution there was an eruption from the secret places of Paris of a vast horde of poor, ignorant, and vicious people, who had been kept out of sight by lords and ladies. One may accept the fact as symbolical of that emergence into the light of Christianity of poverty and degradation. The poor had always been with the world, but it is not too much to say that now for the first time did they begin to be recognized as part and parcel of humanity. Wordsworth's poems set the seal upon this recognition. Dickens's novels naturalized the poor in literature, and as in the case of Wordsworth, poverty and childhood went hand in hand.

Dickens, however, though he made a distinct addition to the literature of childhood, rather registered a presence already acknowledged than acted as a prophet of childhood. The great beneficent and humanitarian movement of the century was well under way, and had already found abundant expression in ragged schools and Sunday-schools and in education generally, when Dickens, with his quick reporter's sight, seized upon salient features in this new exhibition of humanity. He was quite aside from the ordinary organized charities, but he was moved by much the same spirit as that which was briskly at work among the poor and the young. He was caught by the current, and his own personal experience was swift to give special direction to his imagination.

Besides innumerable minor references, there are certain childish figures in the multitude of the creations of Dickens, which at once rise to mind, — Paul Dombey, Little Nell, Tiny Tim, Oliver Twist, David Copperfield in his earliest

days, and the Marchioness. Dickens found out very soon that the power to bring tears into the eyes of people was a surer road to success than even the power to amuse. When he was drawing the figures of children, their tenderness, their weakness, their susceptibility presented themselves as the material in which he could skillfully work. Then he used the method which had served him so well in his larger portraiture; he seized upon the significant feature and emphasized it until it became the unmistakable mark of the person. Childhood suggests weakness, and weakness is more apparent when there is a foil of mental prematurity; so he invented the hydrocephalic Paul Dombey. It suggests tenderness; he appealed to an unhesitating sympathy and drew for us Little Nell, intensifying her nature by bringing her into contrast and subtle companionship with her imbecile grandfather. It is the defect of Dickens that by such characters he displayed his skill in morbid conceptions. The little old man in Paul Dombey is not without its prototype in real life, but Dickens appears to have produced it as a type of tender childhood, much as one might select a consumptive for an illustration of extreme refinement. Tiny Tim is a farther illustration of this unhealthy love, on Dickens's part, of that which is affecting through its infirmity. That art is truest which sees children at play or in their mothers' arms, not in hospitals or graveyards. It is the infirmity of humanitarianism and of Dickens, its great exponent, that it regards death as the great fact of life; that it seeks to ward it off as the greatest of evils, and when it comes, hastens to cover it out of sight with flowers. This conception of death is bound up with an overweening sense of the importance of these years of life. There is a nobler way, and literature and art are slowly confessing it, as they devote their strength to that which is eternal in life, not to that which is perishable. Wordsworth's maiden in We are Seven, with her simple, unhesitating belief in the continuity of life, the imperishability of the person, holds a surer place in literature than Paul Dombey, who makes the ocean with its tides wait for him to die.

It is only fair to say, however, that the caricature to be found in Dickens is scarcely more violent an extreme to some minds than is the idealism to be found in Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Blake an opposite extreme to minds otherwise constituted. The early life of Wordsworth, passed, as he tells us, in the solitude of nature, explains much of his subsequent attitude toward childhood and youth. It is out of such an experience that Lucy Gray was written. In like manner the early life of Dickens discloses something of a nature which reappears afterward in his pictures of childhood. A wounded sensibility is unquestionably the pathetic history of many, and Dickens has contributed to the natural history of childhood a distinct account of this feature.

The first appearance of a new form in literature produces an impression which can never be repeated. However freshly readers in this decade may come to the works of Dickens, it is impossible that they should have the same distinct sensation which men and women had who caught up the numbers of The Old Curiosity Shop as they fell from the press for the first time. There can never again be such a lamentation over Little Nell, when men like Jeffrey, a hardened old critic, made no concealment of their tears. Yet I am disposed to think that this does not give a complete account of the phenomenon. Just as Wordsworth's Alice Fell is now but one of a procession of forlorn maidens, though at the head of it, so the children of Dickens are merely somewhat more vivid personages in a multitude of childish creations. The child is no longer a novelty either in poetry or in fiction.

It is an accepted character, one of the *dramatis personæ* of literature.

For when all is said of Dickens's work, taken only as the product of a mind singularly gifted with reporting what it has seen, there remains the noticeable fact that scarcely had the echoes died away from the voice of Wordsworth, who ushered in the literature of the new age, when a great man of the people came forward, in the person of Dickens, and found it the most natural thing in the world to give men pictures of child-life, and that after the first surprise attendant upon novelty was over, writers of all sorts were busy modeling these small figures.

The child once introduced into literature, the significance of its appearance thereafter is not so much in individual instances as in the general and familiar acceptance of the phenomenon. At least so it appears from our near view. It is not impossible that later students may perceive notes in our literature of more meaning than we now surmise. They may understand better than we why Tennyson should have made a babe the heroine of The Princess, as he acknowledges to Mr. Dawson that he did, though only one or two critics had discovered the fact, and why Mr. Swinburne, who is supposed to scoff at a literature *virginibus puerisque*, should have devoted so much of his lyric energy to childhood. The stream which ran with so broken a course down to Wordsworth has spread now into a broad, full river. Childhood is part and parcel of every poet's material; children play in and out of fiction, and readers are accustomed to meeting them in books, and to finding them often as finely discriminated by the novelist as are their elders.

Meanwhile from the time when childhood was newly discovered, that is to say, roughly, in the closing years of the last century, there has been a literature in process of formation which has for its audience children themselves. I called attention briefly, at the beginning of this series of papers, to the interesting fact that there was a correlation in time, at least, between childhood in literature and a literature for children. A nearer study of the literature of this century shows very clearly that while the great constructive artists have been making room for the figures of infancy and youth, and even consciously explaining their presence, a host of minor writers, without much thought of art, have been busy over the same figures for other purposes. Not only so, but in several instances the great artists themselves have distinctly turned aside from their ordinary audience and appealed directly to children.

Where was the child in English literature before Goldsmith? and where before Goldsmith's time was there a book for children? There have been, it is true, nursery tales in all ages; ditties, and songs, and lullabies; unwritten stories, which mothers in England told when they themselves could have read nothing; but there came a time when children were distinctly recognized as the occasion of formal literature, when authors and publishers began to heed a new public. It was impossible that there should be this discovery of childhood without a corresponding effort on the part of men and women to get at it, and to hold very direct intercourse with it.

By a natural instinct writers for children began at once to write about children. They were moved by educational rather than by artistic impulses, so that their creations were subordinate to the lessons which they conveyed. During the period when Wordsworth, Lamb, De Quincey, and Blake were idealizing childhood, and seeing in it artistic possibilities, there flourished a school of writing for the young which also dealt with childhood, but with a sturdy realism. This school had its representa-

tives in Mrs. Barbauld, Mr. Day, the Aikens, Maria Edgeworth, Ann and Jane Taylor, and holds a place still with Evenings at Home, The Parent's Assistant, Hymns in Prose for Children, Hymns for Infant Minds, Frank, and Sandford and Merton. The characteristics of this literature are simple, and will be recalled by many who dwell with an affectionate and regretful regard upon books which they find it somewhat difficult to persuade their children to read.

These books were didactic; they assumed in the main the air of wise teachers; they were sometimes condescending; they appealed to the understanding rather than to the imagination of the child, and they abounded in stores of useful information upon all manner of subjects. They contained precursors of a long series of juvenile monitors, and the grandfathers who knew Mr. Barlow had children who knew Mr. Holiday, Rollo, Jonas, and Mr. George, and grandchildren who may be suspected of an acquaintance with Mr. Bodley and his much traveled and very inquisitive family.

Yet, the earlier works, though now somewhat antiquated, were not infrequently lively and even humorous in their portraiture of children. They were written in the main out of a sincere interest in the young, and by those who were accustomed to watch the unfolding of childish nature. If they reflected a somewhat formal relation between the old and the young, it must be remembered that the actual relation was a formal one; that the young had not yet come into familiar and genial relation with the old. Indeed, the books themselves were somewhat revolutionary in a small way. Much that seems stiff and even unnatural to us now was quite easy and colloquial to their first readers, and in their eagerness to lure children into ways of pleasant instruction, the authors broke down something of the reserve which existed between fathers and sons in the English life which they portrayed. Yet we cannot help being struck by the contrast between the sublimated philosophy of Wordsworth and the prosaic applications of the Edgeworth school. Heaven lies about us in our infancy? Oh, yes, a heaven that is to be looked at through a spy-glass and explained by means of a home-made orrery. It would seem as if the spirit of childhood had been discerned with all its inherent capacity, but that the actual children of this matter-of-fact world had not yet been fairly seen by the light of this philosophy.

The literature which we are considering was indeed a serious attempt at holding intercourse with childish minds. It had the embarrassment of beginnings; there was about it an uncertain groping in the dark of childhood, and it was desperately theory-ridden. But it had also the mark of sincerity, and one feels in reading it that the writers were genuinely indifferent in most cases to the figure they might be cutting before the world; they were bent upon reaching this audience, and were unobservant of the larger world behind. In most cases, I say. I suspect that Mrs. Barbauld, with her solemn dullness, was the victim of a notion that she was producing a new order of literature, and in this she was encouraged by a circle of older readers; the children probably stared at her with sufficient calmness to keep her ignorant of their real thoughts.

How real literature looked upon the dusty high-road laid out across the fields by some of these writers may be read in the letters of the day. Coleridge jibed at that "pleonasm of nakedness," Mrs. Bare-bald, and Lamb in a letter to Coleridge speaks his mind with refreshing frankness: "Goody Two Shoes," he says, "is almost out of print. Mrs. Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery; and the shopman at Newberry's hardly deigned

to reach them off an old exploded corner of a shelf when Mary asked for them. Mrs. B.'s and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about. Knowledge insignificant and vapid as Mrs. B.'s books convey, it seems, must come to a child in the *shape of knowledge*, and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own powers when he has learned that a horse is an animal, and Billy is better than a horse, and such like; instead of that beautiful interest in wild tales which made the child a man, while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child. Science has succeeded to poetry no less in the little walks of children than with men. Is there no possibility of averting this sore evil? Think of what you would have been now, if, instead of being fed with tales and old wives' fables in childhood, you had been crammed with geography and natural history! Hang them! I mean the cursed reasoning crew, those blights and blasts of all that is human in man and child." Yet Lamb and his sister both took a lively interest in genuine books for the young, and their own contributions have, alas! gone the way, for the most part, of other worn-out literature. It was mainly as a direct educative power that this new interest in children first found expression; with it, however, was mingled a more artistic purpose, and the two streams of tendency have ever since been recognizable, sometimes separate, oftener combined. The Lambs' own work was illustrative of this union of the didactic and the artistic. It is outside the scope of these articles to dwell at length upon this phase of literature. It is enough to point out the fact that there is a distinct class of books which has grown up quite within the memory of men now living. It is involved with industrial and commercial interests; it invites the attention of authors, and the infrequent criticism of reviewers; it has its own subdivisions like the larger literature; it boasts of cyclopædias and commentaries; it includes histories, travels, poems, works in science, theological treatises. It is a distinct principality of the Kingdom of Letters. It is idle to complain of the present abundance of children's books, as if somebody were to blame for it. There has been no conspiracy of publishers and authors. It is worse than folly to look with contempt upon the movement; the faithful student will seek rather to study this new force, and if possible to guide it into right channels.

The distinction between books for the young and books for the old is a somewhat arbitrary one, and many have discovered for themselves and their children that instead of one poor corner of literature being fenced off for the lamb, planted with tender grass which is quickly devoured, and with many medicinal but disagreeable herbs which are nibbled at when the grass is gone, the whole wide pasture land is their native home, and the grass more tender where fresh streams flow than it possibly can be in the paddock, however carefully planted and watched. This community of possession is more recognizable in the higher than in the lower forms of literature. It is still more clear in pictorial art. Art is by its nature more closely representative of childhood than literature can be, and Gainsborough and Reynolds made no innovation when they painted children, although the latter, by his evident partiality for these subjects, does indicate a susceptibility to the new knowledge which was coming upon the world. There are other influences which reinforce the artistic pleasure, such as the domestic sense, the pride of family, the ease of procuring unconscious models. No one can visit an English exhibition of paintings without being struck by the extraordinary number of subjects taken from childhood. It is in this field that Millais has won famous laurels,

and when the great body of book illustrations is scanned, what designs have half the popularity of Doyle's fairies and Miss Greenaway's idyllic children? I sometimes wonder and speculate why this should be the case in England, while in America, the paradise of children, there is a conspicuous absence of these subjects from our galleries.

When all is said, what is the meaning of this movement in literature and art and education? How are we to account for this new advent of the child and for this multitudinous illustration of the subject in great and in little ways? for Wordsworth and the latest contributor to a child's magazine have something in common which was wanting in earlier art. There seems something half grotesque in speaking of childhood and the French Revolution in one breath, but I think that the incongruity is only superficial. There is a close, a vital connection; the perception that the child had divine relationships was one form of the new consciousness of the worth and dignity of man; the sense of the child's need was a part of that new cry for the rights of man. Above and beyond the accidents of social life the man stood revealed to the opening understanding. The fierce democracy of the French Revolution was a wild, passionate bursting of old bonds, but beneath all the turbulence of the period one may discover the solemn, resistless movement of the idea of essential equality, which has become the latest birth in the soul of man. Again, as before, those who took heed might find the new truth which was intoxicating men to be but a new reading of the eternal principle which had been declared by the Son of Man.

"A man 's a man for a' that,"

rings out as the refrain of the songs of the time, but the whole life of the Christ had been in witness to it. To make good this vision of equality has been the struggle of the nations ever since, and in it is involved the conception of childhood as possessing rights and claims. It is true that the tares have grown up with the wheat, and an insolent, braggart counterfeit of equality, which in reality is an assumption of superiority for the base and ignoble, has challenged the honor of men. So, too, in this confused, struggling development of the principle, there has been a conspicuous travesty of childhood, and we have been forced to see a vulgar, noisy youth which elbows age out of the way, and a thoughtless, indulgent generation which suffers itself to be overridden by a pushing, precocious crowd of the young. These things are sufficiently reflected in books, and we are too well acquainted with the offensive young American, whose speech is as slovenly as his morals, and whose feverish imitation of maturity indicates the utter ignorance of what youth means on the part of the literary copyist who has transplanted the living objects into the pages of his books.

These coarse travesties of a true equality and freedom should not blind our sight to that which is genuine and abiding. We turn again to a childhood which represents the hopes and wishes of men, a childhood which retains the gift of heaven, and is constantly inspiring men with the promise of a better life for this world. It is noticeable that a philosophy of the day, which professes to have gone beyond the bounds of Christianity, is disposed to rest its hopes in children, and to find in them the immortality which it has cast off for itself. The instinct by which we turn to childhood is as old as the human race, but this age has embodied its hopes and its labors in the child with a passionate earnestness. We are told that when the Christ was on earth mothers brought their children to him to bless; that his disciples would have thrust them back as out of place, but that he forbade

them, saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." The mothers of that day did not need the word; they never have needed it, but to-day I think we may say that the disciples also have come into some recognition of the truth.

Horace E. Scudder.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XXX.

On the mantelpiece of the little lodging-house drawing-room in Half Moon Street, supported against the gilt group that decorated the timepiece, was a note containing an invitation. "Why, here is the whirl beginning already," Mrs. Warrender said. "Don't you feel that you are in the vortex, Chatty?" Her mother laughed, and was a little excited even by this mild matter; but Chatty did not feel any excitement. To the elder woman, the mere sense of the population about her, the hurry in the street, the commotion in the air, was an excitement. She would have liked to go out at once, to walk about, to get into a hansom like a man, and drive through the streets, and see the lights and the glimmer of the shops, and the crowds of people. To be within reach of all that movement and rapidity went into her veins like wine. After the solitude and silence of so many years, — nothing but the rustle of the leaves, the patter of the rain, the birds or the wind in the branches, and the measured voices, indoors, to vary the quiet, — the roar of Piccadilly mingling with everything was a sort of music to this woman. To many others, perhaps the majority, the birds and breezes would be the thing to long for; but Mrs. Warrender was one of the people who love a town and all that seems like a larger life in the collection together of many human lives. Whether it is so or not is another question, or if the massing together of a multitude of littles ever can make a greatness. It seems to do so, which is enough for most people; and though the accustomed soul is aware that no desert can be more lone than London, to the unaccustomed its very murmur sounds like a general consent of humanity to go forth and do more than is possible in any other circumstances. It is the constitution of the ear which determines what it hears. For Chatty took the commotion rather the other way. She said, "One can't hear one's self speak," and wanted to close the windows. But Mrs. Warrender liked the very noise.

The dinner to which they were invited was in Curzon Street, in a house which was small in reality, but made the most of every inch of its space, and which was clothed and curtained and decorated in a manner which made the country people open their eyes. The party was very small, their hostess said; but it would have been a very large party at the Warren, where all the rooms were twice as big. Chatty was a little fluttered by her first party in London; but it did not appear in her aspect, which was always composed and simple, not demanding any one's regard, yet giving to people who were *blasé* or tired of being attracted (as sometimes happens) a sense of repose and relief. She must have been more excited, however, than was at all usual with her; for though she thought she had remarked everybody in the dim drawing-room, — where the ladies in their pretty toilets

and the men in their black coats stood about in a perplexing manner, chiefly against the light, which made it difficult to distinguish them, instead of sitting down all round the room, which in the country would have seemed the natural way,—it proved that there was one very startling exception, one individual, at least, whom she had not remarked. She went down to dinner with a gentleman, whose name of course she did not make out, and whose appearance, she thought, was exactly the same as that of half the other gentlemen in the procession down the narrow staircase. Chatty, indeed, made disparaging reflections to herself as to society in general, on this score; the thought flashing through her mind that in the country there was more difference between even one curate and another (usually considered the most indistinguishable class) than between these men of Mayfair. She was a little bewildered, too, by the appearance of the dining-room, for at that period the *diner à la Russe* was just beginning to establish itself in England, and a thicket of flowers upon the table was novel to Chatty, filling her first with admiration, then with a little doubt whether it would not be better to see the people more distinctly on the other side. Dinner had gone on a little way, and her companion had begun to put the usual questions to her about where she had been, and where she was going, questions to which Chatty, who had been nowhere, and had not as yet one other invitation (which feels a little humiliating when you hear of all the great things that are going on), could make but little reply, when suddenly, in one of the pauses of the conversation, she was aware of a laugh, which made her start slightly, and opened up an entirely new interest in this as yet not very exciting company. It was like the opening of a window to Chatty: it seemed to let in pure air, new light. And yet it was only a laugh, no more. She looked about her with a little eagerness, and then it was that she began to find the flowers and the ferns, which had filled her with enthusiasm a moment before, to be rather in the way.

"I suppose you go to the Row every morning," said her entertainer. "Don't you find that always the first thought when one comes to town? You ride, of course. Oh, why not in the Row? there is nothing alarming about it. A little practice, that is all that is wanted, to know how to keep your horse in hand. But you hunt? then you are all right and can ride anywhere"—

"Oh no, we never hunted." It struck Chatty with a little surprise to be talked to as if she had a stud at her command. Should she tell him that this was a mistake; that there were only two horses beside Theo's, and that Minnie and she had once had a pony between them—which was very different from hunting, or having nerve to ride in the Row? Chatty found afterwards that horses and carriages, and unbounded opportunities of amusing yourself, and a familiar acquaintance with the entire peerage were always taken for granted in conversation whenever you dined out; but at first she was unacquainted with this peculiarity and did not feel quite easy in her mind about allowing it to be supposed that she was so much greater a person. Her little hesitations, however, as to how she should reply, and the pause she made when she heard that laugh, arrested the current of her companion's talk, and made it necessary for her, to her own alarm, to originate a small observation, which, as often happens to a shy speaker, occurred just at the moment when there was a lull in the general talk. What she said was, "Do you ride often in the Row?" in a voice which though very soft was quite audible. Chatty retired into herself with the sensation of having said something very ridiculous when she caught a glance or two of amusement, and heard a suppressed titter from somebody on

the other side of the fashionable young man to whom she had addressed this very innocent question. She thought it was at her they were laughing, whereas the fact was that Chatty was supposed by those who heard her to be a satirist of more than usual audacity, setting down a coxcomb with deserved but ruthless contempt. Naturally she knew nothing of this, and blushed crimson at her evidently foolish remark, and drew back in great confusion, not conscious even of the stumbling reply. She was almost immediately conscious, however, of a face which suddenly appeared on the other side of the table round the corner of a bouquet of waving ferns, lit up with smiles of pleasure and eager recognition. "Oh, Mr. Cavendish! then it was you," she said, unawares; but the tumult of the conversation had arisen again, and it seemed very doubtful whether her exclamation could have reached his ear.

When the gentlemen came upstairs, Chatty endeavored to be looking very earnestly the other way; not to look as if she expected him; but Dick found his way to her immediately. "I can't think how I missed you before. I should have tried hard for the pleasure of taking you down, had I known you were here," he said, with that look of interest which was the natural expression in his eyes when he addressed a woman. "When did you come to town, and where are you staying? I do not know anything that has been going on, I have heard nothing of you all for so long. There must be quite a budget of news."

Chatty faltered a little, feeling that Mr. Cavendish had never been so intimate in the family as these questions seemed to imply. "The Wilberforces were quite well when we left," she said, with the honesty of her nature, for to be sure it was the Wilberforces rather than the Warrenders who were his friends.

"Oh, never mind the Wilberforces," he said; "tell me something about you."

"There is something to tell about us, for a wonder," said Chatty. "My sister Minnie is just married: but perhaps you would hear of that?"

"I think I saw it in the papers, and was very glad" — here he stopped and did not finish his sentence. A more experienced person than Chatty would have perceived that he meant to express his satisfaction that it was not she: but Chatty had no such insight.

"Yes, he has a curacy quite near, for the moment, and he will have an excellent living, and it is a very nice marriage. We came to town for a little change, mamma and I."

"That is delightful news. And Theo? I have not heard from Theo for ages. Is he left behind by himself?"

"Oh! Theo is very well. Theo is — Oh, I did not mean to say anything about that."

Chatty did not know why she was so completely off her guard with Dick Cavendish. She had almost told him everything before she was aware.

"Not in any trouble I hope? Don't let me put indiscreet questions."

"It is not that. There is nothing indiscreet: only I forgot that we had not meant to say anything."

"I am so very sorry," cried Cavendish. "You must not think I would ask what you don't wish to tell me."

"But I should like to tell you," said Chatty, "only I don't know what mamma will say. I will tell her it came out before I knew, and you must not say anything about it, Mr. Cavendish."

"Not a syllable, not even to your mother. It shall be something between you and me."

The way in which this was said made Chatty's eyes droop for a moment: but what a pleasure it was to tell him! She could not understand herself. She was not given to chatter about what happened in the family, and Dick was

not so intimate with Theo that he had a right to know; but still it was delightful to tell him. "We don't know whether to be glad or sorry," she said. "It is that perhaps Theo, after a while, is going to marry."

"That is always interesting," said Dick; but he took the revelation calmly. "What a lucky fellow! No need to wait upon fortune, like the rest of us. To marry — whom? Do I know the lady? I hope she is all that can be desired."

"Oh, Mr. Cavendish, that is just the question. There is mamma coming; perhaps she will tell you herself, which would be so much better than if you heard it from me."

Mrs. Warrender came up at this moment, very glad to see him, and quite willing to disclose their number in Half Moon Street, and to grant a gracious permission that he should call and be "of use," as he offered to be. "I am not a gentleman at large, like Warrender: I am a toiling slave, spending all my life in Lincoln's Inn. But in the evening I can spare a little time — and occasionally at other moments," he added, with a laugh, "when I try. A sufficient motive is the great thing. And of course you will want to go to the play, and the opera, and all that is going on."

"Not too much," said Mrs. Warrender. "The air of London is almost enough at first. But come, and we shall see."

She said nothing, however, about Theo, nor was there any chance of saying more. But when Cavendish took Chatty downstairs to put her in the carriage (only a cab, but that is natural to country people in town), he hazarded a whisper as they went downstairs, "Remember there is still something to tell me." "Oh, yes," she replied, "but mamma herself, I am sure" — "No," he said, "she has nothing to do with it. It is between you and me." This little conference made her wonderfully bright and smiling when she took her place beside her mother. She did not say anything for a time, but when the cab turned into Piccadilly, with its long lines of lights, — an illumination which is not very magnificent now, and was still less magnificent then, but new and fine to Chatty, accustomed to little more guidance through the dark than that which is given by the light of a lantern or the oil lamp in Mrs. Bagley's shop, — she suddenly said, "Well! London is very pleasant!" as if that was a fact of which she was the first discoverer.

"Is it not?" said her mother, who was far more disinterested and had not had her judgment biased by any whisper on the stairs. "I am very glad that you like it, Chatty. That will make my pleasure complete."

"Oh, who could help liking it, mamma?" She blushed a little when she said this, but the night was kind and covered it; and how could Mrs. Warrender divine that this gentle enthusiasm related to the discovery of what Chatty called a friend among so many strangers, and not to the mere locality in which this meeting had taken place. Who could help liking it? To be talked to *like that*, with eyes that said more than even the words, with that sudden look of pleasure, with the delightful little mystery of a special confidence between them, and with the prospect of meetings hereafter, — who could tell how many? — of going to the play. Chatty laughed under her breath with pleasure in the thought. It was a most admirable idea to come to London. After all, whatever Minnie might say, there was nobody for understanding how to make people happy like mamma!

Dick's sensations were not so innocent nor so sweet. He walked home to his chambers, smoking his cigar, and chewing the cud of fancy, which was more bitter than sweet. What right

had he to bend over that simple girl, to lay himself out to please her, to speak low in her ear? Dick knew, unfortunately too well, what was apt to come of such a beginning. Without being more of a coxcomb than was inevitable, he was aware that he had a way of pleasing women. And he had a perception that Chatty was ready to be pleased, and that he himself wished — oh, very much, if he dared — to please her. In these circumstances it was perfectly evident that he should peremptorily take himself out of all possibility of seeing Chatty. But this was utterly contrary to the manner in which he had greeted her, the fervor with which he had immediately flung himself into the affairs of the family. It was his occupation as he walked home to defend and excuse himself for this to himself. In the first place, which was perfectly true, he had not known at all that the Warrenders were to be of the party; he had thus fallen into the snare quite innocently, without any fault of his. Had he known, he might have found an excuse and kept away. But then he asked himself, why in the name of Heaven should he have kept away? Was he so captivating a person that it would be dangerous to Miss Warrender to meet him — once; or such a fool as to be unable to meet a young lady whom he admired — once, without harm coming of it? To be sure he had gone further: he had thrown himself, as it were, at the feet of the ladies, with enthusiasm, and had made absurd offers of himself to be "of use." There could be no doubt that as things stood this was mad enough, and culpable, too; but it was done without premeditation, by impulse, as he was too apt to act, especially in such matters; and it could be put a stop to. He was pledged to call, it was true; but that might be once, and no more. And then there was the play, the opera, to which he had pledged himself to attend them; once there could not do much harm, either. Indeed, so long as he maintained, which he ought to do always, full control over himself, what harm could it do to be civil to Theo Warrender's mother and sister, who were, so to speak, after a sort, old friends? He was not such an ass (he said to himself) as to think that Chatty was at his disposal if he should lift up his finger; and there was her mother to take care of her; and they were not people to be asking each other what he "meant," as two experienced women of society might do. Both mother and daughter were very innocent; they would not think he meant anything except kindness. And if he could not take care of himself, it was a pity! Thus in the course of his reflections Dick found means to persuade himself that there was nothing culpable in pursuing the way which was pleasant, which he wanted to pursue; a result which unfortunately very often follows upon reflection. The best way in such an emergency is not to reflect, but to turn and fly at once. But that, he said to himself, not without some complaisance, would be impulse, which he had just concluded to be a very bad thing. It was impulse which had got him into the scrape; he must trust to something more stable to get him out.

In the course of his walking, and, indeed, before these thoughts had gone very far, he found himself at the corner of Half Moon Street, and turned along with the simple purpose of seeing which was No. 22. There were lights in several windows, and he lingered a moment, wondering which might be Chatty's. Then with a stamp of his foot, a laugh of utter self-ridicule, which astounded the passing cabmen (for he was not surely such a confounded sentimental ass as *that*), he turned on his heel and went straight home without lingering anywhere. It was hard upon him that he should be such a fool; that he should not be able to restrain him-

self from making idiotic advances, which he could never follow out, and for a mere impulse place himself at the mercy of fate! But he would not be led by impulse now, in turning his back. It should be reason that should be his guide, reason and reflection and a calm working out of the problem, how far and no further he could with safety go.

And yet if it had been possible that he could have availed himself of the anxiety of his family to get "a nice girl" to take an interest in him, where could there be a nicer girl than Chatty? There were prettier girls, but as for beauty, that was not a thing to be spoken of at all in the matter. Beauty is rare, and it is often (in Dick's opinion) attended by qualities not so agreeable. It is often inanimate, apt to rest upon its natural laurels, to think it does enough when it consents to look beautiful. He did not go in, himself, for the sublime. But to see the light come over Chatty's face as if the sun had suddenly broken out in the sky; to see the pleased surprise in her eyes as she lifted them quickly, without any affectation, in all the sweetness of nature! She was not clever either; all that she said was very simple. She was easily pleased, not looking out for wit as some girls do, or insisting upon much brilliancy in conversation. In short, if he had been writing a poem or a song about her (with much secret derision he recognized that to be the sort of thing of which in the circumstances foolish persons were capable), the chief thing that it occurred to him any one could say was that she was Chatty. And quite enough, too! he added, to himself, with a curious warmth under his waistcoat, which was pleasant. Was n't there a song that went like that? Though this was fair, and that was something else, and a third was so-and-so, yet none of them was Mary Something-or-other. He was aware that the verse was not very correctly quoted, but that was the gist of it; and a very sensible fellow, too, was the man who wrote it, whoever he might be.

With this admirable conclusion, showing how much reason and reflection had done for him, Dick Cavendish wound up the evening — and naturally called at 22 Half Moon Street, next day.

XXXI.

Dick Cavendish called at Half Moon Street next day, and found the ladies just returned from a walk, and a little tired and very glad to see a friendly face, which his was in the most eminent degree. They had been out shopping, that inevitable occupation of women, and they had been making calls, and informing their few acquaintances of their arrival. Mrs. Benson, at whose house the dinner had been, was one of the few old friends with whom Mrs. Warrender was in habits of correspondence, and thus had known of their coming beforehand. Dick found himself received with the greatest cordiality by Mrs. Warrender, and by Chatty with an air of modest satisfaction which was very sweet. Mrs. Warrender was desirous of a little guidance in their movements, and took so sincerely his offer to be of use that Dick found no means at all of getting out of it. Indeed, when it came to that, he was by no means so sure that it was necessary to get out of it, as when he had begun his reflections on the subject. He even proposed — why not? — that they should all go to the play that very evening, there being nothing else on hand. In those days the theatre was not so popular an institution as at present, and it was not necessary to engage places for weeks in advance. This sudden rush, however, was too much for the inexperienced country lady. "We are not going to be so prodigal as that," she said, "it would deprive us of all the pleasure of thinking about it: and as

everything is more delightful in anticipation than in reality " —

" Oh, mamma ! " said Chatty, shocked by this pessimistic view.

" And what am I to do with myself all the evening," said Dick, with mock dismay, " after anticipating this pleasure all day ? If anticipation is the best part of it, you will allow that disappointment after anticipation is doubly " —

" If you have nothing better to do, stay and dine with us," Mrs. Warrender said. This proposal made Chatty look up with pleasure, and then look down again lest she should show more than was expedient how glad she was. And Dick, who had reflected and decided that to call once and go to the theatre once could do no harm, accepted with enthusiasm, without even pausing to ask himself whether to dine with them once might be added without further harm to his roll of permissions. The dinner was a very commonplace, lodging-house dinner, and Chatty got out her muslin work afterwards, and had a quiet industrious evening, very much like her evenings at home. She was like a picture of domestic happiness personified, as she sat in the light of the lamp with her head bent over her work, the movement of her arm making a soft rustle as she worked. She wore a muslin gown after the fashion of the time, which was not in itself a beautiful fashion, but pretty enough for the moment, and her hair, which was light brown, fell in little curls over her soft cheek. She looked up now and then, while the others talked, turning from one to another, sometimes saying a word, most frequently with only a smile or look of assent. Let us talk as we will of highly educated women and of mental equality and a great many other fine things : but as a matter of fact, this gentle auditor and sympathizer, intelligent enough to understand without taking much part, is a more largely accepted symbol of what the woman ought to be than anything more prominent and individual. Just so Eve sat and listened when Adam discoursed with the angel, putting by in her mind various questions to ask when that celestial but rather long-winded visitor was gone. Perhaps this picture is not quite harmonious with the few facts in our possession in respect to our first mother, and does scant justice to that original-minded woman : but the type has seized hold upon the imagination of mankind. Dick thought of it vaguely, as he looked (having secured a position in which he could do so without observation) at this impersonation of the woman's part. He thought if another fellow should look in for a talk, which was his irreverent way of describing to himself the visit of the angel, it would be highly agreeable to have her there listening, and to clear up the knotty points for her when they should be alone. He had little doubt that Eve would have an opinion of her own, very favorable to *his* way of stating the subject, and would not mind criticising the other fellow, with a keen eye for any little point of possible ridicule. He kept thinking this as he talked to Mrs. Warrender, and also that the little cluster of curls was pretty, and the bend of her head, and, indeed, everything about her ; not striking, perhaps, or out of the common, but most soothing and sweet.

And next evening, having had those pleasures of anticipation which Mrs. Warrender thought so much of, he went with them to the play, and spent an exceedingly pleasant evening, pointing out such people as he knew (who were anybody) to Mrs. Warrender between the acts, and enjoying the sight of Chatty's absorption in the play, which made it twice as interesting to himself. The play was one in which there was a great deal of pretty love-making along with melodramatic situations of an exciting kind. The actors, except one, were not of sufficient reputation to interest any reader save those with a special inclination to the study of the stage. But

though it was on the very highest level, there was a great deal in it that thrilled this young man and woman sitting next to each other, and already vaguely inclined towards each other in that first chapter of mutual attraction which is, perhaps, in its vagueness and irresponsibility the most delightful of all. Dick would have laughed at the idea of feeling himself somehow mixed up with the lover on the stage, who was not only a good actor, but a much handsomer fellow than he was; but Chatty had no such feeling, and with a blush and quiver felt herself wooed in that romantic wooing, with a half sense that the lights should be lowered and nobody should see, and at the same time an enchantment in the sight which only that sense of a personal share in it could have given.

After this beginning Dick's reflections went to the wind. He felt injured when he found that, not knowing their other friends in town, he had no invitation to accompany them, when those persons did their duty by their country acquaintances, and asked them, one to dinner, another — oh, happiness to Chatty — to a dance. But it did not turn out unmingled happiness for Chatty after all, though she got a new dress for it, in which she looked prettier (her mother thought, who was no flattering mother) than she had ever done in her life. Mrs. Warrender saw the awakening in Chatty's face which gave to her simple good looks a something higher, a touch of finer development; but the mother neither deceived herself as to the cause of this, nor was at all alarmed by it. Dick was a quite suitable match for Chatty; he was well connected, he was not poor, he was taking up his profession, if somewhat late, yet with good prospects. If there had been escapades in his youth, these were happily over, and as his wild oats had been sown on the other side of the Atlantic, no one knew anything about them. Why, then, should she be alarmed to see that Chatty opened like a flower to the rising of this light which was on Dick, too, so evident as to be unmistakable? In such circumstances as these the course of true love would be the better of a little obstacle or two; the only difficulty was that it might run too smooth. Mrs. Warrender thought that perhaps it was well to permit such a little fret in the current as this dance proved to be. She could have got Dick an invitation had she pleased, but was hard-hearted and refrained. Chatty did not enjoy it. She said (with truth) that there was very little room for dancing; that to sit outside upon the stairs with a gentleman you did not know, among a great many other girls and men whom you did not know, was not her idea of a ball; and that if this was the London way, she liked a dance in the country much better. The time when she did enjoy it was next day, when she gave her impressions of it to Dick, who exulted, as having not been there, secretly over Mrs. Warrender, who would not have him asked. Chatty grew witty in the excitement of her little revenge on society and fate, which had drifted her into that strange country without the ever ready aid to which she had grown accustomed of "some one she knew." "Yes, I danced," she said, "now and then, as much as we could. It was not Lady Ascot's fault, mamma; she introduced a great many gentlemen to me: but sometimes I could not catch their names, and when I did, how was I to remember which was Mr. Herbert and which was Mr. Sidney, when I had never seen either of them before? and gentlemen," she added, with a little glance (almost saucy: Chatty had developed so much) at Dick, "are so like each other in London."

At which Dick laughed, not without gratification, with a secret consciousness that though this little arrow was apparently leveled at him, he was the exception to the rule, the one man who

was recognizable in any crowd. "Yes," he said, "we should wear little labels with our names. I have heard that suggested before."

"They put down initials on my programme — I don't know what half of them meant: and I suppose they came and looked for me when the dance was going to begin, or perhaps in the middle of the dance, or towards the end; they did n't seem to be very particular," proceeded Chatty, with a certain exhilaration in the success of her description. "And how were they to find me among such a lot of girls? I saw two or three prowling about looking for me."

"And never made the smallest sign?"

"Oh, it is not the right thing for a girl to make any sign, is it, mamma? One can't say, Here I am! If they don't manage to find you, you must just put up with it, though you may see them prowling all the time. It is tiresome when you want very much to dance; but when you are indifferent" —

"The pleasures of society are all for the indifferent," said Dick; "everything comes to you, so the wise people say, when you don't care for it: but my brothers, who are dancing men, don't know how malicious ladies are, who make fun of their prowling. I shall remember it next time when I can't find my partner, and imagine her laughing at me in a corner."

"The amusement is after," said Chatty, with candor. "It is funny now when I think of it, but it seemed stupid at the time. I don't think I shall care to go to a dance in London again."

But as she said these words there escaped a mutual glance from two pairs of eyes, one of which said in the twitching of an eyelash, "Unless I am there!" while the other, taken unawares, gave an answer in a soft flash, "Ah, if you were there!" But there was nothing said: and Mrs. Warrender, though full of observation, never noticed this telegraphic, or shall we say heliographic, communication at all.

This little hindrance only made them better friends. They made expeditions to Richmond, where Dick took the ladies out on the river; to Windsor and Eton, where Theo and he had both been to school. Long before now he had been told the secret about Theo, which in the mean time had become less and less of a secret, though even now it was not formally made known. Lady Markland! Dick had been startled by the news, though he declared afterwards that he could not tell why: for that it was the most natural thing in the world. Had not they been thrown together in all kinds of ways; had not Theo been inevitably brought into her society, almost compelled to see her constantly?

"The compulsion was of his own making," Mrs. Warrender said. "Perhaps Lady Markland, with more experience, should have perceived what it was leading to."

"It is so difficult to tell what anything is leading to, especially in such matters. What may be but a mutual attraction one day becomes a bond that never can be broken the next."

Dick's voice changed while he was speaking. Perhaps he was not aware himself of the additional gravity in it, but his audience were instantly aware. That was the evening they had gone to Richmond; the softest summer evening, twilight just falling; Chatty, very silent, absorbed (as appeared) in the responsibilities of steering; the conversation going on entirely between her mother and Dick, who sat facing them, pulling long, slow, meditative strokes. Even when one is absorbed by the responsibilities of the steerage, one can enter into all the lights and shades of a conversation kept up by two other people, almost better than they can do themselves.

"That is true in some cases. Not in Theo's, I think. It seems to me that he

gave himself over from the first. I am not sure that I think her a very attractive woman."

"Oh, yes, mamma!" from Chatty, in an undertone.

"I am not talking of looks. She has a good deal of power about her, she will not be easily swayed; and after having suffered a great deal in her first marriage, I think she has very quickly developed the power of acting for herself, which some women never attain."

"So much the better," said Dick. "Theo does n't want a puppet of a wife."

"But he wants a wife who will give in to him," said Mrs. Warrender, slightly shaking her head.

"I suppose we all do that, in theory: then glide into domestic servitude, and like it, and find it the best for us."

"Let us hope you will do that," she said with a smile; "but not Theo, I fear. He has been used to be made much of. The only boy in a family I fear is always spoiled. You have brothers, Mr. Cavendish: — and he has a temper which is a little difficult."

"Oh, mamma!" from Chatty again. "Theo is always kind."

"That does not make much difference, my dear. When a young man is accustomed to be given in to, it is easy to be kind. But when he meets for the first time one who will not give in, who will hold her own. I do not blame her for that; she is in a different position from a young girl."

"And how is it all to be settled?" asked Dick; "where are they to live? how about the child?"

"All these questions make my heart sink. He is not in the least prepared to meet them. Her name even; she will of course keep her name."

"That always seems a little absurd: that a woman should keep her own name, as they do more or less everywhere but in England, yes: — well, a Frenchwoman says *née* So-and-so; an Italian does something still more distinct than that, I am not quite clear what. That 's quite reasonable, I think: for why should she wipe out her own individuality altogether when she marries? But to keep one husband's name when you are married to another" —

"It is because of the charm of the title. I suppose when a woman has been once called my lady, she objects to coming down from those heights. But I think if I were a man, I should not like it, and Theo will not like it. At the same time there is her son, you know, to be considered. I don't like complications in marriages. They bring enough trouble without that."

"Trouble!" cried Dick, in a tone of lively protest, which was a little fictitious. And Chatty, although she did not say anything, gave her mother a glance.

"Yes, trouble. It breaks as many ties as it makes. How much shall I see of Theo, do you think, when this marriage takes place? and yet by nature you would say I had some right to him. Oh, I do not complain. It is the course of nature. And Minnie is gone; she is entering into all the interests of the Thynnes, by this time, and a most bigoted Thynne she will be, if there are any special opinions in the family. Fancy giving up one's child to become bigoted to another family, whom one does n't even know!"

"It seems a little hard, certainly. The ordinary view is that mothers are happy when their daughters marry."

"Which is also true in its way: for the mother has a way of being older than her daughter, Mr. Cavendish, and knows she cannot live always; besides, marriage being the best thing for a woman, as most people think, it should be the mother's duty to do everything she can to secure it for her daughter. Yes, I go as far as that — in words," Mrs. Warrender, added, with a little laugh.

"But not for her son?"

"I don't say that: no, not at all. I should rejoice in Theo's marriage — but for the complications, which I think he is not the right person to get through, with comfort. You, now, I think," she added cheerfully, "might marry Lady — Anybody, with a family of children, and make it succeed."

"Thank you very much for the compliment. I don't mean to try that mode of success," he said, quickly.

"Neither did Theo mean it until he was brought in contact with Lady Markland: and who can tell but you, too — Oh, yes, marriage almost always makes trouble; it breaks as well as unites; it is very serious; it is like the measles when it gets into a family." Mrs. Warrender felt that the conversation was getting much too significant, and broke off with a laugh. "The evening is delightful, but I think we should turn homewards. It will be quite late before we can get back to town."

Dick obeyed without the protest he would have made half an hour before. He resumed the talk when he was walking up with the ladies to the hotel, where they had left their carriage. "One laughs, I don't know why," he said, "but it is very serious in a number of ways. A man when he is in love does n't ask himself whether he 's the sort of man to make a girl happy. There are some things, you know, which a man has to give up, too. Generally, if he hesitates, it seems a sort of treason; and often he cannot tell the reason why. Now Theo will have a number of sacrifices to make."

"He is like Jacob, he will think nothing of them for the love he bears to Rachel," said Theo's mother. "I wish that were all."

"But I wish I could make you see it from a man's point of view." Dick did not himself know what he meant by this confused speech. He wanted to make some sort of plea for himself, but how, or in what words, he did not know. She paused for a moment, expecting more, and Chatty, on the other side of her mother, felt a little puncture of pain, she could scarcely tell why. "There are some things which a man has to give up, too." What did he mean by that? A little vague offense which flew away, a little pain which did not, a sort of needle point, which she kept feeling all the rest of the evening, came to Chatty from this conversation. And Mrs. Warrender paused, thinking he was going to say more. But he said no more, and when he had handed them into the carriage, broke out into an entirely new subject, and was very gay and amusing all the way home.

The two ladies did not say a syllable to each other on this subject, neither had they said anything to each other about Dick, generally, except that he was very nice, that it was kind of him to take so much trouble, and so forth. Whether experienced mothers do discuss with their daughters what So-and-so means, or whether he means anything, as Dick supposed, is a question I am not prepared to enter into. But Mrs. Warrender had said nothing to Chatty on the subject, and did not now: though it cannot be said that she did not ponder it much in her heart.

XXXII.

The ladies were in town three weeks, which brought them from June into July, when London began to grow hot and dusty, and the season to approach its close. They were just about to leave town, though whether to continue their dissipations by going to the seaside, or to return to Highcombe and put their future residence in order, they had not as yet made up their minds. Cavendish gave his vote for the seaside. "Of course you mean to consult me, and to give great weight to my opinion," he

said. "What I advise is the sea, and I will tell you why: I am obliged to go to Portsmouth about some business. If you were at the Isle of Wight, say, or Southsea" —

"That would be very pleasant: but we must not allow ourselves to be tempted, not even by your company," said Mrs. Warrender, who began to fear there might be enough of this. "We are going home to set our house in order, and to see if perhaps Theo has need of us. And then the Thynnes are coming home."

"Is it Miss Warrender who has developed into the Thynnes?"

"Indeed it is; that is how everybody inquires for her now. I have got quite used to the name. That is one of the drawbacks of marrying one's daughters, which I was telling you of. One's Minnie becomes in a moment the Eustace Thynnes!"

They were not a smiling party that evening, and Mrs. Warrender's little pleasantry fell flat. It flew, perhaps, across the mind of all that Chatty might be changed, in a similar way, into the Cavendishes. Dick grew hot and cold when the suggestion flashed through him. Then it was that he recollected how guilty he had been, and how little his reflections had served him. He who had determined to call but once, to go with them once to the play, had carried out his resolution so far that the once had been always. And now the time of recompense was coming. The fool's paradise was to be emptied of its tenants. He went away very gloomy, asking himself many troubled questions. It was not that he had been unaware, as time went on, what it was that went along with it, — a whole little drama of simple pleasure, of days and evenings spent together, of talks and expeditions. Innocent? Ah, more than innocent, the best and sweetest thing in his life, if — But that little monosyllable makes all the difference. It was coming to an end now, they were going away; and Dick had to let them go, without any conclusion to this pretty play in which he had played his part so successfully. Oh, he was not the first man who had done it! not the first who had worn a lover's looks and used all a lover's assiduities, and then — nothing more. Perhaps that was one of the worst features in his behavior, to himself. To think that he should be classed with the men who are said to have been amusing themselves! and Chatty placed in the position of the victim, on whose behalf people were sorry or indignant! When he thought that there were some who might presume to pity her, and who would say of himself that he had behaved ill, the shock came upon him with as much force as if he had never thought of it before; although he had thought of it, and reflected upon how to draw out of the intercourse which was so pleasant, before he gave himself up to it with an abandon which he could not account for, which seemed now like desperation. Desperation was no excuse. He saw the guilt of it fully, without self-deception, only when he had done all the harm that was possible, yielded to every temptation, and now had himself arrived at the end of possibility. To repent in these circumstances is not uncommon; there is nothing original in it. Thousands of men have done it before him, — repented when they could sin no more. For a moment it flashed across his mind to go and throw himself on Mrs. Warrender's mercy and tell her all, and make what miserable excuse he could for himself. Was it better to do that, to part himself forever from Chatty: or to let them think badly of him, to have it supposed that he had trifled or amused himself, or whatever miserable words the gossips chose to use, and yet leave a door open by which he might some time, perhaps, some time approach her again? Some time! after she had forgotten him, after his unworthiness had been proved to her, and some other fel-

low, some happier man who had never been exposed to such a fate as had fallen upon him, some smug Pharisee (this fling at the supposed rival of the future was very natural and harmed nobody) had cut him out of all place in her heart! It was so likely that Chatty would go on waiting for him, thinking of him for years, perhaps, the coxcomb that he was!

"I said very suddenly that we must go home," said Mrs. Warrender, after he was gone. "You did not think me hard, Chatty? It seemed to me the best."

"Oh, no, mamma," said Chatty, with a slight faltering.

"We have seen a great deal of Mr. Cavendish, and he has been very nice, but I did not like the idea of going to the Isle of Wight."

"Oh, no, mamma," Chatty repeated, with more firmness. "I did not wish it at all."

"I am very glad you think with me, my dear. He has been very nice; he has made us enjoy our time in town much more than we should have done. But of course that cannot last forever, and I do really think now that we should go home."

"I have always thought so," said Chatty. She was rather pale, and there was a sort of new-born dignity about her, with which her mother felt that she was unacquainted. "It has been very pleasant, but I am quite ready. And then Minnie will be coming back as you said."

"Yes." Then Mrs. Warrender burst into a laugh which might as well have been a fit of crying. "But you must prepare yourself to see not Minnie, only the Eustace Thynnes," she said. And then the mother and daughter kissed one another and retired to their respective rooms, where Chatty was a long time going to bed. She sat and thought, with her pretty hair about her shoulders, going over a great many things, recalling a great many simple little scenes and words said, which were but words after all; and then of a sudden the tears came, and she sat and cried very quietly, even in her solitude making as little fuss as possible, with an ache of wonder at the trouble that had come upon her, and a keen pang of shame at the thought that she had expected more than was coming, more perhaps than had ever been intended. A man is not ashamed of loving where he is not loved, however angry he may be with himself or the woman who has beguiled him; but the sharpest smart in a girl's heart is the shame of having given what was not asked for, what was not wanted. When those tears had relieved her heart, Chatty put up her hair very neatly for the night, just as she always did, and after a while slept, — much better than Dick.

He came next day, however, for a final visit, and the day after to see them away, without any breach in the confidence and friendship with which they regarded each other. There might be, perhaps, a faint, almost imperceptible difference in Chatty, a little dignity like that which her mother had discovered in her, something that was not altogether the simple girl, younger than her years, whom Mrs. Warrender had brought to town. On the very last morning of all, Dick had also a look which was not very easy to be interpreted. While they were on their way to the station he began suddenly to talk of Underwood and the Wilberforces, as if he had forgotten them all this time, and now suddenly remembered that there were such people in the world. "Did I ever tell you," he said, "that one of the houses in the parish belongs to an uncle of mine, who bought it merely as an investment, and let it?"

"We were talking of that," said Mrs. Warrender. "Mr. Wilberforce hoped you had persuaded your uncle to leave the drainage alone in order to make a nuisance and drive undesirable tenants away."

He laughed in a hurried, breathless

way, then said quickly, "Is it true that the people who were there are gone?"

"Quite true. They seem to have melted away without any one knowing, in a single night. They were not desirable people."

"So I heard: and gone without leaving any sign?"

"Have they not paid their rent?" said Mrs. Warrender.

"Oh, I don't mean to say that. I know nothing about that. My uncle"— and here he stopped, with an embarrassment which, though Mrs. Warrender was an unsuspicious woman, attracted her notice. "I mean," said Cavendish, perceiving this, and putting force upon himself, "he will of course be glad to get rid of people who apparently could have done his property no good."

And after this his spirits seemed to rise a little. He told them that he had some friends near Highcombe, who sometimes in the autumn offered him a few days' shooting. If he got such an invitation this autumn might he come? "It is quite a handy distance from London, just the Saturday-to-Monday distance," he added, looking at Mrs. Warrender with an expression which meant a great deal, which had in it a question, a supplication. And she was so imprudent a woman! and no shadow of Minnie at hand to restrain her. It was on her very lips to give the invitation he asked. Some good angel, of a class corresponding in the celestial world to that of Minnie in this, only stopped her in time, and gave a little obliqueness to the response.

"I hope we shall see you often," she said, which was pleasant but discouraging; and then began to talk about the Eustace Thynnes, who were at present of great use to her as a diversion from any more embarrassing subject of conversation. Chatty scarcely spoke during this drive, which seemed to her the last they would take together: the streets flying behind them, the scenes of the brief drama falling back into distance, the tranquillity of home before, and all this exciting episode of life becoming as if it had never been, were the thoughts that occupied her mind. She had settled all that in her evening meditation. It was all over; this was what she said to herself. She must not allow even to her own heart any thought of renewal, any idea that the break was temporary. Chatty was aware that she had received all his overtures, all his amiabilities (which was what it seemed to come to), with great and unconcealed pleasure. To think that he had nothing but civility in his mind all the time gave a blow to her pride which was mortal. She did not wear her pride upon her sleeve, though she had worn her heart upon it. Her nature, indeed, was full of the truest humility; but there was a latent pride which, when it was reached, vibrated through all her being. No more, she was saying to herself. Oh, never more. She had been deceived, though most likely he had never wished to deceive her. It was she who had deceived herself; but that was not possible, ever again.

"We have not thanked you half enough," said Mrs. Warrender, as he stood at the door of the railway carriage. "I will tell Theo that you have been everything to us. If you are as good to all the mothers and sisters of all your old schoolfellows"—

"You do me a great wrong," he said, "as if I thought of you as the mother of"— His eyes strayed to Chatty, who met them with a smile which was quite steady. She was a little pale, but that was all. "Some time," he added hastily, holding Mrs. Warrender's hand, "I may be able to explain myself a little better than that."

"Shall I say if you are as kind to all forlorn ladies astray in London?"

Dick's face clouded over as if (she thought) he were about to cry. Men do not cry in England: but there is a kind of mortification, humiliation, a

sense of being persistently misunderstood, and of having no possibility of mending matters, which is so insupportable that the lip must quiver under it, even when garnished with a mustache. "I hope you don't really think that of me," he cried. "Don't! there is no time to tell you how very different — But surely you know — something very unlike that" —

The train was in motion already, and Chatty had shaken hands with him before. She received the last look of his eyes, half indignant, appealing, though in words it was to her mother he was speaking; but made no sign. And it was only Mrs. Warrender who looked out of the window and waved her hand to him as he was left behind. Chatty — Chatty who was so gentle, so little apt to take anything upon her, even to judge for herself, was it possible that on this point she was less soft-hearted than her mother? This thought went through him like an arrow as he stood and saw the carriages glide away in a long curving line. She was gone, and he was left behind. She was gone; was it in resentment, was it in disdain? thinking of him in his true aspect as a false lover, believing him to have worn a false semblance, justly despising him for an attempt to play upon her? Was this possible? He thought (with that oblique sort of literary tendency of his) of Hamlet with the recorder. Can you play upon this pipe — and yet you think you can play upon me! As a matter of fact there could nothing have been found in heaven or earth less like Hamlet than Chatty Warrender; but a lover has strange misperceptions. The steady, soft glance, the faint smile, not like the usual warm beaming of her simple face, seemed to him to express a faculty of seeing through and through him which is not always given to the greatest philosophers. And he stood there humiliated to the very dust by this mild creature, whom he had loved in spite of himself, to whom even in loving her he had attributed no higher gifts, perhaps had even been tenderly disrespectful of as not clever. Was she the one to see through him now?

If she only knew! but when Dick, feeling sadly injured and wounded, came to this thought, it so stung him that he turned round on the moment, and, neglecting all the seductions of waiting cabmen, walked quickly, furiously, to Lincoln's Inn, which he had been sadly neglecting. If she knew everything! It appeared to Dick that Chatty's clear dove's eyes (to which he all at once had attributed an insight and perception altogether above them) would slay him with the disdainful dart which pierces through and through subterfuge and falsehood. That he should have ventured, knowing what he knew, to approach her at all with the semblance of love, that he should have dared — oh, he knew, well he knew, how, once the light of clear truth was let down upon it, his conduct would appear! — not the mere trifler who had amused himself and meant no more, not the fool of society, who made a woman think he loved her, and "behaved badly," and left her *planté là*. What were these contemptible images to the truth! He shrank into himself as he thought this, and skulked along. He felt like a man exposed and ashamed, a man whom true men would avoid. "Put in every honest hand a whip," — ah, no, that was not wanted. Chatty's eyes, dove's eyes, too gentle to wound, eyes that knew not how to look unkindly, to conceal a sentiment, to veil a falsehood — one look from Chatty's eyes would be enough.

Chatty knew nothing of the tragic terror which had come upon him at the mere apprehension of this look of hers. She had no thought of any tragedy, except that unknown to men which often becomes the central fact in a life such as hers; the tragedy of an unfinished chapter, the no-ending of an episode which

had promised to be the drama in which almost every human creature figures herself (or himself) as the chief actor, one time or other. The drama indeed had existed, it had run almost all its course; for the time it lasted it had been more absorbing than anything else in the world. The greatest historical events beside it had been but secondary. Big London, the greatest city in the world, had served only as a little bosquet of evergreens in a village garden might have done, as the background and scene for it. But it had no end; the time of the action was accomplished, the curtain had fallen, and the lights had been put out, but the comedy had come to no conclusion. Comedy — tragedy; it does not matter much which word you use. The scenes had all died away in incompleteness, and there had been no end. To many a gentle life such as that of Chatty this is all that comes beyond the level of the ordinary and common. It was with a touch of insight altogether beyond her usual intellectual capacity that she realized this, as she traveled very quietly with her mother from London to Highcombe, not a very long way.

Mrs. Warrender was very silent, too. She had meant the visit to town to be one of pleasure merely, — pleasure for herself, change after the long monotony, and pleasure to her child, who had never known anything but that monotony. It was not, this little epoch of time only three weeks long, to count for anything. It was to be a holiday and no more. And lo! with that inexplicableness, that unforeseenness, which is so curious a quality of human life, it had become a turning point of existence, the pivot perhaps upon which Chatty's being might hang. Mrs. Warrender was not so decided as Chatty. She saw nothing final in the parting. She was able to imagine that secondary causes, something about money, some family arrangements that would have to be made, had prevented any further step on Dick's part. To her the drama indeed was not ended, but only postponed: the curtain had fallen legitimately upon the first act without prejudice to those which were to follow. She did not talk, for Chatty's silence, her unusual dignity, her retirement into herself, had produced a great effect upon her mother; but her mind was not moved as Chatty's was, and she was able to think with pleasure of the new home awaiting them, and of what they were to find there. The Eustace Thynnes! she said to herself, with a laugh, thanking Providence within herself that there had been no Minnie to inspect the progress of the relations between Dick and Chatty, and probably to deliver her opinion very freely on that subject and on her mother's responsibility. Then there was the more serious chapter of Theo and his affairs, which must have progressed in the mean time. Mrs. Warrender caught herself up with a little fright as she thought of the agitation and doubt which wrapped the future of both her children. It was a wonderful relief to turn to the only point from which there was any amusement to be had, the visit of the Eustace Thynnes.

XXXIII.

The return of the Warrenders to their home was not the usual calm delight of settling again into one's well-known place. The house at Highcombe was altogether new to their experiences, and meant a life in every way different, as well as different surroundings. It was a tall, red brick house, with a flight of steps up to the door, and lines of small, straight, twinkling windows facing immediately into the street, between which and the house there was no interval even of a grass plot or area. The garden extended to the right with a long stretch of high wall, but the house had been built at a period when people had less objection to a street than in later

times. The rooms within were of a good size; and some of them were paneled to the ceiling, in conformity with an old-fashioned idea of comfort and warmth. The drawing-room was one of these, a large, oblong room to the front, with a smaller one divided from it by folding-doors, which looked out upon the garden. It possessed, as its great distinction, a pretty marble mantelpiece, which some one of a previous generation had brought from Italy. It is sad to be obliged to confess that the paneling here had been painted a warm white, like the color of a French *salon*, with old and dim pictures of no particular merit let in here and there, — pictures which would have been more in keeping with the oak of the original than with the present color of the walls. The house had been built by a Warrender, in the beginning of the eighteenth century; though it had been occupied by strangers often, and let to all sorts of people, a considerable amount of the furniture, and all the decorations, still belonged to that period. The time had not come for the due appreciation of these relics of ancestral taste. Chatty thought them all old-fashioned, and would gladly have replaced them by fresh chairs and tables from the upholsterer's; but this was an expense not to be thought of, and, perhaps, even to eyes untrained in any rules of art, there was something harmonious in the combination. Something harmonious, too, with Chatty's feelings was in the air of old tranquillity and long established use and wont. The stillness of the house was as the stillness of ages. Human creatures had come and gone, as the days went and came, sunshine coming in at one moment, darkness falling the next, nothing altering the calm routine, the established order. Pains, and fevers, and heart-breaks, and death itself would disappear and leave no sign, and all remain the same in the quaint rose-scented room. The quiet overawed Chatty, and yet was congenial. She felt herself to have come "home" to it, with all illusions over. It was not just an ordinary coming back after a holiday, — it was a return, a settling down for life.

It would be difficult to explain how it was that this conviction had taken hold of her so strongly. It was but a month since she had left the Warren with her mother, with some gentle anticipations of pleasure, but none that were exaggerated or excessive. All that was likely to happen, so far as she knew, was that dinner party at Mrs. Benson's, and a play or two, and a problematical ball. This was all that the "vortex" meant about which her mother had laughed; she had not any idea at that time that the vortex would mean Dick Cavendish. But now that she fully understood what it meant, and now that it was all over, and her agitated little bark had come out of it, and had got upon the smooth, calm waters again, there had come to Chatty a very different conception both of the present and the past. All the old quiet routine of existence seemed to her now a preface to that moment of real life. She had been working up to it vaguely, without knowing it. And now it had ended, and this was the Afterwards. She had come back — after. These words had to her an absolute meaning. Perhaps it was want of imagination which made it so impossible for her to carry forward her thoughts to any possible repetition, any sequel of what had been; or perhaps some communication, unspoken, unintended, from the mind of Cavendish had affected her's and given a certainty of conclusion, of the impossibility of further development. However that might be, her mind was entirely made up on the subject. She had lived (for three weeks) and it was over. And now existence was all Afterwards. She had found scarcely any time for her habitual occupations while she was in London; now there would be time for everything. Afterwards is

long, when one is only twenty-four, and it requires a great deal of muslin work and benevolence to fill it up in a way that will be satisfactory to the soul; but still, to ladies in the country it is a very well known state, and has to be faced, and lived through all the same. To a great many people life is all afternoon, though not in the sense imagined by the poet: not the lotus-eating drowsiness and content, but a course of little hours that lead to nothing, that have no particular motive except that mild duty which means doing enough trimming for your new set of petticoats and carrying a pudding or a little port wine to the poor girl dying of consumption in the lane behind your house. This was the Afterwards of Chatty's time, and she settled down to it, knowing it to be the course of nature. Nowadays, matters have improved: there is always lawn tennis and often ambulance lectures, and far more active parish work. But even in those passive days it could be supported, and Chatty made up her mind to it with a great, but silent courage. Yet it made her very quiet, she who was quiet by nature. The land where it is always afternoon chills at first and subdues all lively sentiments. The sense of having no particular interest took possession of her mind as if it had been an absorbing interest, and drew a veil between her and the other concerns of life.

This was not at all the case with Mrs. Warrender, who came home with all the agreeable sensations of a new beginning, ready to take up new lines of existence, and to make a cheerful centre of life for herself and all who surrounded her. If any woman should feel with justice that she has reached the Afterwards, and has done with her active career, it should be the woman who has just settled down after her husband's death to the humbler house provided for her widowhood, apart from all her old occupations and responsibilities. But in reality there was no such sentiment in her mind. "You 'll in your girls again be courted." She had hanging about her the pleasant reflection of that wooing, never put into words, with which Dick Cavendish had filled the atmosphere, and which had produced upon the chief object of it so very different an effect; and she had, to stimulate her thoughts, the less pleasurable excitement of Theo's circumstances, and of all that was going on at Markland, a romance in which her interest was almost painful. The Eustace Thynnes did not count for much, for their love-making had been very mild and regular; but still, perhaps, they aided in the general quickening of life. She had three different histories thus going on around her, and she was placed in a new atmosphere, in which she had to play a part of her own. When Chatty and she sat down together in the new drawing-room for the first time with their work and their plans, Mrs. Warrender's talk was of their new neighbors and the capabilities of the place. "The rector is not a stupid man," she said, in a reflective tone. The proposition was one which gently startled Chatty. She lifted her mild eyes from her work, with a surprised look.

"It would be very sad for us if he were stupid," she said.

"And Mrs. Beacham still less so. What I am thinking of is society, not edification. Then there is Colonel Travers, whom we used to see occasionally at home, the brother, you know, of ——. An old soldier is always a pleasant element in a little place. The majority will of course be women like ourselves, Chatty."

"Yes, mamma, there are always a great many ladies about Highcombe."

Mrs. Warrender gave forth a little sigh. "In a country neighborhood we swamp everything," she said; "it is a pity. Too many people of one class are always monotonous; but we must struggle against it, Chatty."

"Dear mamma, is n't ladies' society

the best for us? Minnie always said so. She said it was a dreadful thing for a girl to think of gentlemen."

"Minnie always was an oracle. To think of gentlemen whom you were likely to fall in love with, and marry, perhaps — but I don't think there are many of that class here."

"Oh, no," said Chatty, returning to her work, "at least I hope not."

"I am not at all of your opinion, my dear. I should like a number of them; and nice girls too. I should not wish to keep all these dangerous personages for you."

"Mamma!" said Chatty, with a soft reproachful glance. It seemed a desecration to her to think that ever again — that ever another —

"That gives a little zest to all the middle-aged talks. It amuses other people to see a little romance going on. You were always rather shocked at your light-minded mother, Chatty."

"Mamma! it might be perhaps very sad for — for those most concerned, though it amused you."

"I hope not, my darling. You take things too seriously. There is, to be sure, a painful story now and then, but very rarely. You must not think that men are deceivers ever, as the song says."

"Oh, no," said Chatty, elevating her head with simple pride, though without meeting her mother's eyes, "that is not what I would say. But why talk of such things at all? why put romances, as you call them, into people's heads? People may be kind and friendly without anything more."

Mrs. Warrender here paused to study the gentle countenance which was half hidden from her, bending over the muslin work, and for the first time gained a little glimpse into what was going on in Chatty's heart. The mother had long known that her own being was an undiscovered country for her children; but it was new to her and a startling discovery that perhaps this innocent creature, under her shadow, had also a little sanctuary of her own, into which the eyes most near to her had never looked. She marked the little signs of meaning quite unusual to her composed and gentle child — the slight quiver which was in Chatty's bent head, the determined devotion to her work which kept her face unseen — with a curious confusion in her mind. She had felt sure that Dick Cavendish had made a difference in life to Chatty; but she had not thought of this in any but a hopeful and cheerful way. She was more startled now than she dared say. Had there been any explanation between them which she had not been told of? Was there any obstacle she did not know of? Her mind was thrown into great bewilderment, too great to permit of any sudden exercise of her judgment upon the little mystery, if mystery there was.

"I did not mean to enter into such deep questions," she said, in a tone which she felt to be apologetic. "I meant only a little society to keep us going. Though we did not go out very much in London, still there was just enough to make the blank more evident if we see nobody here."

Chatty's heart protested against this view; for her part she would have liked that life which had lasted three weeks to remain as it was, unlike anything else in her experience, a thing which was over and could return no more. Had she not been saying to herself that all that remained to her was the Afterwards, the long gray twilight upon which no other sun would rise? In her lack of imagination, the only imagination she had known became more absolute than any reality, a thing which, once left behind, would never be renewed again. She felt a certain scorn of the attempt to make feeble imitations of it, or even to make up for that light which never was on sea or shore, by any little artificial illuminations. A sort of gentle

fury, a mild passion of resistance, rose within her at the thought of making up for it. She did not wish to make up for it; the blank could not be made less evident whatever any one might do or say. But all this Chatty shut up in her own heart. She made no reply, but bent her head more and more over her muslin work, and worked faster and faster, with the tears which she never would consent to shed collecting hot and salt behind her eyes.

Mrs. Warrender was silent, too. She was confounded by the new phase of feeling, imperfectly revealed to her, and filled with wonder, and self-reproach, and sympathy. Had she been to blame in leaving her child exposed to an influence which had proved too much for her peace of mind? — that was the well-worn conventional phrase, and the only one that seemed to answer the occasion, — too much for her peace of mind! The mother, casting stealthy glances at her daughter, so sedulously, nervously busy, could only grope at a comprehension of what was in Chatty's mind. She thought it was the uncertainty, the excitement of suspense, and all that feverish commotion which sometimes arises in a woman's mind when the romance of her life comes to a sudden pause, and silence follows the constant interchange of words and looks, in which so much meaning had lain — and a doubt whether anything more will ever follow, or whether the pause is to be forever, turns all the sweeter meditations into a whirl of confusion and anxiety and shame. A mother is so near that the reflection of her child's sentiments gets into her mind, but very often with such prismatic changes and oblique catchings of the light that even sympathy goes wrong. Mrs. Warrender thus caught from Chatty the reflection of an agitated soul in which there was all the sensitive shame of a love that is given unsought, mingled with a tender indignation against the offender, who perhaps had never meant anything but friendship. But the mother on this point took a different view, and there rose up in her mind on the moment a hundred cheerful, hopeful plans to bring him back and to set all right. Naturally there was not a word said on the subject, which was far too delicate for words; but this was how Mrs. Warrender followed, as she believed with an intensity which was full of tenderness, the current of her daughter's thoughts.

Yet these were not Chatty's thoughts at all. If she felt any excitement, it was directed against those plans for cheering her and the idea that any little contrivances of society could ever take the place of what was past, conjoined with a sort of jealousy of that past, lest any one should interfere with it, or attempt to blur the perfect outline of it as a thing which had been, and could be no more, nor any copy of it. This was what the soul most near her own did not divine. They sat together in the silence of the summer parlor, the cool sweet room full of flowers, with the July sun shut out, but the warm air coming in, so full of mutual love and sympathy, and yet with but so disturbed and confused an apprehension each of the other. After some time had passed thus, without disturbance, nothing but the softened sounds of morning traffic in the quiet street, a slow cart passing, an occasional carriage, the voices of the children just freed from school, there came the quick sound of a horse's hoofs, a pause before the door, and the bell echoing into the silence of the house.

"That must be Theo!" cried Mrs. Warrender. "I was sure he would come to-day. Chatty, after luncheon, will you leave us a little, my dear? Not that we have any secrets from you, — but he will speak more freely, if he is alone with me."

"I should have known that, mamma, without being told."

"Dear Chatty, you must not be dis-

pleased. You know many things, more than I had ever thought."

"Displeased, mamma!"

"Hush, Chatty, here is my poor boy."

Her poor boy! the triumphant lover, the young man at the height of his joy and pride. They both rose to meet him, eager to take the tone which should be most in harmony with his. But Mrs. Warrender had a pity in her heart for Theo which she did not feel for Chatty, perhaps because in her daughter's case her sympathy was more complete.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

THE FIRST GUEST.

When the house is finished, Death enters.

Eastern Proverb.

Life's House being ready all,
Each chamber fair and dumb,
Ere Life, the Lord, is come
With pomp into his hall, —
Ere Toil has trod the floors,
Ere Love has lit the fires,
Or young great-eyed Desires
Have, timid, tried the doors;
Or from east-window leaned
One Hope, to greet the sun,
Or one gray sorrow screened
Her sight against the west, —
Then enters the first guest,
The House of Life being done.

He waits there in the shade.
I deem he is Life's twin,
For whom the House was made.
Whatever his true name,
Be sure, to enter in
He has both key and claim.

The daybeams, free of fear,
Creep drowsy toward his feet;
His heart were heard to beat,
Were any there to hear;
Ah, not for ends malign,
Like wild thing crouched in lair,
Or watcher of a snare,
But with a friend's design
He lurks in shadow there!

He goes not to the gates
To welcome any other,

Nay, not Lord Life his brother;
But still his hour awaits
Each several guest to find
Alone, yea, quite alone;
Pacing with pensive mind
The cloister's echoing stone,
Or singing, unaware,
At the turning of the stair.
'T is truth, though we forget,
In Life's House enters none
Who shall that seeker shun,
Who shall not so be met.
"Is this mine hour?" each saith.
"So be it, gentle Death!"
Each has his way to end,
Encountering this friend.
Griefs die to memories mild;
Hope turns a weanéd child;
Love shines a spirit white,
With eyes of deepened light.
When many a guest has passed,
Some day 't is Life's at last
To front the face of Death.
Then, casements closed, men say:
"Lord Life is going away;
He went, we trust and pray,
To God, who gave him breath."
Beginning, End, he is:
Are not these sons both his?
Lo, these with him are one!
To phrase it so were best:
God's self is that first Guest,
The House of Life being done!

Helen Gray Cone.

THE OGRE OF HA HA BAY.

THE Saguenay steamboat reaches Ha Ha Bay in the early morning. It was just three o'clock on a July morning, when Susan and I took our first look at the bay. I had been trying to marry Susan for ten years, and we went up the Saguenay on our wedding journey. I have but to shut my eyes to see Ha Ha Bay now. Early as the hour was, the pale light of that high latitude brought out the scene with something the same quality of tone as an etching: the desolate cliffs guarding the entrance to the Saguenay; the hills lower, and green with oats and barley about the placid pool where the mysterious river widens into the bay; the two quaint villages facing each other across the water, with their half foreign picturesqueness of stone walls and steep red

roofs; a pier like a long, black arm thrust forth from St. Alphonse; a huge sawmill over at Grand Baie; and four full-rigged ships at anchor below the mill. The tide was out in the flats, and the smell of salt water was in the air.

Behind St. Alphonse some freak of nature has heaped a mass of granite rocks, then, repenting, tried to hide them with a frugal verdure of grass and stunted pines. The hotel is built on the rocks. Broad piazzas make it imposing, and whitewash, conspicuous. Not only has St. Alphonse the hotel of the bay, it is also the steamboat landing. Perhaps the boat's coming but four times a week, and being the sole means of intercourse, outside of horse-flesh, between the village and the world, accounts for the presence of all the inhabitants on the pier. Certainly, the traffic of the region in wood and blueberries could scarcely bring such numbers out of their beds at three o'clock in the morning. The wood and the blueberry boxes — looking exactly like wee coffins — were piled on either side. One man, with a wheelbarrow, was hauling the wood into the boat's hold, superintended by three officers, all talking at once. Half a dozen, having nothing better than their arms, were carrying the blueberries on board. At the same time, sacks of flour and barrels and boxes of merchandise kept emerging from below, the owners of which helped the confusion by running about after their goods, while the unwieldy vehicles of the region, the *voitures à la planche*, were recklessly plunging, backing, and turning through the crowd amid a mighty clamor of French *patois*. One of the horses fixed my attention. He was a splendid creature, a big gray, with the great curved neck and powerful flanks of a charger on a Greek frieze. The muscles stood out like whipcord, as he reared and pawed in the air. His driver, a slender young *habitant*, took his antics very coolly, merely saying at intervals, in a conversational tone, "Sois sage, Bac," as though to an unruly baby.

"I should like to drive after *that* horse," said my wife. Her voice is softer than a flute, and she is slender and graceful, with an appealing look in her hazel eyes, and the sweetest smile in the world; but I have never met a woman so fond of risking her neck. Before I knew what was happening she had called, "Venez ici, cocher!" and the gray brute was kicking at my elbow. Naturally, nothing remained but to climb into the voiture à la planche. These "carriages on a plank" are simply "buckboard wagons" with two seats, the further one of which is protected by a hood and a leather apron. Susan was charmed. "He has spirit, your horse," said she in French. "Oway, Madame," said the driver, politely turning in his seat. "Oway," I had already discovered, is Canadian French for "Oui." The driver was young. He was clad in a decent coarse suit of gray, and wore the soft felt hat and curious boots of undyed leather, tied with a thong, which every habitant wears. His features were of the delicate habitant type; but his fair skin, blue eyes, and reddish yellow hair hinted a mixed race. He was not tall, and was slightly round shouldered. The only thing noticeable in his appearance was an air of deep dejection, not lightened by so much as a smile of courtesy. He spoke no English, — almost no one speaks English in the St. John country, — but though dejected he was not reticent, and we had his whole history before we were well into the village. His name was Isadore Clovis. He lived in the village with his uncle, Xavier Tremblay. That was his uncle's house, — pointing to a cottage of logs covered with birch bark, which stood close to a substantial stone house. He, himself, was not married, he never should be. His father and mother had been long dead. He was the youngest of a large family; the

habitants had large families, "Oway, M'sieu'." "And that of my mother was of the largest," said he; "the good God sent her twenty-six. But twelve, fifteen, that is common."

"And did they all live?" I asked, while Susan remarked in English that she had never heard of anything so horrible.

"Mais, non, M'sieu'," said Isadore, "all are dead but six; they live in Chicontimi, nine miles from here. I live here, I with my uncle. Regard my uncle, Madame, M'sieu'!"

His finger indicated the roof of the stone house. Peering over the ridge-pole was a bushy white head, set with no visible neck upon a pair of very broad shoulders. Hair standing out in spikes all over, a stubbly gray beard, and prodigious eyebrows imparted an aspect of grotesque ferocity to features forbidding enough of themselves, weather-beaten, rugged, scored by innumerable lines and dents. The attire of this extraordinary bust was a plaided red flannel shirt, torn at the throat, and thus displaying a hairy chest. Altogether, he might have given an orang-outang the odds for ugliness.

"He owns both houses," said Isadore, "he is rich; he has many farms and a *fromagerie* and *crêmerie*."

"He is fortunate," said Susan, who likes to be pleasant with people, and to praise their belongings; "it is a good house, a comfortable house. Does he live there?"

Isadore threw a lustreless eye over the house, saying slowly, "No one lives there, Madame, no one has ever lived there; it is because of his vow."

"His vow?"

"Oway, Madame. He made a vow before M. Pingat, M. le notaire, M. Rideau, M. Vernet, those, that he would never go into his new house until he should marry a maiden of twenty. It was twenty-five years ago, but he has never gone into the house since."

"How old is he?"

"He is eighty years old, Madame; he is a very strong man. Every day he climbs the roof, so."

"Dear me," cried Susan, "this is most interesting! he has never married, then?"

"No, Madame; once he was affianced to a maiden of twenty, she had but one eye; but she fell in the river and was drowned."

"But in his youth?"

"Once he was affianced, Madame," said Isadore; "he was then fifty-five, and not long come from Quebec. Madame does not know the widow Guion; she is still handsome; but then, when she was twenty, there was no one in the parish to compare with her. My uncle would marry her, and the affair was arranged, and my uncle had built the house; it was nearly finished, when, behold, she will not marry my uncle, she will marry Pierre Guion. Then all the world made jests about my uncle, who, as one can see, is not handsome. And it was at M. François Pouliot's house that they were laughing, and saying that my uncle would frighten any woman away, he was so ugly, and my uncle overheard it, passing by, and came in, and swore an oath before them all, that he would never go into his new house until he should marry a maiden of twenty. 'I can get the best of them to marry me, for as ugly as I am,' said he. But it was twenty-five years first."

"Has he succeeded, then?" Isadore, leaning forward, gathered up the reins.

"Oway, Madame," he said, in a low tone, "he has succeeded. Next month he will marry a maiden of twenty, and move into his new house." By force of habit Isadore called the twenty-five year old house "the new house;" doubtless, it had been "the old house" and "the new house" to him from childhood. "He left the house just as it was," said Isadore, "the wood and shavings are all scattered about the

floors, where the carpenters left them. He had the carpenters board up the windows, that was all. Bac, en avant!"

We had turned and were ascending a hill. Half-way up Isadore stopped to point again. "See, Madame, the cottage of the widow Guion." It was a mere morsel of a house, the unpainted boards of which were made a better protection against the weather by a covering of birch bark. In the little yard the peas were in flower, and a few hollyhocks reared their heads above the beet leaves and lettuce. A barefooted man was raking coals out of the open-air oven which stood to one side of a pile of brush. "C'est le beau-frère de Madame," said Isadore, "c'est un fou, mais bon naturel, pas méchant. From here, Madame can see the hotel plainly."

We looked, not at the hotel, but at the road. Could that infatuated Canadian mean to drive up a sheer rock, slippery with mud, wider but hardly better than a goat path?

"*Attendez*," said I, "do you mean to take us up *that* way, that?"

"Oway, M'sieu'," replied Isadore, tranquilly, "without doubt. Bac is accustomed to it. Behold! Bac, en avant!" With the word, he leaped lightly over the shafts, and Bac and he went up the hill on a run. It is the pace of the country; up hill and down, they make their horses gallop at the top of their speed. I don't know why; I suppose they like it. At any rate, Susan did; she was enchanted.

"Was n't it lovely, Maurice?" she cried, as Isadore pulled Bac up before the hotel piazzas; "do give the man something handsome."

I gave him fifty cents, which he said was more than he deserved; and we both watched him rattle down the hill at a rate which threatened to break every bone in his body. Then, having seen him emerge unshattered, we entered the hotel. There are no such inns in the States. Nothing could be more primitive than the house and its furnishing. The walls were unplastered, the woodwork unpainted; the women of the village had spun, woven, and dyed the strips of gay carpet on the pine floors. We had tallow candles in our bedrooms, a candle to a room. If we wanted a maid we went out into the hall and called her. A bath was a perilous luxury, the one bath tub of the house being too large for the doors, so that it must be emptied before it could be tilted on one side and trundled out of the room, which operation usually ended in flooding both the bather's chamber and the room, below, not counting a few stray rivulets likely to meander into the hall. Yet, I have been less comfortable in houses with grand names. Everything was scrupulously clean; Madame gave us a capital dinner and Monsieur kept most excellent wines; nor is it everywhere that one can eat salmon of his own catching. Moreover, it is pleasant to live among a people so simple, kindly, and cheerful as the French Canadians. All the rigor of a harsh climate and a hard life cannot quench their amiable vivacity or that engaging politeness which flings a sort of Southern grace over their bare Northern homes. We grew fond of the villagers. To them the hotel was the centre of festivity; were there not a bowling alley, and a billiard room, and in the parlor a piano? Nightly the village magnates would assemble in the alley and bowl with tremendous energy and both hands. We came to know them all, the doctor, the notary, the rich fur merchant, the various shopkeepers and farmers.

Of them all none interested us more than the widow Guion and her daughter. The widow was a tall woman, whose figure had been moulded on such fine lines that a life of coarse toil had not been able to spoil them. Trouble had bleached her thick hair and wrinkled her face, and the weather had browned her skin, but she was as straight as an

arrow and still had splendid eyes and a profile worth drawing. We often saw her in her garden working like a man. Indoors, she would wash her hands, tie a clean apron about her waist, and sing over her spinning. The singing was for the fool. She was very kind to him and devoted to her daughter. She was also neat, honest, and industrious; but she was not popular in the village; they said that she had an imperious temper and was unsocial. Mélanie, the daughter, was one of the maids at the hotel, a tall, handsome, black-haired, fair-skinned girl, who revived the traditions of her mother's beauty. One day something occurred to make us notice Mélanie. We were sitting on the rocks overhanging the village. It was that most peaceful hour of the day, the hour before sunset. The west was in a glow that turned the tin spire of the little church into silver; the mountains cast purple shadows over the bay; and the water was a steel mirror with rippling splashes of shade. We could hear the lowing of the cows returning homeward, and the faint tinkle of bells, and the voices of mothers calling their children. "How peaceful it is," said Susan softly, "and they seem so pastoral and child-like, like people in poems. One can hardly imagine any one's being very unhappy here."

Perhaps she was thinking of our own past; certainly we had been miserable enough, before we drifted into this calm harbor. Just then a man and woman, coming along the path beneath, halted, out of sight, but not out of hearing. The man was speaking: "No, I cannot bear it. See, thou art all I have, thou; I have loved thee all my life. Ah, *mon dieu*, how couldst thou promise!" Now I grant that we ought to have risen at once, and gone away; but I am not relating what we ought to have done, but what we did do, which was to sit still and listen with all our ears. The woman answered. The other's voice was rough and thick from passion: but hers was very gentle and quiet.

"I will tell thee, Isadore," she said (Susan pinched my arm); "I came here to tell. Thou knowest *maman* has a great opinion of M. Tremblay, who has been her only friend, though he has so little reason."

"It was but that he might marry *thee*," cried Isadore, "curse his crafty head!"

"May be," answered the woman wearily, "though I think not; but he has been ever kind to us, since before I was born. And maman was glad, very glad, when he would marry me."

"And was it *that*" —

"Hush! no, my friend. It was hard to refuse her who has lived so wearying a life and had so great disappointments, but I thought of thee. Then — then — she told me. Isadore, maman — maman is going blind!" The voice which was so steady broke, but in a second it went on quietly as before. "It is that, my friend, that made me promise. M. le docteur says if she will go to Montreal to the great doctor there, he will make her eyes well again. But it will cost a great, great sum of money, two hundred dollars. And M. Tremblay has promised to give it her, and more, besides, when I marry him. And if she does not go, she must become quite blind. Already she cannot spin the yarn even, and when she feels the lumps afterwards, she weeps." There was a sound like a groan. "Do not weep, my friend," she continued, "it cannot be for long. He is so very old."

This practical view of the matter hardly seemed to console the lover, who burst out: "Thou dost not understand it, thou! Ah, no," — he swore a great oath, with a sob in his throat, — "I will not endure it. Listen, I have five dollars. I will sell Bac. We will go to Quebec and be married. Ah, think, *m'amie*, thou and I."

There was a break filled by a very

pretty sound, then the soft voice again. "Ah, no, Isadore, thou must not kiss me. It cannot be. I have sworn before the image of the blessed Virgin to marry him. And, beside — oh, Isadore, how could I leave *her* behind, to grow blind — without me!" Isadore did not answer. The vesper bell rang from the church tower. "My friend," said the girl, "I must go. I can never see thee alone again. Wilt thou not forgive me, first?"

"I might kill him," said the man.

"And be hanged for it?" answered his practical sweetheart, "how would that help?"

"He would be dead," said the desperate Isadore, "he could not marry thee. Mon dieu, it would help much!"

"But thy soul, it would burn forever!"

"It would not burn," said Isadore, practical in his turn, "I would repent and confess to the priest and he would absolve me."

"But he could not bring thee back to life. Oh, Isadore, promise me thou wilt put away such thoughts! Thou art cruel, thou!"

"Ah, dost thou feel what is tearing my heart?" cried poor Isadore.

"Look at me," said the woman, "dost thou remember my face a month ago? I cannot speak when I suffer, like thee, I can only bear it." The man was kissing her again, and crying quite openly. "Isadore," said she, "I must go. Bid me farewell. No, do not hold me. See, thou hast often complained that I never will kiss thee. This once."

I think they were both crying now. We were ashamed to listen longer and got up, but in a few moments a woman's shape flitted round the curve and passed us. She was tall and had black hair; we both recognized Mélanie. "Oh, poor things!" cried my dear wife, "and we are so happy; can't we help them, Maurice?" I said that we might try. Anyhow, it would n't cost more than a picture. "So Mélanie is the old ogre's victim, is she?" said I; "what possesses her mother?"

In truth, Tremblay, in the village eyes, was worse than an ogre. All the world knew him to be a miser to his nail points, a cruel, surly old reprobate. He was a heretic and a scoffer at the saints. He had amassed (doubtless by baleful means) what was great wealth in that simple community. Most of the villagers were in his debt; nor was this the worst, he had possessed himself of all the secrets of the parish. How? The doctor talked about gossip; but there was a sinister theory more in favor. Under the confessional floor, in the church, was a space between the timbers large enough for a dog to lie, and Xavier, strong and supple, in spite of his eighty years, could curl his short body into a dog's compass; the abominable wickedness would only give a zest to the act, for the old infidel.

"But what secrets can you have?" I said to the doctor, "they can't be very bad!"

"There is a black spot in the human heart, everywhere, Monsieur," answered the doctor. Wherever the black spot, Xavier was sure to put his wicked old finger on it and gibe at the victim's wincing. Then he would creep away, chuckling, to the ground, or, may be, to his pet devil, for St. Alphonse firmly believed in such a familiar.

My own acquaintance with the ogre was limited to one interview. I found him unloading blueberries, on the wharf, his cart and a sorry skeleton of a horse beside him. A nearer view did not give one a better opinion of his looks. He was of low stature, with enormously long arms, and disproportionately broad shoulders. I asked him a question; in French, of course.

"Me spik Englis," croaked the old sinner.

He insisted on speaking a kind of mongrel English in answer to my French,

and we did not make much advance. By and by another man appeared and I tried to talk to him. Instantly Xavier's lean fingers were tapping my shoulder.

"He no spik Englis tall," said the exasperating monster.

"Tant mieux," said I, "at least I shall understand him!"

"Mais peut-être, M'sieu'," he retorted grinning, "he no vill understands *you!*"

I surrendered, bought a box of berries (at an awful price), and left him leering like a gargoyle. Recalling that leer, I pitied Mélanie. What a husband for a girl of twenty! Susan and I talked the affair over, discussing half a dozen plans of rescue. The most obvious was to go to the widow. We went. Susan broached the subject, after a diplomatic purchase of hollyhocks. She spoke of Mélanie, of her beauty, her pleasant ways, of our interest in her. We had heard that she was to be married; might we offer our sincere wishes for her happiness?

"Oway, Madame," the widow replied, with a certain ominous contraction of the muscles of the mouth, "she will be happy; M. Tremblay has a good heart."

"But," said Susan, "pardon, Madame — it is our great interest in Mélanie — is not M. Tremblay very old?"

We were in the garden, all four of us, for the idiot brother-in-law was there also, piling brush; Madame had been hoeing; she struck her hoe smartly on the ground and rested her elbows on the handle, her chin on her hands, and so eyed us grimly.

"Without doubt, Madame," said she; "*quay donc?* He will die the sooner. In ten, in five years she will be a widow, rich, free."

"Consider those same five years, Madame," I cried, "the trouble, the misery, perhaps."

Her lip curled. "M'sieu' has heard the talk of the village. They are imbeciles, they. M. Tremblay is a miser. Bah, look around you, M'sieu'. This house, that wood, for a nothing, a few vegetables — from a miser! Look at him," pointing to the idiot, "those clothes are from M. Tremblay, from the miser! In the house is a fiddle, one of the most beautiful. It is for him. M. Tremblay gave it him. For why? can he play? Mon dieu, no; but it pleases him to make a noise, and M. Tremblay bought it. When Mélanie was a little child he always bought her things, snowshoes, a toboggan, a doll from Quebec. No child in St. Alphonse has a doll like that. A miser! bah, lies of the devil!"

"But he is a wicked man, cruel, harsh," I persisted.

"Never to us, M'sieu', never, never!"

"He is a heretic."

"Et M'sieu'?" said the widow.

"I am not to marry a Catholic. But he is worse, he scoffs at the saints and does not believe in the good God himself."

"The good God knows better," said Madame Guion placidly.

I tried another tack. "But Mélanie may love some one else."

"M'sieu' means Isadore Clovis," said the widow, drawing her tall figure to its full height, and though I am a big fellow, her eyes were nearly level with mine. "*Eh bien*, I, too, have loved a young man, M'sieu'. It was twenty-five years ago, and M. Tremblay would marry me, but I was a fool, I: my heart was set on a young man of this parish, tall, strong, handsome. I quarreled with all my relations, I married him, M'sieu'. Within a month of our wedding day he broke my arm, twisting it to hurt me. He was the devil. Twice, but for his brother, he would have killed me. Jules is strong, though he has no wits; he pulled him off. See, M'sieu'," flinging the hoe aside to push the hair off her temples, "this he did with his stick; and this," baring her arm, "with his knife. But I was a fool, I forgave him

and worked for him. He would do nothing but play cards and drive horses and drink, drink, drink. His grandfather was an Englishman and drank himself to death. The English are like that. And I — I forgave him and made myself old and wrinkled and black working for money for him. Then he would laugh at my ugly face and praise the village girls' looks. He had a soul of mud! But I forgave that, too. Then my children were born, and he beat *them.* Then I forgave no more, my heart was like coals of fire. Attendez, M'sieu', I have the mother's heart, I love my children, yet I was glad, I, when they died and were safe from *him!* Figure, then, what kind of father he was! Only Mélanie lived. The others would cry, cry; but Mélanie did not cry, and she would never speak to him, her father. There was reason: God knows what women have to suffer and he takes vengeance. He, that coward, was afraid of Mélanie, a little baby, because she would not speak to him. He tried, many times, to make her, but no, she would never speak, and she was three years old when he died. A horse kicked him and killed him, a horse that he was beating!"

The fool had dropped his sticks and was staring at her piteously, alarmed at her gestures and her angry voice. He ran up to her and stroked her hand, uttering a mournful, inarticulate sound.

"Ce n'est rien, Jules," said the widow smiling on him, "sois tranquil." Jules smiled, too, and nodded his head, then slunk back to his task. "Do you understand, M'sieu', now," said the widow, "why I will not have Mélanie marry a young man?"

"But Isadore is so good," said Susan, coming to my aid, "he would not be cruel to Mélanie."

Madame Guion laughed harshly. "He?" she shouted, "he? *ma foy!* I think no. My Mélanie could lift him with the one arm. Always, she has taken care of him. Look you: when they are children, she puts on his snowshoes; and when he cries for the cold, she puts on him her mittens; and she will fight the boys that tease him because he is Tremblay's nephew. Always, she takes care of him."

"But, Madame," said Susan in her gentle voice, "if they have loved each other from childhood, how hard for them to be separated now."

"It would be harder," said the widow in quite another tone, "to marry him and repent all the years after. Love, it is pleasant, but marriage, that is another pair of sleeves. *Tiens,* Madame, regard the women of this village. Without doubt Madame has observed them. They work, work, work; they scrub, they cook, they weave, they spin, they knit, they make the clothes; one has not time to say one's prayers; and every year a new mouth to fill, — mon dieu, one mouth? two at a blow, perhaps! That makes one ugly and old. If Mélanie marries Isadore Clovis she will be like these others, so poor, so tired, so ugly; and there will be the children and her poor old blind mother cannot help her. Ah, mon dieu, I will not have such a fate come to my beautiful one!"

Then I spoke, struggling after a short cut through the situation. I offered to pay for her journey to Montreal and to do something for Isadore.

The widow's face stiffened; plainly she suspected the Greeks' gifts. "And why should M'sieu' incommode himself for my eyes?" said she.

I thought I had better let Susan do the rest of the talking. Her tact is equal to any demand. "It is for Mélanie, too, you understand," said she, "I am fond of Mélanie. And see, Madame, we are two lovers, my husband and I" (with an adorable blush), "and we are very happy; we should like to make two other lovers happy. Is not that what the good God intends we should do with happiness, share it?"

The widow Guion smiled a faint and wintry smile, saying: "Truly, M'sieu' has cause to be happy. But look you," she continued rapidly, "M'sieu' does not understand. It is not for myself. To see Mélanie rich, content, I would be blind, deaf, *dumb!*" At this climax of calamities she spread her hands out to the sky, and the fool began to moan. "Mélanie will be happier with M. Tremblay, — not now, in the end. And Isadore, too, he will be happier; his uncle will then give him a farm, — he has told me; he will marry, he will content himself, he is a slight creature. It is not for him to marry Mélanie. For see, Madame, she has always had better than the other children. Often, I have worked all night that she might wear a pretty robe to the church. She has been to the convent at Chicontimi, she has accomplishments: she can embroider, she can make flowers with wool, she can play on the piano. One can see she is superior to the other girls of the village. M. Tremblay will do everything for her; he will take her to Quebec. Ah, Madame, it is because I love my little one that I would give her to M. Tremblay."

Evidently we could hope nothing from Mélanie's mother. Simultaneously Susan and I gave it up, and Susan covered our retreat with an order for beets, to be delivered at the hotel.

But I thought that I understood the situation better. I believed Madame Guion told us the truth: she was only seeking her daughter's happiness. She had an intense, but narrow nature, and her life of toil, hard and busy though it was, being also lonely and quiet, rather helped than hindered brooding over her sorrows. Her mind was of the true peasant type, the ideas came slowly and were tenacious of grip. Love had been ruin to her. It meant heartbreak, bodily anguish, the torture of impotent anger, and the bitterest humiliation. Therefore, her fixed determination was to save Mélanie from its delusions. And because her own bloom had withered under sordid hardships, she yearned with passionate longing to ward them off her child. These two desires had come to fill her whole mind. Old Xavier offered to gratify both. Besides, he was the giver of whatever small comforts had brightened her poverty; she was grateful, and it is quite possible that she wanted to make amends for the past. As for those aspects of the marriage which revolted us, privations and drudgery blunt sentiment in women even more effectually than in men. Madame Guion felt no horror in such a union simply because she could not see any. These conclusions solved the problem of the widow's motives, but they did not help, in the least, to change them, or to make her more friendly towards Isadore. We tried the young people, next. I talked with Isadore, and Susan with Mélanie. It was all plain sailing with the man. He poured out his woes to me, on the way to Lake Ravel, with true Gallic effusion. His uncle had been kind to him, after a gruff and silent fashion, when a lad, but now, grown to manhood, he found himself frankly despised.

"He has said of me, 'C'est un vraie blêche,'" cried Isadore, grinding his teeth. "Bac, arrêtes donc!" The horse, plunging at the sight of a fallen tree, was calmed instantly; I could not help admiring the lad's mastery of the animal.

"He would not say that, if he had seen you drive Bac when he was frightened," I said.

"It is nothing," said Isadore; "I am good to Bac and he knows it, that is all. *He* taught me to be kind to animals. He buys old horses that are beaten. M'sieu' has seen the last, Charlay, a sight to make fear. He will not be so long, he will be fat, lazy, like the others. He says: 'Dame, I can get work out of them, c'est bon marché!' But it is not

for that he loves all animals. He loves the fool, also; but all good people he hates, and he curses the saints, he is so wicked," said Isadore, piously crossing himself.

Certainly his uncle knew of his attachment. "He is glad that I suffer," said Isadore. "M'sieu', I speak to you with the heart open; sometimes I think that I will kill myself, but Mélanie then will weep, and I must burn, myself, forever also. No, I will go away, she shall never see me again. I will go to Chicontimi!"

Chicontimi being barely nine miles away rather blunted the point of this tragic threat; but the poor fellow's grief and rage were real enough. There was no question about his willingness to be helped. He burst into tears and insisted upon embracing me over the front seat. He would do anything, he would go anywhere, he was my slave for life. Then he cried again.

Mélanie, as the French say, was more difficult. At first she could hardly believe in Susan's offers. Finally convinced, the poor girl grew quite white with emotion; all she did, however, was to lift a fold of Susan's gown, press it tightly between her two hands to her heart, and then let it drop;—an odd gesture, which, nevertheless, Susan found infinitely expressive.

But she could not be swerved from her purpose. She had sworn before the Virgin; to retreat now would break her mother's heart; moreover, the marriage would be the best thing for Isadore, since M. Tremblay, who never broke his word, had promised to give his nephew a farm on his wedding day. That Isadore might reject the gift did not occur to Mélanie; the habitants have no morbid scruples of delicacy—well, I do not know that it would have occurred to Isadore, either.

Susan would have tried to show her the sure unhappiness in such a marriage, but her first words were stopped by the girl's quivering mouth and the miserable appeal of her eyes.

"Oh, do not tell it me, Madame," she cried, "I tell myself until I cannot sleep any more at night. I work, work, all day, to be tired; but at night it is only that my bones ache, the thoughts will not stop. I cannot eat or sleep, and always there is the same hard pain *here*." She touched, not her heart, but her throat. "Some day, it will choke me, I think," said she. Yet she spoke of Tremblay without bitterness, saying: "He was very good to me when I was young. For why should he be good at all? All the world has been unkind to him. When he was a little child, his own mother did not love him because he was ugly. He had a great misfortune in his youth, also; what, I do not know, but he will often say to maman, 'Beware of doing services to people, Madame. When I was young I was a fool. I did kindnesses, I would be loved. Men are like wolves, they bite the hand that feeds them. Be feared, Madame, that is best.' He makes himself feared. What he says, he does. He has vowed to marry a maiden of twenty, and he will keep his vow! Look you, the mother gave him the key of the fields,[1] he will marry the daughter; he makes two blows with a stone."

Meanwhile the matter was the absorbing topic at the Bay, our unlucky efforts to assist the lovers being as much common property as Isadore's despair or Mélanie's filial submission. This was just a trifle embarrassing, since we could hardly buy a candle that a multitude of volunteer counselors did not troop about us; or row on the Bay without the boatman's inquiring anxiously what we meant to do next. Not a mother's son had a suggestion to offer; but they all showed a cheerful confidence in our ingenuity, and were amazingly sympathetic.

[1] *Donner le clef des champs*, a satirical expression for a dismissal.

While this went on, I was seeing Xavier daily. Sometimes he would be walking, attended by a starving retinue of curs, sometimes driving Charlay; always he would grin at me in his gargoyle fashion; but our acquaintance got no further until the day I ran against him on the pier, talking English to Susan. Susan was talking English also.

"Why not?" was her comment, "he likes it. He is going to show us over his crêmerie, this afternoon. You know I have an interest in a crêmerie, myself — and by good luck I 've been through it."

We spent three mortal hours in old Xavier's creamery, Susan admiring things right and left. Somewhere about Tremblay's porcupine nature must have been a soft spot of vanity, and my clever wife found it, for actually he looked almost human while he talked to her, and the grin that seemed carved on his face was softened into an uncouth smile.

"Susan," said I, "you are an unprincipled woman, flattering that clown!"

"Maurice," she answered gravely, "he interests me greatly."

The following day, being Sunday, we went to church. We liked the little church of St. Alphonse, with its walls covered with mortar decorated by lathes in wavy lines, to give a foothold to future plaster; its pillars hewn out of pine logs; its echoing floors; its altogether dreadful stations and images, and its poor little tawdry altars. Whenever mass was celebrated a dingy and crumpled flock of surplices crowded the chancel. It was worth a long journey to see the easy attitudes of the choristers, as they lounged in their stalls or shambled through the ritual. They all had colds, and expectorated with artless freedom. Choristers and organist generally started together on the chants; but soon the voices would lose the key and wander helplessly off, amid a howling mob of discords, while the organist was sternly plodding her way through her notes, leaving them to their fate. Withal there was no irreverence; on the contrary, a devout attention. I used to watch the people telling their beads or kneeling at their prayers, and question whether their life seemed to them the innocent and stupid affair that it seemed to me. Thus gazing, this Sunday, I was aware that the aisle was illuminated by a blaze of red satin, followed by a rusty black gown, — Mélanie and her mother. Mélanie's gay frock was trimmed with cheap white lace. Susan called it a "nightmare" later, and it certainly did suggest the splendors of the chorus in a comic opera; but, all the same, it was amazingly becoming, and the girl's pallor and troubled eyes only enhanced her beauty. No wonder the young men stared at her and the women whispered.

The *curé* preached a good sermon enough; but I could have wished a less appropriate subject than the sin of broken vows. Mélanie sat like a statue, hardly seeming to hear, her beads dangling from her limp fingers. The only visible portion of the widow's shape was her back, but I fancied a grim complacency in the way she sat bolt upright and held her chin in the air. After mass we had the excitement of a shower. There was the customary huddling under the church porch, while the fortunate owners of "buckboards" drove up, in turn, and stored their womenkind on the sheltered back seats. I had a glimpse of Bac's tossing mane among the horses, and saw Isadore standing up in the "buckboard," looking for Mélanie. I heard him offer his vehicle to Madame Guion. Simultaneously, old Xavier climbed up the church steps, in his ordinary garb of homespun, with plenty of mud on his boots. His long arm extended itself under two or three intervening shoulders, and jerked the widow's shawl. What he said was inaudible, but in response, she gathered up her skirts above her white stockings,

took her daughter by the hand, and strode out to the voiture à la planche. Poor Isadore was already at Bac's head smiling. He assisted the women in and buttoned the apron over their knees. Just as he was about to follow them his uncle's long arm unceremoniously thrust him aside and the old man climbed into his seat. The young fellow stood like one stupefied. His fair skin turned a deep red.

"En avant!" bawled Xavier. The voice roused Isadore. Bac flung his heels into the air and was off, Isadore after him, screaming "Take care! Bac will go for none but me! Stop, or he will kill you." The old man's answer was the whistle of a whip. I don't think that Xavier meant to touch the horse, it was a mere bit of a bravado, but by chance the lash did fillip Bac's flank. Up he went, like a shot, pawing the air; then round in a furious half circle. Xavier pulled, but he might as well have tried to hold a whirlwind. I had started, at the same instant, and was abreast of Isadore.

"C'est mon affaire," he cried, jumping at the bits. I caught the animal on the other side. For a moment I expected that he would trample the life out of both of us; he had the strength of ten horses. But Isadore talked away as composedly as if in the stable yard: "Arrêtes, donc, Bac; sois sage! s-s-sh! Why dost thou make such a time, little fool?" And actually, that raving devil of a brute stopped, trembling, and rubbed his nose against the habitant's breast.

"M'sieu', mon oncle," said Isadore calmly, "have the goodness to debark.[1] Bac is not safe for any one but me to drive."

The old man looked at his nephew and grinned. Quite composedly he got down, and stood with his hands on his hips while Isadore sprang lightly into the voiture à la planche. Neither of the women spoke: the widow looked scared, Mélanie's eyes were shining. Isadore gravely touched his hat to me and drove away, old Xavier wrinkling his cheeks over his eyes in a deeper grin. "Bah," he muttered, "he can drive the little one," and stumped off without a word of acknowledgment to me.

Susan, when I told her the story, held that it was very encouraging. She thought that she understood the *mot d'enigma* about Tremblay.

"You see, Maurice," said she, "he is awfully vain, that is all. Did n't you ever notice that deformed people always are vain, poor things? Tremblay, now, has a consuming desire to be noticed. I think that at first he tried to win people's affection, and I imagine he met with some cruel disappointments. He had a dismal childhood, and you know, yourself, about the widow Guion. I believe he cared more for her than he will admit. See how kind he has been to her. He may pretend all sorts of mean motives for his actions, but there the kind actions are. You see, Maurice, now he tries to make people fear him, it is the same vanity, only twisted a little. He takes as much pains to appear wicked and cruel as other people do to appear good. Why he started that story about the confessional himself. Depend upon it, it is nothing but his vanity makes him so obstinately bent on marrying a girl of twenty." She had a pretty theory about his having been disappointed in Isadore. "He took the child to bring up," said she, "hoping, I feel sure, though he may not have owned the hope to himself, that the boy would be on his side, would share his hatred of mankind, and grow up in his own pattern. If Isadore had been a bold, fierce sort of a character, I believe the old man would have grown to love him; but from the first the boy was taken up by the village

[1] The *habitants* on the Saguenay and St. Lawrence always use *debarquer* for *descendre*, probably because they have so much to do with boats.

people, and he has all their ways of thinking. Then, besides, he is such a mild, gentle, inefficient seeming fellow that Tremblay can't endure it. But I fancy he has misjudged Isadore, and he is beginning to see it. He would be glad."

I did n't pretend to decide whether my wife was right, nor do I now; but this is what happened. One day I came out on the piazza to find the two, Xavier and Susan, talking earnestly. He gave me a nod, saying, "Madame does not approve of me, M'sieu'; she thinks I marry quite too young a wife."

"I am of Madame's opinion," said I.

Old Xavier looked at Susan's pretty, flushed cheeks not unkindly. "I care not for the people here," he said, "they are imbeciles, they; but her I find different. I wish to make myself understood. Look you, I want no wife; but they have made a mock of me in this parish. None shall make a mock of Xavier Tremblay. I say, 'Oway, I am old, I am ugly, all the same, *bon gré, mal gré*, I can marry a girl of twenty. I swear I will not go into my new house before.' Eh bien, the time goes on. I see a maiden of twenty, not beautiful, stupid, but good, amiable. She has but one eye. Her people are unkind to her, often I see her weep. I have compassion; I am ugly, myself, Madame, and in my youth I knew what it was to weep. I think she will have a pleasanter life with old Tremblay. I speak kindly to her. We arrange it; she is not difficult. But she fell into the river and was drowned. Then goes a long time. Mélanie Guion has grown up. She pleases me, I think; the mother gave me the key of the fields. Good, I will marry the daughter. I will show these beasts that Xavier Tremblay can do what he pleases. But Madame can tell Mélanie that I will not be troublesome to her, and when I am dead she may marry Isadore; he can drive."

"You have shown that you can do as you please, Monsieur," said Susan: "to marry Mélanie will not show it any more; all the world knows that she has promised."

"But my vow, Madame, and my new house. I tire of living in my old house, *c'est bien ennuyant*."

There was our sticking, his preposterous old new house. He could not endure its standing reminder of his unfulfilled vow; the very sight of the walls which he might not enter chafed his vanity; to live in it had grown to be a corroding ambition, and the day whereon he should step across those uncompleted, yet half ruined thresholds appeared to his imagination as the climax of his life. We asked too much, asking him to give up such visions.

All this while, Isadore was haunting the hotel, waiting with forlorn patience for a word or look from me. I repeated his uncle's words to him, whereupon he frowned darkly and informed me that he longed to kill the old man; a confidence which disturbed me little, since I had my own opinion of Isadore's resolution.

By this time I was decidedly uncomfortable myself. The way Isadore morally flopped over on me, as it were, had a subtle tinge of irritation in its helplessness. Why could not the fellow lift a hand for himself? and the villagers were worse. They maintained a maddening confidence in my astuteness. When the notary assured me that "the old fox" (meaning Tremblay) had met his match (meaning me), and Madame Pingât, the postmistress, gave me expressions of faith with my letters, and the blacksmith, winking very pleasantly, told me that he could guess what I was after, talking with old Xavier, I felt like swearing; and when Madame Vernet, who kept a "general shop," sold me a tea-kettle for a coffee-pot (one boiled quite as well as the other, she said, and the habitants used them indiscriminately) and asked me if I did n't think it

time to do something decisive, I went out and kicked an unoffending dog. Pretty soon I felt that we should have to fly the country. Like Susan, I now rested my slender hope on getting out of the mess with credit upon old Xavier, and I was glad when an opportunity presented for another appeal. Isadore was to drive me to Lake Ravel for a day of trout fishing; but the evening previous he appeared with his arm in a sling. He had sprained his right wrist and offered his uncle's services in his stead, saying that the latter had a better horse than Charlay. So old Xavier took me to the lake. There I praised Isadore in French and English.

"You love 'im," said the old ogre, blinking at me with his keen eyes; "*mais moi*, me tink 'im *vaurien;* can mek wiz ze 'orse, notings of morre, *non. Bah*, for wy he *laisse* me tek 'is *amie* avays?" From which I gathered that he did not regard Isadore as a young man of spirit. In fact, I did n't think much of my habitant's spirit myself, but I had a suspicion that he wanted to be contradicted, that long silent instincts of blood were roused and speaking; perhaps, too, some faint emotion of compassion for the girl who had been fond of him as a child.

"*Chut*," he muttered, relapsing into his own tongue, "I will not be troublesome to Mélanie. It is a good little girl. I should have been her father, I; I have thought that always."

"Make her your niece, then," said I, "that 's next best."

"And never go into my new house? Mais non, ça ne va pas!"

There we stuck fast again. Briefly, I made another failure, and by the time evening came and we were in sight of the village I was decidedly out of temper. The first thing I noticed put my chagrin to flight. Little crowds of people going homewards gazed at us curiously, until, suddenly, Xavier shook his whip handle at a broken, lazy cloud of smoke and urged his horse into a gallop. Reason enough! the smoke was rising from the ruins of his "new house." A sorry sight they made; heaps of blackened and crumbling stone which had been walls, charred skeletons of joists, and distorted shapes of tin or iron showed the fierce power of the fire. Jets of flame were still playing with the remnants of window frames, and puffs of black smoke rose only to sink again and drift forlornly above the wreck. Men with buckets and blankets, women holding babies in their arms, and a crowd of children stood around talking shrilly. A kind of hush fell on the chatter as we drove up. Everybody stared at old Xavier. His iron composure gave no clew to his feelings. "My stable," said old Xavier, "what of the horses?" A medley of voices explained that Isadore had saved the horses. If we were to believe the women he had been a prodigy of valor. Xavier listened with his smirk that was uglier than a frown. "Where then is he, this brave fellow?" said he. Half a dozen boys started after Isadore.

I did not wait for his arrival. Seeing Susan standing a little to one side, I joined her. She told me about the fire. It seems that a party of tourists, coming and going by the morning's boat, had been shown through the village by Isadore and little Antoine Vernet. The gentlemen, who had somehow heard of old Xavier, expressed a curiosity to go into his house. They pulled the boards off a window and climbed in and roamed over the house. They were smoking, and there was a quantity of dry wood and shavings about. Little Antoine said that Isadore asked them to put out their cigars lest a spark should set these afire; but they did not appear to understand him. After they were gone, almost three hours, the fire broke out. The whole house seemed to flash into a blaze at once. When Isadore, brought back from the pier, arrived, it was all

that he could do to save the horses in the stable and the old house.

As Susan spoke, I saw Isadore and his uncle approaching, and, at the same moment, from the opposite direction, the widow Guion and Mélanie. Isadore's expression was completely concealed by streaks of smut, his dress was torn and his hair disordered. Old Xavier was grinning. To them marched Madame Guion, dragging Mélanie after her. She did not so much as glance at us. Then I saw that she was livid with passion. "M'sieu," said she, in a voice hardly above a whisper, but holding the energy of a thunderbolt, "will you know who set fire to your new house?"

"Without doubt, Madame," replied Tremblay; and he stopped grinning.

The woman thrust out a long forefinger as she might have thrust a knife, crying, "Behold him!"

It was at Isadore that she stabbed with her hand, the finger tapping his breast. He recoiled, but answered boldly enough, "Madame, I do not understand."

"*Comment?*" said Xavier between his teeth.

"Oway, it is thou, Isadore Clovis," said Madame Guion, always in the same suppressed, vibrating tones, "that burned thy uncle's new house; I saw it, I, with these eyes. I tell it to him and to these Americans, who think that I should have given my daughter to *thee!*"

Mélanie threw a piteous glance around. "Wait, maman," she begged, "he will explain!"

"*Peste*," growled old Xavier, "what have we here? Speak, Madame, you. Tell what you have seen."

The widow released her daughter's hand to have both her own free for dramatic action; she spoke rapidly, even fiercely.

"Behold, then, M'sieu'; I go, this morning, to buy a pair of boots for Jules, and I pass your new house. A window has the board hanging by the one nail. It is natural, is it not? I, a mother, wish to view the house where my daughter shall live. So I look in. Behold Isadore, your nephew, in the room. He splits boxes to pieces, chop! chop! with both arms, view you, he that pretends an arm in a sling. Then he goes out. I cannot see him, but I hear chop! chop! again. Then he comes back; he has, what think you? a kerosene can in his hands. He goes through the room. He does not come back. Then I go away. I think, 'What makes he there?' I cannot comprehend. A long time passes. It arrives that I hear them crying the alarm. Your house burns, M'sieu'! I run quickly. I am there among the first. They break down the door but the fire jumps out, *pouf!* in their faces. I run to my window; there, in the room, is the pile of wood blazing — so high!" lifting her arms. "So was it in every room. He had made piles and poured on the kerosene. I have a nose, I; I could smell it! Now, will he deny it, *le scélérat?*"

I suppose we all looked at Isadore. Mélanie clasped her hands and took a step towards him. Old Xavier gave his nephew a front view of a tolerably black scowl. "Eh bien, my nephew," said he, "what sayst *thou?*"

Isadore's sooty face could not show a change of color, but in his stiffening muscles, the straightened arms, and clenched fists one could see that he was pulling himself together. From childhood he had been taught to fear the old man before him, and those whom we fear in our childhood, we seldom can defy with unbiased calmness in later years; there is apt to be a speck of assertion about our very revolt. A sort of desperate hardihood was visible in Isadore's bearing, now, as he frowned back at his uncle. "Oway, mon oncle," said he, in a strident tone, "oway, I burned your accursed house. Send me to prison. Même chose."

Mélanie uttered a low moan and covered her face.

"Come, mon enfant," said the widow gently, "thou seest now." She would have put her arm about the girl, but Mélanie pushed it aside, ran straight to Isadore, and caught him around his neck with both her arms. She was taller than he, so she drew his head to her breast instead of resting hers upon him.

Old Xavier looked on, motionless. "Bon," he said, "why did you do it?"

Isadore lifted his head. "Why?" repeated he; "have I the heart of a mouse to see you take Mélanie away from me and do nothing? It was to live in the house that you would marry her. If the house were burned, it might be that you would build another and live in it without a wife. *Et puis* — I burned the house."

"And thy arm? Was it hurt?"

"No," answered the young fellow sullenly, yet boldly, "I said it to get you away from home."

"And the gentlemen from the boat?"

"Some one must bear the blame. They were smoking. I spoke before Antoine that he might remember. They would not know themselves if they set it afire. There were the shavings and the wood. When they were gone I came back and made the piles and set them afire, so that the house should be all afire inside before it would show outside."

Old Xavier smote his thigh with his hand and burst into a peal of harsh laughter; I thought that he had lost his wits; but no, the strange old creature simply was tickled by his nephew's deviltry. "And I called him un vraie blêche," he muttered. "Madame, you were right, it is a lad of spirit after all. He has been sharp enough to make a fool of Xavier Tremblay, and of you, too, M'sieu'."

There was no denying it, he had, and as I looked at him, I marveled how I could be so blind; these nervous, irrational, feminine temperaments, driven to bay, always fight like rats — desperately. With nothing to lose, Isadore looked his uncle in the eye and smiled. A grim and slow smile lighted up the other's rough features like a reflection; for the first time one could trace a resemblance between the two men.

"Come, Madame," said Xavier, turning to my wife, "what say *you?*"

"This, Monsieur," replied Susan, who alone of us took the old man's mood for what it was worth: "he proves himself your own nephew, since he can cheat you. You don't want the girl, you don't want the house; you have shown that you could do what you please. Give Mélanie to Isadore, and we will see that he pays you for the house."

I saw that Susan meant to get the price of that picture.

"*Non*," cried Madame Guion, "I will not have it so!" On his part old Xavier actually made a sort of bow to my wife, saying: "Madame, I thank you, but I am rich enough to *give* my nephew the house. As for the other — Madame shall see."

"I say, though, the insurance companies" — This humble and uncompleted sentence was started by the writer, but got no further because of a slim hand over his mouth and a sweet but peremptory voice in his ear: "Hush, Maurice, don't you spoil things!"

So I was mute and looked at Madame Guion. Her face was a study for a tragedy. I got it only in profile, for Tremblay had taken her aside and was whispering to her. She grew more and more agitated, while he seemed in a ruder way to be trying to soothe her. The two lovers clung to each other, perhaps feeling their mutual love the only solid thing in the storm. By this time the loiterers about the ruins had observed us and gradually drawn nearer, until a circle of amiable and interested eyes watched our motions. "My neighbors," said old Xavier, "approach,

I have something to say to you." Upon this there was a narrowing of the circle, accompanied by the emerging of a number of small children, whose feet twinkled in the air as they fled, to return, I felt certain, with absent relatives. "Neighbors," said the village ogre, in his strong, harsh voice, "attendez; you know that I vowed never to go into my new house until I should marry a maiden of twenty. I chose Mélanie Guion. She promised to marry me. Is it not so, Mélanie?"

"Oway, M'sieu'," said Mélanie, in a trembling voice.

"And are you ready, now, to keep your promise?"

"Oway, M'sieu'," the girl said again, though her voice was fainter and she turned exceedingly pale.

Old Xavier rolled his eyes over the crowd in sardonic triumph. "Eh bien, my neighbors," said he, "you hear. I have shown you that I can marry the best, like a young man. Now I will show you something else. An old man who marries a young wife is a fool, *n'est ce pas*, Emile Badeau?"

The unhappy Emile shook his fists in helpless rage, while his neighbors shrugged their shoulders, Badeau's connubial trials being a matter of public interest, like everybody else's so called private affairs, in St. Alphonse.

"Eh bien," continued the ogre, "I am not that fool. Why should I marry now? To go into my new house? View it! If I build me another, I need no wife to let me enter it. And I want peace in my old age. Alors, Ma'm'selle, merci. But since I take away your husband, I give you one in my place. Isadore, my nephew, make Mélanie my niece instead of my wife. But take care, you will find her harder to drive than Bac!"

Isadore was like a man struck by lightning. His eyes glared, his knees shook, he gasped for breath. But Mélanie did the best thing possible; she ran to the old man and kissed him.

"Non, non," she sobbed, "pas mon oncle, mon père!"

Doubtless no one had kissed him since Mélanie herself was a child. He looked at her with a curious expression, almost gentle. "Oway, mon enfant," he said; and there was even a rough dignity in his bearing as he encircled her waist with his arm and turned to the crowd. "And now, my neighbors, do you hold me free from my vow?"

The villagers returned a shrill French cheer, some of them wept, and the more enterprising embraced me and overwhelmed Susan with a din of compliments. Only the widow Guion maintained a stern and bewildered silence. A bitterly disappointed woman, she was turning to go her way, when Mélanie ran to her. "Wilt thou not forgive me, maman?" cried she, weeping and kissing the wrinkled brown cheeks, "I shall be so happy!"

"Chut! It is not thou that I blame," said the widow, "but he is a slight creature. Bah, what use? It was the will of God. But at least, thou wilt be rich, he has said it!"

Then she directed a long glance of fierce interrogation at me. "You may trust us, Madame," I said.

"Cela se comprend," answered she inclining her head towards Susan, "A'vair, Madame."

I am ashamed to confess that I received the applause of the parish quite as though I deserved it. On our departure, a week later, they displayed the flag at the hotel and fired off an ancient cannon, and all the inhabitants who were not congregated about the cannon assembled on the pier, including Isadore (who wept profusely), Mélanie, and old Xavier himself. Every man, woman, and child cheered with enthusiasm. Barring our fears that the cannon might explode, it was a proud moment, especially when we overheard the following conversation between two of our countrymen.

"What are they making all this row about?"

"Don't you know? See that lady and gentleman? — they're Lord and Lady Lansdowne, just been making a visit."

At present Susan, and I are home in New York. I took the pains to inquire about the insurance and was relieved to find that there was none on the house, old Xavier having once been cheated by an insurance agent, and being the mortal foe of insurance companies, in consequence. Susan said she did n't think that it mattered, anyhow. The best of women have queer notions of public morality. Susan sent Mélanie a great box of wedding finery. In response, we have received a long letter. Madame Guion's eyes were cured a month ago. She is still opposed to the marriage, but Isadore hopes everything from time. Old Xavier is well and building him a new house.

Octave Thanet.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

XIX.

THE REPORT OF THE BIOLOGICAL COMMITTEE.

Perhaps it is too much to expect a reader who wishes to be entertained, excited, amused, and does not want to work his passage through pages which he cannot understand without some effort of his own, to read the paper which follows and Dr. Butts's reflections upon it. If he has no curiosity in the direction of these chapters, he can afford to leave the sheets which contain them uncut. But if he does so leave them he will very probably remain skeptical as to the truth of the story to which they are meant to furnish him with a key.

Of course the case of Maurice Kirkwood is a remarkable and exceptional one, and it is hardly probable that any reader's experience will furnish him with its parallel. But let him look back over all his acquaintances, if he has reached middle life, and see if he cannot recall more than one who, for some reason or other, shunned the society of young women, as if they had a deadly fear of their company. If he remembers any such, he can understand the simple statements and natural reflections which are laid before him.

One of the most singular facts connected with the history of Maurice Kirkwood was the philosophical equanimity with which he submitted to the fate which had fallen upon him. He did not choose to be pumped by the Interviewer, who would show him up in the sensational columns of his prying newspaper. He lived chiefly by himself, as the easiest mode of avoiding those meetings to which he would be exposed in almost every society into which he might venture. But he had learned to look upon himself very much as he would upon an intimate *not* himself, — upon a different personality. A young man will naturally enough be ashamed of his shyness. It is something which others believe, and perhaps he himself thinks, he might overcome. But in the case of Maurice Kirkwood there was no room for doubt as to the reality and gravity of the long enduring effects of his first convulsive terror. He had accepted the fact as he would have accepted the calamity of losing his sight or his hearing. When he was questioned by the experts to whom his case was submitted, he told them all that he knew about it

almost without a sign of emotion. Nature was so peremptory with him, — saying in language that had no double meaning: "If you violate the condition on which you hold my gift of existence, I slay you on the spot," — that he became as decisive in his obedience as she was in her command, and accepted his fate without repining.

Yet it must not be thought for a moment, — it cannot be supposed, — that he was insensible because he looked upon himself with the coolness of an enforced philosophy. He bore his burden manfully, hard as it was to live under it, for he lived, as we have seen, in hope. The thought of throwing it off with his life, as too grievous to be borne, was familiar to his lonely hours, but he rejected it as unworthy of his manhood. How he had speculated and dreamed about it is plain enough from the paper the reader may remember on Ocean, River, and Lake.

With these preliminary hints the papers promised are submitted to such as may find any interest in them.

ACCOUNT OF A CASE OF GYNOPHOBIA.

WITH REMARKS.

Being the Substance of a Report to the Royal Academy of the Biological Sciences by a Committee of that Institution.

"The singular nature of the case we are about to narrate and comment upon will, we feel confident, arrest the attention of those who have learned the great fact that nature often throws the strongest light upon her laws by the apparent exceptions and anomalies which from time to time are observed. We have done with the *lusus naturæ* of earlier generations. We pay little attention to the stories of 'miracles,' except so far as we receive them ready-made at the hands of the churches which still hold to them. Not the less do we meet with strange and surprising facts, which a century or two ago would have been handled by the clergy and the courts, but to-day are calmly recorded and judged by the best light our knowledge of the laws of life can throw upon them. It must be owned that there are stories which we can hardly dispute, so clear and full is the evidence in their support, which do, notwithstanding, tax our faith and sometimes leave us skeptical in spite of all the testimony which supports them.

"In this category many will be disposed to place the case we commend to the candid attention of the Academy. If one were told that a young man, a gentleman by birth and training, well formed, in apparently perfect health, of agreeable physiognomy and manners, could not endure the presence of the most attractive young woman, but was seized with deadly terror and sudden collapse of all the powers of life, if he came into her immediate presence; if it were added that this same young man did not shrink from the presence of an old withered crone; that he had a certain timid liking for little maidens who had not yet outgrown the company of their dolls, the listener would be apt to smile, if he did not laugh, at the absurdity of the fable. Surely, he would say, this must be the fiction of some fanciful brain, the whim of some romancer, the trick of some playwright. It would make a capital farce, this idea, carried out. A young man slighting the lovely heroine of the little comedy and making love to her grandmother! This would, of course, be overstating the truth of the story, but to such a misinterpretation the plain facts lend themselves too easily. We will relate the leading circumstances of the case, as they were told us with perfect simplicity and frankness by the subject of an affection which, if classified, would come under the general head of *Antipathy*, but to which, if we gave it a name, we should have to apply the term *Gynophobia*, or *Fear of Woman*."

[Here follows the account furnished to the writer of the paper, which is in all essentials identical with that already laid before the reader.]

"Such is the case offered to our consideration. Assuming its truthfulness in all its particulars, it remains to see in the first place, whether or not it is as entirely exceptional and anomalous as it seems at first sight, or whether it is only the last term of a series of cases which in their less formidable aspect are well known to us in literature, in the records of science, and even in our common experience.

"To most of those among us the explanations we are now about to give are entirely superfluous. But there are some whose chief studies have been in different directions, and who will not complain if certain facts are mentioned which to the expert will seem rudimentary, and which hardly require recapitulation to those who are familiarly acquainted with the common text-books.

"The heart is the centre of every living movement in the higher animals, and in man, furnishing in varying amount, or withholding to a greater or less extent, the needful supplies to all parts of the system. If its action is diminished to a certain degree, faintness is the immediate consequence; if it is arrested, loss of consciousness; if its action is not soon restored, death, of which fainting plants the white flag, remains in possession of the system.

How closely the heart is under the influence of the emotions we need not go to science to learn, for all human experience and all literature are overflowing with evidence that shows the extent of this relation. Scripture is full of it; the heart in Hebrew poetry represents the entire life, we might almost say. Not less forcible is the language of Shakespeare, as for instance, in 'Measure for Measure:' —

> 'Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
> Making it both unable for itself
> And dispossessing all my other parts
> Of necessary fitness?'

More especially is the heart associated in every literature with the passion of love. A famous old story is that of Galen, who was called to the case of a young lady long ailing, and wasting away from some cause the physicians who had already seen her were unable to make out. The shrewd old practitioner suspected that love was at the bottom of the young lady's malady. Many relatives and friends of both sexes, all of them ready with their sympathy, came to see her. The physician sat by her bedside during one of these visits, and in an easy, natural way took her hand and placed a finger on her pulse. It beat quietly enough until a certain comely young gentleman entered the apartment, when it suddenly rose in frequency and at the same moment her hurried breathing, her changing color, pale and flushed by turns, betrayed the profound agitation his presence excited. This was enough for the sagacious Greek; love was the disease, the cure of which by its like may be claimed as an anticipation of homœopathy. In the frontispiece to the fine old "Junta" edition of the works of Galen, you may find among the wood-cuts a representation of the interesting scene, with the title *Amantis Dignotio*, — the diagnosis, or recognition of the lover.

"Love has many languages, but the heart talks through all of them. The pallid or burning cheek tells of the failing or leaping fountain which gives it color. The lovers at the 'Brookside' could hear each other's hearts beating. When Genevieve, in Coleridge's poem, forgot herself, and was beforehand with her suitor in her sudden embrace, —

> ''T was partly love and partly fear,
> And partly 't was a bashful art,
> That I might rather feel than see
> The swelling of her heart.'

Always the heart, whether its hurried action is seen, or heard, or felt. But it is not always in this way that the 'deceitful' organ treats the lover.

'Faint heart never won fair lady.'

This saying was not meant, perhaps, to be taken literally, but it has its literal truth. Many a lover has found his heart 'sink within him,' — lose all its force, and leave him weak as a child in his emotion at the sight of the object of his affections. When Porphyro looked upon Madeline at her prayers in the chapel, it was too much for him, —

'She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven : — *Porphyro grew faint*,
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from earthly taint.'

And in Balzac's novel, Cesar Birotteau, the hero of the story '*fainted away for joy* at the moment when, under a linden-tree, at Sceaux, Constance-Barbe-Josephine accepted him as her future husband.'

"One who faints is *dead* if he does not 'come to,' and nothing is more likely than that too susceptible lovers have actually gone off in this way. Everything depends on how the heart behaves itself in these and similar trying moments. The mechanism of its actions becomes an interesting subject, therefore, to lovers of both sexes, and to all who are capable of intense emotions.

"The heart is a great reservoir, which distributes food, drink, air, and heat to every part of the system, in exchange for its waste material. It knocks at the gate of every organ seventy or eighty times in a minute, calling upon it to receive its supplies and unload its refuse. Between it and the brain there is the closest relation. The emotions, which act upon it as we have seen, govern it by a mechanism only of late years thoroughly understood. This mechanism can be made plain enough to the reader who is not afraid to believe that he can understand it.

"The brain, as all know, is the seat of ideas, emotions, volition. It is the great central telegraphic station with which many lesser centres are in close relation, from which they receive, and to which they transmit, their messages. The heart has its own little brains, so to speak, — small collections of nervous substance which govern its rhythmical motions under ordinary conditions. But these lesser nervous centres are to a large extent dominated by influences transmitted from certain groups of nerve-cells in the brain and its immediate dependencies.

"There are two among the special groups of nerve-cells which produce directly opposite effects. One of these has the power of accelerating the action of the heart, while the other has the power of retarding or arresting this action. One acts as the spur, the other as the bridle. According as one or the other predominates, the action of the heart will be stimulated or restrained. Among the great modern discoveries in physiology is that of the existence of a distinct centre of *inhibition*, as the restraining influence over the heart is called.

"The centre of inhibition plays a terrible part in the history of cowardice and of unsuccessful love. No man can be brave without blood to sustain his courage, any more than he can think, as the German materialist says, not absurdly, without phosphorus. The fainting lover must recover his circulation, or his lady will lend him her smelling salts and take a gallant with blood in his cheeks. Porphyro got over his faintness before he ran away with Madeline, and Cesar Birotteau was an accepted lover when he swooned with happiness: but many an officer has been cashiered, and many a suitor has been rejected, because the centre of inhibition has got the upper hand of the centre of stimulation.

"In the well-known cases of deadly antipathy which have been recorded, the

most frequent cause has been the disturbed and depressing influence of the centre of inhibition. Fainting at the sight of blood is one of the commonest examples of this influence. A single impression, in a very early period of atmospheric existence, — perhaps, indirectly, before that period, as was said to have happened in the case of James the First of England, — may establish a communication between this centre and the heart which will remain open ever afterwards. How does a footpath across a field establish itself? Its curves are arbitrary, and what we call accidental, but one after another follows it as if he were guided by a chart on which it was laid down. So it is with this dangerous transit between the centre of inhibition and the great organ of life. If once the path is opened by the track of some profound impression, that same impression, if repeated, or a similar one, is likely to find the old footmarks and follow them. Habit only makes the path easier to traverse, and thus the unreasoning terror of a child, of an infant, may perpetuate itself in a timidity which shames the manhood of its subject.

"The case before us is an exceptional and most remarkable example of the effect of inhibition on the heart.

"We will not say that we believe it to be unique in the history of the human race; on the contrary, we do not doubt that there have been similar cases, and that in some rare instances sudden death has been the consequence of seizures like that of the subject of this Report. The case most like it is that of Colonel Townsend, which is too well known to require any lengthened description in this paper. It is enough to recall the main facts. He could by a voluntary effort suspend the action of his heart for a considerable period, during which he lay like one dead, pulseless, and without motion. After a time the circulation returned, and he does not seem to have been the worse for his dangerous, or seemingly dangerous, experiment. But in his case it was by an act of the will that the heart's action was suspended. In the case before us it is an involuntary impulse transmitted from the brain to the inhibiting centre, which arrests the cardiac movements.

"What is like to be the further history of the case?

"The subject of this anomalous affliction is now more than twenty years old. The chain of nervous actions has become firmly established. It might have been hoped that the changes of adolescence would have effected a transformation of the perverted instinct. On the contrary, the whole force of this instinct throws itself on the centre of inhibition, instead of quickening the heart-beats, and sending the rush of youthful blood with fresh life through the entire system to the throbbing finger-tips.

"Is it probable that time and circumstances will alter a habit of nervous interactions so long established? We are disposed to think that there is a chance of its being broken up. And we are not afraid to say that we suspect the old gypsy woman, whose prophecy took such hold of the patient's imagination, has hit upon the way in which the 'spell,' as she called it, is to be dissolved. She must, in all probability, have had a hint of the '*antipatia*' to which the youth before her was a victim, and its cause, and if so, her guess as to the probable mode in which the young man would obtain relief from his unfortunate condition was the one which would naturally suggest itself.

"If once the nervous impression which falls on the centre of inhibition can be made to change its course, so as to follow its natural channel, it will probably keep to that channel ever afterwards. And this will, it is most likely, be effected by some sudden, unexpected impression. If he were drowning, and a young woman should rescue him, it is by no means impossible that the change

in the nervous current we have referred to might be brought about as rapidly, as easily, as the reversal of the poles in a magnet, which is effected in an instant. But he cannot be expected to throw himself into the water just at the right moment when the 'fair lady' of the gitana's prophecy is passing on the shore. Accident may effect the cure which art seems incompetent to perform. It would not be strange if in some future seizure he should never come back to consciousness. But it is quite conceivable, on the other hand, that a happier event may occur, — that in a single moment the nervous polarity may be reversed, the whole course of his life changed, and his past terrible experiences be to him like a scarce-remembered dream.

"This is one of those cases in which it is very hard to determine the wisest course to be pursued. The question is not unlike that which arises in certain cases of dislocation of the bones of the neck. Shall the unfortunate sufferer go all his days with his face turned far round to the right or the left, or shall an attempt be made to replace the dislocated bones, — an attempt which may succeed, or may cause instant death? The patient must be consulted as to whether he will take the chance. The practitioner may be unwilling to risk it, if the patient consents. Each case must be judged on its own special grounds. We cannot think that this young man is doomed to perpetual separation from the society of womanhood during the period of its bloom and attraction. But to provoke another seizure after his past experiences would be too much like committing suicide. We fear that we must trust to the chapter of accidents. The strange malady, for such it is, has become a second nature, and may require as energetic a shock to displace it as it did to bring it into existence. Time alone can solve this question, on which depends the well-being, and, it may be, the existence of a young man every way fitted to be happy, and to give happiness, if restored to his true nature."

XX.

DR. BUTTS REFLECTS.

Dr. Butts sat up late at night reading these papers and reflecting upon them. He was profoundly impressed and tenderly affected by the entire frankness, the absence of all attempt at concealment, which Maurice showed in placing these papers at his disposal. He believed that his patient would recover from this illness for which he had been taking care of him. He thought deeply and earnestly of what he could do for him after he should have regained his health and strength.

There were references, in Maurice's own account of himself, which the doctor called to mind with great interest after reading his brief autobiography. Some one person — some young woman, it must be — had produced a singular impression upon him since those earlier perilous experiences through which he had passed. The doctor could not help thinking of that meeting with Euthymia of which she had spoken to him. Maurice, as she said, turned pale, — he clapped his hand to his breast. He might have done so if he had met her chambermaid, or any straggling damsel of the village. But Euthymia was not a young woman to be looked upon with indifference. She held herself like a queen, and walked like one, — not a stage queen, but one born and bred to self-reliance, and command of herself as well as others. One could not pass her without being struck with her noble bearing and spirited features. If she had known how Maurice trembled as he looked upon her, in that conflict of attraction and uncontrollable dread, — if she had known it! But what, even then, could she have done? Nothing but get away

from him as fast as she could. As it was, it was a long time before his agitation subsided, and his heart beat with its common force and frequency.

Dr. Butts was not a male gossip nor a match-making go-between. But he could not help thinking what a pity it was that these two young persons could not come together as other young people do in the pairing season and find out whether they cared for and were fitted for each other. He did not pretend to settle this question in his own mind, but the thought was a natural one. And here was a gulf between them as deep and wide as that between Lazarus and Dives. Would it ever be bridged over? This thought took possession of the doctor's mind, and he imagined all sorts of ways of effecting some experimental approximation between Maurice and Euthymia. From this delicate subject he glanced off to certain general considerations suggested by the extraordinary history he had been reading. He began by speculating as to the possibility of the personal presence of an individual making itself perceived by some channel other than any of the five senses. The study of the natural sciences teaches those who are devoted to them that the most insignificant facts may lead the way to the discovery of the most important, all pervading laws of the universe. From the kick of a frog's hind leg to the amazing triumphs which began with that seemingly trivial incident is a long, a very long stride. If Madam Galvani had not been in delicate health, which was the occasion of her having some frog-broth prepared for her, the world of to-day might not be in possession of the electric telegraph and the light which blazes like the sun at high noon. A common-looking fact, one seemingly insignificant, hitherto passing unnoticed with the ordinary sequence of events to which we are accustomed, may introduce us to a new and vast realm of closely related phenomena. It is like a key that we may have picked up, looking so simple that it can hardly fit any lock but one of like simplicity, and all at once we find that it will throw back the bolts of the one lock which has defied the most ingenious of our complex implements and open our way into a hitherto unexplored territory.

It certainly was not through the eye alone that Maurice felt the paralyzing influence. He could contemplate Euthymia from a distance, as he did on the day of the boat-race, without any nervous disturbance. A certain proximity was necessary for the influence to be felt, as in the case of magnetism and electricity. An atmosphere of danger surrounded every woman he approached during the period when her sex exercises its most powerful attractions. How far did that atmosphere extend, and through what channel did it act?

The key to the phenomena of this case, he believed, was to be found in a fact as humble as that which gave birth to the science of galvanism and its practical applications. The circumstances connected with the very common antipathy to *cats* were as remarkable in many points of view as the similar circumstances in the case of Maurice Kirkwood. The subjects of that antipathy could not tell what it was which disturbed their nervous system. All they knew was that a sense of uneasiness, restlessness, oppression, came over them in the presence of one of these animals. He remembered the fact already mentioned, that persons sensitive to this impression can tell by their feelings if a cat is concealed in the apartment in which they may happen to be. It may be through some emanation. It may be through the medium of some electrical disturbance. What if the nerve-thrills passing through the whole system of the animal propagate themselves to a certain distance without any more regard to intervening solids than is shown by magnetism? A sieve lets sand pass

through it; a filter arrests sand, but lets fluids pass; glass holds fluids, but lets light through; wood shuts out light, but magnetic attraction goes through it as sand went through the sieve. No good reasons can be given why the presence of a cat should not betray itself to certain organizations, at a distance, through the walls of a box in which the animal is shut up. We need not disbelieve the stories which allege such an occurrence as a fact and a not very infrequent one.

If the presence of a cat can produce its effects under these circumstances, why should not that of a human being under similar conditions, acting on certain constitutions, exercise its specific influence? The doctor recalled a story told him by one of his friends, a story which the friend himself heard from the lips of the distinguished actor, the late Mr. Fechter. The actor maintained that Rachel had no *genius* as an actress. It was all Samson's training and study, according to him, which explained the secret of her wonderful effectiveness on the stage. But *magnetism*, he said, — *magnetism*, she was full of. He declared that he was made aware of her presence on the stage, when he could not see her or know of her presence otherwise, by this magnetic emanation. The doctor took the story for what it was worth. There might very probably be exaggeration, perhaps high imaginative coloring about it, but it was not a whit more unlikely than the cat-stories, accepted as authentic. He continued this train of thought into further developments. Into this series of reflections we will try to follow him.

What is the meaning of the *halo* with which artists have surrounded the heads of their pictured saints, — of the *aureola* which wraps them like a luminous cloud? Is it not a recognition of the fact that these holy personages diffuse their personality in the form of a visible emanation, which reminds us of Milton's definition of light: —

"Bright effluence of bright essence increate"?

The common use of the term *in*fluence would seem to imply the existence of its correlative, *ef*fluence. There is no good reason that I can see, the doctor said to himself, why among the forces which work upon the nervous centres there should not be one which acts at various distances from its source. It may not be visible like the "glory" of the painters; it may not be appreciable by any of the senses, and yet it may be felt by the person reached by it as much as if it were a palpable presence — more powerfully, perhaps, from the mystery which belongs to its mode of action.

Why should not Maurice have been rendered restless and anxious by the unseen nearness of a young woman who was in the next room to him, just as the persons who have the dread of cats are made conscious of their presence through some unknown channel? Is it anything strange that the larger and more powerful organism should diffuse a consciousness of its presence to some distance as well as the slighter and feebler one? Is it strange that this mysterious influence or effluence should belong especially or exclusively to the period of complete womanhood in distinction from that of immaturity or decadence? On the contrary, it seems to be in accordance with all the analogies of nature, — analogies too often cruel in the sentence they pass upon the human female.

Among the many curious thoughts which came up in the doctor's mind was this, which made him smile as if it were a jest, but which he felt very strongly had its serious side, and was involved with the happiness or suffering of multitudes of youthful persons who die without telling their secret: —

How many young men have a mortal fear of woman, as woman, which they never overcome, and in consequence of which the great instinct of their nature, as strong in them as in others, — often-

times, in virtue of their peculiarly sensitive organizations, more potent in them than in the average human being of like age and conditions, — in consequence of which fear, this great instinct is utterly defeated, and all the possibilities of doubled and indefinitely extended life depending upon it are left unrealized? Think what numbers of young men in Catholic countries devote themselves to lives of celibacy. Think how many young men lose all their confidence in the presence of the young woman to whom they are most attracted, and at last steal away from a companionship which it is rapture to dream of and torture to endure, so does the presence of the beloved object paralyze all the powers of expression. Sorcerers have in all times and countries played on the hopes and terrors of lovers. Once let loose a strong impulse on the centre of inhibition, and the warrior who had faced bayonets and batteries becomes a coward whom the well-dressed hero of the ball-room and leader of the German will put to ignominious flight in five minutes of easy, audacious familiarity with his lady-love.

Yes, the doctor went on with his reflections, I do not know that I have seen the term *Gynophobia* before I opened this manuscript, but I have seen the malady many times. Only one word has stood between many a pair of young people and their lifelong happiness, and that word has got as far as the lips, — but the lips trembled and would not, could not, shape that little word. All young women are not like Coleridge's Genevieve, who knew how to help her lover out of his difficulty, and said yes before he had asked for an answer. So the wave which was to have wafted them on to the shore of Elysium has just failed of landing them, and back they have been drawn into the desolate ocean to meet no more on earth.

Love is the master-key, he went on thinking, — love is the master-key that opens the gates of happiness, of hatred, of jealousy, and most easily of all, the gate of *fear*. How terrible is the one fact of beauty, — not only the historic wonder of beauty, that "burnt the topless towers of Ilium" for the smile of Helen, and fired the palaces of Babylon by the hand of Thais, — but the beauty which springs up in all times and places, and carries a torch and wears a serpent for a wreath as truly as any of the Eumenides! Paint Beauty with her foot upon a skull and a dragon coiled around her.

The doctor smiled at his own imposing classical allusions and pictorial imagery. Drifting along from thought to thought, he reflected on the probable consequences of the general knowledge of Maurice Kirkwood's story, if it came before the public.

What a piece of work it would make among the young people of the village, to be sure! What scoffing, what ridicule, what embellishments, what fables, would follow in the trail of the story! If the Interviewer got hold of it, how "The People's Perennial and Household Inquisitor" would blaze with capitals in its next issue! The young fellows of the village would be disposed to make fun of the whole matter. The young girls — the doctor hardly dared to think what would happen when the story got about among them. "The Sachem" of the solitary canoe, the bold horseman, the handsome young man, — handsome so far as the glimpses they had got of him went, — must needs be an object of tender interest among them, now that he was ailing, suffering, in danger of his life, away from friends, — poor fellow! Little tokens of their regard had reached his sick chamber; bunches of flowers with dainty little notes, some of them pinkish, some three cornered, some of them with brief messages, others "criscrossed," were growing more frequent as it was understood that the patient was likely to be convalescent be-

fore many days had passed. If it should come to be understood that there was a deadly obstacle to their coming into any personal relations with him, the doctor had his doubts whether there were not those who would subject him to the risk; for there were coquettes in the village, — strangers, visitors, let us hope, — who would sacrifice anything or anybody to their vanity and love of conquest.

XXI.

AN INTIMATE CONVERSATION.

The illness from which Maurice had suffered left him in a state of profound prostration. The doctor, who remembered the extreme danger of any overexertion in such cases, hardly allowed him to lift his head from the pillow. But his mind was gradually recovering its balance, and he was able to hold some conversation with those about him. His faithful Paolo had grown so thin in waiting upon him and watching with him that the village children had to take a second look at his face when they passed him to make sure that it was indeed their old friend and no other. But as his master advanced towards convalescence and the doctor assured him that he was going in all probability to get well, Paolo's face began to recover something of its old look and expression, and once more his pockets filled themselves with comfits for his little circle of worshipping three and four year old followers.

"How is Mr. Kirkwood?" was the question with which he was always greeted. In the worst periods of the fever he rarely left his master. When he did, and the question was put to him, he would shake his head sadly, sometimes without a word, sometimes with tears and sobs and faltering words, — more like a broken-hearted child than a stalwart man as he was, such a man as soldiers are made of in the great continental armies.

"He very bad, — he no eat nothing, — he no say nothing, — he never be no better," and all his Southern nature betrayed itself in a passionate burst of lamentation. But now that he began to feel easy about his master, his ready optimism declared itself no less transparently.

"He better every day now. He get well in few weeks, sure. You see him on hoss in little while." The kind-hearted creature's life was bound up in that of his "master," as he loved to call him, in sovereign disregard of the comments of the natives, who held themselves too high for any such recognition of another as their better. They could not understand how he, so much their superior in bodily presence, in air and manner, could speak of the man who employed him in any other way than as "Kirkwood," without even demeaning himself so far as to prefix a Mr. to it. But "my master" Maurice remained for Paolo in spite of the fact that all men are born free and equal. And never was a servant more devoted to a master than was Paolo to Maurice during the days of doubt and danger. Since his improvement Maurice insisted upon his leaving his chamber and getting out of the house, so as to breathe the fresh air of which he was in so much need. It worried him to see his servant returning after too short an absence. The attendant who had helped him in the care of the patient was within call, and Paolo was almost driven out of the house by the urgency of his master's command that he should take plenty of exercise in the open air.

Notwithstanding the fact of Maurice's improved condition, although the force of the disease had spent itself, the state of weakness to which he had been reduced was a cause of some anxiety and required great precautions to be taken. He lay in bed, wasted, enfeebled to such

a degree that he had to be cared for very much as a child is tended. Gradually his voice was coming back to him, so that he could hold some conversation, as was before mentioned, with those about him. The doctor waited for the right moment to introduce the subject of the manuscript which Maurice had submitted to him. Up to this time, although it had been alluded to and the doctor had told him of the intense interest with which he had read it, he had never ventured to make it the topic of any long talk, such as would be liable to fatigue his patient. But now he thought the time had come.

"I have been thinking," the doctor said, "of the singular affection to which you are subject, and as it is my business not merely to think about such cases, but to do what I can to help any who may be capable of receiving aid from my art, I wish to have some additional facts about your history. And in the first place, will you allow me to ask what led you to this particular place? It is so much less known to the public at large than many other resorts that we naturally ask, What brings this or that new visitor among us? We have no ill-tasting, natural spring of bad water to be analyzed by the state chemist and proclaimed as a specific. We have no great gambling-houses, no race-course (except that for boats on the lake); we have no coaching-club, no great balls, few lions of any kind, — so we ask, What brings this or that stranger here? And I think I may venture to ask you whether any special motive brought you among us, or whether it was accident that determined your coming to this place?"

"Certainly, doctor," Maurice answered, "I will tell you with great pleasure. Last year I passed on the border of a great river. The year before I passed in a lonely cottage at the side of the ocean. I wanted this year to be by a lake. You heard the paper read at the meeting of your society, or at least you heard of it, — for such matters are always talked over in a village like this. You can judge by that paper, or could, if it were before you, of the frame of mind in which I came here. I was tired of the sullen indifference of the ocean and the babbling egotism of the river, always hurrying along on its own private business. I wanted the dreamy stillness of a large, tranquil sheet of water that had nothing in particular to do, and would leave me to myself and my thoughts. I had read somewhere about the place, and the old Anchor Tavern, with its paternal landlord and motherly landlady and old-fashioned household, and that though it was no longer open as a tavern, I could find a resting-place there early in the season, at least for a few days, while I looked about me for a quiet place in which I might pass my summer. I have found this a pleasant residence. By being up early and out late I have kept myself mainly in the solitude which has become my enforced habit of life. The season has passed too swiftly for me since my dream has become a vision."

The doctor was sitting with his hand round Maurice's wrist, three fingers on his pulse. As he spoke these last words he noticed that the pulse fluttered a little, — beat irregularly a few times; intermitted; grew feeble and thready; while his cheek grew whiter than the pallid bloodlessness of his long illness had left it.

"No more talk, now," he said. "You are too tired to be using your voice. I will hear all the rest another time."

The doctor had interrupted Maurice at an interesting point. What did he mean by saying that his dream had become a vision? This is what the doctor was naturally curious, and professionally anxious, to know. But his hand was still on his patient's pulse, which told him unmistakably that the heart had taken the alarm and was losing its energy under the depressing nervous in-

fluence. Presently, however, it recovered its natural force and rhythm, and a faint flush came back to the pale cheek. The doctor remembered the story of Galen, and the young maiden whose complaint had puzzled the physicians.

The next day his patient was well enough to enter once more into conversation.

"You said something about a dream of yours which had become a vision," said the doctor, with his fingers on his patient's wrist, as before. He felt the artery leap, under his pressure, falter a little, stop, then begin again, growing fuller in its beat. The heart had felt the pull of the bridle, but the spur had roused it to swift reaction.

"You know the story of my past life, doctor," Maurice answered; "and I will tell you what is the vision which has taken the place of my dreams. You remember the boat-race? I watched it from afar off, but I held a powerful opera-glass in my hand, which brought the whole crew of the young ladies' boat so close to me that I could see the features, the figures, the movements, of every one of the rowers. I saw the little coxswain fling her bouquet in the track of the other boat, — you remember how the race was lost and won, — but I saw one face among those young girls which drew me away from all the rest. It was that of the young lady who pulled the bow-oar, the captain of the boat's crew. I have since learned her name, — you know it well, — I need not name her. Since that day I have had many distant glimpses of her; and once I met her so squarely that the deadly sensation came over me, and I felt that in another moment I should fall senseless at her feet. But she passed on her way and I on mine, and the spasm which had clutched my heart gradually left it, and I was as well as before. You know that young lady, doctor?"

"I do; and she is a very noble creature. You are not the first young man who has been fascinated, almost at a glance, by Miss Euthymia Tower. And she is well worth knowing more intimately."

The doctor gave him a full account of the young lady, of her early days, her character, her accomplishments. To all this he listened devoutly, and when the doctor left him he said to himself,—

"I will see her and speak with her, if it costs me my life."

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"UPON THE TREE-TOP."

When I stepped into the yard of the cottage that was to be my home for a month, the first bird I saw was a Baltimore oriole, perched on a dead branch near the top of a tall old apple-tree. His rich colors shone brightly against the foliage behind him, and he was evidently at home, for he had the air of a proprietor. I was pleased; but the sentiment was not mutual. He greeted me with scolding, and as that did not drive me away he became restless, hopped from branch to branch, flirting his tail and showing extreme uneasiness. Looking about for the reason of his uncalled-for hostilities, I saw the nest, on a slender branch of a young maple, ten or twelve feet high. He was on guard, and it was in his official capacity of special police that he had given me so inhospitable a reception. Nor could I wonder; it must have been disconcerting to him. Relying upon a cottage shut up and showing no signs of life, he had set

up housekeeping not a dozen feet from the kitchen door, and naturally, on so small a tree, in a most conspicuous position; when suddenly the silent old building had burst open at every window and door, and swarmed with human life. A mischievous boy, or an inquisitive student of bird-ways might cause untold trouble and alarm in that small household. Such, at least I fancied, were the reflections of the troubled soul in that agitated body as he looked down upon us, watching every movement, flitting from tree to tree, but never losing sight of any one who chanced to be in the orchard. During this uneasy period I saw what looked like a deliberate intention to deceive. In examining this new field I noticed a small nest in an upright fork of an old tree, in a dead branch at the top, doubtless a last year's home of some small bird. While I looked at it, the oriole flew from his perch directly to it, leaned over as if interested in its contents, and so intently, that I could not resist the conviction that he wished to mislead me, for when I examined his nest, and he saw that all disguise was at an end, he never again, that I saw, went near that deserted residence.

This oriole was a remarkably silent bird, the first of his family that I have noticed who passed hour after hour without opening his mouth to sing, and I sometimes thought, to eat, so quietly did he sit on the branch overlooking his homestead. Happily, he soon learned that we were friends, and if, perhaps, somewhat prying as to his domestic concerns, still not intending harm. He grew more free in movement, ventured now and then to desert his post of watcher, and be absent a half-hour at a time; also he found his voice, and entertained us with calls, single notes of the rich flute-like quality for which his family is noted, and very rarely with his song.

It was the third day of June, and setting was already begun. The tree on which his nest was placed had ten branches, not one more than two feet long; the eighth was the largest, and upon that hung the oriole nursery. It was pretty to see the birds approach it. When not alarmed, they invariably alighted on the lowest branch near the stem of the tree, and hopped from step to step upward; in leaving they never retraced their steps, but mounted the two remaining branches, and took flight from the top twig. When the female reached home after a short absence, she hastened up the winding stairs, looked anxiously at her treasures, plunged in head-first, and then, quick as a jack-in-the-box, thrust her head above the edge for a last look, before she settled out of sight within. Very seldom did both birds leave home at the same time. When she was obliged to go for food, for he never appeared to bring her anything, she uttered a call to which he responded, and placed himself on his post of observation to watch; on returning she dropped another note or two, as if of thanks, and then he flew away. Once, in the early morning, before the house was open, I found them both off, so I concluded it was because of us that they were so vigilant during the day. A more constant and jealous watcher than this bird could scarcely be. When not in the apple boughs, he might generally be seen in a tree in the next lot, a little farther off, and it seemed as if he was not absent long enough to get necessary food.

One day an impatient visitor, wishing to see if the oriole was at home, gave the tree a violent shake. She was at home, and she flew off in a rage, perching on the next tree, scolding and shaking her wings at him, every moment emitting a peculiar cry, new to me then, but very familiar later, — the cry of distress. In a moment or two this brought upon the scene her mate, who added his cries and demonstrations to hers. The perpetrator of this rude joke retired,

somewhat ashamed, and it was interesting to see how long it was after all was quiet before the birds were reassured. He went to the nest and looked in, but she could not be persuaded that it was safe for her to return. She flew back and forth between two trees about a hundred feet apart. In the route she went past her home; after flying straight by once or twice, her course began to swerve a little towards her own tree; the second time she almost reached it, but turned and went on; the third time she alighted an instant on the lowest step, hastily flying away as if she expected another earthquake; the fourth time she rapidly mounted her winding stairs, and glanced in the nest; the fifth time she entered it for a moment; the sixth time she stayed.

One morning, after breakfast, an unusual sound was heard, the same by which the female oriole when in trouble had called her mate, — the signal of distress. It came from the front of the house, and I hastened to see what was amiss with the little family. Before I reached them I noticed the cawing of a crow nearer than we usually heard that sound, and when I came in sight of the woods on that side, behold! *Corvus* himself on the top branch of a tall tree, perfectly outlined against the sky, cawing his loudest. The oriole was not in sight, but while I looked a second crow rose from the woods, and after him, to my surprise, the oriole. He pursued the same tactics that the kingbird does, flying above the enemy and pouncing upon the back of his head or neck. The crow flew over the orchard accompanied all the way by his plucky little assailant, while the first crow remained on the perch and encouraged his comrade till both were out of sight, when he also took wing and followed. They were out of sight certainly, but not out of hearing, for the cry of the oriole and the caw of the crow came to us for half an hour, growing more and more distant, however, till I began to fear that unlucky oriole would be completely exhausted, or possibly dispatched — which would have been easy enough if the two crows had combined, for he was utterly reckless in his attack. Just as I was becoming anxious, for the sounds had ceased, I heard a joyous song of triumph, and there he was! in the old spot, looking as fresh and gay as if he had not come from a battle-field. Upon his cry, the little spouse came out of the nest, and responded with a few notes, evidently praise of his bravery, for he fidgeted about in a self-conscious way, bowed his head, flirted his wings, and manifested great excitement for some time.

But though driven away, the crows were not conquered, and the next morning I was wakened by the voice of a crow so very near that I sprang to the window. It was five o'clock, and of course perfectly light, and there sat the marauder in plain sight on an apple-tree in the orchard, a thing the wary bird never did after getting-up time. The oriole was there also, uttering his war cry, and hidden from them by the blinds I had a perfect opportunity to see his method of attack. I have never seen the kingbird annoy a crow except when flying: while the crow is at rest, the kingbird also remains quiet, at some little distance. Not so my brave oriole; he harassed that crow constantly, alighting not more than two feet from him, and at his own level, so that I was surprised the crow did not seize him, for I am sure he was easily within reach. The oriole called, and bowed, and turned this way and that, holding his wings a little out and fluttering them, and then he flew over and picked at the crow as he went, alighting on the other side; then, in a moment, after more posturing and calling, returned in the same way. So he kept up the warfare, while the crow continued his cawing, being answered from the next lot, but made no attempt to put an end to the attacks. Fully five

minutes he sat there, though it was manifestly not comfortable, for he lowered his head to avoid the beak of his tormentor, and once or twice turned, and seemed to snap at him. When at last he flew, his small foe was upon him. I thought it strange that of the twenty-five or thirty birds which frequented the place, among which were several known to fight the crow, not one came to help. If the robins and cat-birds and others whose territory he invaded had united, they could have driven him away at once, but perhaps mobbing is the exclusive prerogative of the English house sparrow.

The next encounter I saw was also early in the morning. First I noticed a crow silently fly over, and perch in the top of a pine-tree. It was a singular place, and most undesirable apparently, for it was in the middle of a clump of top branches of about the same height. The crow seemed to have trouble in adjusting himself among the hundreds of sharp needles that pointed upward, changing his position and settling himself with difficulty, but at length he seemed satisfied with his arrangements, and began his loud caw. In a moment the oriole was after him, and I now guessed the reason of his choice of seat. There were no surrounding twigs which his foe could use as a base for offensive operations, and moreover the bristling needles which surrounded him offered very good protection from the fiery little oriole, who found it impossible to pursue his usual tactics. I was amused to see the wary precautions of the crow, and doubtless he thought he had outwitted the enemy. But he underrated the intelligence of the small bird, for although difficult to reach him, it was not at all impossible. He simply rose above the crow, pounced directly upon him, and instantly rose again, instead of glancing off one side as usual. It was distinctly different, but equally effective, and in a few moments the crow gave up the contest for the time, flying across the orchard, and making a deep swoop down to avoid the plunge of his assailant.

Unfortunately, like some personages of military fame, this bird did not know when he was beaten, and every day or two, through June, hostilities were renewed. On one occasion I was pleased to see a kingbird join the oriole and assist in worrying the common enemy in his passage over the house. Several times, before the little ones became too clamorous, the female oriole accompanied him.

This bird's song consisted of four notes, and it is curious that although there is a peculiar, rich, flute-like quality by which the oriole notes may be recognized, no two sing alike. Robins, song sparrows, and perhaps all other birds sing differently from each other, so far as I have observed, but none differ so greatly — in my opinion — as orioles. The four that I have been able to study carefully enough to reduce this song to the musical scale, though all having the same compass, arranged the notes differently in every case. The oriole is, of course, not limited in expression to his song. I have spoken of his cry of distress or of war, which was two tones slurred together. The ordinary call, as he goes about a tree, especially a fruit-tree in bloom, seeking insects over and under each leaf or blossom, is a single note, loud and clear. If a pair are on the tree together, it is the same, but much softer.

An oriole that I watched in the Catskill Mountains regularly fed his mate while she was sitting, and as he left the nest after giving her a morsel, he uttered two notes which sounded exactly like "A-dieu," adding, after a pause, two more which irresistibly said, "Dear-y." There was a peculiar mournfulness in this bird's strain, as if he implied "It's a sad world; a world of cats and crows and inquisitive people, and we may

never meet again." Perhaps it was prophetic, for disaster did overtake the little family; a high wind rocked the cradle — which also was on a small maple-tree — so violently as to throw out the youngsters before they could fly. The accident was remedied as far as possible by returning them to the nest, but whether they were injured by the fall I never learned.

Scolding is quite ready to an oriole's tongue, and even squawks like a robin's are not unknown. The female has similar utterances, but in those I have listened to her song was weaker, lacked the clear-cut perfection of her mate's, and sounded like the first efforts of a young bird. In the case of those now under consideration, the female reproduced exactly her partner's notes, only in this inferior style, which seemed rather unusual. The sweetest sound the oriole utters is a very low one, to his mate when near her, or flying away with her, or to his nestlings before they leave the home. It is a tender, yearning call that makes one feel like an intruder, and as if he should beg pardon and retire. It is impossible to describe or reduce to the scale, but it is well worth waiting and listening for.

What I most desired to see, in watching the oriole's nest, was the introduction of the young into the world, the first steps, the first flight; and on the thirteenth day of the month came the first indication that they were out of the shell. The male bird went to the nest, leaned over, and looked in with great interest, while his mate stood unconcernedly on another twig near. The next day it became evident that her special duties were over, for she spent no more hours setting, and her consort suddenly undertook the housekeeping. She frequently perched on another tree, and dressed her feathers a half-hour at a time; and greatly she needed to, poor soul! for a more ragged, neglected-looking bird, I never saw. The feathers were quite off the back of her head, giving her a curious outline, as though a bit of her neck had been chopped out, which peculiarity was of use later, since it enabled me to identify her half a mile from her home. Her manner to her mate at this time said plainly, "I 've done my work, now it 's your turn," and he gladly accepted the charge. He was obviously tired of idleness and waiting, and he devoted himself with his whole soul to his babies. Many times a day he ascended the winding stairs and stood on the landing leaning over, head down in the nursery and tail standing straight up in the air, making him look like a black stick from where I sat. For a day or two he took nearly the whole charge, then she began to help, and before many days both were engaged every moment, the hardest working pair imaginable, constantly seeking food and carrying it to the little ones, or putting the crowded house in order. He was as faithful and cheerful a drudge as the mother herself, for which he must have the more credit, since he nearly stood on his head in doing anything about the nest. It required, indeed, the untiring efforts of both parents to keep pace with the growth of the family.

On the twenty-second day of the month, nine days after the sitting was abandoned and I knew the young orioles to be hatched (though of course they may have been out a day or two before), I heard them peep softly when food was brought, and I redoubled my watching to see them appear. On the 27th, when I went on to the veranda about eight o'clock, I heard a new and strange cry in the next lot, a pasture with scattering trees, and I saw both orioles often fly that way. It sounded like birds in distress, and reminded me of cries I once heard from several wood-thrushes when disturbed by a cat. I hastened upon the scene, and was met at the entrance by a bluebird in a great rage. I thought she was in trouble, but

upon following the cries (in spite of her protests) I came upon a new bird, to me. It somewhat resembled the female oriole, being almost her colors, with head and wings a little darker. This bird received me with scolding, and was very lively in running over the trees, though he did not seem inclined to fly. The calling was now very near, and while I never saw him in the act, I was confident he made at least a part of it; and I still think he did, although I afterwards found those whose natural cry it proved to be. I think it was a last year's oriole, not yet come to his full plumage. Possibly he was attracted by the cry of the young, as we know birds sometimes are, and it seems not unlikely that he replied to them in their own tones. However that may be, I saw later the young birds — two of them, and found to my surprise that they were orioles and from our nest, for I saw the well-marked mother feed them. Moreover, orioles are not so clannish as robins, nor so often found near each other. I knew of another pair a quarter of a mile off, and once a strange female came upon a tree where our little mother was looking for food. She received the visitor — I regret to say — with a sharp "fuff!" more like a cat than a bird, on which the intruder very properly left.

The baby orioles were dumpy little yellowish things, much like a young chicken in color, and the most persistent cry-babies I ever saw among birds. The young robin generally sits on his branch motionless, seldom opens his mouth for a call, and makes demonstrations only when food is in sight; the baby thrush is patience and silence itself, indeed how otherwise could he be a thrush? Even the little blackbird, though restless and fussy, does not cry much; but those oriole infants simply bawled (there 's no other word) every instant. The cry was very peculiar, four or five loud notes on an ascending scale, rapidly and constantly repeated, like "chr-r-r-r."

I should think the parents of these clamorous creatures would have been driven wild, and they did appear nearly so; almost every moment one or the other brought food to the two bawlers, who were on different trees twenty feet apart. Each one sat stock still, like a lost child afraid to stir, and gave his whole mind to the noise he was making, and I wondered how they had raised courage to fly so far from home. I felt greatly chagrined that they had flown without my seeing them, but on returning to my usual seat was consoled to find the nest not yet empty. The father gave his almost undivided attention to the two already out, but the mother was very busy at the homestead, and I resolved that no more should fly without my assisting at the operation, at least by my presence; consequently I nearly lived upon the veranda. All through the next day, until nearly eight o'clock, those youngsters could be heard crying, and on the third day the sounds came from further off, and the male oriole was rarely seen.

The 25th passed, and no birds left the nest; on the 26th there was a stir in the maple. Early in the morning a nestling scrambled up on the edge of his cradle and peeped out upon the big world, while both parents hovered about in great excitement. He found it uncongenial, perhaps, for although a brother oriole clambered up beside him, and stood shivering on the brink, he hesitated, turned toward the warm nest, and plunged in head-first, dragging the other with him in his fall. Perhaps it was *because* the second came up, for I noticed afterwards that two were never out at the same time; not until one had flown did the next come up, and then he followed at once. Upon the sudden disappearance above, both parents retreated to the apple-tree, and one announced the failure of their hopes to the other with a scolding note, — "gone back," it said. But his hour had

come, and before long that young bird made another trial: first his fluffy little head appeared; a struggle, a scramble, and he was safely upon a twig outside. No sooner did he find himself in the air than he began the "chr-r-r-r" of the brothers who had preceded him by two days. The mother came, but she did not feed him, though he was very eager. She alighted upon a twig below him, and he fluttered towards her, when suddenly she flew. Then she returned, passed him, and attended to the one in the nest, and he was disappointed again. For two hours, during which he seldom received a morsel, while both parents coaxed him from the next tree, he stretched his wings, shook them out, plumed himself, and gradually grew accustomed to being out. They called, they flew about, around him, as if to show how easy it was; they uttered the low yearning cry spoken of; and above all, they nearly starved him. "Come here, and you shall eat," their manner said; and at last the youngling fluttered away, in a wavering, uncertain manner. He reached the nearest tree, caught at a twig, missed it, clutched awkwardly, beat the air, and finally managed to secure a hold. Then he at once righted himself, shook himself out, — and began to cry! He was abundantly fed and coddled by the delighted parents, and soon began to hop around on the tree quite proudly.

Meanwhile number four had scrambled up to the twig from which flew every young oriole that I saw. Even in the cradle, or at least on its edge, these birds displayed character. This one was quite different from his predecessor: he looked about him; he did not cry so much; and when, after an hour's preparation, he flew, he soared off in a strong flight, aiming for a tree more than twice as far from home as that his brother had selected for his first attempt. He was a bold, self-reliant, heroic spirit, doubtless his father's own son, who would fight crows to the end of his days. But, alas, he had miscalculated his strength, and before reaching his goal he came fluttering to the ground. The parents were at hand, but instantly became silent, apparently not knowing how to help him, for this was a serious calamity. It was in an open lane that he had come down, and at any moment a passing boy or dog might discover him; so although I should like to have seen if they could do anything for him, I did not dare risk it. I hurried down, and found him running about in the hot grass, wild-eyed and panting, but silent. The moment I came near both parents found their voices and began scolding: but after a good look at him I drew down a low branch, and put him upon it, when the orioles became quiet, and I left them. He was yellowish-drab on the breast and ash-colored on the wings, with distinct oriole markings, short wings, and no tail; smaller in proportion to the parents than a young robin, I think.

Quiet descended once more upon the "cradle in the tree-top," though I saw, to my surprise, that it still was not empty; four birds of that size I should think enough, and more than enough, to fill it. The father assumed the care of the two just out, and the mother alone remained about the home. The next day passed without departures; but on the morning of the 28th, number five came up to the edge. This bird had begun his loud calls before he appeared, the day before in fact, and when he finally reached the outside world, he flew very soon, about eight o'clock in the morning. He, too, started for the distant tree that had attracted number four, and the anxious mother, remembering, no doubt, the late accident, flew close by him, cheering and encouraging all the time as she went. It was beautiful to see her, sometimes over, sometimes under him, but never a foot away,

and constantly calling most sweetly. He reached the tree in safety.

Now came in sight number six, as it proved, the last of the family. Unfortunately it was not a fair morning, and soon it began to rain. He crowded nearer to the tree stem and sat in silence. It was a cool reception from the world; I feared it would be too much for him. The mother came anxiously, and now I saw him fed. The parent had, so far as I could see, nothing in her mouth, but she put her beak to his, then drew it away, and returned it again, four or five times in succession, to his evident satisfaction. Most of the time the youngster was alone on the tree, facing the wet, wet world by himself, — occasionally calling a little. It was so discouraging, that I kept constant watch, hoping he would wait for better weather, and fearing his wet wings would not carry him even to the next tree.

At about two o'clock it cleared, and after much pruning and dressing of feathers, number six flew successfully, reaching a still different tree. No two of them alighted on the same tree, and no two acted, or looked, or flew alike. Also, I noticed the six had left the nest in pairs, with forty-eight hours between each pair.

All the next day I heard baby cries in the adjoining lot, as well as in the woods beyond; but on the third day no sounds were to be heard, no birds were seen, and the nest in the maple was as completely deserted as if no orioles had ever lived in the orchard. When the little ones can fly, the birds are at home anywhere; any twig is a perch, any field or wood a gleaning ground, and any branch a bed.

Olive Thorne Miller.

ON HORSEBACK.

IV.

Asheville, delightful for situation, on small hills that rise above the French Broad below its confluence with the Swannanoa, is a sort of fourteenth cousin to Saratoga. It has no springs, but lying 2250 feet above the sea and in a lovely valley, mountain girt, it has pure atmosphere and an equable climate; and being both a summer and winter resort it has acquired a watering-place air. There are Southerners who declare that it is too hot in summer, and that the complete circuit of mountains shuts out any lively movement of air. But the scenery is so charming and noble, the drives are so varied, the roads so unusually passable for a Southern country, and the facilities for excursions so good, that Asheville is a favorite resort.

Architecturally the place is not remarkable, but its surface is so irregular, there are so many acclivities and deep valleys, that improvements can never obliterate that it is perforce picturesque. It is interesting also, if not pleasing, in its contrasts — the enterprise of taste and money-making struggling with the *laissez faire* of the South. The negro, I suppose, must be regarded as a conservative element; he has not much inclination to change his clothes or his cabin, and his swarming presence gives a ragged aspect to the new civilization. And to say the truth, the new element of Southern smartness lacks the trim thrift the North is familiar with; though the visitor who needs relaxation is not disposed to quarrel with the easy-going terms on which life is taken.

Asheville, it is needless to say, ap-

peared very gay and stimulating to the riders from the wilderness. The Professor, who does not even pretend to patronize Nature, had his revenge as we strolled about the streets (there is but one of much consideration) immensely entertained by the picturesque contrasts. There were more life and amusement here in five minutes, he declared, than in five days of what people called scenery — the present rage for scenery, any way, being only a fashion and a modern invention. The Friend suspected from this penchant for the city that the Professor must have been brought up in the country.

There was a kind of predetermined and willful gayety about Asheville, however, that is apt to be present in a watering-place, and gave to it the melancholy tone that is always present in gay places. We fancied that the lively movement in the streets had an air of unreality. A band of musicians on the balcony of the Swannanoa were scraping and tooting and twanging with a hired air, and on the opposite balcony of the Eagle a rival band echoed and redoubled the perfunctory joyousness. The gayety was contagious: the horses felt it; those that carried light burdens of beauty minced and pranced, the pony in the dog-cart was inclined to dash, the few passing equipages had an air of pleasure; and the people of color, the comely waitress and the slouching corner-loafer, responded to the animation of the festive strains. In the late afternoon the streets were full of people, wagons, carriages, horsemen, all with a holiday air, dashed with African color and humor, — the irresponsibility of the most insouciant and humorous race in the world, perhaps more comical than humorous; a mixture of recent civilization and rudeness, peculiar and amusing; a happy coming together, it seemed, of Southern abandon and Northern wealth, though the North was little represented at this season.

As evening came on, the streets, though wanting gas, were still more animated; the shops were open, some very good ones, and the white and black throng increasing, especially the black, for the negro is preëminently a night bird. In the hotels dancing was promised, the German was announced; on the galleries and in the corridors were groups of young people, a little loud in manner and voice, — the young gentleman, with his over-elaborate manner to ladies in bowing and hat-lifting, and the blooming girls from the lesser Southern cities, with the slight provincial note and yet with the frank and engaging cordiality which is as charming as it is characteristic. I do not know what led the Professor to query if the Southern young women were not superior to the Southern young men, but he is always asking questions nobody can answer. At the Swannanoa were half a dozen bridal couples, readily recognizable by the perfect air they had of having been married a long time. How interesting such young voyagers are, and how interesting they are to each other. Columbus never discovered such a large world as they have to find out and possess each in the other.

Among the attractions of the evening it was difficult to choose. There was a lawn-party advertised at Battery Point, and we walked up to that round knob after dark. It is a hill with a grove, which commands a charming view, and was fortified during the war. We found it illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and little tables set about under the trees, laden with cake and ice-cream, offered a chance to the stranger to contribute money for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church. I am afraid it was not a profitable entertainment, for the men seemed to have business elsewhere, but the ladies about the tables made charming groups in the lighted grove. Man is a stupid animal at best, or he would not make it so difficult for the

womenkind to scrape together a little money for charitable purposes. But probably the women like this method of raising money better than the direct one.

The evening gayety of the town was well distributed. When we descended to the Court-House Square, a great crowd had collected, black, white, and yellow, about a high platform, upon which four glaring torches lighted up the novel scene, and those who could read might decipher this legend on a standard at the back of the stage: —

HAPPY JOHN.

ONE OF THE SLAVES OF WADE HAMPTON.

COME AND SEE HIM!

Happy John, who occupied the platform with Mary, a "bright" yellow girl, took the comical view of his race, which was greatly enjoyed by his audience. His face was blackened to the proper color of the stage-darkey, and he wore a flaming suit of calico, the trousers and coat striped longitudinally according to Punch's idea of "Uncle Sam," the coat a swallow-tail bound and faced with scarlet, and a bell-crowned white hat. This conceit of a colored Yankee seemed to tickle all colors in the audience amazingly. Mary, the "bright" woman (this is the universal designation of the light mulatto), was a pleasing but bold yellow girl, who wore a natty cap trimmed with scarlet, and had the assured or pert manner of all traveling sawdust performers.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed a bright woman in the crowd, "Happy John was sure enough one of Wade Hampton's slaves, and he 's right good looking when he 's not blackened up."

Happy John sustained the promise of his name, by spontaneous gayety and enjoyment of the fleeting moment; he had a glib tongue and a ready, rude wit, and talked to his audience with a delicious mingling of impudence, deference, and patronage, commenting upon them generally, administering advice and correction in a strain of humor that kept his hearers in a pleased excitement. He handled the banjo and the guitar alternately, and talked all the time when he was not singing. Mary (how much harder featured and brazen a woman is in such a position than a man of the same calibre) sang, in an untutored treble, songs of sentiment, often *risqué*, in solo and in company with John, but with a cold, indifferent air, in contrast to the rollicking enjoyment of her comrade. The favorite song, which the crowd compelled her to repeat, touched lightly the uncertainties of love, expressed in the falsetto pathetic refrain: —

"Mary 's gone away wid de coon."

All this, with the moon, the soft summer night, the mixed crowd of darkies and whites, the stump eloquence of Happy John, the singing, the laughter, the flaring torches, made a wild scene. The entertainment was quite free, with a "collection" occasionally during the performance.

What most impressed us, however, was the turning to account by Happy John of the "nigger" side of the black man as a means of low comedy, and the enjoyment of it by all the people of color. They appeared to appreciate as highly as anybody the comic element in themselves, and Happy John had emphasized it by deepening his natural color and exaggerating the "nigger" peculiarities. I presume none of them analyzed the nature of his infectious gayety, nor thought of the pathos that lay so close to it, in the fact of his recent slavery, and the distinction of being one of Wade Hampton's niggers, and the melancholy mirth of this light-hearted race's burlesque of itself.

A performance followed which called forth the appreciation of the crowd more than the wit of Happy John or the faded songs of the yellow girl. John took two sweet-cakes and broke each in fine pieces into a saucer, and after

sugaring and eulogizing the dry messes, called for two small darkey volunteers from the audience to come up on the platform and devour them. He offered a prize of fifteen cents to the one who should first eat the contents of his dish, not using his hands, and hold up the saucer empty in token of his victory. The cake was tempting, and the fifteen cents irresistible, and a couple of boys in ragged shirts and short trowsers and a suspender apiece came up shamefacedly to enter for the prize. Each one grasped his saucer in both hands, and with face over the dish awaited the word "go," which John gave and started off the contest with a banjo accompaniment. To pick up with the mouth the dry cake and choke it down was not so easy as the boys apprehended, but they went into the task with all their might, gobbling and swallowing as if they loved cake, occasionally rolling an eye to the saucer of the contestant to see the relative progress, John strumming, ironically encouraging, and the crowd roaring. As the combat deepened and the contestants strangled and stuffed and sputtered, the crowd went into spasms of laughter. The smallest boy won by a few seconds, holding up his empty saucer, with mouth stuffed, vigorously trying to swallow, like a chicken with his throat clogged with dry meal, and utterly unable to speak. The impartial John praised the victor in mock heroics, but said that the trial was so even that he would divide the prize, ten cents to one and five to the other — a stroke of justice that greatly increased his popularity. And then he dismissed the assembly, saying that he had promised the mayor to do so early, because he did not wish to run an opposition to the political meeting going on in the court-house.

The scene in the large court-room was less animated than that outdoors; a half dozen tallow dips, hung on the wall in sconces and stuck on the judge's long desk, feebly illuminated the mixed crowd of black and white who sat in, and on the backs of, the benches, and cast only a fitful light upon the orator, who paced back and forth and pounded the rail. It was to have been a joint discussion between the two presidential electors running in that district, but the Republican being absent his place was taken by a young man of the town. The Democratic orator took advantage of the absence of his opponent to describe the discussion of the night before, and to give a portrait of his adversary. He was represented as a cross between a baboon and a jackass, who would be a natural curiosity for Barnum. "I intend," said the orator, "to put him in a cage and exhibit him about the deestrict." This political hit called forth great applause. All his arguments were of this pointed character, and they appeared to be unanswerable. The orator appeared to prove that there was n't a respectable man in the opposite party who was n't an office-holder, nor a white man of any kind in it who was not an office-holder. If there were any issues or principles in the canvass, he paid his audience the compliment of knowing all about them, for he never alluded to any. In another state of society, such a speech of personalities might have led to subsequent shootings, but no doubt his adversary would pay him in the same coin when next they met, and the exhibition seemed to be regarded down here as satisfactory and enlightened political canvassing for votes. The speaker who replied opened his address with a noble tribute to woman (as the first speaker had ended his), directed to a dozen of that sex who sat in the gloom of a corner. The young man was moderate in his sarcasm, and attempted to speak of national issues, but the crowd had small relish for that sort of thing. At eleven o'clock, when we got away from the unsavory room (more than half the candles had gone out), the orator was

making slow headway against the relished blackguardism of the evening. The German was still "on" at the hotel when we ascended to our chamber, satisfied that Asheville was a lively town.

The sojourner at Asheville can amuse himself very well by walking or driving to the many picturesque points of view about the town; livery stables abound, and the roads are good. The Beaucatcher Hill is always attractive; and Connolly's, a private place a couple of miles from town, is ideally situated, being on a slight elevation in the valley commanding the entire circuit of mountains, for it has the air of repose which so seldom is experienced in the location of a dwelling in America whence an extensive prospect is given. Or if the visitor is disinclined to exertion, he may lounge in the rooms of the hospitable Asheville Club; or he may sit on the sidewalk in front of the hotels, and talk with the colonels and judges and generals and ex-members of Congress, the talk generally drifting to the new commercial and industrial life of the South, and only to politics as it affects these; and he will be pleased, if the conversation takes a reminiscent turn, with the lack of bitterness and the tone of friendliness. The negro problem is commonly discussed philosophically and without heat, but there is always discovered, underneath, the determination that the negro shall never again get the legislative upper hand. And the gentleman from South Carolina who has an upland farm, and is heartily glad slavery is gone, and wants the negro educated, when it comes to ascendency in politics — such as the State once experienced — asks you what you would do yourself? This is not the place to enter upon the politico-social question, but the writer may note one impression gathered from much friendly and agreeable conversation. It is that the Southern whites misapprehend and make a scarecrow of "social equality." When, during the war, it was a question at the North of giving the colored people of the Northern States the ballot, the argument against it used to be stated in the form of a question, "Do you want your daughter to marry a negro?" Well, the negro has his political rights in the North, and there has come no change in the social conditions whatever. And there is no doubt that the social conditions would remain exactly as they are at the South if the negro enjoyed all the civil rights which the Constitution tries to give him. The most sensible view of this whole question was taken by an intelligent colored man, whose brother was formerly a representative in Congress. "Social equality," he said in effect, "is a humbug. We do not expect it, we do not want it. It does not exist among the blacks themselves. We have our own social degrees, and choose our own associates. We simply want the ordinary civil rights, under which we can live and make our way in peace and amity. This is necessary to our self-respect, and if we have not self-respect, it is not to be supposed that the race can improve. I 'll tell you what I mean. My wife is a modest, intelligent woman, of good manners, and she is always neat, and tastefully dressed. Now, if she goes to take the cars, she is not permitted to go into a clean car with decent people, but is ordered into one that is repellant, and is forced into company that any refined woman would shrink from. But along comes a flauntingly-dressed woman, of known disreputable character, whom my wife would be disgraced to know, and she takes any place that money will buy. It is this sort of thing that hurts."

We took the eastern train one evening to Round Nob (Henry's Station), some thirty miles, in order to see the wonderful railway that descends, a distance of eight miles, from the Summit of Swannanoa Gap (2657 feet elevation) to Round Nob hotel (1607 feet). The Swannanoa Summit is the divid-

ing line between the waters that flow to the Atlantic and those that go to the Gulf of Mexico. This fact was impressed upon us by the inhabitants, who derive a good deal of comfort from it. Such divides are always matter of local pride. Unfortunately, perhaps, it was too dark before we reached Henry's to enable us to see the road in all its loops and parallels as it appears on the map, but we gained a better effect. The hotel, when we first sighted it, all its windows blazing with light, was at the bottom of a well. Beside it — it was sufficiently light to see that — a column of water sprang straight into the air to the height, as we learned afterwards from two official sources, of 225 and 265 feet; and the information was added that it is the highest fountain in the world. This stout column, stiff as a flagstaff, with its feathery head of mist gleaming like silver in the failing light, had the most charming effect. We passed out of sight of hotel and fountain, but were conscious of being whirled on a circular descending grade, and very soon they were in sight again. Again and again they disappeared and came to view, now on one side and now on the other, until our train seemed to be bewitched, making frantic efforts by dodgings and turnings, now through tunnels and now over high pieces of trestle, to escape the inevitable attraction that was gravitating it down to the hospitable lights at the bottom of the well. When we climbed back up the road in the morning we had an opportunity to see the marvelous engineering, but there is little else to see, the view being nearly always very limited.

The hotel at the bottom of the ravine, on the side of Round Nob, offers little in the way of prospect, but it is a picturesque place, and we could understand why it was full of visitors when we came to the table. It was probably the best kept house of entertainment in the State, and being in the midst of the Black Hills it offers good chances for fishing and mountain climbing.

In the morning the fountain, which is of course artificial, refused to play, the rain in the night having washed in *débris* which clogged the conduit. But it soon freed itself and sent up for a long time, like a sulky geyser, mud and foul water. When it got freedom and tolerable clearness, we noted that the water went up in pulsations, which were marked at short distances by the water falling off, giving the column the appearance of a spine. The summit, always beating the air in efforts to rise higher, fell over in a veil of mist.

There are certain excursions that the sojourner at Asheville must make. He must ride forty-five miles south through Henderson and Transylvania to Cæsar's Head, on the South Carolina border, where the mountain system abruptly breaks down into the vast Southern plain; where the observer, standing on the edge of the precipice, has behind him and before him the greatest contrast that nature can offer. He must also take the rail to Waynesville, and visit the much frequented White Sulphur Springs, among the Balsam Mountains, and penetrate the Great Smoky range by way of Quallatown, and make the acquaintance of the remnant of Cherokee Indians living on the north slope of Cheoah Mountain. The Professor could have made it a matter of personal merit that he escaped all these encounters with wild and picturesque nature, if his horse had not been too disabled for such long jaunts. It is only necessary, however, to explain to the public that the travelers are not gormandizers of scenery, and were willing to leave some portions of the State to the curiosity of future excursionists.

But so much was said about Hickory Nut Gap that a visit to it could not be evaded. The Gap is about twenty-four miles southeast of Asheville. In the opinion of a well-informed colonel, who

urged us to make the trip, it is the finest piece of scenery in this region. We were brought up on the precept, "get the best," and it was with high anticipations that we set out about eleven o'clock one warm, foggy morning. We followed a very good road through a broken, pleasant country, gradually growing wilder and less cultivated. There was heavy rain most of the day on the hills, and occasionally a shower swept across our path. The conspicuous object toward which we traveled all the morning was a shapely conical hill at the beginning of the Gap.

At three o'clock we stopped at the Widow Sherrill's for dinner. Her house, only about a mile from the summit, is most picturesquely situated on a rough slope, giving a wide valley and mountain view. The house is old, rambling, many-roomed, with wide galleries on two sides. If one wanted a retired retreat for a few days, with good air and fair entertainment, this could be commended. It is an excellent fruit region; apples especially are sound and of good flavor. That may be said of all this part of the State. The climate is adapted to apples, as the hilly part of New England is. I fancy the fruit ripens slowly, as it does in New England, and is not subject to quick decay like much of that grown in the West. But the grape can also be grown in all this mountain region. Nothing but lack of enterprise prevents any farmer from enjoying abundance of fruit. The industry carried on at the moment at the Widow Sherrill's was the artificial drying of apples for the market. The apples are pared, cored, and sliced in spirals, by machinery, and dried on tin sheets in a patented machine. The industry appears to be a profitable one hereabouts, and is about the only one that calls in the aid of invention.

While our dinner was preparing we studied the well-known pictures of "Jane" and "Eliza," the photographs of Confederate boys who had never returned from the war, and the relations, whom the traveling photographers always like to pillory in melancholy couples, and some stray volumes of the Sunday School Union. Madame Sherrill, who carries on the farm since the death of her husband, is a woman of strong and liberal mind, who informed us that she got small comfort in the churches in the neighborhood, and gave us, in fact, a discouraging account of the unvital piety of the region.

The descent from the summit of the Gap to Judge Logan's, nine miles, is rapid, and the road is wild and occasionally picturesque, following the Broad River, a small stream when we first overtook it, but roaring, rocky, and muddy, owing to frequent rains, and now and then tumbling down in rapids. The noisy stream made the ride animated, and an occasional cabin, a poor farmhouse, a mill, a schoolhouse, a store with an assemblage of lean horses tied to the hitching rails, gave the Professor opportunity for remarks upon the value of life under such circumstances.

The valley which we followed down probably owes its celebrity to the uncommon phenomena of occasional naked rocks and precipices. The inclosing mountains are from 3000 to 4000 feet high, and generally wooded. I do not think that the ravine would be famous in a country where exposed ledges and buttressing walls of rock are common. It is only by comparison with the local scenery that this is remarkable. About a mile above Judge Logan's we caught sight, through the trees, of the famous waterfall. From the top of the high ridge on the right, a nearly perpendicular cascade pours over the ledge of rocks and is lost in the forest. We could see nearly the whole of it, at a great height above us, on the opposite side of the river, and it would require an hour's stiff climb to reach its foot. From where we viewed it, it seemed a slen-

der and not very important, but certainly a very beautiful cascade, a band of silver in the mass of green foliage. The fall is said to be 1400 feet. Our colonel insists that it is a thousand. It may be, but the valley where we stood is at least at an elevation of 1300 feet; we could not believe that the ridge over which the water pours is much higher than 3000 feet, and the length of the fall certainly did not appear to be a quarter of the height of the mountain from our point of observation. But we had no desire to belittle this pretty cascade, especially when we found that Judge Logan would regard a foot abated from the 1400 as a personal grievance. Mr. Logan once performed the functions of local judge, a Republican appointment, and he sits around the premises now in the enjoyment of that past dignity and of the fact that his wife is postmistress. His house of entertainment is at the bottom of the valley, a place shut in, warm, damp, and not inviting to a long stay, although the region boasts a good many natural curiosities.

It was here that we encountered again the political current, out of which we had been for a month. The judge himself was reticent, as became a public man, but he had conspicuously posted up a monster prospectus, sent out from Augusta, of a campaign life of Blaine and Logan, in which the Professor read, with shaking knees, this sentence: "Sure to be the greatest and hottest [campaign and civil battle] ever known in this world. The thunder of the supreme struggle and its reverberations will shake the continents for months, and will be felt from Pole to Pole."

For this and other reasons this seemed a risky place to be in. There was something sinister about the murky atmosphere, and a suspicion of mosquitoes besides. Had there not been other travelers staying here, we should have felt still more uneasy. The house faced Bald Mountain, 4000 feet high, a hill that had a very bad reputation some years ago, and was visited by newspaper reporters. This is in fact the famous Shaking Mountain. For a long time it had a habit of trembling, as if in an earthquake spasm, but with a shivering motion very different from that produced by an earthquake. The only good that came of it was that it frightened all the "moonshiners," and caused them to join the church. It is not reported what became of the church afterwards. It is believed now that the trembling was caused by the cracking of a great ledge on the mountain, which slowly parted asunder. Bald Mountain is the scene of Mrs. Burnett's delightful story of Louisiana, and of the play of Esmeralda. A rock is pointed out toward the summit, which the beholder is asked to see resembles a hut, and which is called "Esmeralda's Cottage." But this attractive maiden has departed, and we did not discover any woman in the region who remotely answers to her description.

In the morning we rode a mile and a half through the woods and followed up a small stream to see the celebrated pools, one of which the Judge said was two hundred feet deep and another bottomless. These pools, not round, but on one side circular excavations, some twenty feet across, worn in the rock by pebbles, are very good specimens, and perhaps remarkable specimens, of "pot-holes." They are, however, regarded here as one of the wonders of the world. On the way to them we saw beautiful wild trumpet-creepers in blossom, festooning the trees.

The stream that originates in Hickory Nut Gap is the westernmost branch of several forks of the Broad, which unite to the southeast in Rutherford County, flow to Columbia, and reach the Atlantic through the channel of the Santee. It is not to be confounded with the French Broad, which originates among the hills of Transylvania, runs north-

ward past Asheville, and finds its way to the Tennessee through the Warm Spring Gap in the Bald Mountains. As the French claimed ownership of all the affluents of the Mississippi, this latter was called the French Broad.

It was a great relief the next morning, on our return, to rise out of the lifeless atmosphere of the Gap into the invigorating air at the Widow Sherrill's, whose country-seat is three hundred feet higher than Asheville. It was a day of heavy showers, and apparently of leisure to the scattered population; at every store and mill was a congregation of loafers, who had hitched their scrawny horses and mules to the fences, and had the professional air of the idler and gossip the world over. The vehicles met on the road were a variety of the prairie schooner, long wagons with a top of hoops over which is stretched a cotton cloth. The wagons are without seats, and the canvas is too low to admit of sitting upright, if there were. The occupants crawl in at either end, sit or lie on the bottom of the wagon, and jolt along in shiftless uncomfortableness.

Riding down the French Broad was one of the original objects of our journey. Travelers with the same intention may be warned that the route on horseback is impracticable. The distance to the Warm Springs is thirty-seven miles; to Marshall, more than half way, the road is clear, as it runs on the opposite side of the river from the railway, and the valley is something more than river and rails. But below Marshall, the valley contracts, and the rails are laid a good portion of the way in the old stage road. One can walk the track, but to ride a horse over its sleepers and culverts and occasional bridges, and dodge the trains, is neither safe nor agreeable. We sent our horses round, — the messenger taking the risk of leading them, between trains, over the last six or eight miles, — and took the train.

The railway, after crossing a mile or two of meadows, hugs the river all the way. The scenery is the reverse of bold. The hills are low, monotonous in form, and the stream winds through them, with many a pretty turn and "reach," with scarcely a ribbon of room to spare on either side. The river is shallow, rapid, stony, muddy, full of rocks, with an occasional little island covered with low bushes. The rock seems to be a clay formation, rotten and colored. As we approach Warm Springs the scenery becomes a little bolder, and we emerge into the open space about the Springs through a narrower defile, guarded by rocks that are really picturesque in color and splintered decay, one of them being known, of course, as the "Lover's Leap," a name common in every part of the modern or ancient world where there is a settlement near a precipice, with always the same legend attached to it.

There is a little village at Warm Springs, but the hotel (which may be briefly described as a palatial shanty) stands by itself close to the river, which is here a deep, rapid, turbid stream. A bridge once connected it with the road on the opposite bank, but it was carried away three or four years ago, and its ragged butments stand as a monument of procrastination, while the stream is crossed by means of a flat-boat and a cable. In front of the hotel, on the slight slope to the river, is a meagre grove of locusts. The famous spring, close to the stream, is marked only by a rough box of wood and an iron pipe, and the water, which has a temperature of about one hundred degrees, runs to a shabby bath-house below, in which is a pool for bathing. The bath is very agreeable, the tepid water being singularly soft and pleasant. It has a slightly sulphurous taste. Its good effects are much certified. The grounds, which might be very pretty with care, are ill-kept and slatternly, strewn with débris,

as if everything was left to the easy-going nature of the servants. The main house is of brick, with verandas and galleries all round, and a colonnade of thirteen huge brick and stucco columns, in honor of the thirteen States, a relic of post-Revolutionary times, when the house was the resort of Southern fashion and romance. These columns have stood through one fire, and perhaps the recent one, which swept away the rest of the structure. The house is extended in a long wooden edifice, with galleries and outside stairs, the whole front being nearly seven hundred feet long. In a rear building is a vast, barrack-like dining-room, with a noble ball-room above, for dancing is the important occupation of visitors.

The situation is very pretty, and the establishment has a picturesqueness of its own. Even the ugly little brick structure near the bath-house imposes upon one as Wade Hampton's cottage. No doubt we liked the place better than if it had been smart, and enjoyed the *negligé* condition, and the easy terms on which life is taken there. There was a sense of abundance in the sight of fowls tiptoeing about the verandas, and to meet a chicken in the parlor was a sort of guarantee that we should meet him later on in the dining-room. There was nothing incongruous in the presence of pigs, turkeys, and chickens on the grounds; they went along with the good-natured negro-service and the general hospitality; and we had a mental rest in the thought that all the gates would have been off the hinges, if there had been any gates. The guests were very well treated indeed, and were put under no sort of restraint by discipline. The long colonnade made an admirable promenade and lounging-place and point of observation. It was interesting to watch the groups under the locusts, to see the management of the ferry, the mounting and dismounting of the riding-parties, and to study the colors on the steep hill opposite, half-way up which was a neat cottage and flower-garden. The type of people was very pleasantly Southern. Colonels and politicians stand in groups and tell stories, which are followed by explosions of laughter; retire occasionally into the saloon, and come forth reminded of more stories, and all lift their hats elaborately and suspend the narratives when a lady goes past. A company of soldiers from Richmond had pitched its tents near the hotel, and in the evening the ball-room was enlivened with uniforms. Among the graceful dancers — and every one danced well, and with spirit — was pointed out the young widow of a son of Andrew Johnson, whose pretty cottage overlooks the village. But the Professor, to whom this information was communicated, doubted whether here it was not a greater distinction to be the daughter of the owner of this region than to be connected with a President of the United States.

A certain air of romance and tradition hangs about the French Broad and the Warm Springs, which the visitor must possess himself of in order to appreciate either. This was the great highway of trade and travel. At certain seasons there was an almost continuous procession of herds of cattle and sheep passing to the Eastern markets, and of trains of big wagons wending their way to the inviting lands watered by the Tennessee. Here came in the summer time the Southern planters in coach and four, with a great retinue of household servants, and kept up for months that unique social life, a mixture of courtly ceremony and entire freedom, — the civilization which had the drawing-room at one end and the negro-quarters at the other, — which has passed away. It was a continuation into our own restless era of the manners and the literature of George the Third, with the accompanying humor and happy-go-lucky decadence of the negro slaves. On our way down we saw on the river bank,

under the trees, the old hostelry, Alexander's, still in decay, — an attractive tavern, that was formerly one of the notable stopping-places on the river. Master, and fine lady, and obsequious, larking darkey, and lumbering coach, and throng of pompous and gay life have all disappeared. There was no room in this valley for the old institutions and for the iron track.

"When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights, . . .
We, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise."

This perverted use of noble verse was all the response the Friend got in his attempt to drop into the sentimental vein over the past of the French Broad.

The reader must not think there is no enterprise in this sedative and idle resort. The conceited Yankee has to learn that it is not he alone who can be accused of the thrift of craft. There is at the Warm Springs a thriving mill for crushing and pulverizing barytes, known vulgarly as heavy-spar. It is the weight of this heaviest of minerals, and not its lovely crystals, that gives it value. The rock is crushed, washed, sorted out by hand, to remove the foreign substances, then ground and subjected to acids, and at the end of the process it is as white and fine as the best bolted flour. This heavy adulterator is shipped to the North in large quantities, — the manager said he had recently an order for a hundred thousand dollars worth of it. What is the use of this powder? Well, it is of use to the dealer who sells white lead for paint, to increase the weight of the lead, and it is the belief hereabouts that it is mixed with powdered sugar. The industry is profitable to those engaged in it.

It was impossible to get much information about our route into Tennessee, except that we should go by Paint Rock, and cross Paint Mountain. Late one morning — a late start is inevitable here — accompanied by a cavalcade, we crossed the river by the rope ferry, and trotted down the pretty road, elevated above the stream and tree-shaded, offering always charming glimpses of swift water and overhanging foliage (the railway obligingly taking the other side of the river), to Paint Rock, — six miles. This Paint Rock is a naked precipice by the roadside, perhaps sixty feet high, which has a large local reputation. It is said that its face shows painting done by the Indians, and hieroglyphics which nobody can read. On this bold, crumbling cliff, innumerable visitors have written their names. We stared at it a good while to discover the paint and hieroglyphics, but could see nothing except iron stains. Round the corner is a farmhouse and place of call for visitors, a neat cottage, with a display of shells and minerals and flower-pots; and here we turned north, crossed the little stream called Paint River, the only clear water we had seen in a month, passed into the State of Tennessee, and by a gentle ascent climbed Paint Mountain. The open forest road, with the murmur of the stream below, was delightfully exhilarating, and as we rose the prospect opened, — the lovely valley below, Bald Mountains behind us, and the Butt Mountains rising as we came over the ridge.

Nobody on the way, none of the frowzy women or unintelligent men, knew anything of the route, or could give us any information of the country beyond. But as we descended in Tennessee the country and the farms decidedly improved, — apple-trees and a grapevine now and then.

A ride of eight miles brought us to Waddle's, hungry and disposed to receive hospitality. We passed by an old farm building to a new two-storied, gayly painted house on a hill. We were deceived by appearances. The new house, with a new couple in it, had nothing to offer us, except some buttermilk.

Why should anybody be obliged to feed roving strangers? As to our horses, the young woman with a baby in her arms declared, —

"We 've got nothing for stock but roughness; perhaps you can get something at the other house."

"Roughness," we found out at the other house, meant hay in this region. We procured for the horses a light meal of green oats, and for our own dinner we drank at the brook and the Professor produced a few sonnets. On this sustaining repast we fared on nearly twelve miles further, through a rolling, good farming country, offering little for comment, in search of a night's lodging with one of the brothers Snap. But one brother declined our company on the plea that his wife was sick, and the other because his wife lived in Greenville, and we found ourselves as dusk came on without shelter in a tavernless land. Between the two refusals we enjoyed the most picturesque bit of scenery of the day, at the crossing of Camp Creek, a swift little stream, that swirled round under the ledge of bold rocks before the ford. This we learned was a favorite camp-meeting ground. Mary was calling the cattle home at the farm of the second Snap. It was a very peaceful scene of rural life, and we were inclined to tarry, but Mary, instead of calling us home with the cattle, advised us to ride on to Alexander's before it got dark.

It is proper to say that at Alexander's we began to see what this pleasant and fruitful country might be, and will be, with thrift and intelligent farming. Mr. Alexander is a well-to-do farmer, with plenty of cattle and good barns (always an evidence of prosperity), who owes his success to industry and an open mind to new ideas. He was a Unionist during the war, and is a Democrat now, though his county (Greene) has been Republican. We had been riding all the afternoon through good land, and encountering a better class of farmers. Peach-trees abounded (though this was an off year for fruit), and apples and grapes thrive. It is a land of honey and of milk. The persimmon flourishes; and, sign of abundance generally, we believe, great flocks of turkey-buzzards — majestic floaters in the high air — hovered about. This country was ravaged during the war by Unionists and Confederates alternately, the impartial patriots as they passed scooping in corn, bacon, and good horses, leaving the farmers little to live on. Mr. Alexander's farm cost him forty dollars an acre, and yields good crops of wheat and maize. This was the first house on our journey where at breakfast we had grace before meat, though there had been many tables that needed it more. From the door the noble range of the Big Bald is in sight and not distant; and our host said he had a shanty on it, to which he was accustomed to go with his family for a month or six weeks in the summer and enjoy a real primitive woods life.

Refreshed by this little touch of civilization, and with horses well fed, we rode on next morning towards Jonesboro, over a rolling, rather unpicturesque country, but ennobled by the Big Bald and Butt ranges, which we had on our right all day. At noon we crossed the Nollechucky River at a ford where the water was up to the saddle girth, broad, rapid, muddy, and with a treacherous stony bottom, and came to the little hamlet of Boylesville, with a flour-mill, and a hospitable old-fashioned house, where we found shelter from the heat of the hot day, and where the daughters of the house, especially one pretty girl in a short skirt and jaunty cap, contradicted the currently received notion that this world is a weary pilgrimage. The big parlor, with its photographs and stereoscope, and bits of shell and mineral, a piano and a melodeon, and a coveted old sideboard of mahogany, recalled rural New England.

Perhaps these refinements are due to the Washington College (a school for both sexes), which is near. We noted at the tables in this region a singular use of the word fruit. When we were asked, "Will you have some of the fruit?" and said Yes, we always got apple-sauce.

Ten miles more in the late afternoon brought us to Jonesboro, the oldest town in the State, a pretty place, with a flavor of antiquity, set picturesquely on hills, with the great mountains in sight. People from further South find this an agreeable summering place, and a fair hotel, with odd galleries in front and rear, did not want company. The Warren Institute for negroes has been flourishing here ever since the war.

A ride of twenty miles next day carried us to Union. Before noon we forded the Wetauga, a stream not so large as the Nollechucky, and were entertained at the big brick house of Mr. Devault, a prosperous and hospitable farmer. This is a rich country. We had met in the morning wagon-loads of watermelons and musk-melons, on the way to Jonesboro, and Mr. Devault set abundance of these refreshing fruits before us as we lounged on the porch before dinner.

It was here that we made the acquaintance of a colored woman, a withered, bent old pensioner of the house, whose industry (she excelled any modern patent apple-parer) was unabated, although she was by her own confession (a woman, we believe, never owns her age till she has passed this point) and the testimony of others a hundred years old. But age had not impaired the brightness of her eyes, nor the limberness of her tongue, nor her shrewd good sense. She talked freely about the want of decency and morality in the young colored folks of the present day. It was n't so when she was a girl. Long, long time ago, she and her husband had been sold at sheriff's sale and separated, and she never had another husband. Not that she blamed her master so much — he could n't help it, he got in debt. And she expounded her philosophy about the rich and the danger they are in. The great trouble is that when a person is rich he can borrow money so easy, and he keeps drawin' it out of the bank and pilin' up the debt, like rails on top of one another, till it needs a ladder to get on to the pile, and then it all comes down in a heap, and the man has to begin on the bottom rail again. If she 'd to live her life over again, she 'd lay up money; never cared much about it till now. The thrifty, shrewd old woman still walked about a good deal, and kept her eye on the neighborhood. Going out that morning she had seen some fence up the road that needed mending, and she told Mr. Devault that she did n't like such shiftlessness; she did n't know as white folks was much better than colored folks. Slavery? Yes, slavery was pretty bad — she had seen five hundred niggers in handcuffs, all together in a field, sold to be sent South.

About six miles from here is a beech grove of historical interest, worth a visit if we could have spared the time. In it is the large beech (six and a half feet around, six feet from the ground) on which Daniel Boone shot a bear, when he was a rover in this region. He himself cut an inscription on the tree recording his prowess, and it is still distinctly legible: —

D. BOONE CILT A BAR ON THIS TREE,
1760.

This tree is a place of pilgrimage, and names of people from all parts of the country are cut on it, until there is scarcely room for any more records of such devotion. The grove is ancient-looking, the trees are gnarled and moss-grown. Hundreds of people go there, and the trees are carved all over with their immortal names.

A pleasant ride over a rich rolling country, with an occasional strip of forest, brought us to Union in the evening, with no other adventure than the meeting of a steam threshing-machine in the road, with steam up, clattering along. The devil himself could not invent any machine calculated to act on the nerves of a horse like this. Jack took one look and then dashed into the woods, scraping off his rider's hat, but did not succeed in getting rid of his burden or knocking down any trees.

Union, on the railway, is the forlornest of little villages, with some three hundred inhabitants and a forlorn hotel, kept by an ex-stage-driver. The village, which lies on the Holstein, has no drinking-water in it nor enterprise enough to bring it in; not a well nor a spring in its limits; and for drinking-water everybody crosses the river to a spring on the other side. A considerable part of the labor of the town is fetching water over the bridge. On a hill overlooking the village is a big, pretentious brick house, with a tower, the furniture of which is an object of wonder to those who have seen it. It belonged to the late Mrs. Stover, daughter of Andrew Johnson. The whole family of the ex-President have departed this world, but his memory is still green in this region, where he was almost worshiped — so the people say in speaking of him.

Forlorn as the hotel was at Union, the landlord's daughters were beginning to draw the lines in rural refinement. One of them had been at school in Abingdon. Another, a mature young lady of fifteen, who waited on the table, in the leisure after supper, asked the Friend for a light for her cigarette, which she had deftly rolled.

"Why do you smoke?"

"So as I sha'n't get into the habit of dipping. Do you think dipping is nice?"

The traveler was compelled to say that he did not, though he had seen a good deal of it wherever he had been.

"All the girls dips round here. But me and my sisters rather smoke than get in a habit of dipping."

To the observation that Union seemed to be a dull place: —

"Well, there 's gay times here in the winter — dancing. Like to dance! Well, I should say. Last winter I went over to Blountsville to a dance in the court-house; there was a trial between Union and Blountsville for the best dancing. You bet I brought back the cake and the blue ribbon."

The country was becoming too sophisticated, and the travelers hastened to the end of their journey. The next morning Bristol, at first over a hilly country with magnificent oak-trees, — happily not girdled as these stately monarchs were often seen along the roads in North Carolina, — and then up Beaver Creek, a turbid stream, turning some mills. When a closed woolen factory was pointed out to the Professor (who was still traveling for Reform) as the result of the agitation in Congress, he said Yes, the effect of agitation was evident in all the decayed dams and ancient abandoned mills we had seen in the past month.

Bristol is mainly one long street, with some good stores, but generally shabby, and on this hot morning sleepy. One side of the street is in Tennessee, the other in Virginia. How handy for fighting this would have been in the war, if Tennessee had gone out and Virginia stayed in. At the hotel — may a kind Providence wake it up to its responsibilities — we had the pleasure of reading one of those facetious hand-bills which the great railway companies of the West scatter about, the serious humor of which is so pleasing to our English friends. This one was issued by the accredited agents of the Ohio and Mississippi railway, and dated April 1, 1984. One sentence will suffice: —

"Allow us to thank our old traveling friends for the many favors in our line, and if you are going on your bridal trip, or to see your girl out West, drop in at the general office of the Ohio and Mississippi railway and we will fix you up in Queen Anne style. Passengers for Dakota, Montana, or the Northwest will have an overcoat and sealskin cap thrown in with all tickets sold on or after the above date."

The great republic cannot yet take itself seriously. Let us hope the humors of it will last another generation. Meditating on this, we hailed at sundown the spires of Abingdon, and regretted the end of a journey that seems to have been undertaken for no purpose.

Charles Dudley Warner.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

While a novelist is living and at work, his growth in power is more interesting to critics than the expression of that power in any one piece of work. The Rise of Silas Lapham [1] would probably affect a reader who should make Mr. Howells's acquaintance through it, in a different manner from what it does one who has followed Mr. Howells, as so many have, step by step, ever since he put forth his tentative sketches in fiction. We do not think that Mr. Howells has kept back the exercise of certain functions until he should have perfected his faculty of art by means of lighter essays, but that, in the process of his art, he has partly discovered, at any rate has convinced himself of the higher value to be found in a creation which discloses morals as well as manners. An art which busies itself with the trivial or the spectacular may be ever so charming and attractive, but it falls short of the art which builds upon foundations of a more enduring sort. A pasteboard triumphal-arch that serves the end of a merry masque is scarcely more ephemeral than the masque itself in literature.

The novel before us offers a capital example of the difference between the permanent and the transient in art. Had Mr. Howells amused himself and us with a light study of the rise of Silas Lapham in Boston society, what a clever book he might have made of it! We should have chuckled to ourselves over the dismay of the hero at the failure of the etiquette man to solve his problems, and have enjoyed a series of such interior views as we get in the glimpse of Irene "trailing up and down before the long mirror in *her* new dress [Mr. Howells never seems quite sure that we shall put the emphasis where it belongs without his gentle assistance], followed by the seamstress on her knees; the woman had her mouth full of pins, and from time to time she made Irene stop till she could put one of the pins into her train;" we should have followed the fluctuations of pride and affection and fastidiousness in the Corey family, and have sent a final shuddering thought down the vista of endless dinner parties which should await the union of the two houses. All this and much more offered materials for the handling of which we could have trusted Mr. Howells's sense of humor without fear that he would disappoint us.

But all this is in the story; only it occupies the subordinate, not the primary place, and by and by the reader, who has followed the story with delight in the playful art, discovers that Mr.

[1] *The Rise of Silas Lapham.* By William D. Howells. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1885.

Howells never intended to waste his art on so shallow a scheme, that he was using all this realism of Boston society as a relief to the heavier mass contained in the war which was waged within the conscience of the hero. When in the final sentence he reads: "I don't know as I should always say it paid; but if I done it, and the thing was to do over again, right in the same way, I guess I should have to do it," he recognizes, in this verdict of the faithfully illiterate Colonel, the triumphant because unconscious attainment of a victory which justifies the title of the story. No mere vulgar rise in society through the marriage of a daughter to a son of a social prince, or the possession of a house on the water side of Beacon Street, would serve as a real conclusion to the history of a character like that of Silas Lapham; as if to flout such an idea, the marriage when it comes is stripped of all possible social consequences, and the house is burned to the ground. In place of so trivial an end there is a fine subjection of the mean and ignoble, and as in Balzac's César Birotteau, a man of accidental vulgarity discloses his essential nobility; with this added virtue in the case of Mr. Howells's hero, that we see the achievement of moral solvency unglorified by any material prosperity, and the whole history of the rise unadorned by any decoration of sentiment.

We have intimated that this bottoming of art on ethical foundations is a late development in Mr. Howells's work. In truth, this is but the second important example. An Undiscovered Country hinted at the possibility of there being other things than were dreamt of in the philosophy of light-minded young women, but it has always seemed to us that the book suffered from its use of an essentially ignoble parody of human far-sightedness. The real break which Mr. Howells made in his continuity of fiction was in A Modern Instance. That book suffered from too violent an effort at change of base. With all our respect for the underlying thought, a respect which we tried to make clear when we reviewed the book,[1] we think that the author's habit of fine discrimination misled him into giving too much value in his art to the moral intention and too little to the overt act. The casual reader of A Modern Instance failed to be sufficiently impressed by the enormity of Bartley Hubbard's guilt. Mr. Howells was carrying over into the region of ethical art the same delicate methods which he had used so effectively in social art. But in affairs which touch the surface of life, such as etiquette, dress, the conventions of society in general, the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee is enormous, while the moment one pushes off into the deeper currents of impassioned human life, mere casuistry ceases to interest one who is struggling with vital problems. A close observer might accept at its real valuation Mr. Howells's reading of those penetrating words of the interpreter of the moral law which made sin to consist in the unacted thoughts of the heart, and found a man who was angry with his brother without a cause to be no better than a murderer; but the rough and ready critic would be impatient at an art which seemed to make no distinction between the little and the great in misdemeanor. Nor do we think such a critic unreasonable. If we are to have a portraiture of moral baseness, we have a right to ask for some shadows so deep as to leave no doubt of their meaning, instead of a multitude of little spots of darkness, any one of which may be indicative of turpitude, but all of which taken together do not accumulate into anything more than a character which repels one by its generally ignoble quality.

Was Mr. Howells faintly asserting

[1] See The Atlantic Monthly for November, 1882.

his continued belief in the artistic justification of Bartley Hubbard, when he introduced him anew in this last story? If he was, we are much obliged to him for not pressing his acquaintance farther upon us. Still, we are so far obliged to him that we must thank him for supplying by means of the juxtaposition a possible comparison between Hubbard and Lapham. They are both self-made men, but Hubbard is essentially vulgar, while Lapham is only accidentally so; the former thrusts his vulgarity through the thin covering of education and aptitude for the world, the latter thrusts his essential manliness through the equally thin covering of an uneducated manner and a hopeless condition of social outlawry.

Nevertheless, though there can be no mistaking Mr. Howells's intention in this novel, and though he uses his material with a firmer hand, we confess, now that we are out of the immediate circle of its charm, that The Rise of Silas Lapham suffers from the same defect as A Modern Instance. The defect is not so obvious, but it arises from the same super-refinement of art. In brief, Silas Lapham, a man of coarse grain and excessive egotism, is, in the crucial scenes, treated as a man of subtlety of thought and feeling. We do not say that the turnings and windings of his conscience, and his sudden encounters with that delicious Mephistopheles, Milton K. Rogers, are not possible and even reasonable; but we complain that the author of his being, instead of preserving him as a rustic piece of Vermont limestone with the soil clinging to it, has insisted upon our seeing into the possibilities of a fine marble statue which reside in the bulk. Moreover, when one comes to think of it, how little the rise of this hero is really connected with the circumstances which make up the main incidents of the story. The relations with Rogers, out of which the moral struggle springs, are scarcely complicated at all by the personal relations with the Corey family arising from the love of young Corey for Penelope Lapham. The Colonel goes through the valley of tribulation almost independently of the fact that he and his are sojourning meanwhile in another half grotesque vale of tears.

This same over-refinement of motive, as supposed in natures which are not presumably subtle, impresses us in the whole history of Penelope's love affair. We feel, rather than are able to say why we feel it, that there is something abnormal in the desolation which falls upon the entire Lapham family in consequence of Irene's blindness and Penelope's over-acuteness. We frankly confess that when reading the scenes, it seemed all right, and we gave ourselves up to the luxury of woe without a doubt as to its reality. But when *thinking* about them (forgive the italics), it seems an exaggeration, a pressing of the relations between these interesting people beyond the bounds of a charitable nature.

But when all is said, we come back with satisfaction to the recollection that Mr. Howells has distinctly set before himself in this book a problem worth solving, and if his statement and solution are presented with an art which has heretofore been so cunning as quite to reconcile one to the fragility of the object under the artist's hand, and this art still seems sometimes to imply the former baselessness, we can at least thank our stars that when we criticise such a book as The Rise of Silas Lapham, we are dealing with a real piece of literature, which surely will not lose its charm when the distinctions of Nankeen Square and Beacon Street have become merely antiquarian nonsense.

The publication of The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains[1] in the

[1] *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.* By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

pages of this magazine precludes the necessity of any analysis of its contents. Fortunately it does not forbid the critic the pleasure of reminding its readers, now that it appears in book form, how inadequate a serial reading is to a full perception of the merits of this remarkable novel. The stories which were collected under the title of In the Tennessee Mountains gave indication of the author's power in the revelation of human character hid in the rough guise of the mountaineers. But the novel, Where the Battle was Fought, scarcely prepared us for the constructive ability which has so much to do with our delight in this book. The absence of any strong social contrasts enables us to apprehend more clearly the contrasts of a deeper personality, and in this microcosm, which is contained within a few square miles of mountain district, the opposing and combining forces of human nature are more forcibly presented because they are not confused with conventional activities. This world of the Great Smoky is so evenly remote from our personal knowledge in its mere outward shell that we never have to adjust our glass when we are studying its features; it is so near in its interior life of passion that we have no difficulty in making out its finest pulsations. It is this substantial unity of design which excites our admiration, as we look again at a whole whose fragments we have found so full of individual life.

The harmony which results from this consistent isolation of characters and scenes is deepened by the contrasts which a fine art has evoked between the persons as they appeared to one another and as they stand revealed through the genius of the author. She has not smoothed a tone in their rough dialect, nor softened a line in their uncouth forms and dress, and yet she has managed, by what art we hardly know, to convey an idea of beauty and manliness that is not in the least incongruous. We do not speak now merely of external grace, though we think one of the triumphs of the story is in the manner in which Dorinda's beauty takes hold of the reader; the scene, for instance, where she is spinning and talking with Rick Tyler is incomparably fine in its compact suggestiveness. It is the more elusive beauty of a spiritual sort, the disclosure of which marks the genius of this author. The whole conception of the prophet is one of extraordinary power. To think of that poor, rude mountaineer grappling on the Big Smoky with those phantoms of doubt which his paler, less sinewy brethren in the outer world are equally powerless to lay! The consistency of Miss Murfree's treatment is in nothing more noticeable than in this, that having to project such a figure she does not call in the slightest aid from the self-torture of the conventional world. Hiram Kelsey is as solitary in his wrestling with Satan as if no other human being had ever struggled with doubt. Yet what poor educated soul could declare his trouble more compactly than this rude prophet when he points at the mocking illusion of the "bald," and exclaims: "That 's my religion: looks like fire, an' it 's fog!"

The keen, epigrammatic force of such a statement does not seem the author's own, any more than the wit, the humor, the sarcasm, which are drawled forth by the several characters. Whatever disappointment might fall to us if we were to seek for audible and visible reproduction of these figures in the actual mountains of Tennessee, we should remain convinced that the fault was in our ears and eyes, for the realism of the story is so firm that we are sure the only external power used has been in that compression which has reduced to the compass of a novel the breathing life of the human world that busies itself in that region, careless of anything beyond its own boundaries.

If the reader, when eager to follow the fortunes of the characters, was disposed to be impatient of the frequent interruptions in the chase, caused by the author's affection for the wonderful nature in and out of which her people were moving, a recurrence to the book will probably find him lingering over these landscape passages. They are not obstructive to the enjoyment of the higher art of the story. On the contrary, they directly serve it by constantly suggesting in an unobtrusive manner the spiritual meaning of the movements going on in this little world. One comes to regard them as the accompaniment to the story, if one thinks of the lyrical, as the background, if one thinks of the pictorial, nature of the work. It is almost startling, in taking up the book, to find the very first paragraph capable of being treated as a prologue to the novel.

It is something more than a praise of style when we call attention to the sinewy compactness of language, which never becomes slack or redundant. There is a decided gain over her previous books in the fitness of phrase by which Miss Murfree sets forth character or incident. Not a word but appears to have been weighed, not an epithet but is like an arrow shot straight at the mark. This is one of the finest gifts of the imagination, — this power of making words vibrant with meaning; and, taken with the economy and reserve of strength shown in the construction of the novel, gives to us a strong faith that this writer has not expended herself, but will, whatever phase of life she may present, take counsel of her own rapidly maturing judgment, and give only what she has made thoroughly her own.

With each new novel Miss Howard shows herself to be broadening in power. Aulnay Tower,[1] though inferior in interest to Guenn, discloses what she can do with a simple, almost conventional design. During the Franco-German war, the Château d'Aulnay lay within the lines by which the German army invested Paris. It was the only house whose occupants had not deserted it, but here continued to live the Marquis de Montauban, his niece the Countess Nathalie de Vallauris, a young widow, and the Abbé de Navailles, his spiritual adviser, with their few household servants. Hither came General von Aarenhorst and his suite, quartering themselves in the château. They came with soldierly courtesy, and the old marquis, at first furious with indignation, unbent himself and soon began to treat them with courtly hospitality. The abbé went silently about with his book and his religious work, Nathalie alone retaining an impenetrable coldness of demeanor. The young German officers all after their fashion fell madly in love with her, but she would not yield an iota. As a foil to her stateliness, her maid Manette, a vivacious coquette, flitted back and forth, captivating a burly orderly, and *désolée* over her mistress's immobility in the presence of so much manliness.

Nathalie moved about among the villagers, and showed herself a sister of mercy to the sick and wounded who were brought in from the lines. She sat at dinner with her uncle and the abbé and the German officers, and in the evening appeared in the library. There was one of the Germans, the Baron von Nordenfels, who was distinguished from the rest by the quality of his bearing toward the countess. In truth he had been overcome by love at first sight, but unlike that of his companions, his devotion had not expended itself in chatter and useless vows; it had manifested itself rather by a depth of feeling which slowly penetrated her reserve when it was scarcely observable by others — save by the abbé.

[1] *Aulnay Tower.* By BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1885.

Nathalie yielded to its persuasively silent eloquence before she was prepared to confess that she had been captured, and while indeed her patriotism stoutly forbade any such conclusion to their armed neutrality as love. The accident, however, of a change in plans which withdrew the Saxons from the château brought about a sudden revelation to herself of her mind, although it did not bring her to any open confession. The accident of war again occurred to restore the Saxons to their old quarters, and the meeting of Nathalie and Nordenfels made it plain to each — as plain as it could be without the consent of speech — that the only barrier between them was that erected by nationality and religion, a powerful enough barrier under ordinary conditions, but not proof against love.

Meanwhile the German general of the district was perplexed by the knowledge which the French evidently possessed of his movements. His suspicions were aroused and doubled when it was reported that mysterious signals had been observed at the summit of Aulnay Tower, which rose above the old stone church connected with the château and commanded the plain on which it stood. Lights were sure to appear in the tower before the consummation of any plans which had been formed, and when the hour for action came, the French were found to be forewarned. In consequence, a strict watch was set, but without avail. Then Nathalie herself, ignorant of what had been going on, discovered from her chamber window these tower lights, and filled with a vague suspicion made her way alone by night through the church and into the tower chamber. There, as she had surmised, she found the abbé. She had long distrusted him upon other grounds; now she was brought face to face with him in an encounter which rehearsed all the conflict of her life and opened new fields, for the abbé taxed her with her love for Nordenfels, and taunted her with sacrificing patriotism.

The situation was now a torture to her. She had not absolute proof, but a sure conviction that the abbé was engaged in a dishonorable act, for they had given their parole to the Germans. Yet should she disclose his treachery, when by so doing she aided the enemies of her country? Moreover, her lover was at this very time moving to the engagement of which the abbé had given warning to the French, and she must go to the interview which might be their last, burdened with a secret of such terrible import.

In the battle which took place Nordenfels was wounded — fatally the story-teller endeavors feebly to persuade her readers — and was brought back to the château. The abbé then, however, was surprised in the tower and killed, and the war came to an end, for this was at the close of the siege. Peace reigned, and in the quiet hours which followed Nordenfels came slowly back to life, and Nathalie, forgetting her sad denial of her lover, gave him her hand.

It will be seen from this sketch that the plot of the story runs on a few broad lines, and these marked by no special novelty. What we respect in the story is the dignity with which the several situations are worked out. Miss Howard is evidently impressed by her characters and by the scenes which they are enacting. To her, war is no convenient background for the enactment of the weightier tragedy of love, but a dread circumstance which imparts seriousness and meaning to the lightest adventure of human participants. She makes her heroine a beautiful woman with a sad history; she invests her hero with the charm of knightliness, and the abbé with a soul apart from ordinary men; and she does all this with a grace and naturalness which save her story from the commonplace of convention-

ality. The serenity of the book, its purity of feeling, and a certain large and magnanimous bearing secure for it an almost classical dignity.

Yet in attaining this end, or rather we should say in the elaboration of her simple scheme, Miss Howard has not altogether rid herself of some immaturity of art. A lively waiting-maid is no novelty either in fiction or on the stage, but we fail to perceive the necessity of transferring the methods of the melodrama to fiction of this sort; surely a countess like Nathalie would never have been beholden to a maid like Manette for a discovery of her own feelings toward Nordenfels! It was weak enough to allow Manette to talk in the half sublimary fashion she adopts, without making her tongue so important a factor in the development of the story. We can believe also many strange things in war, but it is hard to believe that the German officers, already distrustful of the abbé, should have failed to investigate the tower in some more soldierly fashion than a stroll into its chamber by the colonel after due notice to the abbé! Not even a guard was stationed to prevent possible signals in the future.

Most incredible of all is the circumstance attending Nathalie's visit to the tower on the night when she discovers the signals. We are told that the general of the district had taken singular measures to secure not only the earliest knowledge of the appearance of the lights, but immediate action in case of discovery. "Accordingly General von Aarenhorst had a diopter adjusted to bear precisely upon Aulnay Tower, and in a square stone pillar supporting the balustrade of the high terrace at Clichy a groove cut sharply to hold the instrument, so that by night as well as by day the tower would be under scrutiny. An under-officer of the staff-watch was commanded to look at it every fifteen minutes during the night, and in case of the slightest discovery to announce it instantly. Horses stood saddled in the orderlies' stables continually, and an expert rider knowing the short cuts could traverse the distance between Clichy and Aulnay in twenty minutes." Well, this guard was established when Nathalie discovered the light, and after she has made her way to the tower chamber, stopping meanwhile to pray in the church, the reader listens to the long conversation which she holds with the abbé, with his other ear wide open for the arrival of that orderly, and expecting nothing less than the discovery by the Germans of the abbé and the countess in close converse, with no end of new and fresh complications. Not only is far more than twenty minutes accounted for between the moment when the countess leaves her room and the moment when she returns to it, but the orderly never comes at all.

In spite of these blemishes Miss Howard has attained something very like success in her book; a success on the higher plane rather than on the lower, for had she been more attentive to the probabilities of her tale, and the petty *vraisemblance*, she might have missed the subtler grace which makes one rather indifferent to realistic details. In her desire not to make her plot too apparent, she has not wholly succeeded in making it probable, and the climax, when she reaches it, is somewhat nerveless; but the human plot, the play of character upon character, is well conceived and well shadowed forth; especially is this true of the influence of the abbé over the marquis, which is outlined with extreme delicacy.

In Miss Jewett we have a writer who might, if personal comparisons were not idle as well as odious, be regarded in the light of Miss Howard's career. It were scarcely more than an accidental ground of comparison, however, which should be taken, were we to note their contemporaneousness, their agreement in nativity, and their common literary

pursuit. We prefer to consider Miss Jewett without reference to others, and even without much reference to her own previous work. Such a book as A Marsh Island[1] may very properly ask to be looked at in a gallery by itself. Its charm is so pervasive, and so independent of the strict argument of the story, that those who enjoy it most are not especially impelled to discuss it. It does not invite criticism any more than it deprecates close scrutiny. What was the charm that Richard Dale found in the marsh island itself, where he was so willing a prisoner? simply that which springs from a landscape, broad, unaccented, lying under a summer sky, breathing the fragrance of grass and wild roses. The people about him were farmer folk, scarcely racy even; the very heroine herself moves through the scenes unadorned by any caprices or fluttering ribbons of coquetry. The sketches which he brought away were studies in this quiet nature; they were figurative of A Marsh Island itself, which is an episode in water-color.

It seems to us that Miss Jewett owes her success, which is indubitable, to her wise timidity. She realizes the limitations of her power, and knows that what she can do within the range of her graceful gift is worth far more than any ambitious struggle outside of it would be. So long as she can make us feel the cool breeze blowing over the marshes, and suggest those long, even lines of landscape, and bring up to our imagination the swing of the scythe, the passage of the hay boat, the homely work of the kitchen, why should she weary us, quieted by these scenes, with the turbid life which another, more passionate novelist might with equal truth discover in the same range of human activity and suffering? We are grateful to her for the shade of such a book as this, and accept it as one of the gifts which Nature herself brings to the tired dweller in cities. We are not uninterested in the quavers of Mr. Dale's vacillating mind, and we recognize the lover in Dan Lester, but after all it is not these figures by themselves upon which our attention is fixed; they but form a part of that succession of interiors and out-door scenes which pass before the eye in the pages of this book. Flemish pictures we were about to call them, but the refinement which belongs to Miss Jewett's work forbids such a characterization. We return to our own figure: they are water-color sketches, resting for their value not upon dramatic qualities or strong color, but upon their translucency, their pure tone, their singleness of effect.

A stronger contrast could scarcely be suggested than by passing from A Marsh Island to Zoroaster.[2] Mr. Crawford, after forays in Europe and America, has returned to Asia for a subject, and, by separating himself from the present and from the ordinary experience of men, has placed himself in a situation where his love of the marvelous and the superb has full play. The late Mr. Disraeli had a fancy for the gorgeous and the omnipotent, but one always felt that his dyes would run and his plating wear off. Mr. Crawford's magnificence has a genuine ring to it, and we abandon ourselves to his lead with an honest confidence in his sincerity. We are not tempted to have recourse to the encyclopædia after reading this book, in order to verify the statements which he makes regarding Zoroaster and Darius and Atossa and the quite possible Nehushta; we are only thankful that he does not insist upon our exchanging the name Zoroaster for the latest refinement of form which Oriental scholars may have selected for the baffling of old-fashioned readers. We accept his groundwork of history and his analysis of Zoroaster's

[1] *A Marsh Island.* By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

[2] *Zoroaster.* By F. Marion Crawford. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

faith, and apply ourselves to the romance which he has erected upon it.

It was a kindness on Mr. Crawford's part, and a clever stroke, to ease the way into the unfamiliar scenes by repeating for us, at the beginning of his story, the good old tale of Belshazzar's Feast. The Bible and Mr. Allston's unfinished picture are capital allies for Mr. Crawford, and by the time we have reached the death of Daniel the prophet, and so have left behind all our old friends, we are ready to plunge into the recesses of Persia with stout heart. For, with all respect to Mr. Crawford, he did a bold deed when he asked the polite novel-reader of the day to accompany him on such a journey, and with the best will in the world we confess to a little stiffness in the joints when bidden ride off into the East of the fifth century before Christ.

We might have spared ourselves some misgivings, for it turns out after all that love and jealousy and intrigue and clever devices are no modern invention, but were well known in Shushan before Paris had risen out of the swamps. A Persian queen throws herself into the arms of another woman's lover just in time to make it appear to the woman that her lover is the active agent and not the passive sufferer, and our minds are set at rest as to any extraordinary or unexpected development of human frailty under the strange conditions of old Persia. In fact, we find ourselves witnessing the barbaric splendor of some Semiramis on the stage, and modifying our awe by remembering that we saw the queen last night in The Banker's Daughter, or whatever may be the latest interpretation of civilized life in the nineteenth century.

Let not the reader be misled by our light-mindedness into depreciating Zoroaster. It is not a book of high imaginative power, because it does not produce strong pictures with an economy of material, and does not lift the mind into the contemplation of great human endeavor; but it is a book of very fervid imagination, and the richness of its decoration will compensate to many for nobility of structure. One revels in its scenes as he would in costly stuffs and heaps of deftly assorted colors, and there is just enough of form and outline to justify one's interest in the drama which goes on. There are besides separate passages which stir one by their vigor of expression; such is the wrestling bout between Darius and Zoroaster in the tent of Nehushta, and the return of Zoroaster with Phraortes. There is a fine animal vitality in these and other passages which indicates one source of Mr. Crawford's power as a writer, It is no light thing either that he should have laid on such glowing colors and presented so many passionate scenes without once entrapping the reader into any pitfalls of fleshliness. He has used a power for sensuous description without recourse to any base spirit. We have not cared to give a sketch of Mr. Crawford's plot, because much of the pleasure to be gained from the book is in following the development of incidents and persons, and while the author does not rely on this for his sole means of gratifying the reader, he does interest himself in the story, and holds the issues well in hand to the very close.

HUNTING TRIPS OF A RANCHMAN.[1]

We owe to Margery Fleming the declaration of the profound truth that "the history of all the malcontents as ever was hanged is amusing," and the same may be said of all good books about hunting. The fact that this latter taste is so widely diffused is not a little suggestive, for it undoubtedly springs from the continued survival of what it is the fashion or cant of the present day to call the savage propensities of our nature. It does indeed make one shudder a little sometimes to reflect on the extremely artificial character of what is called civilization, that vague and much-bepraised entity which has been laboriously built up through centuries by adding one conventional rule to another, in much the same way as the minute insects of the Pacific construct reefs and islands in mid-ocean. Unluckily, our coral reef is not nearly as strong as that of the animalculæ. Most persons nowadays seem to regard it as eternal as the heavens and founded on everlasting natural laws. But dash to pieces this mass of conventions, and the savage man leaps forth, with habits and tendencies unpleasantly like those of the days of Attila or Alaric. The wonder is not that our civilization is not stronger, but that it is, notwithstanding its origin and material, so very tough and enduring. Yet at best it is but a veneer, and in every vigorous man there is a lurking wildness, a leaven of the old wolfish spirit which made the Norseman's paradise a scene of perpetual fighting. If the law permitted it, it is to be feared that a thorough-going gladiatorial show or a good bull-fight would draw larger crowds in New York or Boston than any other entertainment that could be devised. We trust that this would not be so, but we should regret to see the experiment tried. In the man of slight intelligence and low education, this survival of the savage instincts and impulses, repressed, but not killed, by the forces of civilization, takes the form of simple brutality. In the higher and finer types, in the majority of people, indeed, they have been greatly modified and controlled. But the tendency exists nevertheless in every vigorous, wholesome man. The do-nothings and the æsthetes, the dandies and the dilettantes, have none of it, perhaps, but it is strong among the men who are doing the work of the world and fighting the battles of humanity. It comes out in the love of danger and excitement, and in the fondness for combat of any sort, which mark the men who are strong and manly. The same propensity shows itself in literature, by the widespread popularity of books of adventure and sport.

Yet after all, a mere dry detail of camp-life, supplemented by lists of slaughtered game, will not serve. We demand something more than this. The general public does not ask that the hunter who narrates his experiences should be a naturalist. To the average reader the scientific sportsman is rather a bore. But we do ask that he should be a lover of nature, and capable of giving us his impressions of something more than his own shots. Add to this a capacity for spirited and faithful narrative, and you have the hunter whose writings every one likes to read.

We cannot say more for Mr. Roosevelt than that he fulfills all these conditions. He gives us a great deal of

[1] *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman.* Sketches of Sport on the Northern Cattle Plains. By Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated. Medora Edition. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Knickerbocker Press. 1885.

information in an easy, rather desultory fashion, but he is never tedious. He has had no adventures which are very perilous to his readers, although they probably were sufficiently so to him, but he tells his stories in a straightforward and graphic way which makes them always interesting, and at the proper moments exciting. He is very modest about his own ability as a shot and a hunter, but the results show that he has done well. He has the true hunter's nature, evidently, for he must have been patient, quick, and bold, to kill the game which has fallen to his rifle. He seems to the uninitiated a sufficiently good shot, but one thing is certain: a man who can hit his first grizzly squarely between the eyes at ten paces has an unusually large amount of nerve. Mr. Roosevelt has killed specimens of all the large game of the Northwestern plains, and he has also studied their habits, so that his chapters are most interesting in all ways. It is pleasant to have a closer knowledge of the nobler animals than is afforded by a bald description of their destruction. We like to know them in other situations than the death agony, and this gratification we get here. Mr. Roosevelt also brings home to us incidentally, but very forcibly, one painful fact, — the rapid disappearance of all game before the advance of civilization. Among the pioneers come a rather worthless set of men, who make a business of slaughtering by every possible method all the birds and beasts of the prairies and the mountains which have any value in their flesh or hides. The buffalo which once swept over all these vast regions in countless herds are absolutely gone. The elk is disappearing, and so in a less degree are the different varieties of deer. This annihilation of our game is most melancholy, but it has been going on from the time of the first settlement, and in a few years the work will be complete.

Mr. Roosevelt has given a peculiar charm to his book from his intense love of nature and his capacity to communicate to others his own impressions. The note of the song-birds, the melody of the lark, the call of the elk, the hoarse cry of the wolf, have all appealed to him in their different ways, and found in him a loving listener and a true interpreter. In unobtrusive fashion, also, he has succeeded in making very vivid and impressive the scenery of the land in which he has dwelt and hunted. When we close his book, the great plains in all their strange beauty seem very real to us. We see them in the grandeur of their desolation, parched and arid in summer, or frozen like iron in winter, stretching away on all sides boundless and bare. We go with him, too, among the wild fir-clad mountains, through dark ravines, and down the deep-worn water-courses. We become familiar with the buttes and ridges, broken by the weather into thousands of fantastic shapes, and boldly marked by the strong colors of the different strata of old Mother Earth. Then there are the effects of storm and sunshine, of light and shade, which give to the bold and savage scenery a new face on each succeeding day. All these details thrown in with apparent carelessness render the picture complete, and make the hunting and the adventure much more interesting than they could be in any other way.

There is, however, still another side to the book, which is after all the most important. It is a book by an American about American sport, and is thoroughly American in tone and feeling. There is no attempt to set up a foreign standard, or to ape foreign ways. It is a true product of the soil. It has, moreover, a lasting value, apart from its narrative of hunting trips, in being a faithful account of a most interesting phase of American life, and one which is in its nature evanescent. Mr. Roosevelt gives us a clear conception of the life of the

cattle-raiser and cow-boy, and the work that they are doing, which in its methods and magnitude is typically American and of the widest importance as a great commercial interest. The American cattle men, who have developed the business to its present gigantic proportions, follow the trapper and Indian fighter, and precede the farmer in the great task of subjugating the wild lands of the West. They are a bold and hardy race, with their faults and virtues, but they are doing their work efficiently and well, and there is a very picturesque element in Mr. Roosevelt's well-written account of their daily life. But they are passing away. Farms will soon cover the regions where their cattle now wander at will, and they and all pertaining to them will become things of the past. A great debt is due to Mr. Roosevelt for having preserved in such a charming manner one of the important chapters in the long history of the conquest of the American wilderness.

We have left ourselves a very insufficient space to speak of the more mechanical parts of our subject. The Hunting Trips of a Ranchman is a model of fine book-making. It is handsome in type, paper, and form, and good taste reigns throughout. The illustrations are very numerous, and form an important feature of the work. At the head stand the four etchings by Mr. Gifford, which are most striking and vigorous. Then come Mr. Beard's drawings of the splendid heads of the large game, which are all good and of admirable workmanship. The rest of the pictures are woodcuts, all good in execution, but of varying degrees of artistic merit. Some are most spirited and clever, but a few savor a little too much of "fancy pictures," evolved in a New York studio. The book is almost wholly free from typographical blunders, but there is one of a most unlucky kind. It is to our thinking distinctly objectionable to call a man's sweetheart his "sweatheart," as is done here on page 26.

THE CONGO FREE STATE.

THE reader of Mr. Stanley's flourishing work on The Congo,[1] if he have an agile fancy, may please himself with the notion that he is doing double duty: he is an American of the nineteenth century aglow with enthusiasm at the splendid achievement of his countryman; he is an Englishman of the seventeenth century stirred by the True Relation of Captain John Smith. The two heroes are cast in much the same mould, the two continents under discussion stand opposite each other, and the home-keeping Englishman who heard of the wonders of Virginia was in the midst of as exciting movements as the American who follows Mr. Stanley in his perilous adventures among the Congo savages.

The reader need sniff no mischief because we liken Mr. Stanley to Captain Smith. The comparison breaks down only upon the one familiar trait of Smith's character. No Tragabizanda or Pocahontas figures in Stanley's annals. Indeed, there is something almost ominous in the silence which he keeps regarding the women of Africa. In his speculations regarding the African character he takes no account of their influ-

[1] *The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State: a Story of Work and Exploration.* By HENRY M. STANLEY. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1885.

ence. There is a certain gallantry in the Virginia captain which the frank explorer appears to lack; but the spirit of adventure, the sturdy common sense which rides through or over difficulties, — whichever is the nearer way, — the instinctive power of leadership, the quick wit in dealing with savages, the indomitable, cheerful will, the healthy absorption in the work at hand, and the highly developed imaginative faculty — these qualities are shared by the two men, and we really think that Mr. Stanley's candid tale helps us to understand the more obscure experience of Captain Smith.

This is, to be sure, a somewhat ulterior use to which to put a fresh book. One does not need to have his mind burdened with a historical parallel in order to appreciate the heroic labors of this nineteenth-century Paladin. Yet, if one follows Stanley in his kind of interest, one can scarcely fail to read this book much as he would read history, looking beyond the details of incident for those large and general movements which need time and generations of men for their final issue. Who shall say that imagination is dead when a reporter of a newspaper fills his brain with the idea of a great free state in the basin of a majestic river, which he was the first white man to open in its length to the view of the world? and that this reporter is not a visionary is clear enough from the record of the steps which he took to lay the foundations of the Congo state. The whole narrative supposes a conception so large and historical that one reads it with a sort of incredulous admiration, and, failing to find any similar enterprise with which to compare this scheme, is very likely to remember the history of colonies which suggest contrasts.

It is scarcely necessary to do more than remind the reader of the circumstances which occasioned these two portly volumes. The famous journey across Africa, in which Mr. Stanley had traced the Congo from its source to its mouth, commended him to men, notably to King Leopold II., of Belgium, as the proper agent for carrying out plans which had begun to form themselves for the exploiting, and in effect the redemption, of Central Africa. His advice and coöperation were sought, and the Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo was formed. Later, the African International Association was founded with a view to actual occupancy and sovereignty. It is not entirely clear to us what relation the two associations held to each other, but as the *personnel* was much the same in each, King Leopold being at the head of both companies, and Mr. Stanley the chief executive officer, we judge that the work done on the Congo compelled a reorganization of the home committee.

Under the general authority of the European association an expedition was organized, consisting of Europeans of various nationalities for officers and factors, while a body of Africans from the east coast, men of Zanzibar who had accompanied Stanley on his previous journey, served as laborers. Steam launches and stern-wheel boats were carried out for use in navigating the upper Congo, and the plan was to establish permanent stations at various points along the river, to man these with small companies of men, and to make such treaties with the tribes occupying the banks as should practically render the International Association suzerain of these tribes.

It was in August, 1879, that the expedition entered the Congo, and in August, 1884, that Stanley made report to the King of the Belgians that he had accomplished the task assigned to him. The report which he gave is expanded in these two volumes, but it is evident that the thousand pages containing the narrative might have been multiplied many times, without exhausting the incidents of this extraordinary enterprise.

There are two chapters, the eleventh and twelfth, which, read attentively, fill one with amazement at the energy shown in overcoming obstacles. If Captain John Smith had had the story to tell, we suspect he would have told it as modestly as Stanley himself, for really great achievements tone down a braggadocio; there is no temptation to exaggerate when the real facts are incredible. For a year, lacking one month, the party of a hundred and six men was engaged in transporting their goods by land to avoid the impassable Livingston Falls, a distance of fifty-two miles! Let Stanley's own modest summary of the year indicate something of its laborious character.

"Computing by statute miles the various marchings, and as frequent countermarchings, accomplished during the year, we find they amount to the grand total of 2352 English miles, according to tape-line measurement of foot by foot, making an average of six and a half miles performed throughout each day in the year, to gain an advance into the interior of only fifty-two English miles. Take away the necessary days of rest enjoyed during the year, the period of ninety-one days employed in making a passable road for our wagons, which, unless tolerably level, would have been impassable for our top-heavy wagon-loads, and the average rate of travel will prove that we must have had an unusual and sacred regard for duty, besides large hope that some day we should be rewarded with positive success after all this strenuous endeavor. That it was not a holiday affair, with its diet of beans and goat-meat and sodden bananas, in the muggy atmosphere of the Congo cañon, with the fierce heat from the rocks, and the chill bleak winds blowing up the gorge and down from sered grassy plateaus, let the deaths of six Europeans and twenty-two natives, and the retirement of thirteen invalided whites, only one of whom saw the interior, speak for us." It is necessary, however, to read slowly the entire record of this year to appreciate the immense labor of these brave men.

The secret of their success must be sought finally, we are convinced, in the qualities of the leader of the expedition. Stanley, like Captain Smith again, is not without a sense of his own valor, but there is a cheerful recognition of himself which is very far removed from idle vanity. He had brave and willing associates, but it is leadership which, in the long run, tells in such a case. The miserable story which he is obliged to tell of ruined and neglected stations testifies to this. In every instance he traces the failure to lack of leadership, and the loss is retrieved when the leader is found.

It is this personal power which must lie at the base of such an enterprise as these volumes illustrate, and herein, it seems to us, is the vital need of the entire scheme for the maintenance of the Congo state. Stanley shows very clearly that the stations scattered along the banks of the river are the dependence of the state. They are the points where the European meets the African. They must be the centres of civilizing influence. From them, the association must exercise its peaceful authority. But Stanley's candid narrative shows that the stations depend upon the quality of the chief or superintendent. If he be a man capable of leading men; if he have tact in managing the natives, energy in developing the resources of the station, and practical acquaintance with the conditions of healthful living in Africa, then the station becomes a civilizing power for the whole neighborhood. If, on the other hand, these qualities in the chief be lacking, the place quickly lapses into barbarism, and affairs are worse than if the station had never been organized.

What chance is there that the several centres of civilization in this new free

state will thus be officered? Stanley himself acknowledges freely that with all his familiarity with Africa, he made serious blunders in selecting sites for stations. It must be only after repeated experiments that new stations will be well established. He made some mistakes in his selection of chiefs — that any one might do, but then he spends pages of sarcasm, irony, and as bitter invective as so thoroughly generous and optimistic a man can bring himself to utter in cold blood, upon the miserable European material of which his expedition was composed. Of course any such expedition draws to itself mere adventurers or restless seekers after novelty, but it also attracts the enthusiastic and spirited. What likelihood is there that, after the first flush of enterprise, this new state will call into service the men who are qualified to fill the very critical positions so essential to the well-being of the great scheme?

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the enterprise suffered from the disadvantage of beginnings. A pioneer movement is pretty sure to meet with just such difficulties as Stanley's expedition encountered, and the hopeful element is to be found in the courageous attack on these difficulties which the pioneers made. Make what deductions we may from the somewhat florid statements of our sanguine author — and who has a better right to be sanguine than one who has overcome such gigantic obstacles? — there yet remains such a solid achievement in the equitable conventions with the savages, the peaceful foundation of stations, and now the amicable agreement among European powers as to the rights and duties of the association which has organized the free state, that we have a right to hope for success in the second stage of the work.

Indeed, the conception of this enterprise is so magnificent and so generous, that he must be a churl who does not feel his pulse beat quicker as he contemplates the meaning of the movement. We have seen in our day more than one attempt at supplanting force by reason; we have watched with pride the reference of international differences to the arbitration of philosophers instead of to the decision of the sword; we have seen this principle of arbitration working its way into law and business, until it looks to some hopeful minds as if Christianity were to do among its members what the church was bidden to do in the beginning, and attempted on a large scale under ecclesiastical *régime*, but without ultimate success. But here is a fair beginning of an even nobler work. If it fail, as it may fail, it will yet have given a dream so substantial a realization as to make it one of the most stimulating facts of this century.

For as to construct is higher than to adjust, so an international compact which looks to the orderly establishment of a new force in civilization means more than an international agreement to avoid a quarrel. The experiments made by a voluntary society have so far succeeded that this society has received the sanction of the great powers, and may be regarded as the first considerable attempt at coöperation as applied to government. The common sense of men looks with distrust upon any coöperation of governments which aims at a protectorate of a weak power, although the present condition of Greece is a faint argument in favor of such action. Still, such a protectorate is a choice of evils. In the case of the Congo Free State, the conditions are wholly different. A vast territory, occupied by a number of isolated tribes and clans having no natural bond of union, unless it be a common danger from a common foe, comes under the guardianship of an association which holds representatives from the several great powers. It is to be conquered, not by war, but by peace. The powers agree upon the boundaries of the state; by mutual concessions

they remove beforehand occasions for dispute. This vast territory is to be entered and occupied, but only with due consideration for the rights of those already on its soil.

Mr. Stanley in his brave enthusiasm perceives in this movement the redemption of Central Africa, and it is this thought which stirs our generous hope. He welcomes the missionary to the region thus laid open, and he recognizes, as who could more justly? the important work which this agent of Christendom has to accomplish in the lives of the men occupying the Congo basin. But, though he nowhere makes the assertion in so many words, he evidently counts trade and the merchant as implicit Christian forces. Canon Fremantle, whose eloquent Bampton lectures so emphatically present this view, would welcome with acclamation the splendid reinforcement which the foundation of the Congo Free State brings to his argument. There is a most interesting illustration offered by Mr. Stanley in the conversion of a treacherous African chief from a state of masked hostility into one of open, even if still slightly suspicious friendship, which tells volumes. If the facts with regard to Ngalyema are correct, we have in his case an admirable example of what honesty, justice, and friendliness can do, mingled with some clever diplomacy, and of the stuff out of which good Africans can be made. Mr. Stanley's estimate of Congo native ability is high, but it has reference mainly to ability in trade.

"In the management of a bargain," he says, "I should back the Congoese native against Jew or Christian, Parsee or Banyan, in all the round world. Unthinking men may perhaps say cleverness at barter and shrewdness in trade consort not with their unsophisticated condition and degraded customs. Unsophisticated is the very last term I should ever apply to an African child or man in connection with the knowledge of how to trade. Apply the term if you please to yourself or to a Red Indian, but it is utterly inapplicable to an African, and this is my seventeenth year of acquaintance with him. I have seen a child of eight do more tricks of trade in an hour than the cleverest European trader on the Congo could do in a month. There is a little boy at Bolobo, aged six, named Lingenji, who would make more profit out of a pound's worth of cloth than an English boy of fifteen would make out of ten pounds' worth. Therefore when I write of a Congo native, whether he is of the Bakongo, Byyanzi, or Bateké tribes, remember to associate him with an almost inconceivable amount of natural shrewdness, and power of indomitable and untiring chaffer."

Here then is the foundation of character upon which to build, and inasmuch as the plans of the new state have been formed more with reference to trading than to settlement, it is reasonable to demand that trade should serve as a redemptive agency. If it be not so, if the association has been organized only to facilitate selfishness and greed, then we look for a speedy collapse of the entire fabric. The experience of Stanley at Bolobo would be repeated in the whole province, and with no such satisfactory conclusion. Under honorable and wise management, the growth of the country in stability and prosperity can hardly be doubted. Stanley pictures the possible future when he writes of his own experience in a portion of his trip up the Congo: —

"The natives all along both banks have been easily won to friendly intercourse, and every camp is a scene of marketing. Nothing has transpired to mar the mutual good feeling that prevails. Our advance being necessarily slow, the country becomes, as we may say, civilized. The steamers passing up and down continually speak for us in

a clearer manner than we could ever hope to employ. They seem to be taken as harbingers of trade; of barter, not of trouble. 'A'kumbi, kumbi!' — boat, boat — is no sooner seen ascending than it is immediately welcomed with shouts from people who have come from the hill summits, and have gathered on the banks to view the novel phenomenon of a boat self-impelled against a current which has oftentimes tired their muscles. But by the time that the tenth voyage is made, it has become a commonplace sight, meaning barter and profit. No wonder that every step we take is made amid welcoming cries and friendly greetings."

It is true that no real redemption of Central Africa can be effected through the agency of trade alone; and a government by committee for the purpose of securing free trade is hardly the ultimate instrument of social development. But the growth of trade implies the further cultivation of the resources contained in Africa, and these are not limited to elephant tusks. Mr. Stanley seems a little apt to run riot when computing the riches of his favorite country, and some of his vaticinations remind one of the tales which the early explorers of America carried back to Europe; but after all, the conditions of wealth are there, and as America has disclosed something greater than, though different from, what Europe dreamed, so Africa has a fair chance to dwarf the stature of the International African Association.

The case of the Congo Free State certainly is different from that of any historical venture with which it may be likened. It can scarcely be a repetition in any way of the history of modern India. The association which is helping it into life is weak in material resources from the very fact that it represents not one powerful European nation, but all Europe; that which makes it strong morally makes it feeble as a mere brute power. It has to deal also with barbaric peoples, and it must be long before it can educate these into the semblance of political union. Nor is there much more in common between the association and the Hudson Bay Company. The latter dealt indeed with savages, but it was a close corporation, carefully sealing its vast territory from access to any but its own servants. Its policy was to keep that country a wilderness, a vast preserve for fur-bearing animals, with dusky Indians, guiltless of trade instincts, for hunters and trappers. The life of the Congo Free State is in the openness of its transactions and the freedom with which its destiny is wrought out in the eyes of Europe.

We can scarcely look for any such migration to the basin of the Congo as has for the past three centuries been binding Europe and America together. Hence the problems of the country will be worked out on different lines. This may safely be predicted, that no development of Africa politically from exterior sources can be other than provisional. Yet it may be that the seeds of civilization will be planted in numbers of local, self-governing communities, like the Roman *coloniæ* in their attitude toward the barbaric tribes among which they are placed, and it is to this colonization of savage Europe by the Romans that we must go back for the most instructive parallel. The difference is largely in the kind of political power lying behind the two orders of settlements. Behind the coloniæ was the Roman *imperium;* behind the stations is the moral and commercial rather than the political support of the modern association. Yet in general lines of policy there is much in common. It is significant that the first act of this Congo expedition was to build roads; its second or companion one to found stations. These stations are unmilitary; they are trading-posts, but they contain the germs

of foreign civilization which may yet fructify in the midst of the wild human nature. It is significant also that the vanguard of this peaceful army of civilization was a body of Africans from the east coast, officered by Europeans. It is a good omen. The world of Christendom may indeed be raising Africa out of its dark morass, but it can do so finally and firmly only through the aid of Africans themselves.

We have only one contribution to make to the solution of this problem of African civilization, which Mr. Stanley and his associates so nobly propound. It is this, that these stations should also present the spectacle of orderly, permanent homes. It is not unnatural that the pioneer movement should be represented by young, unmarried men. It agrees with most trading-house traditions that such men should constitute the working force, occupying the field for a term of years and supplanted or reinforced by other young men. The golden opportunity of the International Association of the Congo lies in its breaking away absolutely from all these traditions and insisting upon the transplantation to its stations of the family life. This is the salt which will preserve the high purposes with which it has set out. Without it, or with this salt losing its savor, there can scarcely fail to be a degeneracy of purpose and achievement. The history of all colonial enterprises has this truth written across it in imperishable lines.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Is it not comforting to discover, as life goes on, that much of the evil we encounter in various shapes is due not so much to moral deficiencies as to intellectual ones? It is surely less painful to perceive that a friend is duller in mind than we have supposed than that he is colder in heart; stupidity, trying as it may be, is after all more bearable than simple selfishness. It may be a while before we learn to comprehend the fact of such mental limitations in our friend, but when we have once recognized clearly that the fault lies with his head and not his heart, the worst sting is gone from any wound he may give. If there has been a puzzling inconsistency of conduct in those to whom we have naturally looked for understanding and sympathy, we may come to see that the inconsistency is only apparent; the affection is sincere which they have testified at certain times for us, notwithstanding all that has appeared to belie it at other times when we equally expected its manifestation. A certain friend fails to respond to my tacit appeal for sympathy, but it is because he does not understand that I can possibly be in want of it; even though my call be outspoken, the fact of need is perhaps all that he perceives, — the need itself it is beyond his imagination to conceive truly. Some people, that is, through defect of mental constitution, are able to comprehend only what personal experience has taught them, and we might just as well ask them to translate for us out of a tongue unknown to them, as require their sympathy in trials they have never themselves passed through. And it is as unreasonable in us to complain of their incapacity in the one case as in the other. Perhaps your friend attempts in a blind way to enter into your situation, and his words do but show how wide of the mark he is, while, like an unskilled touch upon a bruised spot

or an inflamed wound, his well-meant phrases increase the pain or irritation of your feelings. He is not sensitive himself to what affects you so deeply, so how can he guess that he is hurting you?

The force of words is something that many minds do not estimate exactly, and this accounts for the fact that even our nearest and dearest sometimes fail to get any true impression of the state of things with us. And for the same reason words of theirs may come upon us like a blow without the slightest intention of injury on their part. If this be true with regard to those with whom we hold intimate relations, it is certainly likely to be true with regard to indifferent persons. And I think the plea of "invincible ignorance" may be allowed, to a degree, in the case of positive offenses as well. If we are willing to overlook the incivility of a person whom we know has been without advantages of polite breeding, ought we not to be magnanimous enough to pardon something to one whose moral breeding has been neglected? Out of revenge for a fancied wrong, or simply from an unreasoning antipathy, a man attempts to do me harm by quite unjustifiable methods, — perhaps comes and insults me "to my face," as the saying is. Of course I have every right to protect myself against his machinations, and if possible to bring him to a sense that his mode of attack is unwarrantable; yet ought I in fairness to judge him as hardly as I would a man educated according to a higher moral code? Probably his action does not appear to him the dastardly thing it does to me; he thinks it all fair enough, and that I would adopt the same mode of warfare were our positions reversed. He may mean to insult me, but it is just as likely he does not mean to; the tone, the language he uses, do not in his eyes carry with them the implication I find in them. "We must forgive our enemies, but not till they are hanged," said Heine; and there is no harm in amusing ourselves by applying the epigram to our personal foes, while we are sure that we have no intention of acting upon it. The amount of conscious and willful wrong-doing in the world which we must meet and combat in the interest of truth and righteousness is so great, that it is immense gain to be at leisure from private hostilities and harassments, and free to use all our fighting strength where it is most wanted.

— Though I greatly admire the masterly way in which the "poet's poet" manages the death of the lion, I have always felt that the noble brute might have been spared the "thrilling point of deadly yron brand" which "launcht his lordly hart." The zoölogical probabilities in the case of Una and the Lion would seem to warrant a different, if not less harrowing, sequel, — something, perhaps, like the following. (Scene, — a wilderness on a remote border of the realm swayed by the Faërie Queene.)

There, as the royall beast in slomber lay,
His yellow mane all in the sunne dispred,
I lightly smote him with my launcegay;
Whereat he sluggishly upreared his hed,
As one that had on dainty meates bene fed
Ere he in Morpheus webby toiles was caught.
Though erst I had bene sore disquieted,
His gentle mien great corage in me wrought,
And, "Lyon, where is Una?" thus I him besought.

Then gan that mightie beast to quake and quayle,
To make his voice full pittifull and small,
To start, to stop, as loath to tell the tale:
"Fayre Una is — but death must come to all,
Or in the thatched hut or loftie hall!
Here wandring, farre from peace and safties port,
Despite my care a thousand ills might fall;
Wherefore, to save her from all scath and tort,
Paynim, I steeled my hart — I ate her up, in short!"

— In this "era of good feeling" between the North and South, it is a matter of regret that we dwellers in New England do not come into friendly and intimate relations with a certain family living below latitude 40°.

It is only in the months of August and September that they are ready for

company, and during those months we keep to our own seasides and mountains; so it is only in the pages of our encyclopædias that we have met the *mantis religiosa*, and the dry, technical description found there gives one no idea of the curious, grotesque, vivacious little creature, with his slender body, long, thin neck surmounted by a small three-cornered head with bright eyes and long feelers (just like a child's picture of a cat's face), his fore-legs or arms which he folds up and raises nearly to his chin, while the whole body has a slow, swaying motion, not unlike the enthusiast at a camp-meeting who is getting the power! If he is hungry while maintaining this sanctimonious attitude, and a fly comes in his way, quick as a flash those long arms seize and hold it while every part of it is eaten; the wings first, and then the legs, thus precluding the possibility of the victim's escape. These insects have two pairs of legs for locomotion, besides this pair devoted to attitudinizing and fly-catching. Their sense of hearing is very acute, and it is interesting to see them turn their heads at the sound of your voice, and look at you in a way that is almost human.

One day, a specimen of this "praying mantis" went to church on a lady's bonnet, and one would think it was no more out of place than the various beetles and bugs so much in fashion now; but when the little creature cocked its head and craned its neck, and looked at the minister and all the people, and, as the choir began to sing at the other end of the church, deliberately turned around with clasped hands to "face the music," the attention of the devout worshipers was so diverted as to prove conclusively that it *was* out of place.

They are ordinarily quiet and peaceable, remaining on one bush for days or weeks; but candor compels me to state that they are also good fighters, as they often fall to and eat one another.

Two or three years ago I carried a pair of these "rear-horses" (as they are generally called) to New Hampshire, to an old friend, who remembered them as her early playfellows in Florida. At the end of the two days' journey they were very inactive, and would not eat the most tempting fly offered; but a drop of water from my stylo-filler was greedily taken, with revivifying effect. They would put their noses into it and drink until it was gone, like a horse at a watering-trough.

They excited great interest and curiosity, and being placed on a rose-bush seemed happy in their new home; but I left them with many misgivings lest the cold nights should shorten their brief span of life.

However, they had fulfilled a mission, and perhaps were reconciled to a summary taking-off by that consciousness. I am sure they would have been, if they had known that they were to be preserved in the collection of the Natural History Society of the village.

— There are certain popular maxims, of specious logic and morality, which one would hardly wish to authorize seriously as the sum of his own philosophy and practice. Among these maxims might be reckoned the following: "There is no great loss without some small gain." Probably this saying was intended to convey the idea of a cheerful acquiescence in one's lot and a happy adaptability to circumstances; but, critically tested, does it not discover a lurking instinct for expediency, a touch of spurious optimism? Youth, the generous, the courageous, the uncompromising, never evolved this system of solacement; 't was invented, if we may hazard a guess, by middle age, studious of reaping thrift, if possible, from its own chagrins and disappointments. But Montaigne observes, with an engaging candor and willfulness, "For my part, I have a yet worse custom: that if my shoe go awry, I let my shirt and my cloak do so, too; I scorn

to mend myself by halves; when I am out of order I feed on mischief; I abandon myself through despair, and let myself go towards the precipice, and, as the saying is, throw the helve after the hatchet." This generous recklessness touches a sympathetic human nature in us, however different may be the line of our practice.

No great loss without some small gain. Are we, then, so meanly economical that we cannot afford to realize our great loss, that we have no spirit for complete, tragic indigence, but secretly expect that the loss will be reduced by a purse of small coin made up for us by trifling lucky fortuities which may follow the stroke of our supreme disaster? It is much the same as though we should turn pilferers of our own household goods in the confusion of a great fire, or as though we had made off with the flotsam of our own merchandise in the last great storm that drove wrecks upon our coast.

Though we are of a mind to make the best of things, no cheap optimism satisfies us. "Resignation is noble only as a last resort." In a sense, we will, first of all, make the worst o. things, stoutly fronting the situation, refusing to do aught but count loss as pure loss, pain as pain, and error as error. We would not be hoodwinked with the pleasant notion that by some benevolent hocus-pocus of circumstances our thistles are to be made to produce figs. Especially, if folly or inadvertence of ours is responsible for the calamity with which we are burdened, seek not to console us by the promise of "small gains." We will have our honest grief and honest penitence *clear*, — not attempt to medicate them. Though we may have been pound foolish, we will not now be penny wise.

It is to be observed that some of these unlovely old maxims improve greatly by turning. Is there not melioration in Valor is the better part of discretion, and is there not a nice distinction between Honesty is the best policy, and The best policy is honesty? Take the converse of the present theme, and we have, There is no small gain without some great loss, — of the truth of which those who follow trivial aims do bear unconscious witness.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Biography. General Gordon: the Christian Hero. (Crowell.) This is a sketch of Gordon's life, intended apparently for young people, though it is rarely condescending. The title, we suspect, is to catch readers. It will naturally repel some who dislike to see Christianity made a catchpenny. Curiously, the writer has omitted almost entirely those vagaries, as some would call them, those deep religious exercises, according to others, which are identified with Gordon's name. — Lives of Greek Statesmen, Solon — Themistokles, by the Rev. Sir George W. Cox. (Harpers.) The author, noting the strong mark of individuality in Greek history, has undertaken to give the main lines of that history in a series of biographic sketches. This volume carries the history down to the close of the war with Persia. The fullness of the author's knowledge and his insight render the book one of value and suggestiveness. — Victor Hugo and his Time, by Alfred Barbou, illustrated with 120 drawings by various artists, and many by Hugo himself. Translated by Ellen E. Frewer. (Harpers.) One of the Franklin Square Library numbers, full of entertaining bricabrac about Hugo, and with abominably printed pictures. — The third volume of Leslie Stephen's Dictionary of National Biography (Macmillan) has fewer noticeable articles than the previous volumes. It has, however, among others, a striking and somewhat eulogistic sketch of Richard Baxter, by A. B. Grosart, an interesting account of Baskerville, and one on Isaac Barrow. In general, we find the treatment fresh and unhackneyed. There is a disposition to go beyond the strictly biographic facts, and to make estimates more or less full. We do not quarrel with this when a fair-minded editor is at the helm. The value of biographic sketches is largely in the sug-

gestion which they give of the impression made by the character on the time in which the biographer writes. — The Life and Letters of Emery Upton has been prepared by Peter S. Michie, of West Point (Appletons), and gives a good view of a man whose name is known chiefly by his Tactics, by his command at West Point, and by his military observations in Europe. The circumstances of his death made a painful impression upon people at the time, but the explanation given in this volume only heightens the respect and admiration which one has of a noble soldier. The book is written in full sympathy with General Upton's religious nature, and the character of the man as brought out in the work is one which the nation may well be glad to have on record. — The volume of Charles T. Brooks's remains (Roberts) has its chief value in the long and very readable biographic sketch by Charles W. Wendte. Mr. Brooks was so shy and secluded a man that the biographer has done well in making his sketch largely illustrative of his delightful manners and of the society which he chose for himself. Indeed, we suspect that the volume will be valued in after years for its very agreeable glimpses of refined life in New England. The selection of poems, made by W. P. Andrews, gives a cross-section of Mr. Brooks's intellect. — The Life and Times of John Kelly, Tribune of the People, by J. Fairfax McLaughlin, A. M. With portraits in artotype, taken at thirty-five, fifty, and fifty-eight years of age. (American News Co.) This delicious title-page has also a noble quotation from the lips of the late Alexander H. Stephens: "I regard John Kelly as the ablest, purest, and truest statesman that I have ever met with from New York." We have been so fascinated by this title-page and the portrait facing it, with its motto, "Accept for yourself my esteem and affection, Yours truly, John Kelly," that we have found it difficult to get farther with the book. The "Times" of John Kelly! What high old times they were! "Tribune of the People!" Would n't Lictor have been just as Roman and more lifelike? Then what a fine lot of New York acquaintances Mr. Stephens must have enjoyed! The book is almost as interesting as the title-page. There is a splendid Tammany rage in its rhetoric. "Then Kelly rose with fire in his eye, and hurled back the charge in such manner as to satisfy the whole House, and Marshall in particular, that the barbaric passion for war, however held in subjection at other times, now glowed in the bosom of the New York member with irresistible fierceness." There is ever so much more just as good.

History. The History of the Christian Church during the Middle Ages, with a summary of the Reformation, by Philip Smith (Harpers), is one of the well-known Student's Series; and while it is a judicial and intentionally unbiased history, intended not for theological students, but for all who wish to follow its important lines, it will serve the best purpose as a convenient book of reference. — An Inglorious Columbus, or Evidence that Hui Shăn and a party of Buddhist monks from Afghanistan discovered America in the Fifth Century, A. D., by Edward P. Vining. (Appleton.) Mr. Vining has made a big book out of material which hitherto has been used either for little books or for chapters. He has thus made his argument more weighty. The conclusion he reaches is not impossible, but the Chinese language always seems of the most elastic character, capable of meaning anything or nothing. It reminds one of the old-fashioned language of flowers, which was exceedingly expressive — to those who used it. — The Creoles of History and the Creoles of Romance is a lecture delivered by Hon. Charles Gayarré (Armand & Hawkins, New Orleans), and devoted mainly to an angry attack on Mr. Cable's Grandissimes. — Francis Bacon, An Account of his Life and Works, by Edwin A. Abbott (Macmillan & Co.), is an admirable summing up of the public and private career of the author of the Novum Organum. — Estes & Lauriat have brought out a neat popular edition of Rambaud's History of Russia, translated by L. B. Lang and edited and enlarged by N. H. Dole, who contributes an enteresting chapter on the Turko-Russian War of 1877–78. Until now this work in English has been unattainable, except in a very expensive form. — Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, have issued a new edition of Col. George Chesney's The Battle of Dorking. As the time for the facts has not yet come off, there is no later intelligence in this edition.

Fiction. The Bar-Sinister, a social study (Cassell): a novel, the scenes of which are laid chiefly in Salt Lake City. The author has a superficial cleverness, but he has turned a perplexing and revolting problem into a mere occasion for telling a story. The story itself is in its essence no more instructive than any other story of marital infidelity; the Mormonism merely changes the form of the evil. The book is not even a tract against Mormonism, as the author appears to think. — The Maurice Mystery, by John Esten Cooke. (Appleton.) Pistols in the first chapter. Mr. Cooke evidently does not mean that his readers shall go to sleep when they begin his book, and he winds in and out of his mystery with a dexterity which reminds one that the novelist is an old hand at this business of keeping the denouement till he is ready for it. — Struck Down, by Hawley Smart. (Appleton.) Pistols in the second chapter, and the conclusion of the trial as usual in the last. Captain Smart is a somewhat more modern novelist than Mr. Cooke, and he has an English swagger in his style which our American with his courtesy lacks. — A Nemesis, or Tinted Vapors, by J. Maclaren Cobban (Appleton), is a tale of an unconscious countess, a curate in Lancashire, mystery, and love. — An Old Maid's Paradise, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (Houghton), is a piece of sprightliness, with an occasional lapse into serious impressions of a summer in a half-solitary seashore house. The old maid, who makes an improvised home on the sands, is not too old for so much folly as goes toward a prankish assertion of her independence. — Recent numbers of Harper's Handy Series are Uncle Jack and other stories, by Walter Besant; John Needham's Double, by Joseph Hatton; The Waters of Hercules; and She 's All the World to Me, by Hall Caine, who is making a reputation for himself, though it is founded

somewhat upon a quicksand. — A Millionaire's Cousin, by Emily Lawless (Holt), is a lively story, most of the scenes of which are laid in Algiers. There is a briskness about the telling which takes the place of the otherwise necessary humor. — The Story of a Short Life will be read with special interest as the latest published work of a writer, Mrs. Juliana H. Ewing, who was beginning to reap a harvest of praise. Like Jackanapes, and other of her little books, this is a condensed novel, having for its special hero a boy, and carrying a substantial moral. It has the animation, the fine feeling, the occasionally dangerous excess of sentiment, and the earnestness under a cloak of fun of this clever writer. The illustrations are not so good as those in her other books. (S. P. C. K., E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York.) — Kaméhaméha, the Conquering King: the mystery of his birth, loves, and conquests: a romance of Hawáii, by C. M. Newell. (Putnams.) Mr. Newell, in making a high cockolorum romance of the King of the Sandwich Islands, repeats in literature the feat of the English commissioners, when they sent out a crown with which to give dignity to the head of the "Emperor" Powhatan.

Science and Semi-Science. In The Handbook of Physiognomy, by Rosa Baughan (Redway, London), one may read in brief and calm sentences the prescriptions by which the attentive man may turn all the people whom he meets inside out. The work would not be a bad one to use as a primer in the future school for the education of novelists. — Cholera, its nature, symptoms, history, cause, and prevention, with an outline review of the germ theory of disease, by J. B. McConnell, M. D. (Robert Miller, Son & Co., Montreal), is a lecture of forty pages, which does not profess to do more than sum up the generally accepted views on the subject discussed. — Ocean and Air Currents, by Thomas D. Smellie (John Smith & Son, Glasgow), is a pamphlet which undertakes to set forth the correspondence of these two currents. — The fiftieth volume of the International Scientific Series is The Common Sense of the Exact Sciences, by the late William Kingdom Clifford. So the title-page states, but the preface explains more at length the state in which Clifford left the book, and in what the editing consisted. The editor, K. P., gives sufficient clue to the initiated to identify him, but we think he would have acted more in accordance with Clifford's nature if he had printed his name in full.

Travel and Nature. The Angler's Guide-Book and Tourist's Gazetteer of the Fishing Waters of the United States and Canada, 1885. Compiled and edited by William C. Harris. (The American Angler, New York.) There is no rest for the fishes now. Here is a directory to some 7000 angling waters, with particulars as to the kind of game to be found in each. It tells how to reach the point, the best months for fishing, the bait to be used, and sundry other particulars, all methodically set down. — The Land of Rip Van Winkle, by A. P. Searing (Putnams), is a cheaper edition of the handsome holiday book published last year. It is a pleasant, familiar description of a tour through the romantic parts of the Catskills, with its legends and traditions. The panorama and other illustrations are interesting and often helpful. — A Naturalist's Wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago, a narrative of travel and exploration, from 1878 to 1883, by Henry O. Forbes. (Harpers.) Mr. Forbes had a comparatively fresh field to occupy in some of the islands which he visited, especially the Timor-laut Islands and Timor, and since he traveled as a naturalist his book is more than a mere record of adventures. It is well printed, with maps and illustrations, and if lacking in literary merit has the more important qualities, in appearance, of truthfulness and simplicity.

Literature. The second author in Mr. Bullen's superb series of The English Dramatists (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is Thomas Middleton, whose complete works will be comprised in eight volumes, the first four of which are now published. This edition embraces several interesting pieces not to be found in Dyce's collection of Middleton's writings. Mr. Bullen, whose careful editing is obvious on every page of the present work, contributes a very valuable introduction. — Discourses in America by Matthew Arnold (Macmillan & Co.) embraces the three memorable lectures recently delivered by the author in this country — Numbers, or the Majority and the Remnant; Literature and Science, and Emerson. The volume, which is uniform with Macmillan's very neat edition of Arnold's Works, contains a preface written in a vein that makes its brevity tantalizing.

Domestic Economy. Virginia Cookery-Book, compiled by Mary Stuart Smith. (Harpers.) This volume, which is modestly heralded by the compiler, is intended to preserve the traditions of good cooking as held in a comfortable Virginia family. It has the appearance of being reasonable, and is, we are glad to see, free from any remarks on etiquette. It does not even provide the ambitious hostess with a *menu* for a dinner-party. It is a plain, honest cookery-book. — The Chemistry of Cookery, by Mattieu Williams. (Appleton.) Herein the diligent housewife will understand the reason why of much of her work, and add to her knowledge patience, and to patience a satisfaction in making her work not only one of the fine arts, but a scientific process. The book really is readable and free from pedantry.

Bibliography. Stevens's Historical Nuggets (Henry Stevens & Son, London) begins its third volume with a descriptive account of the collection of books relating to America which belong to the firm. The first number, consisting of eighty pages, carries the list to "American Continental Congress." The prices are marked, but the list is much more than a mere bookseller's catalogue.

Poetry. The Earl of Lytton's Glenaveril, or the Metamorphoses, is now complete in its six books. (Appleton.) — Mr Edwin Arnold has done a real favor to English-speaking people by giving a metrical translation of the Bhagavad-gîtâ. The Song Celestial is the title of the volume (Roberts), and it will help to popularize what already was accessible in a prose form. A literature, like a nation, gains by the naturalization of foreigners.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LVI. — NOVEMBER, 1885. — No. CCCXXXVII.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK FIRST.

VIII.

Paul Muniment took a match out of his pocket and lighted it on the sole of his shoe; after which he applied it to a tallow candle which stood in a tin receptacle on the low mantel-shelf. This enabled Hyacinth to perceive a narrow bed in a corner, and a small figure stretched upon it — a figure revealed to him mainly by the bright fixedness of a pair of large eyes, of which the whites were sharply contrasted with the dark pupil, and which gazed at him across a counterpane of gaudy patchwork. The brown room seemed crowded with heterogeneous objects, and had, moreover, for Hyacinth, thanks to a multitude of small prints, both plain and colored, fastened all over the walls, a highly decorated appearance. The little person in the corner had the air of having gone to bed in a picture-gallery, and as soon as Hyacinth became aware of this his impression deepened that Paul Muniment and his sister were very remarkable people. Lady Aurora hovered before him with a kind of drooping erectness, laughing a good deal, vaguely and shyly, as if there were something rather awkward in her being found still on the premises. "Rosy, girl, I 've brought you a visitor," Paul Muniment said. "This young man has walked all the way from Lisson Grove to make your acquaintance." Rosy continued to look at Hyacinth from over her counterpane, and he felt slightly embarrassed, for he had never yet been presented to a young lady in her position. "You must n't mind her being in bed — she 's always in bed," her brother went on. "She 's in bed just the same as a little trout is in the water."

"Dear me, if I did n't receive company because I was in bed, there would n't be much use, would there, Lady Aurora?"

Rosy made this inquiry in a light, gay tone, darting her brilliant eyes at her companion, who replied, instantly, with still greater hilarity, and in a voice which struck Hyacinth as strange and affected, "Oh, dear, no, it seems quite the natural place!" Then she added, "And it 's such a pretty bed, such a comfortable bed!"

"Indeed it is, when your ladyship makes it up," said Rosy; while Hyacinth wondered at this strange phenomenon of a peer's daughter (for he knew she must be that) performing the functions of a housemaid.

"I say, now, you have n't been doing that again to-day?" Muniment asked, punching the mattress of the invalid with a vigorous hand.

Copyright, 1885, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Pray, who would, if I did n't?" Lady Aurora inquired. "It only takes a minute, if one knows how." Her manner was jocosely apologetic, and she seemed to plead guilty to having been absurd; in the dim light Hyacinth thought he saw her blush, as if she were much embarrassed. In spite of her blushing, her appearance and manner suggested to him a personage in a comedy. She sounded the letter *r* peculiarly.

"I can do it, beautifully. I often do it, when Mrs. Major does n't come up," Paul Muniment said, continuing to thump his sister's couch in an appreciative but somewhat subversive manner.

"Oh, I have no doubt whatever!" Lady Aurora exclaimed, quickly. "Mrs. Major must have so very much to do."

"Not in the making-up of beds, I 'm afraid; there are only two or three, down there, for so many," Paul Muniment remarked, loudly, and with a kind of incongruous cheerfulness.

"Yes, I have thought a great deal about that. But there would n't be room for more, you know," said Lady Aurora, this time in a very serious tone.

"There 's not much room for a family of that sort anywhere — thirteen people, of all ages and sizes," the young man rejoined. "The world 's pretty big, but there does n't seem room."

"We are also thirteen at home," said Lady Aurora, laughing again. "We are also rather crowded."

"Surely you don't mean at Inglefield?" Rosy inquired, eagerly, in her dusky nook.

"I don't know about Inglefield. I am so much in town." Hyacinth could see that Inglefield was a subject she wished to turn off, and to do so she added, "We too are of all ages and sizes."

"Well, it 's fortunate you are not all *your* size!" Paul Muniment exclaimed, with a freedom at which Hyacinth was rather shocked, and which led him to suspect that, though his new friend was a very fine fellow, a delicate tact was not his main characteristic. Later, he explained this by the fact that he was rural and provincial, and had not had, like himself, the benefit of metropolitan culture; and later still, he asked himself what, after all, such a character as that had to do with tact or with compliments, and why its work in the world was not most properly performed by the simple exercise of a rude, manly strength.

At this familiar allusion to her stature Lady Aurora turned hither and thither, a little confusedly; Hyacinth saw her high, lean figure sway to and fro in the dim little room. Her commotion carried her to the door, and with ejaculations of which it was difficult to guess the meaning she was about to depart, when Rosy detained her, having evidently much more social art than Paul. "Don't you see it 's only because her ladyship is standing up that she 's so, you gump? We are not thirteen, at any rate, and we have got all the furniture we want, so that there 's a chair for every one. Do be seated again, Lady Aurora, and help me to entertain this gentleman. I don't know your name, sir; perhaps my brother will mention it when he has collected his wits. I am very glad to see you, though I don't see you very well. Why should n't we light one of her ladyship's candles? It 's very different from that common thing."

Hyacinth thought Miss Muniment very charming: he had begun to make her out better by this time, and he watched her little wan, pointed face, framed, on the pillow, by thick black hair. She was a diminutive, dark person, pale and wasted with a lifelong infirmity. Hyacinth thought her manner denoted high cleverness; he judged it impossible to tell her age. Lady Aurora said she ought to have gone, long since; but she seated herself, neverthe-

less, on the chair that Paul pushed toward her.

"Here's a go!" this young man exclaimed. "You told me your name, but I've clean forgotten it." Then, when Paul had announced it again, he said to his sister, "That won't tell you much; there are bushels of Robinsons in the north. But you'll like him; he's a very smart little fellow; I met him at the Poupins'." "Puppin" would represent the sound by which he designated the French bookbinder, and that was the name by which Hyacinth always heard him called at Mr. Crookenden's. Hyacinth knew how much nearer to the right thing he himself came.

"Your name, like mine, represents a flower," said the little woman in the bed. "Mine is Rose Muniment, and her ladyship's is Aurora Langrish. That means the morning, or the dawn; it's the most beautiful of all, don't you think so?" Rose Muniment addressed this inquiry to Hyacinth, while Lady Aurora gazed at her shyly and mutely, as if she admired her manner, her self-possession and flow of conversation. Her brother lighted one of the visitor's candles, and the girl went on, without waiting for Hyacinth's response: "Isn't it right that she should be called the dawn, when she brings light where she goes? The Puppins are the charming foreigners I have told you about," she explained to her friend.

"Oh, it's so pleasant knowing a few foreigners!" Lady Aurora exclaimed, with a spasm of expression. "They are often so very fresh."

"Mr. Robinson's a sort of foreigner, and he's very fresh," said Paul Muniment. "He meets Mr. Puppin quite on his own ground. If I had his command of the lingo it would give me a lift."

"I'm sure I should be very happy to help you with your French. I feel the advantage of knowing it," Hyacinth, remarked, finely, and became conscious that his declaration drew the attention of Lady Aurora towards him; so that he wondered what he could go on to say, to keep at that level. This was the first time he had encountered, socially, a member of that aristocracy to which he had now for a good while known it was Miss Pynsent's theory that he belonged; and the occasion was interesting, in spite of the lady's appearing to have so few of the qualities of her caste. She was about thirty years of age; her nose was large, and, in spite of the sudden retreat of her chin, her face was long and lean. She had the manner of extreme near-sightedness; her front teeth projected from her upper gums, which she revealed when she smiled, and her fair hair in tangled, silky skeins (Rose Muniment thought it too lovely) drooped over her pink cheeks. Her clothes looked as if she had worn them a good deal in the rain, and the note of a certain disrepair in her apparel was given by a hole in one of her black gloves, through which a white finger gleamed. She was plain and diffident, and she might have been poor; but in the fine grain and sloping, shrinking slimness of her whole person, the delicacy of her curious features, and a kind of cultivated quality in her sweet, vague, civil expression there was a suggestion of race, of long transmission, of an organism highly evolved. She was not a common woman; she was one of the caprices of an aristocracy. Hyacinth did not define her in this manner to himself, but he received from her the impression that, though she was a simple creature (which he learned later she was not), aristocracies were complicated things. Lady Aurora remarked that there were many delightful books in French, and Hyacinth rejoined that it was a torment to know that (as he did, very well), when you did n't see your way to getting hold of them. This led Lady Aurora to say, after a moment's

hesitation, that she had a good lot of her own, and that if he liked she should be most happy to lend them to him. Hyacinth thanked her — thanked her even too much, and felt both the kindness and the brilliant promise of the offer (he knew the exasperation of having volumes in his hands, for external treatment, which he could n't take home at night, having tried that system, surreptitiously, during his first weeks at Mr. Crookenden's and come very near losing his place in consequence), while he wondered how it could be put into practice; whether she would expect him to call at her house and wait in the hall till the books were sent out to him. Rose Muniment exclaimed that that was her ladyship all over — always wanting to make up to people for being less fortunate than herself: she would take the shoes off her feet for any one that might take a fancy to them. At this the visitor declared that she would stop coming to see her, if the girl took her up, that way, for everything; and Rosy, without heeding this remonstrance, explained to Hyacinth that she thought it the least she could do to give what she had. She was so ashamed of being rich that she wondered the lower classes did n't break into Inglefield and take possession of all the treasures in the Italian room. She was a tremendous socialist; she was worse than any one — she was worse, even, than Paul.

"I wonder if she is worse than me," Hyacinth said, at a venture, not understanding the allusions to Inglefield and the Italian room, which Miss Muniment made as if she knew all about these places. After Hyacinth knew more of the world he remembered this tone of Muniment's sister (he was to have plenty of observation of it on other occasions) as that of a person who was in the habit of visiting the nobility at their country-seats; she talked about Inglefield as if she had stayed there.

"Hullo, I did n't know you were so advanced!" exclaimed Paul Muniment, who had been sitting silent, sidewise, in a chair that was too narrow for him, with his big arm hugging the back. "Have we been entertaining an angel unawares?"

Hyacinth seemed to see that he was laughing at him, but he knew the way to face that sort of thing was to exaggerate his meaning. "You did n't know I was advanced? Why, I thought that was the principal thing about me. I think I go about as far as it is possible to go."

"I thought the principal thing about you was that you knew French," Paul Muniment said, with a laugh which showed Hyacinth that he would n't put that ridicule upon him unless he liked him, at the same time that it revealed to him that he himself had just been posturing a little.

"Well, I don't know it for nothing. I 'll say something very sharp and clever to you, if you don't look out — just the sort of thing they say so much in French."

"Oh, do say something of that kind; we should enjoy it so much!" cried Rosy, in perfect good faith, clasping her hands in expectation.

The appeal was embarrassing, but Hyacinth was saved from the consequences of it by a remark from Lady Aurora, who quavered out the words after two or three false starts, appearing to address him, now that she spoke to him directly, with a sort of overdone consideration: "I should like so very much to know — it would be so interesting — if you don't mind — how far exactly you do go." She threw back her head very far, and thrust her shoulders forward, and if her chin had been more adapted to such a purpose would have appeared to point it at him.

This challenge was hardly less alarming than the other, for Hyacinth was far from having ascertained the extent of his advance. He replied, however,

with an earnestness with which he tried to make up as far as possible for his vagueness: "Well, I 'm very strong indeed. I think I see my way to conclusions from which even M. and Madame Poupin would shrink. Poupin, at any rate; I 'm not so sure about his wife."

"I should like so much to know Madame," Lady Aurora murmured, as if politeness demanded that she should content herself with this answer.

"Oh, Puppin is n't strong," said Muniment; "you can easily look over his head. He has a sweet assortment of phrases — they are really pretty things to hear, some of them; but he has n't had a new idea since 1848. It 's the old stock faded with being kept in the window. All the same, he warms one up; he has got a spark of the sacred fire. The principal conclusion that Mr. Robinson sees his way to," he added to Lady Aurora, "is that your father ought to have his head chopped off and carried on a pike."

"Ah, yes, the French Revolution."

"Heavens! I don't know anything about your father, ma'am!" Hyacinth interposed.

"Did n't you ever hear of the Earl of Inglefield?" cried Rose Muniment.

"He is one of the best," said Lady Aurora, as if she were pleading for him.

"Very likely, but he is a landlord, and he has an hereditary seat and a park of five thousand acres all to himself, while we are bundled together into this sort of kennel." Hyacinth admired the young man's consistency until he saw that he was chaffing; after which he still admired the way he mixed up merriment with the tremendous opinions our hero was sure he entertained. In his own imagination Hyacinth associated bitterness with the revolutionary passion; but the young chemist, at the same time that he was planning far ahead, seemed capable of turning revolutionists themselves into ridicule, even for the entertainment of the revolutionized.

"Well, I have told you often enough that I don't go with you at all," said Rose Muniment, whose recumbency appeared not in the least to interfere with her vivacity. "You 'll make a tremendous mistake if you try to turn everything round. There ought to be differences, and high and low, and there always will be, true as ever I lie here. I think it 's against everything, pulling down them that 's above."

"Everything points to great changes in this country, but if once our Rosy 's again' them, how can you be sure? That 's the only thing that makes me doubt," her brother went on, looking at her with a placidity which showed the habit of indulgence.

"Well, I may be ill, but I ain't buried, and if I 'm content with my position — such a position as it is — surely other folk might be with theirs. Her ladyship may think I 'm as good as her, if she takes that notion; but she 'll have a deal to do to make *me* believe it."

"I think you are much better than I, and I know very few people so good as you," Lady Aurora remarked, blushing, not for her opinions, but for her timidity. It was easy to see that, though she was original, she would have liked to be even more original than she was. She was conscious, however, that such a declaration might appear rather gross to persons who did n't see exactly how she meant it, so she added, as quickly as her hesitating manner permitted, to cover it up, "You know there 's one thing you ought to remember, apropos of revolutions and changes and all that sort of thing; I just mention it because we were talking of some of the dreadful things that were done in France. If there were to be a great disturbance in this country — and of course one hopes there won't — it would be my impression that the people would behave in a different way altogether."

"What people do you mean?" Hyacinth allowed himself to inquire.

"Oh, the upper class, the people that have got all the things."

"We don't call them the people," observed Hyacinth, reflecting the next instant that his remark was a little primitive.

"I suppose you call them the wretches, the villains!" Rose Muniment suggested, laughing merrily.

"All the things, but not all the brains," her brother said.

"No, indeed, are n't they stupid?" exclaimed her ladyship. "All the same, I don't think they would go abroad."

"Go abroad?"

"I mean like the French nobles, who emigrated so much. They would stay at home and resist; they would make more of a fight. I think they would fight very hard."

"I 'm delighted to hear it, and I 'm sure they would win!" cried Rosy.

"They would n't collapse, don't you know," Lady Aurora continued. "They would struggle till they were beaten."

"And you think they would be beaten in the end?" Hyacinth asked.

"Oh, dear, yes," she replied, with a familiar brevity at which he was greatly surprised. "But of course one hopes it won't happen."

"I infer from what you say that they talk it over a good deal among themselves, to settle the line they will take," said Paul Muniment.

But Rosy cut in before Lady Aurora could answer. "I think it 's wicked to talk it over, and I 'm sure we have n't any business to talk it over here! When her ladyship says that the aristocracy will make a fine stand, I like to hear her say it, and I think she speaks in a manner that becomes her own position. But there is something else in her tone which, if I may be allowed to say so, I think a great mistake. If her ladyship expects, in case of the lower classes coming up in that odious manner, to be let off easily, for the sake of the concessions she may have made in advance, I would just advise her to save herself the disappointment and the trouble. They won't be a bit the wiser, and they won't either know or care. If they are going to trample over their betters, it is n't on account of her having seemed to give up everything to us here that they will let *her* off. They will trample on her just the same as on the others, and they 'll say that she has got to pay for her title and her grand relations and her fine appearance. Therefore I advise her not to waste her good nature in trying to let herself down. When you 're up so high as that you 've got to stay there; and if Providence has made you a lady, the best thing you can do is to hold up your head. I can promise your ladyship I should."

The close logic of this speech and the quaint self-possession with which the little bedridden speaker delivered it struck Hyacinth as amazing, and confirmed his idea that the brother and sister were a most extraordinary pair. It had a terrible effect upon poor Lady Aurora, by whom so stern a lesson from so humble a quarter had evidently not been expected, and who sought refuge from her confusion in a series of bewildered laughs, while Paul Muniment, with his humorous density, which was deliberate and clever, too, not seeing, or at any rate not heeding, that she had been sufficiently snubbed by his sister, inflicted a fresh humiliation by saying, "Rosy 's right, my lady. It 's no use trying to buy yourself off. You can't do enough; your sacrifices don't count. You spoil your fun now, and you don't get it made up to you later. To all you people nothing will ever be made up. Enjoy your privileges while they last; it may not be for long."

Lady Aurora listened to him with her eyes on his face; and as they rested there Hyacinth scarcely knew what to make of her expression. Afterward he

thought he could attach a meaning to it. She got up quickly when Muniment had ceased speaking; the movement suggested that she had taken offense, and he would have liked to show her that he thought she had been rather roughly used. But she gave him no chance, not glancing at him for a moment. Then he saw that he was mistaken, and that, if she had flushed considerably, it was only with the excitement of pleasure, the enjoyment of such original talk, and of seeing her friends at last as free and familiar as she wished them to be. "You are the most delightful people — I wish every one could know you!" she broke out. "But I must really be going." She went to the bed, and bent over Rosy and kissed her.

"Paul will see you as far as you like on your way home," this young woman remarked.

Lady Aurora protested against this, but Paul, without protesting in return, only took up his hat and looked at her, smiling, as if he knew his duty; upon which her ladyship said, "Well, you may see me down-stairs; I forgot it was so dark."

"You must take her ladyship's own candle, and you must call a cab," Rosy directed.

"Oh, I don't go in cabs. I walk."

"Well, you may go on the top of a 'bus, if you like; you can't help being superb," Miss Muniment declared, watching her sympathetically.

"Superb? Oh, mercy!" cried the poor devoted, grotesque lady, leaving the room with Paul, who asked Hyacinth to wait for him a little. She neglected to bid good-night to our young man, and he asked himself what was to be hoped from that sort of people, when even the best of them — those that wished to be agreeable to the *demos* — reverted inevitably to the supercilious. She had said no more about lending him her books.

IX.

"She lives in Belgrave Square; she has ever so many brothers and sisters; one of her sisters is married to Lord Warmington," Rose Muniment instantly began, not, apparently, in the least discomposed at being left alone with a strange young man in a room which was now half dark again, thanks to her brother's having carried off the second and more brilliant candle. She was so interested, for the time, in telling Hyacinth the history of Lady Aurora that she appeared not to remember how little she knew about himself. Her ladyship had dedicated her life and her pocket-money to the poor and sick; she cared nothing for parties, and races, and dances, and picnics, and life in great houses, the usual amusements of the aristocracy; she was like one of the saints of old, come to life again, out of a legend. She had made their acquaintance, Paul's and hers, about a year before, through a friend of theirs, such a fine, brave young woman, who was in St. Thomas's Hospital for a surgical operation. She had been laid up there for weeks, during which Lady Aurora, always looking out for those who could n't help themselves, used to come and talk to her and read to her, till the end of her time in the ward, when the poor girl, parting with her kind friend, told her how she knew of another unfortunate creature (for whom there was no place there, because she was incurable), who would be mighty thankful for any little attention of that sort. She had given Lady Aurora the address in Audley Court, and the very next day her ladyship had knocked at their door. It was n't because she was poor — though in all conscience they were pinched enough — but because she had no use of her body. Lady Aurora came very often, for several months, without meeting Paul, because he was always at his

work ; but one day he came home early, on purpose to find her, to thank her for her goodness, and also to see (Miss Muniment rather slyly intimated) whether she were really so good as his extravagant little sister made her out. Rosy had a triumph after that: Paul had to admit that her ladyship was beyond anything that any one in his waking senses would believe. She seemed to want to give up everything to those who were below her, and never to expect any thanks at all. And she was n't always preaching and showing you your duty ; she wanted to talk to you sociable-like, as if you were just her own sister. And *her* own sisters were the highest in the land, and you might see her name in the newspapers the day they were presented to the Queen. Lady Aurora had been presented, too, with feathers in her head and a long tail to her gown ; but she had turned her back upon it all with a kind of terror — a sort of shivering, sinking feeling, which she had often described to Miss Muniment. The day she had first seen Paul was the day they became so intimate (the three of them together), if she might apply such a word as that to such a peculiar connection. The little woman, the little girl, as she lay there (Hyacinth scarcely knew how to characterize her), told our young man a very great secret, in which he found himself too much interested to think of criticising so headlong a burst of confidence. The secret was that, of all the people she had ever seen in the world, her ladyship thought Rosy's Paul the very cleverest. And she had seen the greatest, the most famous, the brightest of every kind, for they all came to stay at Inglefield, thirty and forty of them at once. She had talked with them all and heard them say their best (and you could fancy how they would try to give it out at such a place as that, where there was nearly a mile of conservatories, and a hundred wax candles were lighted at a time), and at the end of it all she had made the remark to herself — and she had made it to Rosy, too — that there was none of them had such a head on his shoulders as the young man in Audley Court. Rosy would n't spread such a rumor as that in the court itself, but she wanted every friend of her brother's (and she could see Hyacinth was that, by the way he listened) to know what was thought of him by them that had an experience of talent. She did n't wish to give it out that her ladyship had lowered herself in any manner to a person that earned his bread in a dirty shop (clever as he *might* be), but it was easy to see she minded what he said as if he had been a bishop — or more, indeed, for she did n't think much of bishops, any more than Paul himself, and that was an idea she had got from him. Oh, she took it none so ill if he came back from his work before she had gone ; and to-night Hyacinth could see for himself how she had lingered. This evening, she was sure, her ladyship would let him walk home with her half the way. This announcement gave Hyacinth the prospect of a considerable session with his communicative hostess ; but he was very glad to wait, for he was vaguely, strangely excited by her talk, fascinated by the little queer-smelling, high-perched interior, encumbered with relics, treasured and polished, of a poor North Country house, bedecked with penny ornaments, and related in so unexpected a manner to Belgrave Square and the great landed estates. He spent half an hour with Paul Muniment's small, odd, crippled, chattering, clever, trenchant sister, who gave him an impression of education and native wit (she expressed herself far better than Pinnie, or than Millicent Henning), and who startled, puzzled, and at the same time rather distressed him by the manner in which she referred herself to the most abject class — the class that prostrated itself, that was in a fever and flutter in the

presence of its betters. That was Pinnie's turn, of course; but Hyacinth had long ago perceived that his adoptive mother had generations of plebeian patience in her blood, and that, though she had a tender soul, she had not a great one. He was more entertained than afflicted, however, by Miss Muniment's tone, and he was thrilled by the frequency and familiarity of her allusions to a kind of life he had often wondered about; this was the first time he had heard it described with that degree of authority. By the nature of his mind he was perpetually, almost morbidly, conscious that the circle in which he lived was an infinitesimally small, shallow eddy in the roaring vortex of London, and his imagination plunged again and again into the waves that whirled past it and round it, in the hope of being carried to some brighter, happier vision — the vision of societies in which, in splendid rooms, with smiles and soft voices, distinguished men, with women who were both proud and gentle, talked about art, literature, and history. When Rosy had delivered herself to her complete satisfaction on the subject of Lady Aurora, she became more quiet, asking, as yet, however, no questions about Hyacinth, whom she seemed to take very much for granted. He presently remarked that she must let him come very soon again, and he added, to explain this wish, "You know you seem to me very curious people."

Miss Muniment did not in the least repudiate the imputation. "Oh, yes, I dare say we seem very curious. I think we are generally thought so, especially me, being so miserable and yet so lively." And she laughed till her bed creaked again.

"Perhaps it's lucky you are ill; perhaps if you had your health you would be all over the place," Hyacinth suggested. And he went on, candidly, "I can't make it out, your being so up in everything."

"I don't see why you need make it out! But you would, perhaps, if you had known my father and mother."

"Were they such a rare lot?"

"I think you would say so if you had ever been in the mines. Yes, in the mines, where the filthy coal is dug out. That's where my father came from — he was working in the pit when he was a child of ten. He never had a day's schooling in his life; but he climbed up out of his black hole into daylight and air, and he invented a machine, and he married my mother, who came out of Durham, and (by her people) out of the pits and misery, too. My father was short and stumpy, but she was magnificent — the finest woman in the country, and the bravest, and the best. She's in her grave now, and I could n't go to look at it even if it were in the nearest churchyard. My father was small and quick and black: I know I'm just his pattern, barring that *he* did have his legs, when the liquor had n't got into them. But between him and my mother, for grand, high intelligence, there was n't much to choose. But what's the use of brains if you have n't got a backbone? My poor father had no more of that in his character than I have in my poor body. He invented a machine, and he sold it, at Bradford, for fifteen pounds: I mean the whole right of it, and every hope and pride of his family. He was always straying, and my mother was always bringing him back. She had plenty to do, with me a puny, ailing brat from the moment I opened my eyes. Well, one night he strayed so far that he never came back; or only came back a loose bloody bundle of clothes. He had fallen into a gravel-pit; he did n't know where he was going. That's the reason my brother will never touch so much as you could wet your finger with, and that I only have a drop once a week or so, in the way of a strengthener. I take what her ladyship brings me, but I take no more. If

she could have come to us before my mother went, that would have been a saving. I was only nine when my father died, and I'm three years older than Paul. My mother did for us with all her might, and she kept us decent — if such a scrap as me can be said to be decent. At any rate, she kept me alive, and that's a proof she was handy. She went to the wash-tub, and she might have been a queen, as she stood there with her bare arms in the foul linen and her long hair braided on her head. She was wonderful handsome, but he would have been a bold man that would have taken upon himself to tell her so. And it was from her we got our education — she was determined we should rise above the common. You might have thought, in her position, that she could n't go into such things; but she was a rare one for keeping you at your book. She could hold to her idea when my poor father could n't; and her idea, for us, was that Paul should get learning and should look after me. You can see for yourself that that 's what has come about. How he got it is more than I can say, as we never had a penny to pay for it; and of course my mother's cleverness would n't have been of much use if he had n't been clever himself. Well, it was all in the family. Paul was a boy that would learn more from a yellow placard pasted on a wall, or a time-table at a railway station, than many a young fellow from a year at college. That was his only college, poor lad — picking up what he could. Mother was taken when she was still needed, nearly five years ago. There was an epidemic of typhoid, and of course it must pass me over, the goose of a thing — only that I 'd have made a poor feast — and just lay that gallant creature on her back. Well, she never again made it ache over her soapsuds; straight and broad as it was. Not having seen her, you would n't believe," said Rosy Muniment, in conclusion; "but I just wanted you to understand that our parents had intellect, at least, to give us."

Hyacinth listened to this recital with the deepest interest, and without being in the least moved to allow for filial exaggeration; inasmuch as his impression of the brother and sister was such as it would have taken a much more marvelous tale to account for. The very way Rose Muniment sounded the word "intellect" made him feel this; she pronounced it as if she were distributing prizes for a high degree of it. No doubt the tipsy inventor and the queenly laundress had been fine specimens, but that did n't diminish the merit of their highly original offspring. The girl's insistence upon her mother's virtues (even now that her age had become more definite to him he thought of her as a girl) touched in his heart a chord that was always ready to throb — the chord of melancholy, bitter, aimless wonder as to the difference it would have made in *his* spirit if there had been some pure, honorable figure like that to shed her influence over it.

"Are you very fond of your brother?" he inquired, after a little.

The eyes of his hostess glittered at him for a moment. "If you ever quarrel with him, you will see whose side I 'll take."

"Ah, before that I shall make you like *me*."

"That 's very possible, and you 'll see I will fling you over!"

"Why, then, do you object so to his views — his ideas about the way the people will come up?"

"Because I think he 'll get over them."

"Never — never!" cried Hyacinth. "I have only known him an hour or two, but I deny that with all my strength."

"Is that the way you are going to make me like you — contradicting me so?" Miss Muniment inquired, with familiar archness.

"What 's the use, when you tell me I shall be sacrificed? One might as well perish for a lamb as for a sheep."

"I don't believe you 're a lamb at all. Certainly you are not, if you want all the great people pulled down, and the most dreadful scenes enacted."

"Don't you believe in human equality? Don't you want anything done for the groaning, toiling millions — those who have been cheated, and crushed, and bamboozled from the beginning of time?"

Hyacinth asked this question with considerable heat, but the effect of it was to send his companion off into a new fit of laughter. "You say that just like a man that my brother described to me three days ago; a little man at some club, whose hair stood up — Paul imitated the way he glared and screamed. I don't mean that you scream, you know; but you use almost the same words that he did." Hyacinth scarcely knew what to make of this allusion, or of the picture offered to him of Paul Muniment casting ridicule upon those who spoke in the name of the down-trodden. But Rosy went on before he had time to do more than reflect that there would evidently be a great deal more to learn about her brother: "I have n't the least objection to seeing the people improved; but I don't want to see the aristocracy lowered an inch. I like so much to look at it up there."

"You ought to know my aunt Pinnie — she 's just such another benighted idolater!" Hyacinth exclaimed.

"Oh, you are making me like you very fast! And pray, who is your aunt Pinnie?"

"She 's a dressmaker, and a charming little woman. I should like her to come and see you."

"I 'm afraid I 'm not in her line — I never had on a dress in my life. But, as a charming woman, I should be delighted to see her."

"I will bring her some day," said Hyacinth. And then he added, rather incongruously, for he was irritated by the girl's optimism, thinking it a shame that her sharpness should be enlisted on the wrong side, "Don't you want, for yourself, a better place to live in?"

She jerked herself up, and for a moment he thought she would jump out of her bed at him. "A better place than this? Pray, how could there be a better place? Every one thinks it 's lovely; you should see our view by daylight — you should see everything I 've got. Perhaps you are used to something very fine, but Lady Aurora says that in all Belgrave Square there is n't such a cosy little room. If you think I 'm not perfectly content, you are very much mistaken."

Such a sentiment as that could only exasperate Hyacinth, and his exasperation made him indifferent to the fact that he had appeared to cast discredit on Miss Muniment's apartment. Pinnie herself, submissive as she was, had spared him that sort of displeasure; she groaned over the dinginess of Lomax Place sufficiently to remind him that she had not been absolutely stultified by misery. "Don't you sometimes make your brother very angry?" he asked, smiling, of Rose Muniment.

"Angry? I don't know what you take us for! I never saw him lose his temper in his life."

"He must be a rum customer! Does n't he really care for — for what we were talking about?"

For a moment Rosy was silent; then she replied, "What my brother really cares for — well, one of these days, when you know, you 'll tell me."

Hyacinth stared. "But is n't he tremendously deep in" — He hesitated.

"Deep in what?"

"Well, in what 's going on, beneath the surface. Does n't he belong to things?"

"I 'm sure I don't know what he be-

longs to — you may ask him!" cried Rosy, laughing gayly again, as the opening door readmitted the subject of their conversation. "You must have crossed the water with her ladyship," she went on. "I wonder who enjoyed their walk most."

"She 's a tidy old girl, and she has a goodish stride," said the young man.

"I think she 's in love with you, simply, Mr. Muniment."

"Really, my dear, for an admirer of the aristocracy you allow yourself a license," Paul murmured, smiling at Hyacinth.

Hyacinth got up, feeling that really he had paid a long visit; his curiosity was far from satisfied, but there was a limit to the time one should spend in a young lady's sleeping apartment. "Perhaps she is; why not?" he remarked.

"Perhaps she is, then; she 's daft enough for anything."

"There have been fine folks before who have patted the people on the back and pretended to enter into their life," Hyacinth said. "Is she only playing with that idea, or is she in earnest?"

"In earnest — in terrible earnest, my dear fellow. I think she must be rather crowded out at home."

"Crowded out of Inglefield? Why there 's room for three hundred!" Rosy broke in.

"Well, if that 's the kind of mob that 's in possession, no wonder she prefers Lambeth. We must be kind to the poor lady," Paul added, in a tone which Hyacinth noticed. He attributed a remarkable meaning to it; it seemed to say that people such as he were now so sure of their game that they could afford to be magnanimous; or else it expressed a prevision of the doom which hung over her ladyship's head. Muniment asked if Hyacinth and Rosy had made friends, and the girl replied that Mr. Robinson had made himself very agreeable. "Then you must tell me all about him after he goes, for you know I don't know him much myself," said her brother.

"Oh, yes, I'll tell you everything; you know how I like describing."

Hyacinth was laughing to himself at the young lady's account of his efforts to please her, the fact being that he had only listened to her own eager discourse, without opening his mouth; but Paul, whether or no he guessed the truth, said to him, very pertinently, "It 's very wonderful: she can describe things she has never seen. And they are just like the reality."

"There 's nothing I 've never seen," Rosy rejoined. "That 's the advantage of my lying here in such a manner. I see everything in the world."

"You don't seem to see your brother's meetings — his secret societies and clubs. You put that aside when I asked you."

"Oh, you must n't ask her that sort of thing," said Paul, lowering at Hyacinth with a fierce frown — an expression which he perceived in a moment to be humorously assumed.

"What am I to do, then, since you won't tell me anything definite yourself?"

"It will be definite enough when you get hanged for it!" Rosy exclaimed, mockingly.

"Why do you want to poke your head into black holes?" Muniment asked, laying his hand on Hyacinth's shoulder, and shaking it gently.

"Don't you belong to the party of action?" said Hyacinth, solemnly.

"Look at the way he has picked up all the silly bits of catchwords!" Paul cried, laughing, to his sister. "You must have got that precious phrase out of the newspapers, out of some driveling leader. Is that the party you want to belong to?" he went on, with his clear eyes ranging up and down our hero's few inches.

"If you 'll show me the thing itself I shall have no more occasion to mind

the newspapers," Hyacinth pleaded. It was his view of himself, and it was not an unfair one, that his was a character that would never beg for a favor; but now he felt that in any relation he might have with Paul Muniment such a law would be suspended. This man he could entreat, pray to, go on his knees to, without a sense of humiliation.

"What thing do you mean, infatuated, deluded youth?" Paul went on, refusing to be serious.

"Well, you know you do go to places you had far better keep out of, and that often when I lie here and listen to steps on the stairs I 'm sure they are coming in to make a search for your papers," Miss Muniment lucidly interposed.

"The day they find my papers, my dear, will be the day you 'll get up and dance."

"What did you ask me to come home with you for?" Hyacinth demanded, twirling his hat. It was an effort for him, for a moment, to keep the tears out of his eyes; he found himself forced to put such a different construction on his new friend's hospitality. He had had a happy impression that Muniment perceived in him a possible associate, of a high type, in a subterranean crusade against the existing order of things, and now it came over him that the real use he had been put to was to beguile an hour for a pert invalid. That was all very well, and he would sit by Miss Rosy's bedside, were it a part of his service, every day in the week; only in such a case it should be his reward to enjoy the confidence of her brother. This young man, at the present juncture, justified the high estimate that Lady Aurora Langrish had formed of his intelligence: whatever his natural reply to Hyacinth's question would have been, he invented, at the moment, a better one, and said, at random, smiling, and not knowing exactly what he meant,

"What did I ask you to come with me for? To see if you would be afraid."

What there was to be afraid of was to Hyacinth a quantity equally vague; but he rejoined, quickly enough, "I think you have only to try me to see."

"I 'm sure, if you introduce him to some of your low, wicked friends, he 'll be quite satisfied after he has looked round a bit," Miss Muniment remarked, irrepressibly.

"Those are just the kind of people I want to know," said Hyacinth, ingenuously.

This quality appeared to touch Paul Muniment. "Well, I see you 're a good un. Just meet me some night."

"Where, where?" asked Hyacinth, eagerly.

"Oh, I 'll tell you where when we get away from *her*," said his friend, laughing, but leading him out of the room again.

X.

Several months after Hyacinth had made the acquaintance of Paul Muniment, Millicent Henning remarked to him that it was high time he should take her to some place of amusement. He proposed the Canterbury Music Hall; whereupon she tossed her head, and remarked that when a young lady had done for a young man what she had done for him, the least he could do was to take her to some theatre in the Strand. Hyacinth would have been a good deal at a loss to say exactly what she had done for him but it was familiar to him, by this time, that she regarded him as under great obligations. From the day she came to look him up in Lomax Place she had taken a position, largely, in his life, and he had seen poor Pinnie's wan countenance grow several degrees more blank. Amanda Pynsent's forebodings had been answered to the letter: that bold-faced apparition had become a permanent influence. She never spoke to him about Millicent but once, several weeks after her interview with

the girl; and this was not in a tone of rebuke, for she had divested herself forever of any maternal prerogative. Tearful, tremulous, deferential inquiry was now her only weapon, and nothing could be more humble and circumspect than the manner in which she made use of it. He was never at home of an evening, at present, and he had mysterious ways of spending his Sundays, with which church-going had nothing to do. The time had been when, often, after tea, he sat near the lamp with the dressmaker, and, while her fingers flew, read out to her the works of Dickens and of Scott; happy hours, when he appeared to have forgotten the wrong she had done him, and she almost forgot it herself. But now he gulped down his tea so fast that he hardly took off his hat while he sat there, and Pinnie, with her quick eye for all matters of costume, noticed that he wore it still more gracefully askew than usual, with a little victorious, exalted air. He hummed to himself; he fingered his mustache; he looked out of the window when there was nothing to look at; he seemed preoccupied, absorbed in intellectual excursions, half anxious and half delighted. During the whole winter Miss Pynsent explained everything by three words murmured beneath her breath: "That forward jade." On the single occasion, however, on which she sought relief from her agitation in an appeal to Hyacinth, she did not trust herself to designate the girl by any epithet or title.

"There is only one thing I want to know," she said to him, in a manner which might have seemed casual if in her silence, knowing her as well as he did, he had not already perceived the implication of her thought. "Does she expect you to marry her, dearest?"

"Does who expect me? I should like to see the woman who does!"

"Of course you know who I mean. The one that came after you — and picked you right up — from the other end of London." And at the remembrance of that insufferable scene poor Pinnie flamed up for a moment. "Is n't there plenty of young fellows down in that low part where she lives, without her ravaging over here? Why can't she stick to her own beat, I should like to know?" Hyacinth had flushed at this inquiry, and she saw something in his face which made her change her tone. "Just promise me this, my precious child: that if you get into any sort of mess with that piece you 'll immediately confide it to your poor old Pinnie."

"My poor old Pinnie sometimes makes me quite sick," Hyacinth remarked, for answer. "What sort of a mess do you suppose I 'll get into?"

"Well, suppose she does come it over you that you promised to marry her?"

"You don't know what you 're talking about. She does n't want to marry any one to-day."

"Then what does she want to do?"

"Do you suppose I would tell a lady's secrets?" the young man inquired.

"Dear me, if she was a lady, I should n't be afraid!" said Pinnie.

"Every woman 's a lady when she has placed herself under one's protection," Hyacinth rejoined, with his little manner of a man of the world.

"Under your protection? Laws!" cried Pinnie, staring. "And pray, who 's to protect *you?*"

As soon as she had said this she repented, because it seemed just the sort of exclamation that would have made Hyacinth bite her head off. One of the things she loved him for, however, was that he gave you touching surprises in this line, had sudden inconsistencies of temper that were all for your advantage. He was by no means always mild when he ought to have been, but he was sometimes so when there was no obligation. At such moments Pinnie wanted to kiss him, and she had often tried to make Mr. Vetch understand

what a fascinating trait of character this was on the part of their young friend. It was rather difficult to describe, and Mr. Vetch never would admit that he understood, or that he had observed anything that seemed to correspond to the dressmaker's somewhat confused psychological sketch. It was a comfort to her in these days, and almost the only one she had, that she was sure Theophilus Vetch understood a good deal more than he felt bound to acknowledge. He was always up to his old game of being a great deal cleverer than cleverness itself required; and it consoled her present weak, pinched feeling to know that, although he still talked of the boy as if it would be a pity to take him too seriously, that was n't the way he thought of him. He also took him seriously, and he had even a certain sense of duty in regard to him. Miss Pynsent went so far as to say to herself that the fiddler probably had savings, and that no one had ever known of any one else belonging to him. She would n't have mentioned it to Hyacinth for the world, for fear of leading up to a disappointment; but she had visions of a foolscap sheet, folded away in some queer little bachelor's box (she could n't fancy what men kept in such places), on which Hyacinth's name would have been written down, in very big letters, before a solicitor.

"Oh, I 'm unprotected, in the nature of things," he replied, smiling at his too scrupulous companion. Then he added, "At any rate, it is n't from that girl any danger will come to me."

"I can't think why you like her," Pinnie remarked, as if she had spent on the subject treasures of impartiality.

"It 's jolly to hear one woman on the subject of another," Hyacinth said. "You 're kind and good, and yet you 're ready" — He gave a philosophic sigh.

"Well, what am I ready to do? I 'm not ready to see you gobbled up before my eyes!"

"You need n't be afraid; she won't drag me to the altar."

"And pray, does n't she think you good enough — for one of the Hennings?"

"You don't understand, my poor Pinnie," said Hyacinth, wearily. "I sometimes think there is n't a single thing in life that you understand. One of these days she 'll marry an alderman."

"An alderman — that creature?"

"An alderman, or a banker, or a bishop, or some one of that kind. She does n't want to end her career to-day; she wants to begin it."

"Well, I wish she would take you later!" the dressmaker exclaimed.

Hyacinth said nothing for a moment; then he broke out: "What are you afraid of? Look here, we had better clear this up, once for all. Are you afraid of my marrying a girl out of a shop?"

"Oh, you would n't, would you?" cried Pinnie, with a kind of conciliatory eagerness. "That 's the way I like to hear you talk!"

"Do you think I would marry any one who would marry me?" Hyacinth went on. "The kind of girl who would look at me is the kind of girl I would n't look at." He struck Pinnie as having thought it all out; which did not surprise her, as she had been familiar, from his youth, with his way of following things up. But she was always delighted when he made a remark which showed he was conscious of being of fine clay — flashed out an allusion to his not being what he seemed. He was not what he seemed, but even with Pinnie's valuable assistance he had not succeeded in representing to himself, very definitely, what he was. She had placed at his disposal, for this purpose, a passionate optimism which, employed in some larger cause, might have been termed profligate, and which never cost her a scruple or a compunction.

"I 'm sure a princess might look at

you and be none the worse!" she declared, in her delight at this assurance, more positive than any she had yet received, that he was safe from the worst danger. This the dressmaker considered to be the chance of his marrying some person like herself. Still it came over her that his taste might be lowered, and before the subject was dropped, on this occasion, she said to him that of course he must be quite aware of all that was wanting to such a girl as Millicent Henning — she pronounced her name at last.

"Oh, I don't bother about what's wanting to her; I'm content with what she has."

"Content, dearest — how do you mean?" the little dressmaker quavered. "Content to make an intimate friend of her?"

"It is impossible I should discuss these matters with you," Hyacinth replied, grandly.

"Of course I see that. But I should think she would bore you, sometimes," Miss Pynsent murmured, cunningly.

"She does, I assure you, to extinction!"

"Then why do you spend every evening with her?"

"Where should you like me to spend my evenings? At some beastly public house — or at the Italian opera?" His association with Miss Henning was not so close as that, but nevertheless he would n't take the trouble to prove to poor Pinnie that he enjoyed her society only two or three times a week; that on other evenings he simply strolled about the streets (this boyish habit clung to him), and that he had even occasionally the resource of going to the Poupins', or of gossiping and smoking a pipe at some open house-door, when the night was not cold, with a fellow-mechanic. Later in the winter, after he had made Paul Muniment's acquaintance, the aspect of his life changed considerably, though Millicent continued to be exceedingly mixed up with it. He hated the taste of liquor, and, still more, the taste of the places where it was sold; besides which the types of misery and vice that one was liable to see collected in them frightened and harrowed him, made him ask himself questions that pierced the deeper because they were met by no answer. It was both a blessing and a drawback to him that the delicate, charming character of the work he did at Mr. Crookenden's, under Eustache Poupin's influence, was a kind of education of the taste, trained him in the finest discriminations, in the perception of beauty and the hatred of ugliness. This made the brutal, garish, stodgy decoration of public houses, with their deluge of gaslight, their glittering brass and pewter, their lumpish woodwork and false colors, detestable to him; he was still very young when the "gin palace" ceased to convey to him an idea of the palatial.

For this unfortunate but remarkably organized youth, every displeasure or gratification of the visual sense colored his whole mind, and though he lived in Lomax Place and worked in Soho, though he was poor, and obscure, and cramped, and full of unattainable desires, it may be said of him that what was most important in life for him was simply his impressions. They came from everything he touched, they kept him thrilling and throbbing during a considerable part of his waking consciousness, and they constituted, as yet, the principal events and stages of his career. Fortunately, they were sometimes very delightful. Everything in the field of observation suggested this or that; everything struck him, penetrated, stirred; he had, in a word, more impressions than he knew what to do with — felt, sometimes, as if they would consume or asphyxiate him. He liked to talk about them, but it was only a few, here and there, that he could discuss with Millicent Henning. He let Miss

Pynsent imagine that his hours of leisure were almost exclusively dedicated to this young lady, because, as he said to himself, if he were to account to her for every evening in the week, it would make no difference — she would stick to her suspicion; and he referred this perversity to the general weight of misconception under which (at this crude period of his growth) he held it was his lot to languish. It did n't matter to one whether one were a little more or a little less misunderstood. He might have remembered that it mattered to Pinnie, who, after her first relief at hearing him express himself so properly on the subject of a matrimonial connection with Miss Henning, allowed her faded, kind, weak face, little by little, to lengthen out to its old solemnity. This came as the days went on, for it was n't much comfort that he did n't want to marry the young woman in Pimlico, when he allowed himself to be held as tight as if he did. For the present, indeed, she simply said, "Oh, well, if you see her as she is, I don't care what you do" — a sentiment implying a certain moral recklessness on the part of the good little dressmaker. She was irreproachable herself, but she had lived for more than fifty years in a world of wickedness; like an immense number of London women of her class and kind, she had acquired a certain innocent cynicism, and she judged it quite a minor evil that Millicent should be left lamenting, if only Hyacinth might get out of the scrape. Between a forsaken maiden and a premature, lowering marriage for her beloved little boy, she very well knew which she preferred. It should be added that her impression of Millicent's power to take care of herself was such as to make it absurd to pity her in advance. Pinnie thought Hyacinth the cleverest young man in the world, but her state of mind implied somehow that the young lady in Pimlico was cleverer. Her ability, at any rate, was of a kind that precluded the idea of suffering, whereas Hyacinth's was rather associated with it.

By the time he had enjoyed for three months the acquaintance of the brother and sister in Audley Court the whole complexion of his life seemed changed; it was pervaded by an interest, an excitement, which overshadowed, though it by no means supplanted, the brilliant figure of Miss Henning. It was pitched in a higher key, altogether, and appeared to command a view of horizons equally fresh and vast. Millicent, therefore, shared her dominion, without knowing exactly what it was that drew her old playfellow off, and without indeed demanding of him an account which, on her own side, she was not prepared to give. Hyacinth was, in the language of the circle in which she moved, her fancy, and she was content to occupy, as regards himself, the same graceful and somewhat irresponsible position. She had an idea that she was a most beneficent friend: fond of him and careful of him as an elder sister might be; warning him as no one else could do against the dangers of the town; putting that sharp common sense, of which she was convinced that she possessed an extraordinary supply, at the service of his incurable verdancy; and looking after him, generally, as no one, poor child, had ever done. Millicent made light of the little dressmaker, in this view of Hyacinth's past (she thought Pinnie no better than a starved cat), and enjoyed herself immensely in the character of guide and philosopher, while she pushed the young man with a robust elbow, or said to him, "Well, you *are* a sharp one, you are!" Her theory of herself, as we know, was that she was the sweetest girl in the world, as well as the cleverest and handsomest, and there could be no better proof of her kindness of heart than her disinterested affection for a snippet of a bookbinder. Her sociability was certainly great, and so were her vanity, her

grossness, her presumption, her appetite for beer, for buns, for entertainment of every kind. She represented, for Hyacinth, during this period, the eternal feminine, and his taste, considering that he was fastidious, will be wondered at; it will be judged that she did not represent it very favorably.

It may easily be believed that he scrutinized his infatuation, even while he gave himself up to it, and that he often wondered that he should care for a girl in whom he found so much to object to. She was vulgar, clumsy, and grotesquely ignorant; her conceit was proportionate, and she had not a grain of tact or of quick perception. And yet there was something so fine about her, to his imagination, and she carried with such an air the advantages she did possess, that her figure constantly mingled itself even with those bright visions that hovered before him after Paul Muniment had opened a mysterious window. She was bold, and free, and generous, and if she was coarse she was neither false nor hard. She laughed with the laugh of the people, and if you hit her hard enough she would cry with its tears. When Hyacinth was not letting his imagination wander among the haunts of the aristocracy, and fancying himself stretched in the shadow of an ancestral beech, reading the last number of the Revue des Deux Mondes, he was occupied with contemplations of a very different kind; he was absorbed in the struggles and sufferings of the millions whose life flowed in the same current as his, and who, though they constantly excited his disgust, and made him shrink and turn away, had the power to chain his sympathy, to make it glow to a kind of ecstasy, to convince him, for the time at least, that real success in the world would be to do something with them and for them. All this, strange to say, was never so vivid to him as when he was in Millicent's company; which is a proof of his fantastic, erratic way of seeing things. She had no such ideas about herself; they were almost the only ideas she did n't have. She had no theories about redeeming or uplifting the people; she simply loathed them, because they were so dirty, with the outspoken violence of one who had known poverty, and the strange bedfellows it makes, in a very different degree from Hyacinth, brought up, comparatively, with Pinnie to put sugar in his tea, and keep him supplied with neckties, like a little swell.

Millicent, to hear her talk, only wanted to keep her skirts clear, and marry some respectable tea-merchant. But for our hero she was magnificently plebeian, in the sense that implied a kind of loud recklessness of danger, and the qualities that shine forth in a row. She summed up the sociable, humorous, ignorant chatter of the masses, their capacity for offensive and defensive passion, their instinctive perception of their strength on the day they should really exercise it; and as much as any of this, their ideal of something smug and prosperous, where washed hands, and plates in rows on dressers, and stuffed birds under glass, and family photographs, would symbolize success. She was none the less plucky for being at bottom a shameless Philistine, ambitious of a front garden with rockwork; and she presented the plebeian character in none the less plastic a form. Having the history of the French Revolution at his fingers' ends, Hyacinth could easily see her (if there should ever be barricades in the streets of London), with a red cap of liberty on her head, and her white throat bared so that she should be able to shout the louder the Marseillaise of that hour, whatever it might be. If the festival of the Goddess of Reason should ever be enacted in the British metropolis (and Hyacinth could consider such possibilities without a smile, so much was it a part of the little religion he had to remember, always, that there was no knowing what might happen)—if this solemnity, I say, should

be revived in Hyde Park, who was better designated than Miss Henning to figure in a grand, statuesque manner, as the heroine of the occasion? It was plain that she had laid her inconsequent admirer under a peculiar spell, since he could associate her with such scenes as that while she consumed beer and buns at his expense. If she had a weakness, it was for prawns; and she had, all winter, a plan for his taking her down to Gravesend, where this luxury was cheap and abundant, when the fine, long days should arrive. She was never so frank and humorous as when she dwelt on the details of a project of this kind, and then Hyacinth was reminded afresh that it was an immense good fortune for her that she was handsome. If she had been ugly he could n't have listened to her; but her beauty glorified even her accent, interfused her cockney genius with prismatic hues, gave her a large and constant impunity.

XI.

She desired at last to raise their common experience to a loftier level, to enjoy what she called a high-class treat. Their conversation was condemned, for the most part, to go forward in the streets, the wintry, dusky, foggy streets, which looked bigger and more numerous in their perpetual obscurity, and in which everything was covered with damp, gritty smut, an odor extremely agreeable to Miss Henning. Happily, she shared Hyacinth's relish of vague perambulation, and was still more addicted than he to looking into the windows of shops, before which, in long, contemplative halts, she picked out freely the articles she should n't mind calling her own. Hyacinth always pronounced the objects of her selection hideous, and made no scruple to tell her that she had the worst taste of any girl in the place. Nothing that he could say to her affronted her so much, as her pretensions in the way of a cultivated judgment were boundless. Had not, indeed, her natural aptitude been fortified, in the Buckingham Palace Road (there was scarcely anything they did n't sell, in the great shop of which she was an ornament), by daily contact with the freshest products of modern industry? Hyacinth laughed this establishment to scorn, and told her there was nothing in it, from top to bottom, that a real artist would look at. She inquired, with answering derision, if this were a description of his own few inches; but in reality she was fascinated, as much as she was provoked, by his air of being difficult to please, of seeing indescribable differences among things. She had given herself out, originally, as very knowing, but he *could* make her feel stupid. When, once in a while, he pointed out a commodity that he condescended to like (this did n't happen often, because the only shops in which there was a chance of his making such a discovery were closed at nightfall), she stared, bruised him more or less with her elbow, and declared that if any one should give her such a piece of rubbish she would sell it for fourpence. Once or twice she asked him to be so good as to explain to her in what its superiority consisted — she could not rid herself of a suspicion that there might be something in his opinion, and she was angry at not finding herself as positive as any one. But Hyacinth replied that it was no use attempting to tell her; she would n't understand, and she had better continue to admire the insipid productions of an age which had lost the sense of quality — a phrase which she remembered, proposing to herself, even, to make use of it, on some future occasion, but was quite unable to interpret.

When the young man demeaned himself in this manner it was not with a view of strengthening the tie which united him to his childhood's friend; but the effect followed, on Millicent's side, and the girl was proud to think that she

was in possession of a young man whose knowledge was of so high an order that it was inexpressible. In spite of her vanity, she was not so convinced of her perfection as not to be full of ungratified aspirations; she had an idea that it might be to her advantage some day to exhibit a sample of that learning; and at the same time, when, in consideration, for instance, of a jeweler's gas-lighted display in Great Portland Street, Hyacinth lingered for five minutes in perfect silence, while she delivered herself according to her wont at such junctures, she was a thousand miles from guessing the feelings which made it impossible for him to speak. She could long for things she was not likely to have; envy other people for possessing them, and say it was a regular shame (she called it a *shime*); draw brilliant pictures of what she should do with them if she did have them; and pass immediately, with a mind unencumbered by superfluous inductions, to some other topic, equally intimate and personal. The sense of privation, with her, was often extremely acute; but she could always put her finger on the remedy. With the imaginative, airy-minded little bookbinder the case was very different; the remedy, with him, was terribly vague and impracticable. He was liable to moods in which the sense of exclusion from all that he would have liked most to enjoy in life settled upon him like a pall. They had a bitterness, but they were not invidious — they were not moods of vengeance, of imaginary spoliation: they were simply states of paralyzing melancholy, of infinite sad reflection, in which he felt that in this world of effort and suffering life was endurable, the spirit able to expand, only in the best conditions, and that a sordid struggle, in which one should go down to the grave without having tasted them, was not worth the misery it would cost, the dull demoralization it would entail.

In such hours the great roaring, indifferent world of London seemed to him a huge organization for mocking at his poverty, at his inanition; and then its vulgarest ornaments, the windows of third-rate jewelers, the young man in a white tie and a crush hat who dandled by, on his way to a dinner party, in a hansom that nearly ran over one — these familiar phenomena, because symbolic, insolent, defiant, took upon themselves to make him smart with the sense that *he* was out of it. He felt, moreover, that there was no consolation or refutation in saying to himself that the immense majority of mankind were out of it with him, and appeared to put up well enough with the annoyance — that was their own affair; he knew nothing of their reasons or their resignation, and if they chose neither to rebel nor to compare, he, at least, among the disinherited, would keep up the standard. When these fits were upon the young man, his brothers of the people fared, collectively, badly at his hands; their function then was to represent in massive shape precisely the groveling interests which demanded one's contempt, and the only acknowledgment one owed them was for the completeness of the illustration. Everything which, in a great city, could touch the sentient faculty of a youth on whom nothing was lost ministered to his conviction that there was no possible good fortune in life too delicate for him to appreciate — no privilege, no opportunity, no luxury, to which he should not do justice. It was not so much that he wished to enjoy as that he wished to know; his desire was not to be pampered, but to be initiated. Sometimes, of a Saturday, in the long evenings of June and July, he made his way into Hyde Park at the hour when the throng of carriages, of riders, of brilliant pedestrians, was thickest; and though lately, on two or three of these occasions, he had been accompanied by Miss Henning, whose criticism of the

scene was loud and distinct, a tremendous little drama had taken place, privately, in his soul. He wanted to drive in every carriage, to mount on every horse, to feel on his arm the hand of every pretty woman in the place. In the midst of this his sense was vivid that he belonged to the class whom the upper ten thousand, as they passed, did n't so much as rest their eyes upon for a quarter of a second. They looked at Millicent, who was safe to be looked at anywhere, and was one of the handsomest girls in any company, but they only reminded him of the high human walls, the deep gulfs of tradition, the steep embankments of privilege, and dense layers of stupidity which fenced him off from social recognition.

And this was not the fruit of a morbid vanity on his part, or of a jealousy that could not be intelligent; his personal discomfort was the result of an exquisite admiration for what he had missed. There were individuals whom he followed with his eyes, with his thoughts, sometimes even with his steps; they seemed to tell him what it was to be the flower of a high civilization. At moments he was aghast when he reflected that the cause he had secretly espoused, the cause from which M. Poupin and Paul Muniment (especially the latter) had within the last few months drawn aside the curtain, proposed to itself to bring about a state of things in which that particular scene would be impossible. It made him even rather faint to think that he must choose; that he could n't (with any respect for his own consistency) work, underground, for the enthronement of the democracy, and continue to enjoy, in however platonic a manner, a spectacle which rested on a hideous social inequality. He must either suffer with the people, as he had suffered before, or he must apologize to others, as he sometimes came so near doing to himself, for the rich; inasmuch as the day was certainly near when these two mighty forces would come to a death-grapple. Hyacinth thought himself obliged, at present, to have reasons for his feelings; his intimacy with Paul Muniment, which had now grown very great, laid a good deal of that sort of responsibility upon him. Muniment laughed at his reasons, whenever he produced them, but he appeared to expect him, nevertheless, to have them ready, on demand, and Hyacinth had an immense desire to do what he expected. There were times when he said to himself that it might very well be his fate to be divided, to the point of torture, to be split open by sympathies that pulled him in different ways; for had n't he an extraordinarily mingled current in his blood, and from the time he could remember was there not one half of him that seemed to be always playing tricks on the other, or getting snubs and pinches from it?

That dim, dreadful, confused legend of his mother's history, as regards which what Pinnie had been able to tell him when he first began to question her was at once too much and too little — this stupefying explanation had supplied him, first and last, with a hundred different theories of his identity. What he knew, what he guessed, sickened him, and what he did n't know tormented him; but in his illuminated ignorance he had fashioned forth an article of faith. This had gradually emerged from the depths of darkness in which he found himself plunged as a consequence of the challenge he had addressed to Pinnie — while he was still only a child — on the memorable day which transformed the whole face of his future. It was one January afternoon. He had come in from a walk; she was seated at her lamp, as usual with her work, and she began to tell him of a letter that one of the lodgers had got, describing the manner in which his brother-in-law's shop, at Nottingham, had been rifled by burglars. He listened to her story, stand-

ing in front of her, and then, by way of response, he said to her, "Who was that woman you took me to see ever so long ago?" The expression of her white face, as she looked up at him, her fear of such an attack all dormant, after so many years — her strange, scared, sick glance was a thing he could never forget, any more than the tone, with her breath failing her, in which she had repeated, "That woman?"

"That woman, in the prison, years ago — how old was I? — who was dying, and who kissed me so — as I have never been kissed, as I never shall be again! Who *was* she, who WAS she?" Poor Pinnie, to do her justice, had made, after she recovered her breath, a gallant fight: it lasted a week; it was to leave her spent and sore forevermore, and before it was over Theophilus Vetch had been called in. At his instance she retracted the falsehoods with which she had tried to put him off, and she made, at last, a confession, a report, which he had reason to believe was as complete as her knowledge. Hyacinth could never have told you why the crisis occurred on such a day, why his question broke out at that particular moment. The strangeness of the matter to himself was that the germ of his curiosity should have developed so slowly; that the haunting wonder, which now, as he looked back, appeared to fill his whole childhood, should only after so long an interval have crept up to the air. It was only, of course, little by little that he had recovered his bearings in his new and more poignant consciousness; little by little that he reconstructed his antecedents, took the measure, so far as was possible, of his heredity. His having the courage to disinter, in the Times, in the reading-room of the British Museum, a report of his mother's trial for the murder of Lord Frederick Purvis, which was very copious, the affair having been quite a *cause célèbre;* his resolution in sitting under that splendid dome, and, with his head bent to hide his hot eyes, going through every syllable of the ghastly record, had been an achievement of comparatively recent years. There were certain things that Pinnie knew which appalled him; and there were others, as to which he would have given his hand to have some light, that it made his heart ache supremely to find she was honestly ignorant of. He scarcely knew what sort of favor Mr. Vetch wished to make with him (as a compensation for the precious part he had played in the business years before), when the fiddler permitted himself to pass judgment on the family of the wretched young nobleman for not having provided in some manner for the infant child of his assassin. Why should they have provided, when it was evident that they refused absolutely to recognize his lordship's responsibility? Pinnie had to admit this, under Hyacinth's terrible cross-questioning; she could not pretend, with any show of evidence, that Lord Whiteroy and the other brothers (there had been no less than seven, most of them still living) had, at the time of the trial, given any symptom of believing Florentine Vivier's asseverations. That was their affair; he had long since made up his mind that his own was very different. One could n't believe at will, and fortunately, in the case, he had no effort to make; for from the moment he began to consider the established facts (few as they were, and poor and hideous) he regarded himself, irresistibly, as the son of the recreant, sacrificial Lord Frederick.

He had no need to reason about it; all his nerves and pulses pleaded and testified. His mother had been a daughter of the wild French people (all that Pinnie could tell him of her parentage was that Florentine had once mentioned that in her extreme childhood her father had fallen, in the blood-stained streets of Paris, on a barricade, with his gun in his hand); but on the other side it took

an English aristocrat — though a poor specimen, apparently, had to suffice — to account for him. This, with its further implications, became Hyacinth's article of faith; the reflection that he was a bastard involved in a remarkable manner the reflection that he was a gentleman. He was conscious that he did n't hate the image of his father, as he might have been expected to do; and he supposed this was because Lord Frederick had paid so tremendous a penalty. It was in the exaction of that penalty that the moral proof, for Hyacinth, resided; his mother would not have armed herself on account of any injury less cruel than the episode of which her miserable baby was the living sign. She had avenged herself because she had been thrown over, and the bitterness of that wrong had been in the fact that he, Hyacinth, lay there in her lap. *He* was the one to have been killed: that remark our young man often made to himself. That his atttitude on this whole subject was of a tolerably exalted, transcendent character, and took little account of any refutation that might be based on a vulgar glance at three or four facts, is proved by the importance that he attached, for instance, to the name by which his mother had told poor Pinnie (when this excellent creature consented to take him) that she wished him to be called. Hyacinth had been the name of her father, a republican clockmaker, the martyr of his opinions, whose memory she professed to worship; and when Lord Frederick insinuated himself into her confidence he had reasons for preferring to be known as plain Mr. Robinson — reasons, however, which, in spite of the light thrown upon them at the trial, it was difficult, after so many years, to enter into.

Hyacinth never knew that Mr. Vetch had said more than once to Pinnie, "If her contention as regards that dissolute young swell was true, why did n't she make the child bear his real name, instead of his false one?" — an inquiry which the dressmaker answered with some ingenuity, by remarking that she could n't call him after a man she had murdered, and that she supposed the unhappy girl did n't wish to publish to every one the boy's connection with a crime that had been so much talked about. If Hyacinth had assisted at this little discussion, it is needless to say that he would have sided with Miss Pynsent; though that his judgment was independently formed is proved by the fact that Pinnie's fearfully indiscreet attempts at condolence should not have made him throw up his version in disgust. It was after the complete revelation that he understood the romantic innuendoes with which his childhood had been surrounded, and of which he had never caught the meaning; they having seemed but part and parcel of the habitual and promiscuous divagations of his too constructive companion. When it came over him that, for years, she had made a fool of him, to himself and to others, he could have beaten her, for grief and shame; and yet, before he administered this rebuke, he had to remember that she only chattered (though she professed to have been extraordinarily dumb) about a matter which he spent nine tenths of his time in brooding over. When she tried to console him for the horror of his mother's history by descanting on the glory of the Purvises, and reminding him that he was related, through them, to half the aristocracy of England, he felt that she was turning the tragedy of his life into a monstrous farce; and yet he none the less continued to cherish the belief that he was a gentleman born. He allowed her to tell him nothing about the family in question, and his stoicism on this subject was one of the reasons of the deep dejection of her later years. If he had only let her brag to him a little about himself, she would have felt that she was making up, by so much, for her

grand mistake. He sometimes saw the name of his father's relations in the newspaper, but he always turned away his eyes from it. He had nothing to ask of them, and he wished to prove to himself that he could ignore them (who had been willing to let him die like a rat) as completely as they ignored him. Decidedly, he cried to himself at times, he was with the people, and every possible vengeance of the people, as against such shameless egoism as that; but all the same he was happy to feel that he had blood in his veins that would account for the finest sensibilities.

He had no money to pay for places at a theatre in the Strand; Millicent Henning having made it clear to him that on this occasion she expected something better than the pit. "Should you like the royal box, or a couple of stalls at ten shillings apiece?" he asked of her, with a frankness of irony which, with this young lady, fortunately, it was perfectly possible to practice. She had answered that she would content herself with a seat in the second balcony, in the very front; and as such a position involved an expenditure which he was still unable to meet, he waited one night upon Mr. Vetch, to whom he had already, more than once, had recourse in moments of pecuniary embarrassment. His relations with the caustic fiddler were peculiar; they were much better in fact than they were in theory. Mr. Vetch had let him know — long before this, and with the purpose of covering Pinnie to the utmost — the part he had played when the question of the child's being taken to Milbank was so distressingly presented; and Hyacinth, in the face of this information, had inquired, with some sublimity, what the devil the fiddler had to do with his private affairs. Theophilus Vetch had replied that it was not as an affair of his, but as an affair of Pinnie's, that he had considered the matter; and Hyacinth afterwards had let the question drop, though he had never been formally reconciled to his officious neighbor. Of course his feeling about him had been immensely modified by the trouble Mr. Vetch had taken to get him a place with old Crookenden; and at the period of which I write it had long been familiar to him that the fiddler did n't care a straw what he thought of his advice at the famous crisis, and entertained himself with watching the career of so curiously concocted a youth. It was impossible to Hyacinth not to perceive that the old man's interest was kindly, and to-day, at any rate, our hero would have declared that nothing could have made up to him for not knowing the truth, horrible as the truth might be. His miserable mother's embrace seemed to furnish him with an inexhaustible fund of motive, and, under the circumstances, that was a benefit. What he chiefly objected to in Theophilus Vetch was a certain air of still regarding him as extremely juvenile; he would have got on with him much better if the fiddler had consented to recognize the degree in which he was already a man of the world. Vetch knew an immense deal about society, and he seemed to know the more because he never swaggered — it was only little by little you discovered it; but that was no reason for his looking as if his chief entertainment resided in a private, humorous commentary on the conversation of his young friend. Hyacinth felt that he himself gave considerable evidence of liking his fellow-resident in Lomax Place when he asked him to lend him half a crown. Somehow, circumstances, of old, had tied them together, and though this partly vexed the little bookbinder, it also touched him; he had more than once solved the problem of deciding how to behave when the fiddler exasperated him by simply asking him some service. The old man had never refused. It was satisfactory to Hyacinth to remember this, as he knocked at his door, very late, after he

had allowed him time to come home from the theatre. He knew his habits: Mr. Vetch never went straight to bed, but sat by his fire an hour, smoking his pipe, mixing a grog, and reading some old book. Hyacinth knew when to go up by the light in his window.

"Oh, I know I have n't been to see you for a long time," he said, in response to the remark with which the fiddler greeted him; "and I may as well tell you immediately what has brought me at present — in addition to the desire to ask after your health. I want to take a young lady to the theatre."

Mr. Vetch was habited in a tattered dressing-gown; his apartment smelt strongly of the liquor he was consuming. Divested of his evening-gear, he looked to our hero so bald, so shabby, so flaccid and forlorn, that on the spot Hyacinth ceased to hesitate as to his claims in the event of a social liquidation; he, too, was unmistakably a creditor. "I 'm afraid you find your young lady rather expensive."

"I find everything expensive," said Hyacinth, as if to finish that subject.

"Especially, I suppose, your secret societies."

"What do you mean by that?" the young man asked, staring.

"Why, you told me, in the autumn, that you were just about to join a few."

"A few? How many do you suppose?" And Hyacinth checked himself. "Do you suppose if I had been serious I would tell?"

"Oh dear, oh dear," Mr. Vetch murmured, with a sigh. Then he went on: "You want to take her to my shop, eh?"

"I 'm sorry to say she won't go there. She wants something in the Strand: that 's a great point. She wants very much to see the Pearl of Paraguay. I don't wish to pay anything, if possible; I am sorry to say I have n't a penny. But as you know people at the other theatres, and I have heard you say that you do each other little favors, from place to place — *à charge de revanche*, as the French say — it occurred to me that you might be able to get me an order. The piece has been running a long time, and most people (except poor devils like me) must have seen it: therefore there probably is n't a rush."

Mr. Vetch listened in silence, and presently he said, "Do you want a box?"

"Oh, no; something more modest."

"Why not a box?" asked the fiddler, in a tone which Hyacinth knew.

"Because I have n't got the clothes that people wear in that sort of place, if you must have such a definite reason."

"And your young lady — has she got the clothes?"

"Oh, I dare say; she seems to have everything."

"Where does she get them?"

"Oh, I don't know. She belongs to a big shop; she has to be fine."

"Won't you have a pipe?" Mr. Vetch asked, pushing an old tobacco pouch across the table to his visitor; and while the young man helped himself he puffed a while in silence. "What will she do with you?" he inquired at last.

"What will who do with me?"

"Your big beauty — Miss Henning. I know all about her from Pinnie."

"Then you know what she 'll do with me!" Hyacinth returned, with rather a scornful laugh.

"Yes, but, after all, it does n't very much matter."

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Hyacinth.

"Well, now, the other matter — the International — are you very deep in that?" the fiddler went on, as if he had not heard him.

"Did Pinnie tell you all about that?" his visitor asked.

"No, our friend Eustache has told me a good deal. He knows you have

put your head into something. Besides, I see it," said Mr. Vetch.

"How do you see it, pray?"

"You have got such a speaking eye. Any one can tell, to look at you, that you're a member of a secret society. You seem to say to every one, 'Slow torture won't induce me to tell where it meets!'"

"You won't get me an order, then?" Hyacinth said, in a moment.

"My dear boy, I offer you a box. I take the greatest interest in you."

They smoked together a while, and at last Hyacinth remarked, "It has nothing to do with the International."

"Is it more terrible — more deadly secret?" his companion inquired, looking at him with extreme seriousness.

"I thought you pretended to be a radical," answered Hyacinth.

"Well, so I am — of the old-fashioned, milk-and-water, jog-trot sort. I'm not an exterminator."

"We don't know what we may be when the time comes," Hyacinth rejoined, more sententiously than he intended.

"Is the time coming, then, my dear boy?"

"I don't think I have a right to give you any more of a warning than that," said our hero, smiling.

"It 's very kind of you to do so much, I'm sure, and to rush in here at the small hours for the purpose. Meanwhile, in the few weeks, or months, or years, or whatever they are, that are left, you wish to put in as much enjoyment as you can squeeze, with the young ladies: that 's a very natural inclination." Then, irrelevantly, Mr. Vetch inquired, "Do you see many foreigners?"

"Yes, I see a good many."

"And what do you think of them?"

"Oh, all sorts of things. I rather like Englishmen better."

"Mr. Muniment, for example?"

"I say, what do you know about him?" Hyacinth asked.

"I 've seen him at Eustache's. I know that you and he are as thick as thieves."

"He will distinguish himself some day, very much," said Hyacinth, who was perfectly willing, and indeed very proud, to be thought a close ally of the young chemist.

"Very likely — very likely. And what will *he* do with you?" the fiddler inquired.

Hyacinth got up; the two men looked at each other for an instant. "Do get me two good places in the second balcony," said Hyacinth.

Mr. Vetch said he would do what he could, and three days afterwards he gave the coveted order to his young friend. As he placed it in his hands he said, "You had better put in all the fun you can, you know!"

Henry James.

SOME TESTIMONY IN THE CASE.

THE discussions of the negro problem in Northern and Southern reviews last winter, it is true, showed us the subject from widely different points of view. But if any Northerner, living quietly at home, surrounded only by white faces, supposes that these pictures of the great struggle of race in the South have discovered the whole of it to him, he is greatly mistaken.

An impartial traveler through the Southern States just now must feel that he is in the middle of a great game, which will decide the future of the

negro, and in which every man or woman that he meets, white or black, is taking a part. The result of this struggle, if not a matter of life and death to either race, will certainly affect permanently their domestic relations, their commercial prosperity, and the place which the South will hereafter hold in the scale of civilized peoples. The Southern people everywhere are ready to talk freely of this matter, and every man has his own positive opinion about it. He looks at the problem from the standing-point of his own plantation, or family, or factory, and is quite sure that he of all men in the country sees it clearly and has found the answer to it.

It occurred to me, while in the Gulf States, last winter, that this conflicting testimony from actual witnesses in the case would surprise and interest other Southerners. It seems to be so difficult in that part of the world to understand why your neighbor differs with you in opinion!

Northern readers are apt to listen to all varying statements of troubles in the South as they might to the different slogans of clans who come into the world only to fight each other. It would be far more just if they would receive them as the candid utterances of men who, whether white or black, are, like ourselves, struggling honestly to live at peace and happily with each other, and to make life fuller and nobler for their children than it has been for themselves. The educated white Southerner seldom thinks or talks now of the war or of slavery. His hands are full of the immediate struggle for a living, and in this work the negro helps or thwarts him at every turn.

I have tried to set down fragments of conversation or letters, which will explain some of these complex relations, giving as closely as possible the literal words of the speakers.

First, then, let us hear a cotton planter near Montgomery, Alabama.

He was asked, "What is the difficulty in the way of the Alabamians? You ought to make a great commercial success, in five years. You have apparently limitless resources in iron and coal. You have good soil, and your planters understand their business scientifically. Capital is coming in steadily from the North. What else do you want?"

"White labor," he promptly replied, — "white labor. The abolition of slavery lifted a great weight from the shoulders of the ruling class in the South. I acknowledge that now. If the blacks could be lifted *en masse* and dropped into Africa, it would be still greater relief. If I, for instance, could work twenty intelligent Germans instead of two hundred negroes, I could double my cotton crop this year."

"You certainly have had time to train the negro as a laborer. Where does he fall short?"

He laughed. "'Train!' Look at that fellow holding up the fence yonder. He is a fair specimen of the field hands on a large plantation. Laziness is inborn in him; it is part of his flesh and his blood. It is as incurable as leprosy. He will pretend to work for four days, and on the fifth go off for a fortnight without a word. It matters nothing to him that it is the most critical point of the year's work. He has neither reason, nor conscience, nor ambition, to which you can appeal. No, nor even greed. He would rather sneak off and sleep all day with a nickel in his pocket than work two days longer for ten dollars. He has the mind of an animal, and, I begin to think, can be governed, like an animal, only by the lash. However, the day is over for that," shrugging his shoulders.

"But his moral sense, — his gratitude?"

"He has neither. He takes a new wife every year, and he steals from me while I am looking at him. He reckons me an exceptionally kind 'boss,' too."

"But this is only one man, of millions."

"The great mass of field hands are alike. It is an ugly story, but it is plain fact."

An aged lady in Virginia, the head of a large family, who still lives on the old plantation: —

"These are not all my own old people that work the place now," she said, scanning the haymakers, as they came in, with a shrewd, kindly smile. "Only one third were our own; the others gathered in from the old places in the neighborhood, when strangers bought them. They are not the lowest class of laborers, as you see. We pay them good wages, and they are not driven. I hear many complaints," she added, "about the idleness and incompetency of the negro. But he was just as idle and incompetent before the war. Only now the planter is poor; he hires the laborer instead of owning him, and he feels the necessity of getting the worth of his money from him."

"You do not think, then, that freedom has elevated these people?"

"I can speak only for my own plantation." She hesitated. "In one way, yes. Most of the young people now can read and write. The elder negroes are eager to get money, to push their children on, to make them, as they say, 'like the whites.' Further than that I fail to see any good results. Their education has not been put to any practical purpose. It cannot be used, as with us, in helping them up into trades or professions. It has made them ambitious and restless, and there is no outlet for them but manual labor. Their ambition usually ends in gaudy clothes, and their restlessness in a bitter antipathy and insolence to the whites. The old loyal affection of the negro to his master, though you may think the master did not deserve it, was an ennobling quality in the slave. He has lost it, and suspicion and self-conceit have taken its place. Merely teaching a child to read and write, or even to cipher, will not give it a higher character. These people here know less of the Bible and of God than when the old Methodist preacher and I taught them and they could not read. Now they read penny song books and the lowest flash newspapers. They are more tricky, vain, and vulgar than they were as slaves."

"Do you think the color line will ever be blotted out in the South?" asked one of her listeners. "The Civil Rights Bill was fought with inhuman prejudice here, it seemed to us."

"Inhuman?" Her fair old face reddened. "How was it in the North? How long was it after you had freed your slaves in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania before you admitted them to the cars and theatres? Do they sit at your tables now? Ah, no! 'We may make laws,' as Lady Mary said, 'but we all follow customs!' And how can the North, that has been so tardy in this matter, sneer at us or urge us to our duty? The negro will not receive social recognition in my day," with a sigh of relief.

Cloty (or Madame Clotilde, as the other freedmen called her) was a stout, neat, keen-eyed mulatto in a cotton-raising district on the Gulf.

"A very rich country," she told us, adding, with a certain pride, "Mos' of de planters yahbouts worked from three hundred to a thousand slaves. Dere idee of livin' was to dress 'n' drink 'n' go to de springs 'n' play kyards on de money dere people made foh dem. When we was took 'way from dem, it was like knockin' de bottom outen de tub. Dey jes' fell, 'n' dey don' seem t' recober demselves. But it 's our time now! De good Lohd sees to dat! I reckon," she added, "'t was 's bad a place foh de black man yahbouts 's

any in de Souf. De rich planters, dey leab eberyt'ing 'n de han's ob oberseers, 'n' de hardest ob dem was Yankees. But de wust marsters was de pore folk who on'y owned one or two. Dey was such litty bit 'bove dere people dey keep de distance by countin' 'em as dogs."

Her husband was the owner of a carriage, in which he drove strangers about the town: a burly, Celtic-looking fellow, with sullen light eyes and straight brown hair, the passions of a colder-blooded race than that of the negro smouldering in his face. He, too, boasted proudly of the "old families," and the state they kept, until one of the strangers said carelessly, —

"I suppose all those stories of the cruelty of slavery were exaggerated."

He glanced sharply at the speaker, and did not speak for a minute or two; then he said in a low voice, "I 'll be fah. 'T wa'n't so bad foh de house suhvants ob gemmen. Dey *was* gemmen. But dese low white marsters! Why, madam, s'pose yoh be a cook, 'n' you got two nice litty gals, 'n' some man he see one, 'n' want her, 'n' he go to ole mas', 'n' to sabe a fuss dey say to you, 'Send Susy to de stoh, foh matches, or soap, or somepin'.' An' she go, 'n' de man he waitin' at de stoh, 'n' you nebber see your chile ag'in in dis wurl'! Or, you be a man, 'n' you see you mas' or he's son knock you wife or you litty gal down, 'n' you dahsn't say, 'Please, sah, don't!' Cruel, did you say? Good Lohd! My ole mas' owned twenty people. He could n't read or write. He know'd no more dan a debbil fish, 'n' he keer no mo' what he kill. *I* knowed a boy — a boy of fohteen — bucked head to feet, 'n' de lash laid on till he sick foh days." His eyes were set, and the blood settled in mottled spots on his jaws, as he talked. "'N' as soon 's he could stan', a collar put on his neck 'n' a chain from dat to he's feet, 'n' him ploughin' all day wid he's head down, 'n' at night salt brine poured on his raw back. Great God in heaven! 'N' me only a boy of fohteen! I was ole mas's grandson, sah. He terr'ble temper! When he get in fury he tear he's hat off he's head 'n' tramp it like mad bull. 'N' one day when dey push me so hard I get fah wild, 'n' rush in from de field 'n' tell him to he's face to shoot me, foh God's sake! I could n't stan' libin' no longer. 'N' de folks tell me dat I tore de cloes off me, 'n' tramp em down; 'n' at dat, old mas' look at me scart 'n' say, quite quiet, 'Take him to de cabin.'"

He drove on in silence for some time and then said, "I t'ink sometimes dat pore boy hab hard times!" with an unsteady laugh. Pointing to a gibbet-like structure in the middle of the shady street, "Dah 's de ole whippin'-post," he said. "'N' hyah," turning into a settlement of comfortable, tidy houses, "hyah 's whah we cullored folks lib now, 'n' dis is de college foh our chillen," stopping before a large brick house, which he told us had been built and endowed by a few wealthy ex-slaveholders. He was greatly pleased when he went in, and followed us, the teacher addressing him respectfully as "Mr. Paxton," shaking his hand, and telling him of his children's progress. After we had left the school, he asked if he might show us his house, which was a pretty, white, vine-covered cottage in a large garden. He called his three "litty gals" out, and was very proud and happy in them.

As we drove away, he said, "When we fus' start, my wife go out to cook, 'n' we banked every dollah, till we build dat house. Den I say, 'You stay home, Cloty, 'n' cook, 'n' patch, 'n' sew, 'n' de gals go to school, 'n' I scratch foh dem all outside.' 'N' next year I goin' build a sittin'-room to dat house foh de gals: 'n' I 'll paint it all up. 'N' mebbe," with a delighted chuckle, "when strangers from de Norf come ridin' by, same as you, dey 'll t'ink white folks lib in dat

house! But sometimes I t'ink, sah, sposen my litty gals been born 'foh the wah, 'n' somebody want 'em, 'n' dey be sent down street to de stoh, 'n' come back no more!"

It is impossible to see the present of the negro in its true light without the background of the past.

Hear now the Northern owner of a plantation in one of the Gulf States: —

"I have owned this place for fifteen years, and I have tried honestly in that time to better the condition of the negroes I employ. Without being an active abolitionist, I was no believer in slavery. I did believe that these people, by patience and rational treatment, could be elevated. But I am totally discouraged. I had a good deal of feeling in the matter, and gave it my personal attention. We went to work practically. I built them decent cabins; my wife gave them some furniture and a few little comforts. I paid them liberally, and explained to them that the better their work, the better should be their wages. There was the foundation for useful citizenship. It was of no use. They will not understand the uses of work. Then they are gregarious in their filth and idleness. Build six cabins for six families, and in a month they will all be living (or kenneling) in two, and burning the others for firewood. My wife gave them hens, ducks, etc., promising to buy their eggs and poultry. But they immediately had a grand feast on the fowls, and ever since have robbed her hen-roosts. It is impossible to keep poultry, tools, or anything else which can be carried away. No, to be just, they are not all alike. Here and there, one, like Job, my coachman, is honest and truthful, and will work hard for my interest and his own. There are probably half a dozen such among our people. You will find such on every plantation. But the others borrow, beg, or steal from them. An industrious negro always has a load of lazy kinsfolk to carry, and he carries them without grumbling."

Job, however, on inquiry, was found to have "banked" enough to buy a house and patch of ground, in spite of his load.

A business man in New Orleans, a Southerner and former slaveholder: "It is hardly fair to judge of the place which the negro can hold in the future, among the workers of this country, by the present generation. They are still weighted by the ignorance of slavery and (what is perhaps as heavy a load) their intense self-conceit, which is largely due to the influence of the carpet-baggers who flooded the country after the war. They convinced the negro not only that he was entitled to freedom and suffrage, but that, without education, skill, or even a wish to work, he was as good a man as his master. Why, there are negroes holding office now in Louisiana, justices of the peace and postmasters, who can neither read nor write their own names. It would be hard, under these circumstances, to convince the rest of their race that success in life depends on knowledge, skill, honesty, or work. But in thirty years another generation, at least partially educated, will have supplanted the ex-slaves. They will have more intelligence and common sense than the present freedmen, and will have found out that a man's place, be he white or black, depends on the way in which he does his special work."

An outspoken Mississippian wrote, "As for the system of convict labor, it seems cruel to Northerners, no doubt. But we have a mass of ignorant paupers to carry. What better use can we make of them than to set them to open mines and build roads? They help civilization in that way as they can in no other."

A leading politician in another State

said, still more frankly, "We were forced to give up slavery. But we have got hold of a better thing for us than slavery."

Many prominent Georgians denounced it as "an atrocious cruelty, a sin against humanity."

The editor of one of the most influential Southern journals: "We are accused by certain demagogues, both here and in the North, with injustice to our freed slaves; as for instance, in the system of convict labor, in social oppression, keeping them out of hotels, theatres, etc. I can only say in reply, The negro is a voter, and the South is giving him the education which will enable him to defend himself intelligently against legalized tyranny. She is taxing herself heavily for his schools; she is putting her own shoulder to the wheel to lift him out of the mire; she is, in short, helping him in the surest way to help himself. That is an argument which is, as yet, unanswered. As for social rank, that is a matter which, as you know, no legislation can reach. It was folly to attempt to do it."

A clergyman, born in the South, said, "These different attempts to describe the position of the negro and to define his future remind me of the fable of the travelers who met in an inn, and began to discuss the chameleon. 'It is green,' said one. 'It is blue,' said another. 'It is yellow,' said a third. 'I have one here and to convince you' — He opened the box, and the lizard came out — white. Mr. Cable, Mr. Grady, and other recent essayists see the same subject, but with different lights on it. The character and the claims of the colored man differ with each individual precisely as do those of the white. They have their political rights: they are receiving education. For the rest they must work it out. Admission to theatres, cars, etc., will come, probably, as they show their fitness to rank as the equals of refined and well-bred people. But it will be slowly, as in the North. One thing, however, I will say with full conviction, and that is that the freedman receives from nobody, not even his Northern teacher, as much real personal sympathy or intelligent comprehension of his character and wants as from the better class of his former owners."

A beautiful and educated woman, married to a man as white as any Englishman, in telling her story, said, "My father's family were wealthy Germans. I have my blood and my fair skin and gray eyes from them. There is nothing to show that my mother was an octoroon but these dark patches on the palms of my hands. But that is enough. My father, out of his love for me, sent me to a Northern school as a white girl. He would have done better to send me to the slave pens. I should never then have known what I had lost. Neither my husband's education nor mine opens the way for us to earn our living in any trade or profession occupied by educated people. The only way in which he can be admitted into the society of gentlemen is as a waiter behind their chairs."

"Why, then," she was asked, "if you are barred out from the white race, do you not ally yourself to your own, — make their cause yours, and try to elevate them?"

"Because they are not my own!" she cried passionately. "I am white! Must I bring the curse which falls on every negro on my children, when there are not ten black drops in my veins? Are they to be held as lepers by the whites to whom they belong for these few drops? They *are* white children, sensitive, refined, lovers of books, music, and art. Are they to be classed and made to herd with field hands all their lives?"

A North Carolinian, hearing the story of this woman (which I have but hinted here), remarked that "the question between the two races in the South

would be easily settled if one race were white and the other black. It is the mulatto that offers the impregnable difficulties. We Southerners are apt, when we talk of the future of the negro, to forget that the white and black man meet in the same individual. Given the temper, feeling, and ambition of a high-bred Carolinian, with the skin and lot in life of a freedman, and the problem is not easy to solve. When we talk of 'the implacable instinct which must forever separate the races,' we forget that the answer confronts us in the face of every mulatto that we meet. This mixed race is, in every case, the kinsman by birth of the white. We can predicate that the negro cannot become industrious, cannot comprehend mathematics, has a natural disability for skilled labor; but how can we assume these natural defects for our brothers and cousins?"

"Give us time," urged more than one Southerner of the more moderate, thoughtful class. "It is easy for Northerners to read us lessons of duty. They never seem to have realized how complete was the ruin that overtook us, or how frightful the social and financial overthrow. The old relations between the races still are fresh in the minds of the more ignorant whites. The freedmen are still slaves in their eyes. Give them all time. We are turning to new industries and new interests: these, and increased friction with the world, will wear away the prejudices and soreness in the minds of whites, while education will change the character of the negro. Wait until the fermentation is over, to pass judgment. The North must not and cannot force nor hurry it. She never had any right to interfere."

Two significant facts appear to me to offer suggestions worth consideration on this subject: —

The first is the universal increasing demand in every Southern State for skilled labor. Machinists are wanted, carpenters, joiners, shoemakers, weavers, plumbers, mill-hands, — every kind of craftsmen, in short, who can efficiently aid in the countless new industries which are struggling into existence in the South. So great and pressing is the need for them that most strenuous efforts are being made to induce European emigrants to come to this new-old field, instead of to the Northern ports; in fact to enter by New Orleans, and remain a few months before going West, — if West they will go.

The second fact was the negro exhibit at the New Orleans exhibition. It was significant and pathetic, because it showed what the free colored men wished to do, but never had been taught to do. Their schools and colleges made creditable displays of their intellectual progress. But the work of their hands was almost invariably the work of willing but untrained hands. There were attempts at every kind of handicraft, from shoes and rolling-pins to a steam engine cleverly made by a negro, who assuredly did not understand mechanics, as he could neither read nor write. Shoes, machines, tubs, even pictures, were, as a rule, proudly labeled as the work of a man or woman who never had been taught to make them. The whole exhibit was pitiable as a display of wasted cleverness. In suggestive contrast were the work from the Hampton Industrial School, and some really admirable specimens of saddlery and engraved glass made by colored men in Philadelphia who had "learned how."

General S. C. Armstrong, who has had seventeen years of experience in teaching the Industrial School for negroes at Hampton, writes, "There is now a large class of negro mechanics in the South, carpenters, blacksmiths, and bricklayers. The proof of the capacity of the negro for skilled labor is, I think, ample. I fully believe in it. The great

difficulty is their lack of opportunity to learn. They have less chance to learn now than in the days of slavery, which, in a crude way, was a great industrial school. I have seen so much evidence here of the negro's desire to learn trades, and have had such satisfactory experience of the race as mechanics, that I consider its success a question of opportunity only."

There are several colleges and universities in the South for the freedmen which profess to rank with those for the whites, but I know of no other industrial school than that at Hampton.

No practical visitor to the South can help questioning whether the great mass of negroes and mulattoes do not, in this crisis of their history, need training in handicrafts rather than in Latin and metaphysics; and whether, too, granting that the negro and mulatto have the mechanical ability to receive this training, it will not be more to the interest of the Southern white man to keep the new industries, now opening with such splendid promise, under his own control, with his familiar freed workmen, than to surrender them to foreign capitalists and foreign laborers?

Rebecca Harding Davis.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XXXIV.

WARRENDER met his mother and sister with a face somewhat cloudy, which, however, he did his best to clear as he came in, in response to their pleasure at the sight of him. It did not become him, in his position, to look otherwise than blessed; but a man has less power of recognizing and adapting himself to this necessity than a woman. He did his best, however, to take an interest in the house; to have all its conveniences pointed out to him, and the beauty of the view over the garden, and the coolness of the drawing-room in which they sat. What pleased him still more, however, or at least called forth a warmer response, was the discovery of some inconveniences which had already been remarked. "I am very glad you have told me," he said. "I must have everything put right for you, mother. A thing that can be put right by bricks and mortar is so easy a matter."

"It is the easiest way, perhaps, of setting things right," she said, not without an anxious glance; "but even bricks and mortar are apt to lead you further than you think. You remember Mr. Briggs, in Punch?"

"They will not lead me too far," said Theo. "I am all in the way of renovation and restoration. You should see — or rather, you should not see, for I am afraid you would be shocked — our own house" —

"What are you doing? No, I should not be shocked. I never was a devotee of the Warren. I always thought there were a great many improvements I could make."

"Oh, mamma!"

"You must remember, Chatty, I was not born to it, like you. What are you doing? Are you building? Your letters were not very explicit, my dear."

"You shall see. I cannot describe. I have not the gift." Here the cloud came again over Theo's face — the cloud which he had pushed back on his entrance as if it had been a veil. "We have let in a little light, at all events," he said: "that will always be something to the good. Now, mother, let me have some lunch; for I cannot stay above an

hour or so. I have to see Longstaffe. There has been a great deal to do."

"Mr. Longstaffe, I am sure, will not give you any trouble that he can help."

"He is giving me a great deal of trouble," said the young man, with lowering brows. Then he cleared up again with an effort. "You have not told me anything about your doings in town."

"Oh, we did a great deal in town." Here Mrs. Warrender paused for a moment, feeling that neither did the auditor care to hear, nor the person concerned in those doings care to have them told. Between these two, her words were arrested. Chatty's head was more than ever bent over her muslin, and Theo had walked to the window, and was looking out with the air of a man whose thoughts were miles away. No one said anything more for a full minute, when he suddenly came back, so to speak, and said with a sort of smile, —

"So you were very gay?" as if in the mean time she had been pouring an account of many gayeties into his ear.

So far as Theo was concerned, it was evidently quite unnecessary to say any more; but there was now the other silent listener to think of, who desired that not a word should be said, yet would be equally keen to note and put a meaning to the absence of remark. Between the two, the part of Mrs. Warrender was a hard one. She said, which perhaps was the last thing she ought to have said, "We saw a great deal of your friend Mr. Cavendish."

"Ah, Dick! Yes, he's about town I suppose — pretending to do law, and doing society. Mother, if you want me to stay to luncheon" —

"I will go and see after it," said Chatty. She gave her mother a look, as she put down her work. A look — what did it mean? A reproach for having mentioned him? an entreaty to ask more about him? Mrs. Warrender could not tell. When they were left alone, her son's restlessness increased. He felt, it was evident, the dangers of being left with her *tête-à-tête*.

"I hope you did n't see too much of him," he said, hastily, as if seizing upon the first subject he could think of to defend himself. "Cavendish is a fellow with a story, and no one knows exactly what it is."

"I am sure he is honorable and good," said Mrs. Warrender; and then she cried, "Theo! don't keep me in this suspense — there is something amiss."

He came at once and sat down opposite to her, gazing at her across the little table. "Yes?" he said, with defiance. "You have made up your mind to that beforehand. I could see it in your eyes. What should be amiss?"

"Theo, you do me wrong. I had made up my mind to nothing beforehand — but I am very anxious. I know there must be difficulties. What are your negotiations with Mr. Longstaffe? Is it about settlements? Is it" —

"Longstaffe is an old fool, mother: that is about what it is."

"No, my dear. I am sure he is a kind friend, who has your interests at heart.

"Whose interests?" he said, with a harsh laugh. "You must remember there are two sides to the question. I should say that the interests of a husband and wife were identical; but that is not the view taken by those wretched little pettifogging country lawyers."

"Dear Theo, it is never, I believe, the view taken by the law. They have to provide against the possibility of everything that is bad; they must suppose that it is possible for every man to turn out a domestic tyrant."

"Every man!" he said, with a smile of scorn. "Do you think I should be careful about that? They may bind me down as much as they please: I have held out my hands to them ready for the fetters. What I do grudge," he went on, as if, the floodgates once opened, the stream could not be re

strained, "is all that they are trying to impose upon her: giving her the appearance of feelings entirely contrary to her nature; making her out to be under the sway of — That 's what I can't tolerate. If I knew her less, I might imagine — But thank God, I am sure on that point," he added, with a sharpness in his voice which did not breathe conviction to his mother's ear.

She laid her hand upon his arm, soothing him. "You must remember that, in the circumstances, a woman is not her own mistress. Oh, Theo, that was always the difficulty I feared. You are so sensitive, so ready to start aside like a restive horse, so intolerant of anything that seems less than perfect."

"Am I so, mother?" He gathered her hand into his, and laid down his head upon it, kissing it tremulously. "God bless you for saying so. My own mother says it, — a fastidious fool, always looking out for faults, putting meanings to everything, starting at a touch, like a restive horse."

How it was that she understood him, and perceived that to put his faults in the clearest light was the best thing she could do for him, it would be hard to tell. She laid her other hand upon his bent head. "Yes, my dear, yes, my dear, that was always your fault; if your taste was offended, if anything jarred, — though it might be no more than was absolutely essential, no more than common necessity required."

"Mother, you do me more good than words can say. Yes, I know, I know. I never have friends for that cause. I have always wanted more, more" —

"More than any one could give," she said, softly. "Those whom you love should be above humanity, Theo; their feet should not tread the ground at all. I have always been afraid, not knowing how you would take it when necessary commonplaces came in."

"I wonder," he said, raising his head, "whether mothers are always as perfect comforters as you are. That was what I wanted: but nobody in the world could have said it but you."

"Because," she said, carrying out her rôle unhesitatingly, though to her own surprise and without knowing why, "only your mother could know your faults, without there being the smallest possibility that any fault could ever stand between you and me."

His eyes had the look of being strained and hot, yet there seemed a little moisture in the corners, — a moisture which corresponded with the slight quiver in his lip, rather than with the light in his eyes. He held her hand still in his, and caressed it almost unconsciously. "I am not like you in that," he said. Alas, no! he was not like her in that. Though the accusation of being fastidious, fantastic, intolerant of the usual conditions of humanity, was, for the moment, the happiest thing that could be said to him, yet a fault — a fault would stand between him and whosoever was guilty of it; mother, even, — love still more. A fault! he was determined that she should be perfect, the woman whom he had chosen. To keep her perfect he was glad to seize at that suggestion of personal blame; to acknowledge that he himself was impatient of every condition, intolerant even of the bonds of humanity. But if there ever should arise the time when the goddess should be taken from her pedestal, when the woman should be found fallible, like all women, Heaven preserve poor Theo then. The thought went through Mrs. Warrender's mind like a knife. What would become of him? He had given himself up so unreservedly to his love; he had sacrificed even his own fastidious temper in the first place, had borne the remarks of the county, had supported Geoff, had allowed himself to be laughed at and blamed. But now, if he should chance to discover that the woman for whom he had done all this was not in herself a piece of perfection —

His mother felt her very heart sink at the thought. No one was perfect enough to satisfy Theo; no one was perfect at all so far as her own experience went. And when he made this terrible discovery, what would he do?

In the mean time they went to luncheon, and there was talk of the repairs wanted in the house, and of what Theo was doing "at home." He was very unwilling, however, to speak of "home," or of what he had begun to do there. He told them, indeed, of the trees that had been cut down, over which Chatty made many exclamations, mourning for them; but even Chatty was not vigorous in her lamentations. They sat and talked, not interested in anything they were saying, the mother seated between them, watching each, herself scarcely able to keep up the thread of coherent conversation; making now and then incursions on either side from which she was obliged to retreat hurriedly; referring now to some London experience which Chatty's extreme dignity and silence showed she did not want to be mentioned, or to something on the other side from which Theo withdrew with still more distinct reluctance to be put under discussion. It was not till this uncomfortable meal was over that Theo made any further communication about his own affairs. He was on his way to the door, whither his mother had followed him, when he suddenly turned round as if accidentally. "By the bye," he said, "I forgot to tell you. *She* will be here presently, mother. She wanted to lose no time in seeing you."

"Lady Markland!" said Mrs. Warrender, with a little start.

He fixed his eyes upon her severely. "Who else? She is coming about three. I shall come back, and go home with her."

"Theo, before I meet your future wife — You have never given me any details. Oh, tell me what has happened and what is going to happen. Don't leave me to meet her in ignorance of everything."

"What is it you want to know?" he said, with his sombre air, setting his back against the wall. "You know all that I know."

"Which is no more than that she has accepted you, Theo."

"Well, what more would you have? That is how it stands now, and may for months, for anything I can tell."

"I should have thought it would have been better to get everything settled quickly. Why should there be any delay?"

"Ah, why? You must ask that of Mr. Longstaffe," he said, and turned away.

Mrs. Warrender was much fluttered by the announcement of this visit. She had expected, no doubt, to meet Lady Markland very soon; to pay her, perhaps, a solemn visit; to receive her, so to speak, as a member of the family, which had been an alarming thought. For Lady Markland, though always grateful to her, and on one or two occasions offering something that looked like a close, confidential friendship, had been always a great lady in the opinion of the squire's wife, a more important person than herself, intimacy with whom would carry embarrassments with it. She had not been, like other people in her position, familiarly known in the society of the county. Her seclusion even during her husband's lifetime, the almost hermit life she led, the pity she had called forth, the position as of one apart from the world which she had maintained, all united to place Lady Markland out of the common circle, on a little eminence of her own. She had been very cordial, especially on the last evening they had spent together, the summer night when she had come to fetch Geoff. But still they had never been altogether at their ease with Lady Markland. Mrs. Warrender went back into the drawing-room, and looked round upon it

with eyes more critical than when she had regarded it in relation to herself; wondering if Lady Markland would think it a homely place, a residence unworthy her future husband's mother. She made some little changes in it instinctively, put away the work on which she had been engaged, and looked at Chatty's little workbox with an inclination to put that too out of the way. The rooms at Markland were not so fine as to make such precautions necessary; yet there was a faded splendor about them very different from the limitation and comfortable, prim neatness of this. When she had done all that it was possible to do, she sat down to wait for her visitor, trying to read, though she could not give much attention to what she read. "Lady Markland is to be here at three," she said to Chatty, who was slightly startled for a moment, but much less than her mother, taking a strip of muslin out of her box, and beginning to work at it as if this was the business of life, and nothing else could excite her more. The blinds were all drawn down for the sunshine, and the light came in green and cool, though everything was blazing out-of-doors. These lowered blinds made it impossible to see the arrival, though Mrs. Warrender heard it acutely, — every prance of the horses, every word Lady Markland said. It seemed a long time before, through the many passages of the old-fashioned house, the visitor appeared. She made a slight pause on the threshold of the door, apparently waiting for an invitation, for a special reception. Mrs. Warrender, with her heart beating, had risen, and stood with her hands clasped, in tremulous expectation. They looked at each other for a moment across the parlor-maid, who did not know how to get out of the room from between the two ladies, neither of whom advanced towards the other. Then Mrs. Warrender went hurriedly forward with extended hands.

"Theo told me you were coming. I am very glad to see you." They took each other's hands, and Mrs. Warrender bent forward to give the kiss of welcome. They were two equal powers, meeting on a debatable ground, fulfilling all the necessary courtesies. Not like this should Theo's mother have met his wife. It should have been a young creature, whom she could have taken into her arms, who would have flung herself upon the breast of his mother, or at her knees, like a child of her own. Instead of this, they were two equal powers, — if, indeed, Lady Markland were not the principal, the one to give, and not receive. Mrs. Warrender felt herself almost younger, less imposing altogether, than the new member of the family, to whom it should have been her part to extend a tender patronage, to draw close to her and set at her ease. Things were better when this difficult first moment was over. It was suitable and natural that Lady Markland should give to Chatty that kiss of peace; and then they all seated themselves in a little circle.

"You have just arrived?" Lady Markland said.

"Yesterday. We have scarcely settled down."

"And you enjoyed your stay in town? Chatty, at least, — Chatty must have enjoyed it." Lady Markland turned to her with a soft smile.

"Oh, yes, very much," said Chatty, almost under her breath.

And then there was a brief pause, after which, "I hope Geoff is quite well," Mrs. Warrender said.

"Quite well, and I was to bring you his love." Lady Markland hesitated a little, and then said, "I should like if I might — to consult you about Geoff."

"Surely," Mrs. Warrender replied, and again there was a pause.

In former times, Chatty would not have perceived the embarrassment of her two companions, but she had learned

to divine since her three weeks' experience. She rose quietly. "I think, mamma, you will be able to talk better, if I go away."

"I don't know, my dear," said Mrs. Warrender, with a slight tremulousness. Lady Markland did not say anything. She retained the advantage of the position, not denying that she wished it, and Chatty accordingly, putting down her work, went away. Mrs. Warrender felt the solemnity of the interview more and more; but she did not know what to say.

Presently Lady Markland took the initiative. She rose and approached nearer to Mrs. Warrender's side. "I want you to tell me," she said, herself growing for the first time a little tremulous, "if you dislike this very much — for Theo?"

"Dislike it! Oh, how can you think so? His happiness is all I desire: and if you" —

"If I can make him happy? That is a dreadful question, Mrs. Warrender. How can any one tell? I hope so; but if I should deceive myself" —

"That was not what I meant: there is no happiness for him but that which you can give: — if you think him good enough, — that was what I was going to say."

"Good enough! Theo? Oh, then you do not know what he is, though he is your son; and so far I am better than you are."

"Lady Markland, you are better in a great many ways. It is this that frightens me. In some things you are so much above any pretensions of his. He has so little experience; he is not rich, nor even is he clever (though he is very clever) according to the ways of the world. I seem to be disparaging my boy. It is not that, Lady Markland."

"No; do you think I don't understand? I am too old for him; I am not the kind of woman you would have chosen, or even that he would have chosen, had he been in his right senses."

"It is folly to say that you are old. You are not old; you are a woman that any man might be proud to love. And his love — has been a wonder to me to see," said his mother, her voice faltering, her eyes filling. "I have never known such adoration as that."

"Ah, has it not!" cried the woman who was the object of it, a sudden melting and ineffable change coming over her face. "That was what gave me the courage," she said, after a moment's pause. "How could I refuse? It is not often, is it, that a man — that a woman" — Here her voice died away in a confusion and agitation which melted all Mrs. Warrender's reluctance. She found herself with her arms round the great lady, comforting her, holding her head against her own breast. They shed some tears together, and kissed each other, and for a moment came so close that all secondary matters that could divide them seemed to fade away. "But now," said Lady Markland, after this little interval, "he is worried and disturbed again, by all the lawyers think it right to do. I should like to spare him all that, but I am helpless in their hands. Oh, dear Mrs. Warrender, you will understand. There are so many things that make it more difficult. There is — Geoff."

Mrs. Warrender pressed her hands and gave her a look full of sympathy but she said nothing. She did not make a cheerful protest that all these things were without importance, and that Geoff was no drawback, as perhaps it was hoped she might do. Lady Markland drew back a little, discouraged, — waiting for some word of cheer which did not come.

"You know," she said, her voice trembling, "what my boy has been to me: everything, until this new light that I never dreamed of, that I never had hoped for, or thought of — You know how we lived together, he and I. He was my companion, more than

a child, sharing every thought. You know" —

"Lady Markland, you have had a great deal of trouble, but how much with it! — a child like that, and then" —

"And then — Theo! Was there ever a woman so blessed — or so — Oh, help me to know what I am to do between them! You can understand better than any of the young ones. Don't you see," said Lady Markland, with a smile in which there was a kind of despair, "that though I am not old, as you say, I am on your level rather than on his, — that *you* can understand better than he?"

If it were possible that a woman who is a mother could cease to be that in the first place, and become a friend first of all, a sympathizer in the very difficulties that overwhelm her son, that miracle was accomplished then. The woman whom she had with difficulty accepted as Theo's future wife became for a moment nearer to her in the flood of sympathy than Theo himself. The woman's pangs and hindrances were closer to her experience than the man's. To him, in the heat of his young passion, nothing was worth considering that interfered with the perfect accomplishment of his love. But to her — the young woman, who had to piece on the present to the past, who though she might have abandoned father and mother could never abandon her child — the other woman's heart went out with a pang of fellow feeling. Mrs. Warrender, like most women, had an instinctive repugnance to the idea of a second marriage at all; but that being determined and beyond the reach of change, her heart ached for the dilemma which was more painful than any which enters into the possibilities of younger life. As Lady Markland leant towards her, claiming her sympathy, her face full of sentiments so conflicting, the joy of love and yet the anguish of it, and all the contrariety of a heart torn in two; the youthfulness, when all was said, of her expressive countenance; the recollection that, after all, this woman who claimed to be on her own level was not too old to be her child, seized upon Mrs. Warrender. Nothing that is direct and simple can be so poignant as those complications in which right and wrong and all the duties of human life are so confused that no sharply cut division is possible. What was she to do? She would owe all her heart to her husband, and what was to remain for her child? Geoff had upon her the first claim of nature — her love, her care, was his right; but then Theo? The old mother took the young one into her arms, with an ache of sympathy. "Oh, my dear, what can I say to you? We must leave it to Providence. Things come round when we do not think too much of them, but do our best."

How poor a panacea, how slight a support! and yet in how many cases all that one human creature can say to another! To do our best and to think as little as possible, and things will come round! The absolute mind scorns such mild consolation. To Theo it would have been an irritation, a wrong; but Theo's betrothed received it with humbler consciousness. The sympathy calmed her, and that so moderate, so humble voucher of experience that things come round. Was it really so? Was nothing so bad as it appeared? Was it true that the way opened before you little by little in treading it, as she who had gone so much further on the path went on to say? Lady Markland regained her composure as she listened.

"You are speaking to me like a true mother," she said. "I have never known what it was. Help me, only help me, — even to know that you understand me is so much, — and do not blame me."

"Dear Lady Markland" —

"I have a name," she said, with a smile which was full of pain, as if touch-

ing another subject of trouble, "which is my own, which cannot be made any question of. Will you call me Frances? It would please him. They say it would be unusual, unreasonable, a thing which is never done — to give up — Is that Theo? Dear Mrs. Warrender, I shall be far happier, now that I know I have a friend in you."

She grasped his mother's hands with a hurried gesture, and an anxious, imploring look; then gave a hasty glance into the glass, and recovered in a moment her air of gentle dignity, her smile. It was this that met Theo when he came in eager, yet doubtful, his eyes finding her out, with a rapid question, the instant that he entered. Whatever her troubles might be, none of them were made apparent to him.

XXXV.

Next day Mr. Longstaffe called upon Mrs. Warrender, nominally about the alterations that had to be made in her house, but really with objects much more important. He made notes scrupulously of what she wanted, and hoped that she would not allow anything to be neglected that was necessary for her comfort. When these preliminaries were over, there was a pause. He remained silent, with an expectant air, waiting to be questioned; and though she had resolved, if possible, to refrain from doing so, the restriction was more than her faculties could bear.

"My son tells me," she said, as indifferently as possible, "that there is a great deal going on between him and you."

"Naturally!" cried Mr. Longstaffe, with a certain indignation. "He is making a marriage which is not at all a common kind of marriage, and yet he would have liked it to be without any settlements at all."

"He could not wish anything that was not satisfactory to Lady Markland."

"Do you think so? Then I must undeceive you. He would have liked Lady Markland to give herself to him absolutely, with no precautions, no restrictions."

"Mr. Longstaffe, Theo is very much in love. He has always been very sensitive; he cannot bear (I suppose) mixing up business matters, which he hates, with" —

"It is all very well for him to hate business: though between you and me, if you will allow me to say so, I think it very silly. Ladies may entertain such sentiments, but a man ought to know better. If you will believe me, he wants to marry her as if she were fifteen and had not a penny! — to make her Mrs. Theodore Warrender and take her home to his own house!"

"What should he do else? Is not that the natural thing that every man wishes to do?"

"Yes, if he marries a girl of fifteen without a penny, as I said. Mrs. Warrender, I know you are full of sense. Perhaps you will be able to put it before him in a better light. When a man marries a lady with an established position of her own, like Lady Markland, and a great many responsibilities, — especially when she is a sort of queen mother and has a whole noble family to be accountable to" —

"I do not wonder that Theo should be impatient, Mr. Longstaffe; all these things must be terrible to him, in the midst of his — Why should not they marry first, and let all these details arrange themselves afterwards?"

"Marry first! and leave her altogether unsecured!"

"I hope you know that my son is a man of honor, Mr. Longstaffe."

"My dear madam, we have nothing to do with men of honor in the law. I felt sure that you would understand at last. Suppose we had left Miss Minnie dependent upon the honor (though I don't doubt it at all) of the Thynne family?"

"I don't mean in respect to money," said Mrs. Warrender, with a slight flush. "He will not interfere with her money, — of that I am certain."

"No, only with herself; and she has been left the control of everything, and she must be free to administer her son's property and look after his interests. If you will allow me to say it, Mrs. Warrender, Lady Markland is a much better man of business than Theo."

Mr. Longstaffe had known Theo all his life, and had never addressed him otherwise than by that name: but it seemed an over-familiarity, a want of respect, even a sign of contempt, in the position in which Theo now stood. She replied with a little offense: —

"That is very possible. He has had little experience, and he is a scholar, not a person of business. But why should the marriage be delayed? This is the worst moment for them both. I know my son, Mr. Longstaffe. All this frets him beyond description now; but when the uncertainty is over, and all these negotiations, everything will come round. He will never interfere or prevent her from doing what is necessary for her son. When they are once married all will go well."

This was a long speech for Mrs. Warrender, and she made it with interruptions, with trepidation, not quite so sure, perhaps, of her own argument as she had thought she was. The lawyer looked at her with a kind of respectful contempt.

"There may be a certain justice in what you say, that this is the worst moment, but I for one could never agree to anything so unbusinesslike as you seem to suggest. Marriage first, and business afterwards — no, no. And then there is the little boy. You would not have him sent off to nurse while his mother goes upon her honeymoon? Poor little fellow, so devoted as she was to him before!"

"A second marriage," said Mrs. Warrender, subdued, "can never be so simple, so easy, as one in which there are no complications."

"They are better, if they so abide," said Mr. Longstaffe. "I agree with St. Paul, for my part. But no doubt it would be hard upon a young woman, poor thing, that made such a failure in her first. If Theo were not so restive, if you could get him to take things a little more easily — Dear me, of course I trust in his honor; no one doubts that. But he will lead her a pretty dance! Whether it will be better for her to have a good, crotchety, high-tempered young fellow who adores her, or a rough young scamp who neglected her" —

"There can be no comparison between the two."

"No," said Mr. Longstaffe ruefully, but perhaps his judgment did not lean to Theo's side.

"And why should not they live at the Warren?" she asked. "It is not a fine house, but it is a good house, and with the improvements Theo is making" —

"My dear lady, to me the Warren is a delightful little place, or at least it could be made delightful. But Markland, — Markland is a very different matter. To change the one for the other would be — well, it would be, you won't deny, something like a sacrifice. And why should she? when Markland is all ready, wanting no alteration, an excellent house, and in the middle of the property which she has to manage: whereas the Warren" —

"I have lived in the Warren all my life," said Mrs. Warrender, with a little natural indignation. It wounded her that he should talk of it patronizingly as "a delightful little place." She was not in any way devoted to the Warren; still, this patronage, this unfavorable comparison, irritated her, and she began to range herself with more warmth upon her own side. "I can see no reason why my son's wife should not live there."

"But there are reasons why Lady Markland should not live there."

Mrs. Warrender's eyes shot forth fire. She no longer wondered that Theo was driven to the verge of distraction. Oh, that he had loved some young creature on his own level, some girl who would have gone sweetly to his home with him and glorified the old life! His mother had wept over and soothed the woman of his choice only yesterday, entering into all the difficulties that beset her path, and pledging her own assistance to overcome them; but now her mind was all in arms in behalf of her boy, whose individuality was to be crushed among them, who was to be made into an appendage to Lady Markland, and have no place of his own. Instead of giving her assistance to tame Theo, she felt herself take fire in his defense.

"You are very right, no doubt, to consider Lady Markland in the first place," she said, "but I don't think we can argue the question further, for to me my son must be the first."

"It is the right way," said the lawyer; "but when a young man lifts his eyes" —

"We will say no more on the subject," she said, quickly; and Mr. Longstaffe was too judicious to do anything else than resume the question about the garden palings, and then to bow himself out. He turned, indeed, at the door to express his regrets that he had not brought her to his way of thinking, — that he had lost her valuable help, upon which he had calculated: but this did not conciliate Mrs. Warrender. She had no carriage at her orders, or she would have gone to the Warren at once, with the impulsiveness of her nature, to see what Theo was doing, what he was thinking of. But Theo was at Markland, alternating between the Paradiso and the Inferno, between the sweetness of his betrothed's company and all the hard conditions of his happiness; and the Warren was in the hands of a set of leisurely country tradespeople, who, if Theo had meant to carry his bride there, must have postponed that happiness for a year or two, — not much wonder, perhaps, since they were left by the young master to dawdle on their own way.

Mrs. Warrender, however, had another and a surprising visitor on this same day. The ladies were sitting together in their usual way, in the heat of the afternoon, waiting until it should be cool enough for their walk, when the parlor-maid, not used, perhaps, to such visitors, opened the door, with a little excitement, and announced, "Lord Markland." Mrs. Warrender rose quickly to her feet, with a low cry, and a sudden wild imagination such as will dart across a troubled mind. Lord Markland! Had he never died, then? Was it all a dream? Had he come back to stop it in time? A small voice interrupted this flash of thought, and brought her back to herself with a giddy sense of the ridiculous and a sensation of shame quite out of proportion to the momentary illusion. "It is only me, Geoff: but I thought, when she asked me my name, I was obliged to give my right name." He seemed smaller than ever, as he came across the room, twitching his face as his habit was, and paler, or rather grayer, with scanty locks and little twinkling eyes. "Did you think it was some one else?" he said.

"Of course it could be no one but you. I was startled for the moment, not thinking of you by that title. And have you come all this way alone — without any" —

"Oh, you were thinking of that other time. There is a great deal of difference since that other time. It is nearly a year since; and now I do a great many things by myself," said the boy, looking at her keenly. "I am let to go wherever I please."

"Because you are now old enough to take care of yourself," said Mrs. Warrender, "with the help of Black."

"Yes," said Geoff: "how did you know? I have got Black. But there is more in it than that. Would mamma have ruined me, if she had kept on always coddling me, Mrs. Warrender? That is what the servants say."

"My dear, one never allows the servants to say things of that kind. You should understand your mother's meaning much better than they can do."

"I see a great deal of the servants now," said Geoff; then he corrected himself with a look of sudden recollection — "that is, I am afraid I disobey mamma, Mrs. Warrender. I am rather fond of the servants; they are more amusing than other people. I go to the stables often when I know I ought n't. To know you ought n't, and yet to do it, is very bad, don't you think?"

"I am afraid it is, Geoff. Don't you have any lessons now?"

"They say this is holiday time," said the boy. "Of course I am glad of the holidays, but it is a little stupid, too, not having any one to play with — But I may come out a great deal more than I used to: and that is a great advantage, is n't it? I read, too, chiefly stories; but a whole day is a very long time, don't you think so? I did not say where I was coming this afternoon, in case the pony might get tired, or Black turn cross, or something: but it appears Black likes to come to Highcombe; he has friends here." The boy had come close to Mrs. Warrender's work-table, and was lifting up and putting down again the reels of silk, the thimbles and scissors. He went on with this occupation for some time very gravely, his back turned to the light. At length he said, "I want you to tell me one thing. They say Warrender is coming to live at our house."

"I am afraid it is true, Geoff."

"Don't you like it, then?" said the boy. "I thought if you did not like it you would not let it be."

"My dear, my son Theo is a man. I cannot tell him what he must do, as your mother does to you. And if I do not like it, it is because he has a good house of his own."

"Ah, the Warren!" said Geoff; then he added, pulling all the reels about in the work-table, and without raising his eyes to her face, "If he is coming, I wish he would come, Mrs. Warrender; then perhaps I should go to school. Don't you think school is a good thing for a boy?"

"Everybody says so, Geoff."

"Yes, I know; it is in all the books. Mrs. Warrender, if — Warrender is coming to live with us, will you be a sort of grandmother to me?"

This startled her very much. She looked at the odd child with a sensation almost of alarm.

"Because," he continued, "I never had one, and I could come and talk to you when things were bad."

"I hope you will never have any experience of things being bad, Geoff."

He gave a glance at her face, his hands still busy among the threads and needles.

"Oh, no, never, perhaps — but, Mrs. Warrender, if — Warrender is coming to Markland to live, I wish he would do it now, directly. Then it would be settled what was going to be done with me — and — and other things." Geoff's face twitched more than ever, and she understood that the reason why he did not look at her was because his little eyelids were swollen with involuntary tears. "There are a lot of things — that perhaps would get — settled then," he said.

"Geoff," she said, putting her arm round him, "I am afraid you don't like it any more than I, my poor boy."

Geoff would not yield to the demoralizing influence of this caress. He held himself away from her, swaying backwards, resisting the pressure of her arm. His eyelids grew bigger and bigger, his mouth twitched and quivered. "Oh, it

is not that," he said, with a quiver in his voice, "if mamma likes it. I am only little, I am rather backward, I am not — company enough for mamma."

"That must be one of the things that the servants say. You must not listen, Geoff, to what the servants say."

"But it is quite true. Mamma knows just exactly what is best. I used to be the one that was always with her — and now it is Warrender. He can talk of lots of things, — things I don't understand. For I tell you I am very backward; I don't know half, nor so much as half, what some boys do at my age."

"That is a pity, perhaps; but it does not matter, Geoff, to your — to the people who are fond of you, my dear."

"Oh, yes, it does!" cried the boy. "Don't hold me, please! I am a little beast; I am not grateful to people nor anything! The best thing for me will just be to be sent to school." Here Geoff turned his back upon her abruptly, forced thereto by the necessity of getting rid of those tears. When he had thus relieved himself, and cleared his throat of the climbing sorrow that threatened to choke his voice, he came back and stood once more by her table. The great effort of swallowing down all that emotion had made him pale, and left the strained look which the passage of a sudden storm leaves both upon the human countenance and the sky. "They say it 's very jolly at Eton," he resumed suddenly, taking up with his hot little nervous fingers Mrs. Warrender's piece of work.

But at this point Geoff's confidences were interrupted by the entrance of visitors, who not only meant to make themselves agreeable to Mrs. Warrender on her first arrival at Highcombe, but who were very eager to find out all that they could about the marriage of Theo: if it really were going to take place, and when, and everything about it. It added immensely to the excitement, but little to the information acquired, when, in answer to the first question, Mrs. Warrender indicated to her visitors that the little boy standing at her side, and contemplating them, with his hands in his pockets, was little Lord Markland. "Oh, the boy," they said under their breath, and stopped their questioning most unwillingly, all but the elder lady, who got Mrs. Warrender into a corner, and carried on the interrogatory. Was she quite pleased? But of course she was pleased. The difference of age was so little that it did not matter; and though the Markland family were known not to be rich, yet to be sure it was a very nice position. And such a fine character! not a woman that was very popular, but quite above criticism. "There never was a whisper against her, — oh, never a whisper! and that is a great thing to say." Geoff did not hear, and probably would not have understood, these comments. He still stood by the work-table, taking the reels of silk out of their places, and putting them back again with the gravity of a man who has something very important in hand. He seemed altogether absorbed in this simple occupation, bending over it with eyebrows contracted over his eyes, and every sign of earnestness. "What a curious thing for a boy to take pleasure in! But I suppose being always with his mother has rather spoiled him. It will be so good for the child to have a man in the house," said the lady who was interviewing Mrs. Warrender. There was a little group of the younger ladies round Chatty, talking about the parish and the current amusements, and hoping that she would join the archery club, and that she loved croquet. The conversation was very animated on that side, one voice echoing another, although the replies of Chatty were mild. Geoff had all the centre of the room to himself, and stood there as on a stage; putting the reel of red silk into the square which was intended for the blue, and arranging the colors in squares and par-

allels. He was much absorbed in this, and yet he did not know what he was doing. His little bosom swelled high with thought; his heart was wrung with the poignancy of love rejected, — of loss and change. It was not that he was jealous; the sensations which he experienced had little bitterness or anger in them. Presently he turned round and said, "I think I shall go home, Mrs. Warrender," with a disagreeable consciousness that everybody paused and looked at him, when his small voice broke the murmur of the feminine conversation. But what did that matter to Geoff? He had much to occupy him, — too much to leave him free to think how people looked, or what they said.

XXXVI.

Geoff's heart was full. He pondered all the way home, neglecting all the blandishments of Black's conversation, who had visited a friend or two in Highcombe, and was full of cheerfulness and very loquacious. Geoff let him talk, but paid no attention. He himself had gone to Mrs. Warrender, whom he liked, with the hope of disburdening from his little bosom some of the perilous stuff which weighed upon his soul. He had wanted to *sfogarsi*, as the Italians say, to relieve a heart too full to go on any longer: but Geoff found, as so many others have found before him, that the relief thus obtained but made continued silence more intolerable. He could not shut up the doors again which had thus been forced open. The sensation which overwhelmed him was one which most people at one time or another have felt: that the circumstances amid which he was placed had become insupportable; that life could no longer go on, under such conditions, — a situation terrible to the maturest man or woman, but what word can describe it in the heart of a child? In his mother was summed up all love and reliance, all faith and admiration, for Geoff. She had been as the sun to him. She had been as God, the only known and visible representative of love and authority, the one unchangeable, ever right, ever true. And now she had changed, and all life was out of gear. His heart was sick, not because he was wronged, but because everything had gone wrong. He did not doubt his mother's love; he was not clear enough in his thoughts to doubt anything, or to put the case into any arrangement of words. He felt only that he could not bear it, that anything would be better than the present condition of affairs. Geoff's heart filled, and his eyes, and there came a constriction of his throat when he realized the little picture of himself wandering about, with nobody to care for him, no lessons; for the first time in his life forbidden to dart into his mother's room at any moment, with a rush against the door, in full certainty that there could never be a time when she did not want him. Self-pity is very strong and very simple in a child, and to see, as it were, a picture in his mind of a little boy, shut out from his mother, and wanted by no one, was more poignant still than the reality. The world was out of joint; and Geoff felt with Hamlet that there was nobody but him to set it right. The water came into his eyes, as he rode along, but except what he could get rid of by winking violently he left it to the breeze to dry; no hand or handkerchief, not even a little knuckle piteously unabsorbent, would he employ to show to Black that he was crying. Crying! No, he would not cry; what could that do for him? But something would have to be done, or said; once the little floodgates had been burst open, they could not close any more.

Geoff pondered long, though with much confusion in his thoughts. He was very magnanimous: not even in his inmost soul did he blame his mother,

being still young enough to believe that unhappy events come of themselves, and not by anybody's fault. To think that she liked Theo better than himself made his heart swell, but rather with a dreadful sense of fatality than with blame. And then he was a little backward boy, not knowing things like Theo, whom, by the way, he no longer called Theo, having shrunk involuntarily, unawares, out of that familiarity as soon as matters had grown serious. As he thought it all over, Geoff's very heart was rent. His mother had cried when she took him into her arms; he remembered that she had kissed his cold feet, that she had looked as if she were begging his pardon, kneeling by his side on that terrible night when he had come dimly to an understanding of what it all meant. Geoff, like Hamlet in his little way, felt that nothing that could be done could ever undo that night. It was there, a fact which no after-revolution could change. No vengeance could have put back the world to what it was before Hamlet's mother had married her brother-in-law, and the soft Ophelia turned into an innocent traitor, and all grown false: neither could anything undo to little Geoff the dreadful revolution of heaven and earth through which his little life had gone. All the world was out of joint, and what could he do to mend it, a little boy of ten, — a backward little boy, not knowing half so much as many at his age? His little bosom swelled, his eyes grew wet, and that strange sensation came in his throat. But he kept on riding in front of Black, so that nothing could be seen.

Lady Markland was in the avenue as he rode up to the gate. Geoff knew very well that she had walked as far as the gate with Warrender, whom he had seen taking the road to the right, the short way across the fields. But when he saw his mother he got down from his pony, and walked home with her. "Where have you been?" she cried. "I was getting very anxious; you must not go those long rides by yourself."

"I had Black," said Geoff, "and you said I must learn to be independent, to be able to take care of myself."

"Did I say so, dear? Perhaps it is true: but still you know how nervous I am, how anxious I grow."

Geoff looked his mother in the face like an accusing angel; not severely, but with all the angelic regret and tenderness of one who cannot be deceived, yet would fain blot out the fault with a tear. "Poor mamma!" he said, clasping her arm in his old childish way.

"Why do you call me poor mamma? Geoff, some one has been saying something to you; your face is not like the face of my own boy."

She was seized with sudden alarm, with a wild desire to justify herself, and the sudden wrath with which a conscious culprit takes advantage of the suggestion that ill tongues alone or evil representations have come between her and those whom she has wronged. The child, on his side, took no notice of this. He had gone so much further, — beyond the sphere in which there are accusations or defenses; indeed, he was too young for anything of the kind. "Mamma," he said, clasping her arm, "I think I should like to go to school. Don't you think it would be better for me to go to school?"

"To school!" she cried. "Do you want to leave me, Geoff?" in a tone of sudden dismay.

"They say a boy ought to go to school; and they say it 's very jolly at Eton; and I 'm very backward, don't you know, — Warrender says so."

"Geoff! he has never said it to me."

"But if it is true, mamma! There is no difference between me and a girl, staying at home. And there I should have other fellows to play with. You had better send me. I should like it."

She gave him an anxious look, which Geoff did not lift his eyes to meet;

then, with a sigh, "If you think you would like it, Geoff. To be sure, it is what would have to be sooner or later." Here she made a hurried breathless pause, as if her thoughts went quicker than she could follow. "But now it is July, and you could not go before Michaelmas," she said.

Was she sorry he could not go at once, though she had exclaimed at the first suggestion that he wanted to leave her at all? Geoff was too young to ask himself this question, but there was a vague sensation in his mind of something like it, and of a mingled satisfaction and disappointment in his mother's tone.

"Warrender says there are fellows who prepare you for Eton," the boy said, holding his breath hard that he might not betray himself. "He is sure to know somebody. Send me now."

"You are very anxious to leave me," she cried, in a tone of piteous excitement and misery. "Why, why should you wish it so much?" Then she paused, and asked suddenly, "Is it Mr. Warrender who has put this in your mind?"

"I don't know nothing about Warrender," said Geoff, blinking his eyes to keep the tears away. "I never spoke to Warrender. He said that when he was not thinking about me."

And then she clasped her arms about him suddenly in a transport of pain and trouble and relief. "Oh, Geoff, Geoff," she cried, "why, why do you want to leave me?" The boy could not but sob, pressed closely against her, feeling her heart swell as his own was doing: but neither did he make any attempt to answer, nor did she look for any reply.

XXXVII.

Various scenes to which Markland was all unaccustomed had been taking place in these days: alternations of rapture and gloom on the part of Warrender, of shrinking and eagerness on the part of Lady Markland, which made their intercourse one of perpetual vicissitude. From the quiet of her seclusion she had been roused into all the storms of passion, and though this was sweetened by the absolute devotion of the young man who adored her, there were yet moments in which she felt like Geoff that the position was becoming insupportable. Everything in her life was turned upside down by this new element in it, which came between her and her child, between her and her business, the work to which she had so lately made up her mind to devote herself, as to the great object of her existence. All that was suspended now. When Theo was with her, he would not brook, nor did she desire, any interruption; and when he was not with her the bewildering thoughts that would rush upon her, the questions in her mind as to what she ought to do, — whether it might not even now be better for everybody to break, if it were possible, those engagements which brought so much agitation, which hindered everything, which disturbed even the bond between herself and her child, — would sometimes almost destroy her moral balance altogether. And then her young lover would arrive, and all the miseries and difficulties would be forgotten, and it would seem as if earthly conditions and circumstances had rolled away, and there were but these two in a new life, a new world, where no troubles were. Then Lady Markland would say to herself that it was the transition only that was painful, that they were all in a false position, but that afterwards, when the preliminaries were over and all accomplished, everything would be well. When she was his, and he hers, beyond drawing back or doubt, beyond the possibility of separation, then all that was over-anxious, over-sensitive, in Theo would settle down in the sober certainty of happiness secured, and Geoff, who was so young, would reconcile himself to

that which would so soon appear the only natural condition of life, and the new would seem as good as, nay, better than, the old. She trembled herself upon the verge of the new, fearing any change and shrinking from it, as is natural for a woman, and yet in her heart felt that it would be better this great change should come and be accomplished, rather than to look forward to it, to go through all its drawbacks and pay its penalties every day.

A few days after these incidents Theo came to Markland, one morning, with brows more than usually cloudy. He had been annoyed about his house, the improvements about which had been going on very slowly: one of his tradespeople worse than another, the builder waiting for the architect, the carpenter for the builder, the new furniture and decorations naturally lagging behind all. And to make these things more easy to bear he had met Mrs. Wilberforce, who had told him that she wondered to see so much money being spent at the Warren, as she heard his home was to be at Markland, and so natural, as it was so much better a house; and that she had heard little Lord Markland was going to school immediately, which no doubt was the best thing that could be done, and would leave his mother free. When he arrived at Markland he was full of the excitement of this information. "I am never told," he said. "I do not wish to exact anything, but if you have made up your mind about Geoff, I think I might have heard it from yourself."

"Dear Theo!" Lady Markland said, and that was all.

Then he threw himself at her feet in sudden compunction. "I am a brute," he said. "I come to you with my idiotic stories, and you listen to me with that sweet patience of yours, and never reprove me. Tell me I am a fool and not worthy of your trust; I am so, I am so! But it is because I can't bear this state of affairs: to be everything to you, and yet nothing; to know that you are mine, and yet have a stranger informing me what you are going to do."

"No stranger need inform you, Theo. Geoff has asked me to send him to school, though I can't tell how any one could know. He wishes to go — directly. He is not happy, either. Oh, Theo, I think I make everybody unhappy instead of" —

"Not you," he cried, "not you; those men, with their idiotic delays. Geoff is wise, — wiser than they are. Let us follow his example, dearest. You don't distrust me; you know that whatever is best for you, even what they think best, all their ridiculous conditions, I will carry out. Don't you know that the less my hands are bound, the more I should accept the fetters, all, as much as they please, that they think needful for you? — but not as conditions of having you. That is what I cannot bear."

"You have me," she said, smiling upon him with a smile very close upon tears, "you know, without any conditions at all."

"Then let it be so!" he cried. "Oh, let it be so — directly, as Geoff wishes: dear little Geoff, wise Geoff, — let him be our example."

"Theo — oh, try to love my boy!"

"I will make him my model, if you will take his example: directly, directly! The child is wise, he knows better than any of us. Darling, let us take his example, let us cut this knot. When the uncertainty is over, all these difficulties will melt away."

"He is wise, Theo, — you don't know how right you are. Oh, my boy! and I am taking so little thought of him. I felt my heart leap when he asked to go away. Can you believe it? My own boy, my only one! I was glad, and I hate myself for it, though it was for you."

"All this," he said, eagerly addressing himself with all the arts he knew to

comfort and reassure her, "is this state of miserable delay. We are in the transition from one to another. What good can we do to keep hanging on, to keep the whole county in talk, to make Geoff unhappy? He goes by instinct, and he sees it: my own love, let us do so, too. Let us do it, without a word to any one, my dearest!"

"Oh, Theo," she cried, "if you will but promise me to love my boy!"

In the distracted state in which she was, this no-argument of Geoff's little example went to her heart. It seemed to bring him somehow into the decision, to make it look like a concession to Geoff, a carrying out of his wishes, and at the same time a supreme plea with Theo for love and understanding of Geoff. Yet it was with falterings and sinkings of soul indescribable that Lady Markland went through the two following days. They were days wonderful, not to be ever forgotten. Theo did not appear, — he had gone away, she said, for a little while upon business, — and Geoff and she were left alone. They went back into all the old habitudes, as if nothing were changed; and the house fell again into a strange calm, a quietness almost unnatural. There were no lessons, no business, nothing to be done, but only an abandonment to that pleasure of being together which had been so long broken. He went with her for her drives, and she went with him for his walk. She called for Geoff whenever he disappeared for a moment, as if she could not bear him away from her side. They were as they had been before Theo existed for them, when they were all in all to each other. Alas, they were, yet were not, as they had been. When they drove through the fair country, where the sheaves were standing in the fields and everything was aglow with the mirth of harvest, they were both lost in long reveries, only calling themselves back by intervals with a recollection of the necessity of saying something to each other. When they walked, though Geoff still clung to his mother's arm, his thoughts as well as hers were away. They discovered in this moment of close reunion that they had lost each other. Not only did the mother no longer belong to the child, but the child even, driven from her side he knew not how, was lost to the mother; they had set out unconsciously each upon a new and separate way. Geoff was not grieved, scarcely even startled, when she told him, on the second evening, that she was going to town next day; for shopping, she said. He did not ask to be taken with her, nor thought of asking; it appeared to Geoff that he had known all along that she would go. Lady Markland proposed to him that he should pay Mrs. Warrender a visit, and he consented, not asking why. He drove in with her to the station at Highcombe, where Chatty met him, and took leave of his mother strangely, in a curious, dreamy way, as if he were not sure what he was doing. To be sure, it was a parting of little importance. She was going to town, to do some shopping, and in less than a week she was to be back. It had never happened before, which gave the incident a distinguishing character, that was all. But she seated herself on the other side of the railway carriage, and did not keep him in her eye till she could see him no more. And though she cried under her veil some tears which were salt and bitter, yet in her heart there was a feeling of relief, — of relief to have parted with her boy! Could such a thing be possible? Geoff, on his side, went back with Chatty very quietly, saying little. He sat down in a corner of the drawing-room, with a book, his face twitching more than usual, his eyes puckered up tight; but afterwards became, as Chatty said, "very companionable," which was indeed the chief quality of this little forsaken boy.

It was not till nearly a week after

that Lady Markland came back. She arrived suddenly, one evening, with Theo, unexpected, unannounced. Dinner was over, and they had all gone into the garden in the warm summer twilight when these unlooked-for visitors came. Lady Markland was clad from head to foot in gray, the color of the twilight, — she who had been for so long all black. Theo followed her closely, in light attire also, and with a face all alight with happiness, more bright than in all his life his face had ever been before. He took Geoff by the shoulders with a sort of tender roughness, which was almost like an embrace. "Is that you, my old boy?" he said, with an unsteady laugh, pushing him into his mother's arms. And then there was some crying and kissing, and Geoff heard it said that they had thought it better so, to avoid all fuss and trouble, and that it had taken place in town five days ago. To him no further explanations were made, but he seemed to understand it as well as the most grown-up person among them all.

This sudden step, which put all the power in Theo's hands to thwart the lawyers and regulate matters at his own pleasure, made him at once completely subservient to them, accepting everything which he had struggled against before. He took up his abode at Markland with his wife without so much as a protest: from thence he found it an amusement to watch the slow progress of the works at the Warren; riding over two or three times a week, sometimes accompanied by Geoff on his pony, sometimes by Geoff's mother, who it appeared could ride very well, too. And when they went into society it was as Lady Markland and Mr. Warrender. Even on this point, without a word, Theo had given in.

There was, of course, a great outcry in the country about this almost runaway marriage. It was not dignified for Lady Markland, people said; but there were some good-natured souls who said they did not wonder, for that a widow's wedding was not a pretty spectacle, like a young girl's, and of course there were always embarrassments, especially with a child so old as Geoff. What could his mother have done with him, had he been present at the wedding? — and he must have been present at the wedding, if it had been performed in the ordinary way. Poor little Geoff! If only the new husband would be good to him, everybody said.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS."

(TO ONE WHO FLOUTED THEM AS VAIN.)

I.

Am I not weary of them as your heart
Or ever Hamlet's was? — the empty ones,
Mere breath of passing air, mere hollow tones
That idle winds to broken reeds impart.

Have they not cursed my life? — sounds I mistook
For sacred verities, — love, faith, delight,
And the sweet tales that women tell at night,
When darkness hides the falsehood of the look.

I was the one of all Ulysses' crew
(What time he stopped their ears) that leaped and fled
Unto the sirens, for the honey-dew

Of their dear songs. The poets me have fed
With the same poisoned fruit. And even you, —
Did you not pluck them for me in days dead?

II.

Nay, they do bear a blessing and a power, —
Great words and true, that bridge from soul to soul
The awful cloud-depths that betwixt us roll.
I will not have them so blasphemed. This hour,

This little hour of life, this lean to-day, —
What were it worth but for those mighty dreams
That sweep from down the past on sounding streams
Of such high-thoughted words as poets say?

What, but for Shakespeare's and for Homer's lay,
And bards whose sacred names all lips repeat?
Words, — only words; yet, save for tongue and pen

Of those great givers of them unto men,
And burdens they still bear of grave or sweet,
This world were but for beasts, a darkling den.

Andrew Hedbrooke.

AN OLD-TIME GRIEVANCE.

"LET all who are not callous to every tender human feeling guess at least how a fond mother must feel, what anguish must wring her heart, on having a beloved son, in a state of minority, torn from the arms of his parents, from brothers and sisters, and from the country in which he was born, and hurried to distant climes, in a state of servitude, awful and dangerous, where if he should be in distress (as he doubtless is) his cries cannot be heard, nor his wants met, by those to whom he is as dear as life."

So wrote, in March, 1812, Mrs. Ruth Fling, wife of Lemuel Fling, of Cornish, New Hampshire, to Samuel Dinsmoor, member of Congress from the district in which they all lived. Her letter was inclosed with another, written by her husband, to Mr. Dinsmoor, in which was narrated in manly language the story of the impressment of his son Calvin. Mrs. Fling's letter, of which the above passage forms only a small part, was a prolonged wail. In our times bereaved mothers do not offer to "sit down in mournful silence, humbly praying that if we can meet no more on earth we may, through the merits of a glorious Redeemer, meet on the shore of the heavenly Canaan, where the din of war, the chain of slavery, and the apparatus of death shall be known no more forever;" but that the mother

of Calvin Fling felt it necessary to express her grief in such involved phrases is no reason to question either the sincerity or the depth of her sorrow.

The case of this young man was not a typical example of those impressments which, together with the Orders in Council, were assigned as the causes of the declaration of war against Great Britain in June, 1812. But it illustrates the contemptuous disregard of American rights displayed by British naval officers, during a period of twenty years, without rebuke from their government. Calvin Fling, at the age of twenty years, was not a sailor, but a journeyman saddler. He had worked at his trade in Montreal and Quebec about three years when, in the streets of the latter city, he was impressed by a gang from the British sloop of war Rattler, and carried on board that vessel, where history loses sight of him.

No American who studies attentively the diplomatic history of his country from the definitive treaty of peace in 1783 until the peace of Ghent — a period that covers almost a generation — can require any further reason than he will find therein for the bitter and revengeful feelings toward England which were then almost universally entertained. It is not easy to detach from the rest one of the numerous grievances of which every President, from Washington to Madison, complained, and, having isolated that single controversy, to give its history in intelligible form; but in this paper no reference which does not seem to be absolutely necessary will be made to the other general and particular assaults by Great Britain on the rights of neutrals. Of course it is no part of the present purpose to inquire whether or not England was a greater offender — except as its power for mischief was greater — than France. We will confine attention, as far as it is possible to do so, to the one subject of British impressments.

The correspondence on this subject was begun during Washington's first term. Gouverneur Morris, commissioner to Great Britain, had a conversation with the English foreign minister on the subject, and it was then suggested on the part of the latter that all American seamen should carry certificates of their citizenship. This proposition was rejected by Mr. Jefferson, who, as secretary of state, wrote to Mr. Thomas Pinckney, our minister plenipotentiary, in 1792, that it was a "condition never yet submitted to by any nation." He indicated briefly the reasons why it should not be accepted. The strongest of these reasons was that, implying an admission of the principle that all seamen who were not American citizens might be rightfully seized from American vessels (which he did not concede), it would lead to the impressment of Americans who might happen not to be provided with certificates. The practice of carrying certificates, or "protections," was soon afterward adopted, — without prejudice to the American contention on the general principle, — and proved completely ineffectual to prevent the impressment of our citizens.

This system was established by act of Congress, approved May 28, 1796, by which it was provided that persons should be appointed to reside abroad, — one of them to be stationed in London, — to act as agents for demanding the release of impressed American seamen; and that collectors of customs should open books for the registry of sailors who produced proof of American citizenship. Upon furnishing such proof certificates were to be issued to seamen, in a prescribed form, that they were American citizens. This act, as originally passed by the House of Representatives, required collectors to state in the certificates whether the holder was a native or a naturalized citizen. The Senate struck out the clause. The refusal to distinguish between the two classes

of citizens probably made very little difference in the British practice, though in the diplomatic correspondence that followed the issue of certificates to naturalized citizens was made an excuse for numerous complaints that the protections were in many cases fraudulent and untrue. British naval officers were accustomed to treat the protections as wholly valueless for purposes of evidence.

The subject of impressment was resumed in the instructions given by Timothy Pickering, secretary of state, to Rufus King, our minister to London, in 1796. The extent of American concession at this time was that American vessels should, on arrival in a British port, report their crew at the proper office; and "if afterward any addition be made to them by *British subjects*, these may be taken away. In the ports of Great Britain and Ireland the impress of *British subjects* found on board our vessels must doubtless be admitted." A few months later Mr. King had occasion to demand the release of one Maxwell, an American, who had been impressed and carried away on H. M. ship Sandwich. England refused to comply, on the ground that Maxwell was "married and settled at Bristol." Reasons similar to this were then and always afterward given, whenever it was possible. Mr. King, in an exceedingly strong dispatch to Lord Grenville, convicted the British government of inconsistency.

It was about this time that the British government began to complain of the granting of protections by consuls, and notice was given to Mr. King that the practice must be discontinued. Our minister was also notified that all demands for the restoration of American seamen must come through him. The concentration of the business in his hands revealed to him the astonishing magnitude of the evil. Between July 1, 1796, and April 1, 1797, he made application for no fewer than two hundred and seventy-one seamen. Of this number, eighty-six were given up; thirty-seven were detained "as British subjects, or as American volunteers, or for want of proof that they are Americans;" and the remaining one hundred and forty-eight applications received no answer.

Three years later the two governments almost succeeded in coming to an agreement. Mr. Pitt's ministry had been superseded by that of Mr. Addington, and Lord Grenville was replaced, as foreign secretary, by Lord Hawkesbury. Mr. King pressed the American grievance forcibly upon the attention of the new government, and finally the negotiation resulted in the draft of an article, to which both Lord Hawkesbury and Mr. King assented. Impressment on the high seas, from American vessels, was to be wholly discontinued. Lord Hawkesbury submitted the article to Lord St. Vincent, the first lord of the admiralty, who insisted upon excepting from the operation of the treaty vessels navigating the "narrow seas." This was a re-assertion by England of the old principle of *mare clausum*, — of an exclusive jurisdiction over the seas surrounding the British Isles. Not only was it inadmissible as favoring a pretension which no maritime nation conceded, but as rendering the article of little value. So much of American trade passed through the English Channel, St. George's Channel, and the North Sea that if impressment in these waters was to continue the evil complained of would be hardly diminished.

Mr. King expressed his belief that if he had further time he could persuade the English government to yield this point. Our government seemed to think that, having once reduced the disagreement to a single issue regarding the narrow seas, it had obtained an advantage, and had made a defense of the general system of impressment impossible. The British ministers, instead of

arguing about the matter, simply declined to treat, and the matter rested a year or two. Mr. Madison, secretary of state, sent to Mr. Monroe, who succeeded Mr. King at London, full instructions for the negotiation of a treaty, and a *projet* of such a treaty, the first article of which related to impressments. In this dispatch, dated January 5, 1804, Mr. Madison presented the matter strongly and at length. He denied explicitly the right of Great Britain to search for and seize her own subjects on board American vessels, not only on general grounds, but because the practice must necessarily lead to many abuses. He protested against it particularly because it placed the dearest rights of seamen visited by a British naval officer at the mercy of that officer, who was immediately interested in denying him all rights. It not only laid upon the sailor whose services were desired the burden of proof that he was an American citizen, but it gave the power to the officer to disregard, and even — as in many cases happened — to destroy, that proof.

The secretary warmly resented the idea that in granting protections to American seamen the United States admitted the right of Great Britain to take from our ships men who were not American citizens, as well as the supposition that the certificates of citizenship were meant to protect the holders under their own or under any other neutral flag. "The document is given to prove their real character, in situations to which neither the law of nations nor the law of their own country is applicable; in other words, to protect them within the jurisdiction of the British laws, and to secure to them within every other jurisdiction the rights and immunities due to them."

Mr. Monroe had progressed so far as to lay the project of a treaty before Lord Hawkesbury, and to find the secretary not indisposed to consider the subject, when Mr. Addington's government was defeated. Mr. Pitt was recalled to the head of affairs, and Lord Harrowby became foreign secretary.

The next step on the part of our government was to join Mr. William Pinkney and Mr. Monroe, as commissioners extraordinary and plenipotentiary, for the negotiation of a treaty. Mr. Pinkney had resided in London eight years, from 1796, as commissioner under Jay's treaty, and had been successful in his mission. The instructions to the two envoys (May 17, 1806) began, as the instructions to Mr. Monroe alone had begun, with the subject of impressments. Mr. Madison referred to the "growing impatience" of this country under the licentiousness with which the practice was pursued, and told the commissioners plainly that "so indispensable is some adequate provision for the case that the President makes it a necessary preliminary to any stipulation requiring a repeal of the act shutting the market of the United States against certain British manufactures." It was only in August, 1806, that Lord Holland and Lord Auckland were appointed to treat with the American envoys. The matter of impressment was a stumbling-block from the very beginning. The British agents proposed, instead of the prohibition of impressments, to which Messrs. Monroe and Pinkney were instructed to adhere, a provision that the persons forming the crews of American vessels should be furnished with authentic proofs of citizenship, the form of which was to be settled by treaty; and these certificates were to be a complete protection to those to whom they related, "but that, subject to such protections, the ships of war should continue to visit and impress on the main ocean as heretofore."

This was wholly inadmissible, both because it would have conceded a right of sovereignty which no self-respecting nation could yield, and because such a regulation would imply the right of

British naval officers to seize all seamen, not Americans or British, to whose services our vessels had a right, and Great Britain had none. The objection of England to forego the practice was then, as it had always been, based, when all other arguments failed, upon the allegation that American vessels were made an asylum for British deserters in large numbers; and that unless the privilege were reserved of visiting such vessels and reclaiming deserters the evil would grow in magnitude. Our answer to this was an offer to pass a law making it a penal offense for American shipmasters to give shelter or employment to British deserters.

Although the British negotiators expressed serious doubts if such a law could be executed, they suggested amendments, and among other things asked that the American envoys should enlarge the scope of the term "deserters" by making it read "seafaring people quitting their service," so as to include in its application deserters from the merchant service. This, and some other changes, having been consented to, Lords Holland and Auckland "seemed to give their assent" to an article discontinuing impressments on these conditions; and the next meeting of the commissioners was appointed for a time sufficiently distant to allow the matter to be considered in cabinet council. The ministers rejected the article, absolutely. As though the whole subject were new to them, they requested the law officer of the crown to state the principles on which Great Britain claimed the right forcibly to take its seamen from the merchant vessels of other powers, on the high seas. His reply furnished the ground on which the government refused to treat for the discontinuance of impressments. He said that the king had a right to require the services of all his seafaring subjects against the enemy, and to take them by force wherever found, if not within the territorial limits of another power; and that, as the high seas were extra-territorial, the merchant vessels of other powers were not admitted to possess such a jurisdiction as to protect British subjects from the exercise of the king's prerogative over them.

After so broad a statement of the principle, showing that England had not advanced a step toward our position, it was manifestly out of the question to obtain any treaty stipulation. But a way out of the difficulty seemed to be found. Lords Holland and Auckland proposed to send a formal note to the American envoys, in which the most explicit assurances should be given that, while the British government could not abandon its rights, it would endeavor to act in the future so as to give no further ground of complaints. "They intimated," say Messrs. Monroe and Pinkney, in reporting upon this affair to Mr. Madison, "that their government gave at present no cause of offense to the United States by impressments, and that we might be satisfied if it would continue to pursue the same policy." The form in which the promised assurance was given is of sufficient importance to be transcribed, in part at least: —

"That his majesty's government, animated by an earnest desire to remove every cause of dissatisfaction, has directed his majesty's commissioners to give to Mr. Monroe and to Mr. Pinkney the most positive assurances that instructions have been given, and shall be repeated and enforced, for the observance of the greatest caution in the impressing of British seamen; and that the strictest care shall be taken to preserve the citizens of the United States from any molestation or injury; and that immediate and prompt redress shall be afforded upon any representation of injury sustained by them.

"That the commissioners of the United States well know that no recent causes of complaint have occurred, and that no probable inconvenience can re-

sult from the postponement of an article subject to so many difficulties."

Although Messrs. Monroe and Pinkney were under instructions which made a discontinuance of impressment, by treaty, indispensably necessary to an agreement upon other points, they persuaded themselves that this assurance was quite as binding as a formal treaty would be, particularly as the English commissioners implied, by their use of the expression "the postponement of an article," relating to impressment, that the subject would be resumed and a formal treaty made. Accordingly, they proceeded to negotiate upon the other matters in dispute, and concluded a treaty on the 31st of December, 1806. In transmitting it the American envoys informed Mr. Madison that they believed the practice of searching our merchant vessels for British seamen would be essentially, if not completely, abandoned, and they added that the British commissioners had assured them that we were as secure under the policy adopted as we should be made by treaty.

Before these documents reached the United States a dispatch was on the way from Mr. Madison to Messrs. Monroe and Pinkney, foreshadowing the rejection of any treaty which contained no stipulation on the subject of impressments. The President attached no importance to the assurance given in the note sent by the British commissioners. He thought that not only the desire of the British government, but "the propensities of British naval commanders," should be taken into account; and that the reasons for declining to give precise and peremptory security against the abuse of the right claimed were trivial and frivolous. As for the assertion that the United States had no recent cause of complaint on the score of impressments, he almost lost his temper in saying how egregiously mistaken the British government was on this point. Upon the receipt of the treaty these views were repeated, and, as is well known, Mr. Jefferson did not even ask the advice of the Senate upon ratifying the treaty.

Here, to all intents, the diplomatic history of the matter terminates. Mr. Monroe, to be sure, sent from Richmond, in February, 1808, after his return home, a document, in which, with characteristic verbosity, he vindicated his action. But when he did so the rejection of the treaty was already ancient history. The negotiation with the British government was not resumed. A few months after the failure of the Monroe and Pinkney treaty, in June, 1807, occurred the attack by the Leopard on the Chesapeake. Here again the object was to seize men claimed as British deserters, not only from an American vessel, but from a ship of war. In this case, too, only one of the four men claimed and taken from the Chesapeake was ultimately insisted upon by Great Britain as one of its subjects.

This, then, was a case of impressment in its most offensive form. But the circumstances surrounding the affair caused it to be treated in the correspondence as an outrage upon the national flag rather than as an example of the practice against which our government had protested so long and so earnestly. Yet it was a most striking illustration both of the "propensities" of British naval commanders, and of the real but unacknowledged approval of their most insolent acts by the government. For this attack was deliberately planned and expressly ordered by Admiral Berkeley; and while the ministers expressed their regret at such an occurrence, they not only declined to censure the admiral, but formally and openly praised his zeal. Great Britain did, nevertheless, after the affair of the Chesapeake, publicly disclaim a right to visit and search the national vessels of other powers with which it was at peace.

From that time forward the subject

of impressments was referred to only incidentally in the correspondence that passed between the two governments. The cessation of the discussion resulted, however, not from a discontinuance of the practice, but from the fact that new, if not more important and exciting, topics pressed for consideration. The exclusion of British armed vessels from our ports; the embargo; the Orders in Council, and Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees; the temporary hope that our grievances would be redressed, excited by the assurances of Mr. Erskine, British minister at Washington from 1807 until 1809; the emphatic refusal of the king's government to make good Mr. Erskine's promises; the insulting and purposely offensive insinuations of that minister's successor, Mr. Jackson; the John Henry mare's-nest, — all these events were crowded into a space of about five years, and left no time for a discussion of the old grievance of impressments.

But it was not forgotten. When the war party gained ascendency in Congress, and won over Mr. Madison by a threat that he should not be reëlected as President unless he was willing to advise an appeal to arms, British impressments of American seamen was one of the two causes assigned for declaring war. What a triumph for Young America was that act! Clay, Calhoun, Lowndes, and Cheves — three of them under thirty years of age, and the fourth only thirty-five, each of them serving his first term in Congress — were the real leaders of the country and the makers of the war. Clay was Speaker, and Calhoun drew up the first report, of November 29, 1811, which foreshadowed events to come. In that report, in Madison's war message of June 1, 1812, and in the report by which the advice extorted from the President was backed up, the Orders in Council and impressments were the two reasons given for taking up arms against England. War was declared on June 18th, and proclaimed on the following day. On the 23d of the same month Lord Castlereagh communicated to Mr. Russell, American *chargé* at London, the revocation of the Orders in Council. Thus impressments, which seven months before had never been hinted at as a possible *casus belli*, became the sole cause of the war of 1812.

Before coming to the brief conclusion of the history of impressments as an international "issue," let us consider two points which have been purposely neglected thus far, but which are essential to a full understanding of the matter. What was to be said in defense of the British practice? What was the real magnitude of the American grievance?

In examining the question, if we were completely and undoubtedly in the right in our contention against the British claim and practice, we should remember, in the first place, that the controversy took place at the very beginning of the nineteenth century, when the law of nations was essentially different from what it is now. There can be no difficulty whatever about condemning absolutely and unqualifiedly certain features of British practice. Certainly there was not the least justification or excuse for the seizure of native-born Americans. Great Britain never claimed, but on the contrary expressly disclaimed, that right. She professed to be willing to surrender every native American taken by her naval officers, and as a matter of fact did restore hundreds of such persons. As we have already seen, she repeatedly professed a willingness to respect certificates of citizenship, given by authorities and in a form to be prescribed by treaty. When, therefore, a native American was taken, the act was either a willful abuse of authority, or the result of an honest mistake.

Nor does the case of foreigners who had enlisted in our merchant service present any difficulty. American mer-

chants had a good claim upon such persons, the British navy had none. The answer given for refusing to release them, when the restoration of foreigners was demanded, was that the British government could not recognize a right in the government of the United States to demand any but its own citizens. This was a mere subterfuge. A wrong had undoubtedly been committed, and it was the duty of the government of Great Britain to give redress to those who had suffered by its acts. We asked, in such cases, not for the release of men held to service against their will, but for the services of men who had volunteered them, having a right so to volunteer, of which our merchants and shipmasters had been deprived. The demand was preferred not in the interest of the impressed foreigners, but in that of the despoiled American merchants. We had two grounds for asking the release of impressed Americans, and one only, which was nevertheless perfect as against any British claim, for asking the release of Swedish and Danish seamen seized from our ships.

Leaving out of the account cases of these kinds, and others where no doubt can be entertained of the strength of our position, what can be said in defense of the British claim of a right to search the merchant vessels of a neutral power, and to take therefrom any person who was, or had been, a British subject? This covers the case of persons who, born under the British flag, had become American citizens in conformity with our naturalization laws. The doctrine that the flag of a ship protects its cargo and all persons on board, when not engaged in any act contrary to the laws of neutrality, is now universally accepted. How warmly Great Britain herself has since maintained the principle, so far as it related to persons, will be remembered by all who recall the incident of the seizure of Mason and Slidell from the Trent. But in 1800 and in 1815 it was unacknowledged as a rule of international law. The United States asserted it, and so did France. Each of these two governments had strong reasons for so doing. Since it is a rule which works for the advantage of neutrals, it is a sound one; and when England began to cultivate the arts of peace assiduously, she espoused it. At the beginning of this century her interests were all the other way, and she rejected the principle as a dangerous innovation.

The British case was this: The king claimed, as under the law of Great Britain and the universal practice of European nations he had a right to do, the personal service of every subject. His government denied — and in so doing it adhered to a principle which had never been relinquished — that any person could by his own act so far denationalize or expatriate himself as to evade the duty of personal service when required to render it. The principle "Once a subject always a subject," a most venerable maxim, has been abandoned by the nations of Europe in very recent times only. Seventy years ago the publicists of Europe sneered at America for upholding the doctrine of voluntary expatriation, the idea as well as the name of which was coined in this country. Moreover, the right to visit and search the vessels of neutral powers for contraband articles was not only maintained, but universally conceded. In these principles was contained everything necessary to justify, not the practice of impressment as it was, but the seizure of every British-born subject from American merchant vessels. The flag did not protect the vessel from visitation and search; the native Briton could not escape his duty by enlisting in a foreign service, nor even by acquiring citizenship in another country; the municipal law of England authorized the commander of a frigate to take him and force him into the naval service.

In justice to Great Britain some fur-

ther admissions must be made. That country was engaged in a tremendous struggle with the most unscrupulous, the most ambitious, and the most successful military adventurer of modern times. A government so occupied could hardly be expected to change its policy in such a way as to diminish by a single man its resources for recruiting its navy. Furthermore, it is beyond question that some men — whether the number was large or small was a matter in dispute between the two governments — did try to screen themselves from the impress, to which, under the laws of their country, they were liable, by false claims of American citizenship. One is compelled to add that the practice of granting protections led to three results, all of which tended to diminish the value of the protections. First, in the maintenance of the American principle of expatriation and naturalization, Congress expressly refused to sanction a distinction between native and naturalized citizens in the certificates issued. Secondly, seamen's papers were issuable from many different offices, and were in fact issued upon very slight evidence that the applicant was a citizen. Thirdly, though of course "not transferable," American protections were transferred; impecunious sailors, who were willing to trust to luck, did sell them, and there is no doubt that British sailors could at one time buy protections at two dollars apiece, in more than one American port.

Taking all these facts into consideration, it is not at all strange that England refused to give up a practice by which, if she did seize men who should have been exempt from capture, some of whom she was afterward obliged in honor to surrender, she could reclaim those to whom her laws gave her a right. She might almost be excused for refusing to do so, until full security was given that American vessels should not be an asylum for British deserters. Shall we find any difficulty in admitting also that an act of Congress is not always obeyed even in our day, and that American shipmasters had a direct interest in helping British deserters to evade any law which excluded them from service in our merchant marine?

In saying so much for the British pretension, one has said all. Had the successive governments of Great Britain been at any time sincere in their protestations that the excesses and abuses connected with impressment from American vessels were accidental and unintentional, they easily could have put an end to the abuses. But what was to be expected of the commanders of frigates but that they should continue to impress whomsoever the whim seized them to take? When these officers had laid hands upon a man of whose American origin there was not the slightest doubt, did their government make haste to right the wrong? By no means. It virtually approved the act by inventing all manner of difficulties before surrendering the Yankee. There were regulations against impressing American citizens, but no naval officer was ever reprimanded for violating them. In point of fact, the government, while professing to deplore the outrages upon the persons of Americans, was morally in collusion with those who committed the greatest wrongs upon our people. Nor can a complete view of the case be taken which omits "the propensities of British naval commanders," about which Mr. Madison wrote in 1807. Finer specimens of the class "bully" probably never lived than were the sea-dogs of old England during the days when Napoleon devastated the land, and the British navy swept the ocean clean of belligerents and neutrals.

But even had there been no abuses, the reasons given by England for her practices, sufficient as they may have been in the view of those who gave them, lacked one most essential element of justice and equity. Grant that Great Britain might properly search American ves-

sels, and might rightfully reclaim its own native-born subjects: who was to judge between the commander of the searching vessel of war and the seaman whom he claimed as an Englishman? The commander decided it off-hand. He was accuser, jury, judge, and the party to profit by his own decision. He could not legally take a handspike from the Yankee vessel until he had sent the ship into port, and had procured the condemnation of the coveted property by a prize court. But he could lay his heavy hand upon as many of the crew as he pleased, and carry them with him to the ends of the earth. Merchandise was not a prize until an admiralty court had tried the case and condemned the goods; men were made a prize without any trial, upon the merest suspicion, or at the brutal will of a naval officer. They might, at the end of months or years, escape from bondage; they might be food for powder or for sharks before they could recite their wrongs and demand their release. In either case, whatever the British navy could get out of them was so much clear gain, the suffering was all their own. If a wrong was done, no one was punished for it.

The cool and deliberate way in which Great Britain managed to take either side of the argument, as suited its purposes at the moment, might be illustrated by a comparison of the many reasons noted in the lists of impressed seamen sent home from London by General William Lyman, our consul in that city, for refusing to release them. But one example will suffice. Among the reasons frequently assigned was this: it lies before me in an original letter, dated at the Admiralty Office, July 11, 1810, and signed by John Wilson Croker, the famous secretary to the admiralty. It relates to "the case of Richard Dickens, said to be an American, on board the Bellona," and informs Mr. Lyman that, "having voluntarily entered, he cannot be discharged."

It is not necessary to know the exact circumstances under which Dickens was impressed. The case was, we may assume, like thousands of others. He was taken from on board of an American brig, let us say, and carried to the Bellona. Upon his arrival in a British port, London probably, he made his story and his situation known to Mr. Lyman, and begged the consul to get him clear. Mr. Lyman laid the case before the British government, and some time afterward received the reply above quoted. But, it will be said, there is something unexplained. Dickens had "voluntarily entered." Of course, then, he had no right to demand a discharge, and General Lyman had none to demand it in his name. The explanation is very simple. One could "voluntarily enter" the British navy unconsciously, — almost as easily as a special partner can become a general partner. The poor fellow may have been taken from the Nancy Ann just as he was when the crew of that unfortunate Yankee brig was mustered on deck, — hatless and barefooted. His chest did not follow him to the Bellona. Lacking and needing clothes, he drew a hat and a pair of shoes from the Bellona's stores, and lo! he is a British tar, bound to fight the battles of King George. It is pathetic to read in some letters in my possession, to which reference is made hereafter, the assertions of American sailors that they have never accepted any pay or bounty, so that they might be able to deny that they had "entered."

Now let us see where the British government logically stood. It claimed the right to seize and force into its navy Englishmen who had "voluntarily entered" the American merchant service; it refused to surrender Americans who had, under rules artfully contrived for entrapping unwary seamen, nominally entered the British navy. Was not that inconsistent? John Bull said no. The "reconciliation," to borrow the phrase of

our new secretary of the treasury, is found in a paper on the Right and Practice of Impressment, contained in the Pamphleteer, No. XXVIII., published in 1819, though the essay was evidently written in 1814, when the war was still in progress. The writer distinguishes between the individual and personal and the national character of a seaman, adopting the distinction officially made some months before in a famous debate in the House of Commons. The seaman might lay aside his individual rights as a citizen by voluntary enlistment in the public or private service of another country, but he could not rid himself of his national duties. Consequently, his own sovereign might rightfully demand him. "Thus," wrote the author, "the applications of individuals who have voluntarily entered are resisted, though the claim of their sovereign for their release is acceded to."

So far this seems reasonable enough, from a British point of view. How, then, without inconsistency, when the United States, in accordance with this principle, demanded the release of one of its own citizens who had "voluntarily entered," could his act be alleged as a reason for refusing to give him up? Listen to the sophistry of this pamphleteer: —

"But the mere application of the sovereign, or his accredited agent, is not always enough; because it is known by experience that the ministers, consuls, etc., and particularly those of America, never, in fact, refuse to make such an application at the wish and request of the party; so that a distinction may reasonably be taken between such requisitions as are made at the mere instance of the individual and those made in the name and as the act of his government. Those made at the instance of the individual merely, and where the government does not either want or claim his services, may fairly be considered as if they came direct from the individual himself. But if the sovereign demands the release of one of his subjects, for his (the sovereign's) own service, such demand is immediately to be complied with, even though the person should have voluntarily entered."

For a nice distinction this will pass; but the result of it is that a neutral power, not needing the services of one of its citizens, cannot demand one who has voluntarily entered; and that a power which does not impress its subjects into its navy has no right to ask for the release of one who has volunteered. Further, it is an assertion of a right in the government which holds the subject of another sovereign to judge as to the validity of that sovereign's reasons for demanding his surrender.

How many American seamen were wrongfully impressed, in the twenty-five or thirty years preceding the war of 1812? If one were to base an estimate upon the official lists sent home from London by General Lyman, and published from time to time by the State Department, one would probably obtain an exaggerated idea of the evil. On the other hand, the British government was interested in belittling the importance of its acts as much as possible, and in so doing it was greatly and successfully assisted by the opposition party, the Federalists, in the United States. It will strike any one who attempts to study the subject of impressments from original sources that the references to it are few and meagre, outside of official documents. The reason is obvious. Intellectual activity at that time was largely confined to the Eastern States, where Federalism was strong, and Federalists, being opposed to all the measures hostile to England adopted by Congress and the President, were disposed not to magnify the grievance. General Lyman made 798 applications for the discharge of impressed men between April 1, 1806, and September 30, 1807, and during the same time 272 seamen, applied for then or previously, were or-

dered to be discharged. Between April 1, 1809, and September 30, 1810, the number of applications was 1558. At the beginning of the war of 1812 the British government, in accordance with its merciful policy of not requiring foreign seamen in its navy to fight against their country, gave to all men claiming American citizenship then employed in its navy their choice between remaining in the service and becoming prisoners of war so long as hostilities should continue. Seven hundred and fifty-one men preferred the unspeakable horrors of the prison-ship to bearing arms against their country.

No doubt hundreds upon hundreds of applications deposited by General Lyman were fraudulent. That fact is neither strange, nor something to be set down against the consul's honesty and good faith. Men sent to him requests that bore every appearance of being genuine. The applicants were not personally known to him. Sometimes they told him that their protections had been taken from them, a very common practice on the part of naval officers. If General Lyman had waited before applying for the discharge of these men until he could write to America and get an answer, three months of time would have been wasted, even if the winds were favorable and the mail packets prompt. Long before that time had elapsed the detained man who was being looked up would have been carried to sea. When at length, the claimant being found worthy, a request for his surrender was made, an answer in this form would be returned by the admiralty: "The Impérieuse (or whatever the ship might be named) being on a foreign station, no steps can be taken respecting this man." The consul properly applied for discharge in all cases where he had good reason to think there was a well-founded claim. It was certainly not for the British government to complain that he was indiscriminate in his applications, considering how indiscriminate its officers were in their impressments; for it was the universal rule in the navy to take from American vessels all men who could not on the spot prove themselves to be American citizens, — and many who could give the proof demanded.

While the number of applications was larger than the number of applicants who were entitled to discharge, it must be remembered that many men were impressed who never had a chance to claim General Lyman's good offices. And when we consider the number of men whom Great Britain discharged as American citizens, after unlawfully requiring their services for longer or shorter periods, the conclusions of a committee of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, which reported on the subject on February 26, 1813, appear somewhat startling. This committee examined many merchants and shipmasters, who represented "a vast proportion of the whole shipping of this commonwealth," and who had, during the preceding twelve or fifteen years, employed an average of 1560 seamen annually. These witnesses testified to only thirty-five cases of impressments in all (twelve American and twenty-three British seamen having been taken) from their own vessels, and, including these, but one hundred and forty-five of which they knew anything even by hearsay.

It seems to be a good example of the small value that is to be attached to negative testimony. The evidence of the witness who did see the prisoner steal the sheep was worth more than that of the forty who swore truthfully that they did not see the theft committed. Nevertheless, as the witnesses before the committee were men of good repute for veracity, it must be admitted that they were remarkably lucky in their ventures upon a much-vexed sea. The merchant who could recall the largest number of cases was William Gray, who had been in commerce forty or fifty

years, and since the year 1800 had employed about three hundred seamen annually. He could remember only two American seamen impressed from his own ships by the British, in all that time, and three Swedes taken by the French. Both the Americans afterward escaped and returned to the ship. He had heard of thirteen other cases of impressments, in addition to one affair in which the whole crew of a vessel was taken, near Batavia. Mr. Gray afterward added fourteen other cases of which he had heard. As he had closed his first deposition with the statement that he did not "recollect any other information on the subject of the present inquiry," and appended these other instances three days later, it is possible — not to cast the least slur upon a deservedly honorable name — that if his memory had been jogged further the result of the process would have been fruitful.

While it is no doubt true that the administration took up the cause of many men who had no right to national protection, counted as genuine cases of outrage upon Americans the seizure of Irishmen, Englishmen, and Continental Europeans, and made the indictment against the British government stronger than it should have been drawn, it must also be true that the New England view of the matter was quite unfair. The number of Yankees impressed was not so great as the official lists indicated, but it was greater than Massachusetts merchants were willing to acknowledge.

But after all it was not a question of numbers, but one of principle, of national self-respect, of protection to men who were entitled to protection, though the whole power of the nation needed to be exerted in order to give it. Ninety-nine men might escape impressment, but the treatment which the hundredth sailor suffered could not be endured without national humiliation. What was impressment? John Quincy Adams gives us a rapid sketch of the practice in a passage from his posthumous justification of his charges against certain prominent Federalists, which is printed in Mr. Henry Adams's New England Federalism: —

"Whenever an American merchant vessel met a British armed vessel at sea, she was visited by a midshipman or lieutenant from the man-of-war, at whose command her whole crew was summoned upon her deck; and there every man of them passed in review before this often beardless boy, who compared their persons with their protections, and finished by taking or leaving the man, just as his temper or fancy decided his choice. Fellow-citizens, I describe to you what I have seen with my own eyes, and I heard a lieutenant in the British navy threaten to take a native of Charlestown, Mass., from the ship in which I was, because he thought the person did not accurately correspond with the protection."

What impressment was to those who suffered from it may be gathered from a perusal of a packet of letters rescued from a paper-mill by a professor in Bowdoin College, and placed in my hands. They are original letters from impressed seamen to General William Lyman, and are all dated in June, 1808. Some of them seem by their language to give ground for suspicion that the writers were born within the sound of Bow bells, but a consul would have been either very confident or very heartless if he had allowed his suspicion alone to deter him from representing any one of these cases to the government. No doubt many of these poor fellows were so little accustomed to the use of the pen that they could have echoed fervently the remark with which William H. Collins begins his epistle, — "Sir the trouble of writing to you is Not to be compared with our unhappy state of mind," — and have thought they were making a very strong representation of their mental condition.

A frequent entry in the official lists, opposite the names of impressed men, was this: "Having no papers, and supposed to be an Englishman," — this being the answer of my lords of the admiralty. Why one man had no papers is narrated in the following letter, which is copied verbatim: —

Jun the 7 1808 year.

DEAIR SIR is to Let you no that wen you Rot to me on bord the Selvedor I wos sent onbord of the bellerepon in the Chanel and never hear aney thing of the answer Witch I Rot severil Leters to you acording to your Leters and Rot on to you to go New York to my Sister and Wif for my papers Witch It Com to the Midator and Didnot no Ware I wos and It went onshor to the post Ofis and Wos Sent to the Ded Leter ofis and I Beg the favour of you If you Will be so Coind as to See in to it and Send It to my frend William Keenspir Living In plymouth Dock No 48 new Street Witch no If you Will tak It in considerasion of me and my por famley and Send me my potexion as the Other was Caried to Sea in the tolbot and was never Over holed nor I never was Cuestened altho I saw It I was Sent that Saim Our to the Osptel and the Capten was onshor and next Day the Sip Sailed for Lisburn and has never Returne Witch I Spok to the Admirel Consarnin It and he Said that the Capten ought to Sent It to his ofis again Weather or no to right to you a Gain for it Witch my potexion is right agred all But my age Witch is the mistak in Mr. Murey Witch my ag is forty Six year Old Witch It must go acording to ther Bucks as they hav Got Down my Age and It Will Cleair me If you Will Send my potexion on Bord of the belleropon as Admiral Gardner is to hav the Ship and he Will Overhol me and Question me him Self Witch the othe wold Cleard me if the Cpten had been onbord when it Com and So doing you Will Oblig Your humbel Protishner and frend TOWNSEND HUTCHINGS.

on bord of belleropon.

His papers all seem to have gone astray while he had the misfortune to be laid up in the "Osptel." There are several other specimens of literature quite as unique as the above, but I copy only one more: —

NORE *June* 13th 1808.

MR. WILLIAM LIMAN SIR.

I Take this liberty of Ritting to you as I Could Wish to know if you know if the Coppy of my Dublaket has Come out from New York as I think it very hard to Stope hear on Onboard of any of his Majhtes Ships as you are sirteen that I am an amiracan To Which I Should be Very much Oblight to you to Make all the Inquary about it and hast that you Can as I Dont know how Soun I May be Drafted out of the Land therefore I think there is Nothing Like the Present Time as I am hear on the Spote.

Sir I Beg that you Will be so kind as to Return me an anser to this and When that you Rite to me Direct it to me on board of his Majhtes Ship Namur at the Nore and Like Wise I Beg that you will doe all your Indevers for my Clearans and In So Doing you will oblige you Humble Servent

THOMAS MORRAL.

General Lyman indorsed this letter upon filing it, with the remark, "No answer." But it is certainly to be hoped that, to use Morrell's tautological phrase he finally got the "Coppy of his Dublaket," or the duplicate itself.

Here is the case of a man who signed himself John Jackson, and wrote a neat and correctly spelled letter to General Lyman. He says that he was impressed and has been a long time in the service, but never entered it or received the bounty. In 1805, he wrote two letters to his father, Ebenezer Jackson

painter, of Boston, and the year following he received from that father a certificate of his baptism. The ship being on a foreign station, he could do nothing. On arriving at Plymouth he found that the officer who had transmitted his letters to his father had been superseded; and before he could take fresh steps to get clear he was put upon another ship and sent to the Mediterranean. Then a fire occurred in the ship. Jackson had a narrow escape with his life, and lost all his clothes and papers. The postscript to this letter shows the man's candor, and at the same time illustrates the avidity with which the British government seized upon an inconsistency discovered in a seaman's protection.

"N. B. My Fathers name is Ebenezer Jackson (painter in Boston.) I am the youngest son. My name is Ebenezer Jackson also — when I was first impressed into H M Service several people not knowing my name called me Jack or John which I answered to as I then did not care much about. So that I was put on the Ships Books and have gone by that name ever since, so I imagine that might be a principal flaw in not getting clear before."

Those who wish to read an account of what impressment was at its worst may find in Niles's Register, volume xi., page 349, the story of James Brown. It was published a month after the declaration of war, and was well calculated to excite the sympathy and stir the indignation of the people. Brown was captured in 1807, with the vessel in which he was serving, and taken into Portsmouth. There he was impressed, applied to Mr. Lyman, and obtained his discharge. He went to Lisbon, hoping to find an American vessel bound home, and was there impressed again. Although he had, and offered to show to the commander of the British vessel, his discharge as an American citizen, the captain would not look at it. Brown was put in irons for writing to the American consul, and was threatened with a flogging if he should repeat the offense. The man was compelled to serve in the same ship from July, 1808, until January, 1812, and was only released when he was in the last stages of consumption. He was landed in Boston in May, 1812, and died a week or two after. At his funeral a sermon was preached by the Rev. Theophilus Smith from the text Job iii. 17–19: "There the wicked cease from troubling," etc.

There was not a little force in the assertion of the Federalists — it was echoed in England — that the Americans had never, in all the diplomatic correspondence on the subject of impressment, hinted that it might become a cause of war. The surprise with which they found the administration of Mr. Madison and the war party in Congress taking up so warmly a grievance felt as such most keenly in those parts of the country where the Federalists were strong and the war party was weak was not affected; it was genuine. Our government had contented itself with protests and with efforts, always unavailing, to procure a stipulation that impressments should be discontinued, for the very simple but cogent reason that it could do no more. It accepted the humiliation of seeing its citizens seized and held, and surrendered reluctantly, if at all, as it put up with other slights and indignities. The practice of impressment was a sufficient cause of war for twenty years. From the beginning of the French and English war in 1793 until the declaration of war by Congress in 1812, there was never a year in which scores of outrages were not perpetrated such as would now lead to hostilities, unless promptly disavowed and redressed. Great Britain and France presumed upon our national weakness until, what with the exasperating restrictions upon commerce imposed by the Orders in Council and the contemptuous disregard of personal and na-

tional rights in the practice of impressment, "forbearance ceased to be a virtue." A cold and calculating policy dictated further forbearance, though it might no longer be classed among the Christian traits. Young America said that patience in the past, under oppression, must not be cited as a reason why fresh and grievous outrages should continue to be borne.

One can hardly maintain, after studying all the facts, that the declaration of war was a wise and statesmanlike act. On the contrary, it was a piece of headstrong rashness; for while justified by what the United States had suffered from Great Britain, it was not justified by the condition of the country. That was abundantly proved by the event. The military non-success of our arms led to a constant diminution of the demands of Mr. Madison upon the negotiators of peace at Ghent. As is well known, the treaty which closed the war of 1812 was completely silent upon the subject of impressments.

Nor have the two governments ever reached an agreement on the matter. President Monroe in 1818, and again in 1823, endeavored to make a treaty to cover such cases, and President John Quincy Adams also tried to do so, but without success. But no case of impressment has occurred since the unsuccessful war which we waged to redress our wrongs. In fact, Great Britain has not been engaged in any war, since 1815, that forced her to recruit her navy by drafting foreigners. In 1833, after a long agitation in England, upon proof that the practice of employing the press-gang was not merely cruel and unjust, but demoralizing to the navy, as well as a costly, clumsy, and wasteful way of securing seamen, impressment was abolished by act of Parliament. But long before that time we had reached such a point in our national growth that a single act of impressment committed upon an American citizen would have been resented by a prompt appeal to arms.

Edward Stanwood.

THE IDEA OF GOD.

I.

In Goethe's great poem, while Faust is walking with Margaret at eventide in the garden, she asks him questions about his religion. It is long since he has been shriven or attended mass; does he, then, believe in God? — a question easy to answer with a simple yes, were it not for the form in which it is put. The great scholar and subtle thinker, who has delved in the deepest mines of philosophy and come forth weary and heavy-laden with their boasted treasures, has framed a very different conception of God from that entertained by the priest at the confessional or the altar, and how is he to make this intelligible to the simple-minded girl that walks by his side? Who will make bold to declare that he can grasp an idea of such overwhelming vastness as the idea of God, yet who that hath the feelings of a man can bring himself to cast away a belief that is indispensable to the rational and healthful workings of the mind? So long as the tranquil dome of heaven is raised above our heads and the firm-set earth is spread forth beneath our feet; while the everlasting stars course in their mighty orbits and the lover gazes with ineffable tenderness into the eyes of her that loves him, — so long, says Faust, must our hearts go out toward Him that upholds and comprises

all. Name or describe as we may the Sustainer of the world, the eternal fact remains there, far above our comprehension, yet clearest and most real of all facts. To name and describe it, to bring it within the formulas of theory or creed, is but to veil its glory, as when the brightness of heaven is enshrouded in mist and smoke. This has a pleasant sound to Margaret's ears. It reminds her of what the parson sometimes says, although couched in very different phrases; and yet she remains uneasy and unsatisfied. Her mind is benumbed by the presence of an idea confessedly too great to be grasped. She feels the need of some concrete symbol that can be readily apprehended; and she hopes that her lover has not been learning bad lessons from Mephistopheles.

The difficulty which here besets Margaret must doubtless have been felt by every one when confronted with the thoughts by which the highest human minds have endeavored to disclose the hidden life of the universe and interpret its meaning. It is a difficulty which baffles many, and they who surmount it are few indeed. Most people content themselves through life with a set of concrete formulas concerning Deity, and vituperate as atheistic all conceptions which refuse to be compressed within the narrow limits of their creed. For the great mass of men the idea of God is quite overlaid and obscured by innumerable symbolic rites and doctrines that have grown up in the course of the long historic development of religion. All such rites and doctrines had a meaning once, beautiful and inspiring or terrible and forbidding, and many of them still retain it. But whether meaningless or fraught with significance, men have wildly clung to them, as shipwrecked mariners cling to the drifting spars that alone give promise of rescue from threatening death. Such concrete symbols have in all ages been argued and fought for until they have come to seem the essentials of religion; and new moons and sabbaths, decrees of councils and articles of faith, have usurped the place of the living God. In every age the theory or discovery — however profoundly theistic in its real import — which has thrown discredit upon such symbols has been stigmatized as subversive of religion, and its adherents have been reviled and persecuted. It is, of course, inevitable that this should be so. To the half-educated mind a theory of divine action couched in the form of a legend, in which God is depicted as entertaining human purposes and swayed by human passions, is not only intelligible, but impressive. It awakens emotion, it speaks to the heart, it threatens the sinner with wrath to come or heals the wounded spirit with sweet whispers of consolation. However mythical the form in which it is presented, however literally false the statements of which it is composed, it seems profoundly real and substantial. Just in so far as it is crudely concrete, just in so far as its terms can be vividly realized by the ordinary mind, does such a theological theory seem weighty and true. On the other hand, a theory of divine action which, discarding as far as possible the aid of concrete symbols, attempts to include within its range the endlessly complex operations that are forever going on throughout the length and breadth of the knowable universe, — such a theory is to the ordinary mind unintelligible. It awakens no emotion because it is not understood. Though it may be the nearest approximation to the truth of which the human intellect is at the present moment capable, though the statements of which it is composed may be firmly based upon demonstrated facts in nature, it will nevertheless seem eminently unreal and uninteresting. The dullest peasant can understand you when you tell him that honey is sweet, while a statement that the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter

may be expressed by the formula $\pi =$ 3.14159 will sound as gibberish in his ears; yet the truth embodied in the latter statement is far more closely implicated with every act of the peasant's life, if he only knew it, than the truth expressed in the former. So the merest child may know enough to marvel at the Hebrew legend of the burning bush, but only the ripest scholar can begin to understand the character of the mighty problems with which Spinoza was grappling when he had so much to say about *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*.

For these reasons all attempts to study God as revealed in the workings of the visible universe, and to characterize the divine activity in terms derived from such study, have met with discouragement, if not with obloquy. As substituting a less easily comprehensible formula for one that is more easily comprehensible, they seem to be frittering away the idea of God and reducing it to an empty abstraction. There is a further reason for the dread with which such studies are commonly regarded. The theories of divine action accepted as orthodox by the men of any age have been bequeathed to them by their forefathers of an earlier age. They were originally framed with reference to assumed facts of nature which advancing knowledge is continually discrediting and throwing aside. Each forward step in physical science obliges us to contemplate the universe from a somewhat altered point of view, so that the mutual relations of its parts keep changing as in an ever-shifting landscape. The notions of the world and its Maker with which we started by and by prove meagre and unsatisfying; they no longer fit in with the general scheme of our knowledge. Hence the men who are wedded to the old notions are quick to sound the alarm. They would fain deter us from taking the forward step which carries us to a new standpoint. Beware of science, they cry, lest with its dazzling discoveries and adventurous speculations it rob us of our soul's comfort and leave us in a godless world. Such in every age has been the cry of the more timid and halting spirits; and their fears have found apparent confirmation in the behavior of a very different class of thinkers. As there are those who live in perpetual dread of the time when science shall banish God from the world, so, on the other hand, there are those who look forward with longing to such a time, and in their impatience are continually starting up and proclaiming that at last it has come. There are those who have indeed learned a lesson from Mephistopheles, the "spirit that forever denies." These are they that say in their hearts, "There is no God," and "congratulate themselves that they are going to die like the beasts." Rushing into the holiest arcana of philosophy, even where angels fear to tread, they lay hold of each new discovery in science that modifies our view of the universe, and herald it as a crowning victory for the materialists, — a victory which is ushering in the happy day when atheism is to be the creed of all men. It is in view of such philosophizers that the astronomer, the chemist, or the anatomist, whose aim is the dispassionate examination of evidence and the unbiased study of phenomena, may fitly utter the prayer, "Lord, save me from my friends!"

Thus through age after age has it fared with men's discoveries in science, and with their thoughts about God and the soul. It was so in the days of Galileo and Newton, and we have found it to be so in the days of Darwin and Spencer. The theologian exclaims, If planets are held in place by gravitation and tangential momentum, and if the highest forms of life have been developed by natural selection and direct adaptation, then the universe is swayed by blind forces, and nothing is left for God to do: how impious and terrible the

hought! Even so, echoes the favorite theist, the Lamettrie or Büchner, of he day; the universe, it seems, has al-ways got on without a God, and accord-ngly there is none: how noble and heering the thought! And as thus age fter age they wrangle, with their eyes urned away from the light, the world oes on to larger and larger knowledge n spite of them, and does not lose its aith, for all these darkeners of counsel ay say. As in the roaring loom of Time the endless web of events is woven, ach strand shall make more and more learly visible the living garment of God.

At no time since men have dwelt pon the earth have their notions about he universe undergone so great a hange as in the century of which we re now approaching the end. Never efore has knowledge increased so rap-lly; never before has philosophical peculation been so actively conducted, r its results so widely diffused. It is a haracteristic of organic evolution that umerous progressive tendencies, for a ng time inconspicuous, now and then nite to bring about a striking and ap-arently sudden change; or a set of orces, quietly accumulating in one di-ection, at length unlock some new res-rvoir of force, and abruptly inaugurate new series of phenomena, as when wa-er rises in a tank until its overflow ets whirling a system of toothed wheels. t may be that Nature makes no leaps, ut in this way she now and then makes ery long strides. It is in this way that he course of organic development is narked here and there by memorable pochs, which seem to open new chap-ers in the history of the universe. There was such an epoch when the ommon ancestor of ascidian and amphi-xus first showed rudimentary traces of vertebral column. There was such an poch when the air-bladder of early am-hibians began to do duty as a lung. Greatest of all, since the epoch, still hidden from our ken, when organic life began upon the surface of the globe, was the birth of that new era when, through a wondrous change in the direction of the working of natural selection, Humanity appeared upon the scene. In the career of the human race we can likewise point to periods in which it has become apparent that an immense stride was taken. Such a period marks the dawning of human history, when, after countless ages of desultory tribal warfare, men succeeded in uniting into comparatively stable political societies, and through the medium of written language began handing down to posterity the record of their thoughts and deeds. Since that morning twilight of history there has been no era so strongly marked, no change so swift or so far-reaching in the conditions of human life, as that which began with the great maritime discoveries of the fifteenth century, and is approaching its culmination to-day. In its earlier stages this modern era was signalized by sporadic achievements of the human intellect, great in themselves, and leading to such stupendous results as the boldest dared not dream of. Such achievements were the invention of printing, the telescope and microscope, the geometry of Descartes, the astronomy of Newton, the physics of Huyghens, the physiology of Harvey. Man's senses were thus indefinitely enlarged as his means of registration were perfected; he became capable of extending physical inferences from the earth to the heavens; and he made his first acquaintance with that luminiferous ether which was by and by to reveal the intimate structure of matter in regions far beyond the power of the microscope to penetrate.

It is only within the present century that the vastness of the changes thus beginning to be wrought has become apparent. The scientific achievements of the human intellect no longer occur sporadically; they follow one upon an-

other, like the organized and systematic conquests of a resistless army. Each new discovery becomes at once a powerful implement in the hands of innumerable workers, and each year wins over fresh regions of the universe from the unknown to the known. Our own generation has become so wonted to this unresting march of discovery that we already take it as quite a matter of course. Our minds become easily deadened to its real import, and the examples we cite in illustration of it have an air of triteness. We scarcely need to be reminded that all the advances made in locomotion, from the days of Nebuchadnezzar to those of Andrew Jackson, were as nothing compared to the change that has been wrought within a few years by the introduction of railroads. In these times, when Puck has fulfilled his boast and put a girdle about the earth in forty minutes, we are not yet, perhaps, in danger of forgetting that a century has not elapsed since he who caught the lightning upon his kite was laid in the grave. Yet the lesson of these facts, as well as of the grandmother's spinning-wheel that stands by the parlor fireside, is well to bear in mind. The change therein exemplified since Penelope plied her distaff is far less than that which has occurred within the memory of living men. The developments of machinery, which have worked such wonders, have greatly altered the political conditions of human society, so that a huge republic like the United States is now as snug and compact and easily manageable as was the tiny republic of Switzerland in the eighteenth century. The number of men that can live upon a given area of the earth's surface has been multiplied manifold, and while the mass of human life has thus increased, its value has been at the same time enhanced.

In these various applications of physical theory to the industrial arts, countless minds, of a class that formerly were not reached by scientific reasoning at all, are now brought into daily contact with complex and subtle operations of matter, and their habits of thought are thus notably modified. Meanwhile, in the higher regions of chemistry and molecular physics the progress has been such that no description can do it justice. When we reflect that a fourth generation has barely had time to appear on the scene since Priestley discovered that there was such a thing as oxygen, we stand awestruck before the stupendous pile of chemical science which has been reared in this brief interval. Our knowledge thus gained of the molecular and atomic structure of matter has been alone sufficient to remodel our conceptions of the universe from beginning to end. The case of molecular physics is equally striking. The theory of the conservation of energy, and the discovery that light, heat, electricity, and magnetism are differently conditioned modes of undulatory motion transformable each into the other, are not yet fifty years old. In physical astronomy we remained until 1839 confined within the limits of the solar system, and even here the Newtonian theory had not yet won its crowning triumph in the discovery of the planet Neptune. To-day we not only measure the distances and movements of many stars, but by means of spectrum analysis are able to tell what they are made of. It is more than a century since the nebular hypothesis, by which we explain the development of stellar systems, was first propounded by Immanuel Kant; but it is only within thirty years that it has been generally adopted by astronomers, and among the outward illustrations of its essential soundness none is more remarkable than its surviving such an enlargement of our knowledge. Coming to the geologic study of the changes that have taken place on the earth's surface, it was in 1830 that Sir Charles Lyell published the book which first placed this study upon a scientific basis.

Cuvier's classification of past and present forms of animal life, which laid the foundations alike of comparative anatomy and of palæontology, came but little earlier. The cell-doctrine of Schleiden and Schwann, prior to which modern biology can hardly be said to have existed, dates from 1839; and it was only ten years before that the scientific treatment of embryology began with Von Baer. At the present moment twenty-six years have not elapsed since the epoch-making work of Darwin first announced to the world the discovery of natural selection.

In the cycle of studies which are immediately concerned with the career of mankind, the rate of progress has been no less marvelous. The scientific study of human speech may be said to date from the flash of insight which led Friedrich Schlegel in 1808 to detect the kinship between the Aryan languages. From this beginning to the researches of Fick and Ascoli in our own time, the quantity of achievement rivals anything the physical sciences can show. The study of comparative mythology, which has thrown such light upon the primitive thoughts of mankind, is still younger, — is still, indeed, in its infancy. The application of the comparative method to the investigation of laws and customs, of political and ecclesiastical and industrial systems, has been carried on scarcely thirty years; yet the results already obtained are obliging us to rewrite the history of mankind in all its stages. The great achievements of archæologists — the decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphs and of cuneiform inscriptions in Assyria and Persia, the unearthing of ancient cities, the discovery and classification of primeval implements and works of art in all quarters of the globe — belong almost entirely to the nineteenth century. These discoveries, which have well-nigh doubled for us the length of the historic period, have united with the quite modern revelations of geology concerning the ancient glaciation of the temperate zones, to give us an approximate idea of the age of the human race and the circumstances attending its diffusion over the earth. It has thus at length become possible to obtain something like the outlines of a comprehensive view of the history of the creation, from the earliest stages of condensation of our solar nebula down to the very time in which we live, and to infer from the characteristics of this past evolution some of the most general tendencies of the future.

All this accumulation of physical and historical knowledge has not failed to react upon our study of the human mind itself. In books of logic the score of centuries between Aristotle and Whately saw less advance than the few years between Whately and Mill. In psychology the work of Fechner and Wundt and Spencer belongs to the age in which we are now living. When to all this variety of achievement we add what has been done in the critical study of literature and art, of classical and biblical philology, and of metaphysics and theology, illustrating from fresh points of view the history of the human mind, the sum total becomes almost too vast to be comprehended. This century, which some have called an age of iron, has been also an age of ideas, an era of seeking and finding the like of which was never known before. It is an epoch the grandeur of which dwarfs all others that can be named since the beginning of the historic period, if not since Man first became distinctively human. In their mental habits, in their methods of inquiry, and in the data at their command, "the men of the present day who have fully kept pace with the scientific movement are separated from the men whose education ended in 1830 by an immeasurably wider gulf than has ever before divided one progressive generation of men from their predecessors." The intellectual development of the hu-

man race has been suddenly, almost abruptly, raised to a higher plane than that upon which it had proceeded from the days of the primitive troglodyte to the days of our great-grandfathers. It is characteristic of this higher plane of development that the progress which until lately was so slow must henceforth be rapid. Men's minds are becoming more flexible, the resistance to innovation is weakening, and our intellectual demands are multiplying, while the means of satisfying them are increasing. Vast as are the achievements we have just passed in review, the gaps in our knowledge are immense, and every problem that is solved but opens a dozen new problems that await solution. Under such circumstances there is no likelihood that the last word will soon be said on any subject. In the eyes of the twenty-first century the science of the nineteenth will doubtless seem very fragmentary and crude. But the men of that day, and of all future time, will no doubt point back to the age just passing away as the opening of a new dispensation, the dawning of an era in which the intellectual development of mankind was raised to a higher plane than that upon which it had hitherto proceeded.

As the inevitable result of the thronging discoveries just enumerated, we find ourselves in the midst of a mighty revolution in human thought. Time-honored creeds are losing their hold upon men; ancient symbols are shorn of their value; everything is called in question. The controversies of the day are not like those of former times. It is no longer a question of hermeneutics, no longer a struggle between abstruse dogmas of rival churches. Religion itself is called upon to show why it should any longer claim our allegiance. There are those who deny the existence of God. There are those who would explain away the human soul as a mere group of fleeting phenomena attendant upon the collocation of sundry particles of matter. And there are many others who, without committing themselves to these positions of the atheist and the materialist, have nevertheless come to regard religion as practically ruled out from human affairs. No religious creed that man has ever devised can be made to harmonize in all its features with modern knowledge. All such creeds were constructed with reference to theories of the universe which are now utterly and hopelessly discredited. How, then, it is asked, amid the general wreck of old beliefs, can we hope that the religious attitude in which from time immemorial we have been wont to contemplate the universe can any longer be maintained? Is not the belief in God perhaps a dream of the childhood of our race, like the belief in elves and bogarts which once was no less universal? and is not modern science fast destroying the one as it has already destroyed the other?

Such are the questions which we daily hear asked, sometimes with flippant eagerness, but oftener with anxious dread. In view of them it is well worth while to examine the idea of God, as it has been entertained by mankind from the earliest ages, and as it is affected by the knowledge of the universe which we have acquired in recent times. If we find in that idea, as conceived by untaught thinkers in the twilight of antiquity, an element that still survives the widest and deepest generalizations of modern times, we have the strongest possible reason for believing that the idea is permanent and answers to an Eternal Reality. It was to be expected that conceptions of Deity handed down from primitive men should undergo serious modification. If it can be shown that the essential element in these conceptions must survive the enormous additions to our knowledge which have distinguished the present age above all others since man became man, then we

may believe that it will endure so long as man endures; for it is not likely that it can ever be called upon to pass a severer ordeal.

All this will presently appear in a still stronger light, when we have set forth the common characteristic of the modifications which the idea of God has already undergone, and the nature of the opposition between the old and the new knowledge with which we are now confronted. Upon this discussion we have now to enter, and we shall find it leading us to the conclusion that throughout all possible advances in human knowledge, so far as we can see, the essential position of theism must remain unshaken.

Our argument may fitly begin with an inquiry into the sources of the theistic idea and the shape which it has universally assumed among untutored men. The most primitive element which it contains is doubtless the notion of *dependence* upon something outside of ourselves. We are born into a world consisting of forces which sway our lives, and over which we can exercise no control. The individual man can indeed make his volition count for a very little in modifying the course of events, but this end necessitates strict and unceasing obedience to powers that cannot be tampered with. To the behavior of these external powers our actions must be adapted under penalty of death. And upon grounds no less firm than those on which we believe in any externality whatever, we recognize that these forces antedated our birth, and will endure after we have disappeared from the scene. No one supposes that he makes the world for himself, so that it is born and dies with him. Every one perforce contemplates the world as something existing independently of himself, — as something into which he has come, and from which he is to go; and for his coming and his going, as well as for what he does while part of the world, he is dependent upon something that is not himself.

Between ancient and modern man, as between the child and the adult, there can be no essential difference in the recognition of this fundamental fact of life. The primitive man could not, indeed, state the case in this generalized form, any more than a young child could state it, but the facts which the statement covers were as real to him as they are to us. The primitive man knew nothing of a world, in the modern sense of the word. The conception of that vast consensus of forces, which we call the world, or universe, is a somewhat late result of culture; it was reached only through ages of experience and reflection. Such an idea lay beyond the horizon of the primitive man. But while he knew not the world, he knew bits and pieces of it; or, to vary the expression, he had his little world, chaotic and fragmentary enough, but full of dread reality for him. He knew what it was to deal from birth until death with powers far mightier than himself. To explain these powers, to make their actions in any wise intelligible, he had but one available resource; and this was so obvious that he could not fail to employ it. The only source of action of which he knew anything, since it was the only source which lay within himself, was the human will; and in this respect, after all, the philosophy of the primeval savage was not so very far removed from that of the modern scientific thinker. The primitive man could see that his own actions were prompted by desire and guided by intelligence, and he supposed the same to be the case with the sun and the wind, the frost and the lightning. All the forces of outward nature, so far as they came into visible contact with his life, he personified as great beings which were to be contended with or placated. This primeval philosophy, once universal among

men, has lasted far into the historic period, and it is only slowly and bit by bit that it has been outgrown by the most highly civilized races. Indeed, the half-civilized majority of mankind have by no means as yet cast it aside, and among savage tribes we may still see it persisting in all its original crudity. In the mythologies of all peoples, of the Greeks and Hindus and Norsemen as well as of the North American Indians and the dwellers in the South Sea islands, we find the sun personified as an archer or wanderer, the clouds as gigantic birds, the tempest as a devouring dragon; and the tales of gods and heroes, as well as of trolls and fairies, are made up of scattered and distorted fragments of nature-myths, of which the primitive meaning had long been forgotten when the ingenuity of modern scholarship laid it bare.

In all this personification of physical phenomena our prehistoric ancestors were greatly assisted by that theory of ghosts which was perhaps the earliest speculative effort of the human mind. Travelers have now and then reported the existence of races of men quite destitute of religion, or of what the observer has learned to recognize as religion; but no one has ever discovered a race of men devoid of a belief in ghosts. The mass of crude inference which makes up the savage's philosophy of nature is largely based upon the hypothesis that every man has *another self*, a double, or wraith, or ghost. This "hypothesis of the *other self*, which serves to account for the savage's wanderings during sleep in strange lands and among strange people, serves also to account for the presence in his dreams of parents, comrades, or enemies, known to be dead and buried. The other self of the dreamer meets and converses with the other selves of his dead brethren, joins with them in the hunt, or sits down with them to the wild cannibal banquet. Thus arises the belief in an ever-present world of ghosts, — a belief which the entire experience of uncivilized man goes to strengthen and expand." Countless tales and superstitions of savage races show that the hypothesis of the other self is used to explain the phenomena of hysteria and epilepsy, of shadows, of echoes, and even of the reflection of face and gestures in still water. It is not only men, moreover, who are provided with other selves. Dumb beasts and plants, stone hatchets and arrows, articles of clothing and food, all have their ghosts; and when the dead chief is buried, his wives and servants, his dogs and horses, are slain to keep him company, and weapons and trinkets are placed in his tomb to be used in the spirit-land. Burial-places of primitive men, ages before the dawn of history, bear testimony to the immense antiquity of this savage philosophy. From this wholesale belief in ghosts to the interpretation of the wind or the lightning as a person animated by an indwelling soul and endowed with quasi-human passions and purposes, the step is not a long one. The latter notion grows almost inevitably out of the former, so that all races of men, without exception, have entertained it. That the mighty power which uproots trees and drives the storm-clouds across the sky should resemble a human soul is to the savage an unavoidable inference. "If the fire burns down his hut, it is because the fire is a person with a soul, and is angry with him, and needs to be coaxed into a kindlier mood by means of prayer or sacrifice." He has no alternative but to regard fire-soul as something akin to human-soul; his philosophy makes no distinction between the human ghost and the elemental demon or deity.

It was in accordance with this primitive theory of things that the earliest form of religious worship was developed. In all races of men, so far as can be determined, this was the worship of ancestors. The other self of the

dead chieftain continued after death to watch over the interests of the tribe, to defend it against the attacks of enemies, to reward brave warriors, and to punish traitors and cowards. His favor must be propitiated with ceremonies like those in which a subject does homage to a living ruler. If offended by neglect or irreverent treatment, defeat in battle, damage by flood or fire, visitations of famine or pestilence, were interpreted as marks of his anger. Thus the spirits animating the forces of nature were often identified with the ghosts of ancestors, and mythology is filled with traces of the confusion. In the Vedic religion the *pitris*, or "fathers," live in the sky along with Yama, the original *pitri* of mankind. They are very busy with the weather; they send down rain to refresh the thirsty earth, or anon parch the fields till the crops perish of drought; and they rush along in the roaring tempest, like the weird host of the wild huntsman Wodan. To the ancient Greek the blue sky Uranos was the father of gods and men, and throughout antiquity this mingling of ancestor-worship with nature-worship was general. With the systematic development of ethnic religions, in some instances ancestor-worship remained dominant, as with the Chinese, the Japanese, and the Romans; in others, a polytheism based upon nature-worship acquired supremacy, as with the Hindus and Greeks, and our own Teutonic forefathers. The great divinities of the Hellenic pantheon are all personifications of physical phenomena. At a comparatively late date the Roman adopted these divinities, and paid to them a fashionable and literary homage; but his solemn and heartfelt rites were those with which he worshiped the *lares* and *penates* in the privacy of his home. His hospitable treatment of the gods of a vanquished people was the symptom of a commingling of the various local religions of antiquity which insured their mutual destruction, and prepared the way for their absorption into a far grander and truer system.

Such an allusion to the Romans, in an exposition like the present one, is not without its significance. It was partly through political circumstances that a truly theistic idea was developed out of the chaotic and fragmentary ghost theories and nature-worship of the primeval world. To the framing of the vastest of all possible conceptions, the idea of God, man came but slowly. This nature-worship and ancestor-worship of early times was scarcely theism. In their recognition of man's utter dependence upon something outside of himself, which yet was not wholly unlike himself, these primitive religions contained the essential germ out of which theism was to grow; but it is a long way from the propitiation of ghosts and the adoration of the rising sun to the worship of the infinite and eternal God, the maker of heaven and earth, in whom we live, and move, and have our being. Before men could arrive at such a conception, it was necessary for them to obtain some integral idea of the heaven and the earth; it was necessary for them to frame, however inadequately, the conception of a physical universe. Such a conception had been reached by civilized peoples before the Christian era, and by the Greeks a remarkable beginning had been made in the generalization and interpretation of physical phenomena. The intellectual atmosphere of Alexandria, for two centuries before and three centuries after the time of Christ, was more modern than anything that followed down to the days of Bacon and Descartes; and all the leaders of Greek thought since Anaxagoras had been virtually or avowedly monotheists. As the phenomena of nature were generalized, the deities or superhuman beings regarded as their sources were likewise generalized, until the conception of nature as a whole gave rise to

the conception of a single Deity as the author and ruler of nature; and in accordance with the order of its genesis, this notion of Deity was still the notion of a Being possessed of psychical attributes, and in some way like unto Man.

But there was another cause, besides scientific generalization, which led men's minds toward monotheism. The conception of tutelar deities, which was the most prominent practical feature of ancestor-worship, was directly affected by the political development of the peoples of antiquity. As tribes were consolidated into nations, the tutelar gods of the tribes became generalized, or the god of some leading tribe came to supersede his fellows, until the result was a single national deity, at first regarded as the greatest among gods, afterwards as the only God. The most striking instance of this method of development is afforded by the Hebrew conception of Jehovah. The most primitive form of Hebrew religion discernible in the Old Testament is a fetichism, or very crude polytheism, in which ancestor-worship becomes more prominent than nature-worship. At first the *teraphim*, or tutelar household deities, play an important part, but nature-gods, such as Baal and Moloch and Astarte, are extensively worshiped. It is the plural *elohim* who create the earth, and whose sons visit the daughters of antediluvian men. The tutelar deity, Jehovah, is originally thought of as one of the elohim; then as chief among elohim, and Lord of the hosts of heaven. Through his favor his chosen prophet overcomes the prophets of Baal, he is greater than the deities of neighboring peoples, he is the only true god, and thus finally he is thought of as the only God, and his name becomes the symbol of monotheism. The Jews have always been one of the most highly gifted races in the world. In antiquity they developed an intense sentiment of nationality, and for earnestness and depth of ethical feeling they surpassed all other peoples. The conception of Jehovah set forth in the writings of the prophets was the loftiest conception of deity anywhere attained before the time of Christ; in ethical value it immeasurably surpassed anything to be found in the pantheon of the Greeks and Romans. It was natural that such a conception of deity should be adopted throughout the Roman world. At the beginning of the Christian era the classic polytheism had well-nigh lost its hold upon men's minds; its value had become chiefly literary, as a mere collection of pretty stories; it had begun its descent into the humble realm of folk-lore. For want of anything better, people had recourse to elaborate Eastern ceremonials, or contented themselves with the time-honored domestic worship of the lares and penates. Yet their minds were ripe for some kind of monotheism, and in order that the Jewish conception should come to be generally adopted it was only necessary that it should be freed from its limitations of nationality, and that Jehovah should be set forth as Sustainer of the universe and Father of all mankind. This was done by Jesus and Paul. The theory of divine action implied throughout the gospels and the epistles was the first complete monotheism attained by mankind, or at least by that portion of it from which our modern civilization has descended. Here for the first time we have the idea of God dissociated from the limiting circumstances with which it had been entangled in all the ethnic religions of antiquity. Individual thinkers here and there had already, doubtless, reached an equally true conception, as was shown by Kleanthes in his sublime hymn to Zeus; but it was now for the first time set forth in such wise as to win assent from the common folk as well as the philosophers, and to make its way into the hearts of all men. Its acceptance was hastened, and its hold upon mankind immeasurably strength-

ened, by the divinely beautiful ethical teaching in which Jesus couched it, — that teaching, so often misunderstood, yet so profoundly true, which heralded the time when Man shall have thrown off the burden of his bestial inheritance, and strife and sorrow shall cease from the earth.

We shall presently see that in its fundamental features the theism of Jesus and Paul was so true that it must endure as long as man endures. Changes of statement may alter the outward appearance of it, but the kernel of truth will remain the same forever. But the shifting body of religious doctrine known as Christianity has at various times contained much that is unknown to this pure theism, and much that has shown itself to be ephemeral in its hold upon men. The change from polytheism to monotheism could not be thoroughly accomplished all at once. As Christianity spread over the Roman world it became incrusted with pagan notions and observances, and a similar process went on during the conversion of the Teutonic barbarians. Yuletide and Easter and other church holidays were directly adopted from the old nature-worship; the adoration of tutelar household deities survived in the homage paid to patron saints; and the worship of the Berecynthian Mother was continued in that of the Virgin Mary. Even the name *God*, applied to the Deity throughout Teutonic Christendom, seems to be neither more nor less than *Wodan*, the personification of the storm-wind, the supreme divinity of our pagan forefathers.

That Christianity should thus have retained names and symbols and rites belonging to heathen antiquity was inevitable. The system of Christian theism was the work of some of the loftiest minds that have ever appeared upon the earth; but it was adopted by millions of men and women, of all degrees of knowledge and ignorance, of keenness and dullness, of spirituality and grossness, and these brought to it their various inherited notions and habits of thought. In all its ages, therefore, Christian theism has meant one thing to one person, and another thing to another. While the highest Christian minds have always been monotheistic, the multitude have outgrown polytheism but slowly; and even the monotheism of the highest minds has been colored by notions ultimately derived from the primeval ghost-world, which have interfered with its purity, and have seriously hampered men in their search after truth.

In illustration of this point we have now to notice two strongly contrasted views of the divine nature which have been held by Christian theists, and to observe their bearings upon the scientific thought of modern times.

We have seen that since the primitive savage philosophy did not distinguish between the human ghost and the elemental demon or deity, the religion of antiquity was an inextricable tangle of ancestor-worship with nature-worship. Nevertheless, among some peoples the one, among others the other, became predominant. I think it can hardly be an accidental coincidence that nature-worship predominated with the Greeks and Hindus, the only peoples of antiquity who accomplished anything in the exact sciences, or in metaphysics. The capacity for abstract thinking which led the Hindu to originate algebra, and the Greek to originate geometry, and both to attempt elaborate scientific theories of the universe, — this same capacity revealed itself in the manner in which they deified the powers of nature. They were able to imagine the indwelling spirit of the sun or the storm without help from the conception of an individual ghost. Such being the general capacity of the people, we can readily understand how, when it came to monotheism, their most eminent thinkers should

have been able to frame the conception of God acting in and through the powers of nature, without the aid of any grossly anthropomorphic symbolism. In this connection it is interesting to observe the characteristics of the idea of God as conceived by the three greatest fathers of the Greek Church, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, and Athanasius. The philosophy of these profound and vigorous thinkers was in large measure derived from the Stoics. They regarded Deity as immanent in the universe, and eternally operating through natural laws. In their view, God is not a localizable personality, remote from the world, and acting upon it only by means of occasional portent and prodigy; nor is the world a lifeless machine, blindly working after some preordained method, and only feeling the presence of God in so far as he now and then sees fit to interfere with its normal course of procedure. On the contrary, God is the ever-present life of the world; it is through him that all things exist from moment to moment, and the natural sequence of events is a perpetual revelation of the divine wisdom and goodness. In accordance with this fundamental view, Clement, for example, repudiated the Gnostic theory of the vileness of matter, condemned asceticism, and regarded the world as hallowed by the presence of indwelling Deity. Knowing no distinction "between what man discovers and what God reveals," he explained Christianity as a natural development from the earlier religious thought of mankind. It was essential to his idea of the divine perfection that the past should contain within itself all the germs of the future; and accordingly he attached but slight value to tales of miracle, and looked upon salvation as the normal ripening of the higher spiritual qualities of man "under the guidance of immanent Deity." The views of Clement's disciple, Origen, are much like those of his master. Athanasius ventured much farther into the bewildering regions of metaphysics. Yet in his doctrine of the trinity, by which he overcame the visible tendency toward polytheism in the theories of Arius, and averted the threatened danger of a compromise between Christianity and Paganism, he proceeded upon the lines which Clement had marked out. In his very suggestive work on The Continuity of Christian Thought, Professor Alexander Allen thus sets forth the Athanasian point of view: "In the formula of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, as three distinct and coequal members in the one divine essence, there was the recognition and the reconciliation of the philosophical schools which had divided the ancient world. In the idea of the eternal Father the Oriental mind recognized what it liked to call the profound abyss of being, that which lies back of all phenomena, the hidden mystery which lends awe to human minds seeking to know the divine. In the doctrine of the eternal Son revealing the Father, immanent in nature and humanity as the life and light shining through all created things, the divine reason in which the human reason shares, there was the recognition of the truth after which Plato and Aristotle and the Stoics were struggling, — the tie which binds the creation to God in the closest organic relationship. In the doctrine of the Holy Spirit the church guarded against any pantheistic confusion of God with the world by upholding the life of the manifested Deity as essentially ethical or spiritual, revealing itself in humanity in its highest form only in so far as humanity recognized its calling, and through the Spirit entered into communion with the Father and the Son."

Great as was the service which these views of Athanasius rendered in the fourth century of our era, they are scarcely to be regarded as a permanent or essential feature of Christian theism. The metaphysic in which they are

couched is alien to the metaphysic of our time, yet through this vast difference it is all the more instructive to note how closely Athanasius approaches the confines of modern scientific thought, simply through his fundamental conception of God as the indwelling life of the universe. We shall be still more forcibly struck with this similarity when we come to consider the character impressed upon our idea of God by the modern doctrine of evolution.

But this Greek conception of divine immanence did not find favor with the Latin-speaking world. There a very different notion prevailed, the origin of which may be traced to the mental habits attending the primitive ancestor-worship. Out of materials furnished by the ghost-world a crude kind of monotheism could be reached by simply carrying back the thought to a single ghost-deity as the original ancestor of all the others. Some barbarous races have gone as far as this, as for example the Zulus, who have developed the doctrine of divine ancestors so far as to recognize a first ancestor, the Great Father, Unkulunkulu, who created the world. The kind of theism reached by this process of thought differs essentially from the theism reached through the medium of nature-worship. For whereas in the latter case the god of the sky or the sea is regarded as a mysterious spirit acting in and through the phenomena, in the former case the phenomena are regarded as coerced into activity by some power existing outside of them, and this power is conceived as manlike in the crudest sense, having been originally thought of as the ghost of some man who once lived upon the earth. In the monotheism which is reached by thinking along these lines of inference, the universe is conceived as an inert lifeless machine, impelled by blind forces which have been set acting from without; and God is conceived as existing apart from the world in solitary, inaccessible majesty, — "an absentee God," as Carlyle says, "sitting idle ever since the first Sabbath, at the outside of his universe, and 'seeing it go.'" This conception demands less of the intellect than the conception of God as immanent in the universe. It requires less grasp of mind and less width of experience, and it has accordingly been much the more common conception. The idea of the indwelling God is an attempt to reach out toward the reality, and as such it taxes the powers of the finite mind. The idea of God external to the universe is a symbol which in no wise approaches the reality, and for that very reason it does not tax the mental powers; there is an aspect of finality about it, in which the ordinary mind rests content, and complains of whatever seeks to disturb its repose.

I must not be understood as ignoring the fact that this lower species of theism has been entertained by some of the loftiest minds of our race, both in ancient and in modern times. When once such an ever-present conception as the idea of God has become intertwined with the whole body of the thoughts of mankind, it is very difficult for the most powerful and subtle intelligence to change the form it has taken. It has become so far organized into the texture of the mind that it abides there unconsciously, like our fundamental axioms about number and magnitude; it sways our thought hither and thither without our knowing it. The two forms of theism here contrasted have slowly grown up under the myriad unassignable influences that in antiquity caused nature-worship to predominate among some people, and ancestor-worship among others; they have colored all the philosophizing that has been done for more than twenty centuries; and it is seldom that a thinker educated under the one form ever comes to adopt the other and habitually employ it, save under the

mighty influence of modern science, the tendency of which, as we shall presently see, is all in one direction.

Among ancient thinkers the view of Deity as remote from the world prevailed with the followers of Epikuros, who held that the immortal gods could not be supposed to trouble themselves about the paltry affairs of men, but lived a blessed life of their own, undisturbed in the far-off empyrean. This left the world quite under the sway of blind forces, and thus we find it depicted in the marvelous poem of Lucretius, one of the loftiest monuments of Latin genius. It is to all appearance an atheistic world, albeit the author was perhaps more profoundly religious in spirit than any other Roman that ever lived, save Augustine; yet to his immediate scientific purpose this atheism was no drawback. When we are investigating natural phenomena, with intent to explain them scientifically, our proper task is simply to ascertain the physical conditions under which they occur, and the less we meddle with metaphysics or theology the better. As Laplace said, the mathematician, in solving his equations, does not need "the hypothesis of God." To the scientific investigator, as such, the forces of nature are doubtless blind, like the x and y in algebra, but this is only so long as he contents himself with describing their modes of operation; when he undertakes to explain them philosophically, as we shall see, he can in no wise dispense with his theistic hypothesis. The Lucretian philosophy, therefore, admirable as a scientific coordination of such facts about the physical universe as were then known, goes but very little way as a philosophy. It is interesting to note that this atheism followed directly from that species of theism which placed God outside of his universe. We shall find the case of modern atheism to be quite similar. As soon as this crude and misleading conception of God is refuted, as the whole progress of scientific knowledge tends to refute it, the modern atheist or positivist falls back upon his universe of blind forces, and contents himself with it, while zealously shouting from the housetops that this is the whole story.

To one familiar with Christian ideas, the notion that Man is too insignificant a creature to be worth the notice of Deity seems at once pathetic and grotesque. In the view of Plato, by which all Christendom has been powerfully influenced, there is profound pathos. The wickedness and misery of the world wrought so strongly upon Plato's keen sympathies and delicate moral sense that he came to conclusions almost as gloomy as those of the Buddhist who regards existence as an evil. In the Timaios he depicts the material world as essentially vile; he is unable to think of the pure and holy Deity as manifested in it, and he accordingly separates the Creator from his creation by the whole breadth of infinitude. This view passed on to the Gnostics, for whom the puzzling problem of philosophy was how to explain the action of the spiritual God upon the material universe. Sometimes the interval was bridged by mediating æons or emanations, partly spiritual and partly material; sometimes the world was held to be the work of the devil, and in no sense divine. The Greek fathers, under the lead of Clement, espousing the higher theism, kept clear of this torrent of Gnostic thought; but upon Augustine it fell with full force, and he was carried away with it. In his earlier writings Augustine showed himself not incapable of comprehending the views of Clement and Athanasius; but his intense feeling of man's wickedness dragged him irresistibly in the opposite direction. In his doctrine of original sin, he represents humanity as cut off from all relationship with God, who is depicted as a crudely anthropomorphic Being, far removed from the universe, and accessible only through the medi-

ating offices of an organized church. Compared with the thoughts of the Greek fathers, this was a barbaric conception, but it was suited alike to the lower grade of culture in Western Europe and to the Latin political genius, which in the decline of the Empire was already occupying itself with its great and beneficent work of constructing an imperial Church. For these reasons the Augustinian theology prevailed, and in the Dark Ages which followed it became so deeply inwrought into the innermost fibres of Latin Christianity that it remains dominant to-day alike in Catholic and Protestant churches. With few exceptions, every child born of Christian parents in Western Europe or in America grows up with an idea of God the outlines of which were engraven upon men's minds by Augustine fifteen centuries ago. Nay, more, it is hardly too much to say that three fourths of the body of doctrine currently known as Christianity, unwarranted by Scripture and never dreamed of by Christ or his apostles, first took coherent shape in the writings of this mighty Roman, who was separated from the apostolic age by an interval of time like that which separates us from the invention of printing and the discovery of America.

The idea of God upon which all this Augustinian doctrine is based is the idea of a Being actuated by human passions and purposes, localizable in space, and utterly remote from that inert machine, the universe in which we live, and upon which he acts intermittently through the suspension of what are called natural laws. So deeply has this conception penetrated the thought of Christendom that we continually find it at the bottom of the speculations and arguments of men who would warmly repudiate it as thus stated in its naked outlines. It dominates the reasonings alike of believers and skeptics, of theists and atheists; it underlies at once the objections raised by orthodoxy against each new step in science and the assaults made by materialism upon every religious conception of the world; and thus it is chiefly responsible for that complicated misunderstanding which, by a lamentable confusion of thought, is commonly called "the conflict between religion and science."

In illustration of the mischief that has been wrought by the Augustinian conception of Deity, we may cite the theological objections urged against the Newtonian theory of gravitation and the Darwinian theory of natural selection. Leibnitz, who as a mathematician but little inferior to Newton himself might have been expected to be easily convinced of the truth of the theory of gravitation, was nevertheless deterred by theological scruples from accepting it. It appeared to him that it substituted the action of physical forces for the direct action of the Deity. Now the fallacy of this argument of Leibnitz is easy to detect. It lies in a metaphysical misconception of the meaning of the word "force." "Force" is implicitly regarded as a sort of entity or demon, which has a mode of action distinguishable from that of Deity; otherwise it is meaningless to speak of substituting the one for the other. But such a personification of "force" is a remnant of barbaric thought, in no wise sanctioned by physical science. When astronomy speaks of two planets as attracting each other with a "force" which varies directly as their masses and inversely as the squares of their distances apart, it simply uses the phrase as a convenient metaphor by which to describe the manner in which the observed movements of the two bodies occur. It explains that in presence of each other the two bodies are observed to change their positions in a certain specified way, and this is all that it means. This is all that a strictly sci-

entific hypothesis can possibly allege, and this is all that observation can possibly prove. Whatever goes beyond this, and imagines or asserts a kind of "pull" between the two bodies, is not science, but metaphysics. An atheistic metaphysics may imagine such a "pull," and may interpret it as the action of something that is not Deity; but such a conclusion can find no support in the scientific theorem, which is simply a generalized description of phenomena. The general considerations upon which the belief in the existence and direct action of Deity is otherwise founded are in no wise disturbed by the establishment of any such scientific theorem. We are still perfectly free to maintain that it is the direct action of Deity which is manifested in the planetary movements; having done nothing more with our Newtonian hypothesis than to construct a happy formula for expressing the mode or order of the manifestation. We may have learned something new concerning the manner of divine action; we certainly have not "substituted" any other kind of action for it. And what is thus obvious in this simple astronomical example is equally true in principle in every case whatever in which one set of phenomena is interpreted by reference to another set. In no case whatever can science use the word "force" or "cause" except as metaphorically descriptive of some observed or observable sequence of phenomena. And consequently, at no imaginable future time, so long as the essential conditions of human thinking are maintained, can science even attempt to substitute the action of any other power for the direct action of Deity. The theological objection urged by Leibnitz against Newton was repeated word for word by Agassiz in his comments upon Darwin. He regarded it as a fatal objection to the Darwinian theory that it appeared to substitute the action of physical forces for the creative action of Deity. The fallacy here is precisely the same as in Leibnitz's argument. Mr. Darwin has convinced us that the existence of highly complicated organisms is the result of an infinitely diversified aggregate of circumstances so minute as severally to seem trivial or accidental; yet the consistent theist will always occupy an impregnable position in maintaining that the entire series in each and every one of its incidents is an immediate manifestation of the creative action of God.

In this connection it is worth while to state explicitly what is the true province of scientific explanation. Is it not obvious that since a philosophical theism must regard divine power as the immediate source of all phenomena alike, therefore science cannot properly explain any particular group of phenomena by a direct reference to the action of Deity? Such a reference is not an explanation, since it adds nothing to our previous knowledge either of the phenomena or of the manner of divine action. The business of science is simply to ascertain in what manner phenomena coexist with each other or follow each other, and the only kind of explanation with which it can properly deal is that which refers one set of phenomena to another set. In pursuing this, its legitimate business, science does not touch on the province of theology in any way, and there is no conceivable occasion for any conflict between the two. From this and the previous considerations taken together it follows not only that such explanations as are contained in the Newtonian and Darwinian theories are entirely consistent with theism, but also that they are the only kind of explanations with which science can properly concern itself at all. To say that complex organisms were directly created by the Deity is to make an assertion which, however true in a theistic sense, is utterly barren. It is of no profit to theism, which must be taken for granted before the assertion can be

made; and it is of no profit to science, which must still ask its question, "How?"

We are now prepared to see that the theological objection urged against the Newtonian and Darwinian theories has its roots in that imperfect kind of theism which Augustine did so much to fasten upon the western world. Obviously, if Leibnitz and Agassiz had been educated in that higher theism shared by Clement and Athanasius in ancient times with Spinoza and Goethe in later days; if they had been accustomed to conceive of God as immanent in the universe and eternally creative, then the argument which they urged with so much feeling would never have occurred to them. By no possibility could such an argument have entered their minds. To conceive of "physical forces" as powers of which the action could in any wise be "substituted" for the action of Deity would in such case have been absolutely impossible. Such a conception involves the idea of God as remote from the world and acting upon it from outside. The whole notion of what theological writers are fond of calling "secondary causes" involves such an idea of God. The higher or Athanasian theism knows nothing of secondary causes in a world where every event flows directly from the eternal First Cause. It knows nothing of physical forces save as immediate manifestations of the omnipresent creative power of God. In the personification of physical forces, and the implied contrast between their action and that of Deity, there is something very like a survival of the habits of thought which characterized ancient polytheism. What are these personified forces but little gods, who are supposed to be invading the sacred domain of the ruler Zeus? When one speaks of substituting the action of Gravitation for the direct action of Deity, does there not hover somewhere in the dim background of the conception a vague spectre of Gravitation in the guise of a rebellious Titan? Doubtless it would not be easy to bring any one to acknowledge such a charge, but the unseen and unacknowledged part of a fallacy is just that which is most persistent and mischievous. It is not so many generations, after all, since our ancestors were barbarians and polytheists; and fragments of their barbaric thinking are continually intruding unawares into the midst of our lately acquired scientific culture. In most philosophical discussions a great deal of loose phraseology is used, in order to find the proper connotations of which we must go back to primitive and untutored ages. Such is eminently the case with the phrases in which the forces of nature are personified and described as something else than manifestations of omnipresent Deity.

This subject is of such immense importance that I must illustrate it from yet another point of view. We must observe the manner in which, along with the progress of scientific discovery, theological arguments have come to be permeated by the strange assumption that the greater part of the universe is godless. Here again we must go back for a moment to the primeval world, and observe how behind every physical phenomenon there were supposed to be quasi-human passions and a quasi-human will. Now the phenomena which were first arranged and systematized in men's thoughts, and thus made the subject of something like scientific generalization, were the simplest, the most accessible, and the most manageable phenomena; and from these the conception of a quasi-human will soonest faded away. There are savages who believe that hatchets and kettles have souls, but men unquestionably outgrew such a belief as this long before they outgrew the belief that there are ghost-like deities in the tempest, or in the sun and moon. After many ages of culture, men ceased to regard the familiar and regularly recurring

phenomena of nature as immediate results of volition, and reserved this primeval explanation for unusual or terrible phenomena, such as comets and eclipses, or famines and plagues. As the result of these habits of thought, in course of time, Nature seemed to be divided into two antithetical provinces. On the one hand, there were the phenomena that occurred with a simple regularity which seemed to exclude the idea of capricious volition; and these were supposed to constitute the realm of natural law. On the other hand, there were the complex and irregular phenomena in which the presence of law could not so easily be detected; and these were supposed to constitute the realm of immediate divine action. This antithesis has forever haunted the minds of men imbued with the lower or Augustinian theism; and such have made up the larger part of the Christian world. It has tended to make the theologians hostile to science and the men of science hostile to theology. For as scientific generalization has steadily extended the region of natural law, the region which theology has assigned to divine action has steadily diminished. Every discovery in science has stripped off territory from the latter province, and added it to the former. Every such discovery has accordingly been promulgated and established in the teeth of bitter and violent opposition on the part of theologians. A desperate fight it has been for some centuries, in which science has won every disputed position, while theology, untaught by perennial defeat, still valiantly defends the little corner that is left it. Still as of old the ordinary theologian rests his case upon the assumption of disorder, caprice, and miraculous interference with the course of nature. He naively asks, "If plants and animals have been naturally originated, if the world as a whole has been evolved and not manufactured, and if human actions conform to law, what is there left for God to do? If not formally repudiated, is he not thrust back into the past eternity, as an unknowable source of things, which is postulated for form's sake, but might as well, for all practical purposes, be omitted?"

The scientific inquirer may reply that the difficulty is one which theology has created for itself. It is certainly not science that has relegated the creative activity of God to some nameless moment in the bygone eternity, and left him without occupation in the present world. It is not science that is responsible for the mischievous distinction between divine action and natural law. That distinction is historically derived from a loose habit of philosophizing characteristic of ignorant ages, and was bequeathed to modern times by the theology of the Latin church. Small blame to the atheist who, starting upon such a basis, thinks he can interpret the universe without the idea of God! He is but doing as well as he knows how, with the materials given him. One has only, however, to adopt the higher theism of Clement and Athanasius, and this alleged antagonism between science and theology, by which so many hearts have been saddened, so many minds darkened, vanishes at once and forever. "Once really adopt the conception of an ever-present God, without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground, and it becomes self-evident that the law of gravitation is but an expression of a particular mode of divine action. And what is thus true of one law is true of all laws." The thinker in whose mind divine action is thus identified with orderly action, and to whom a really irregular phenomenon would seem like a manifestation of sheer diabolism, foresees in every possible extension of knowledge a fresh confirmation of his faith in God. From his point of view there can be no antagonism between our duty as inquirers and our duty as worshipers. To him no part of

the universe is godless. In the swaying to and fro of molecules and the ceaseless pulsations of ether, in the secular shiftings of planetary orbits, in the busy work of frost and rain-drop, in the mysterious sprouting of the seed, in the everlasting tale of death and life renewed, in the dawning of the babe's intelligence, in the varied deeds of men from age to age, he finds that which awakens the soul to reverential awe; and each act of scientific explanation but reveals an opening through which shines the glory of the Eternal Majesty.

John Fiske.

HOW GLOOSKAP BROUGHT THE SUMMER.

(ALGONQUIN.)

I.

Of the old days, of the dawn days,
Still the wonder-tale is told
In the shadow of Katahdin,
Where the master dwelt of old,
The great Glooskap, the Algonquin,
Chief of warriors true and bold.

Long had Winter, strong magician,
Bound in icy chains the land;
Though the wise men prayed and fasted,
Yet he lifted not his hand,
But he said, "Lead forth a warrior
Who my magic can withstand!

"Let him find my secret wigwam,
Face to face and without fear
Feel the power of my enchantment.
If he bear the burden drear,
I am vanquished, and another
Shall be found to rule the year."

Dire the trouble of the chieftains:
Who that midnight path could trace?
Then spake Glooskap: "Thrice at daybreak
In my dreams a shining face
Smiled and called me. I will follow,
Even to Winter's hiding-place."

In his frozen lodge sat Winter,
Fierce and famine-eyed and old,
Giant of forgotten ages,
Scarred with battles manifold;

On his cruel deeds he pondered,
In the darkness and the cold.

Suddenly the great white bearskin
Was uplifted from his door,
And one entered, — rushing by him
Entered too the storm's wild roar, —
And the heart of Winter trembled
With a dread unknown before.

Strong and beautiful the stranger
Stood within the darkened tent;
The faint firelight to his figure
Shadowy grace and stature lent,
And his glances free and fearless
On the giant's face were bent.

Strangely stirred the heart of Winter,
Heart of ice within his breast,
But he murmured, guileful ever,
"Sit within the lodge and rest.
Long thy journey, — in the morning
Shall thy purpose be confessed."

Then the terrible frost-spirits,
Hastening to their monarch's aid,
Of the gleaming white aurora
Phantom fire of welcome made,
And the pipe of cloud and ashes
In the stranger's hand was laid.

And his heavy eyes were lifted
With a fixed, unconscious gaze,
While the white lips of old Winter
Muttered of the ancient days, —
With wind-voices and storm-voices
Chanted wild and awful lays.

Listening, dreaming, with the magic
Of the place around him cast,
Soon in chains of icy numbness
All his senses were made fast,
And the hope of the Algonquins
Bound and helpless lay at last.

Days and months he slept, yet often
In his slumber stirred with pain;
Lo! the shining face still gleaming
Far o'er midnight's frozen plain!
Then with fierce and breathless struggle
Burst he from the demon chain.

Up he rose, to height majestic,
Taller, fairer, than before.
As he rent in sudden fury
The white bearskin from the door,
A long shaft of yellow sunshine
Flashed upon the icy floor!

"I have tried thy power, O giant,
To thy dark words listened well;
Now the vision of the daybreak
Calls me with a mightier spell.
Soon it will be *thine* to listen,
Mine the wizard tale to tell."

II.

Oh, fast and far sped Glooskap,
With shoes of magic shod!
Past icy crag and mountain
By wonder-paths he trod,
Until his feet sank lightly
Upon a violet sod,

And fairyland before him
Its gates wide open threw,
While myriad silver bugles
From waving treetops blew;
For all the elfin singers
At once the master knew:

And in their midst a being
All beauty, smiles, and light,
The fair dream-face that led him
Along the waste of night.
Like morning robed in roses
She beamed upon his sight.

But for no soft entreaty
The eager master stayed.
"The dark world waits thy coming,"
He uttered. "Radiant maid,
Take now thy earthly kingdom:
Too long thou hast delayed!"

He caught her to his bosom,
And fast again he sped,
But craftily behind him
He tossed a magic thread,
And all the fairy kingdom
In captive train was led.

The birds flew close above them,
And filled the air with song;
The golden armored sunbeams,
Their escort, marched along,
And leaf, and bud, and blossom,
And rivulet, swelled the throng.

Upon a cliff gigantic
By ocean's stormy shore,
High perched the great wind-eagle,
And urged the tempest's roar.
His wings drooped as they passed him,
And ocean raged no more.

And over old Katahdin,
Where thunders have their home,
One footprint of sweet Summer
Let loose the spirits dumb.
The lightnings gleamed, the thunders
Spake deep, "*The hour is come!*"

Into the frozen wigwam
There fell a flood of light:
In stepped the great Algonquin,
With visage bold and bright,
And with him royal Summer,
All dazzling to the sight.

Then, smiling, the enchantress,
With singing low and sweet,
Let fall the pearly Mayflower
Before the giant's feet.
Alas! in that one moment
His conquest was complete.

With eyes that swam and melted,
With heart that throbbed and burned,
A gaze of hopeless worship
Upon her face he turned.
Though slain by those soft glances,
For every look he yearned.

The wigwam sank about him,
The blue sky blazed and shone;
The weeping frost-elves, fleeing,
Stayed not to hear his moan:
"I die for thee, O Summer!
The world is thine alone."

Oh, in her hour of triumph,
Had Summer been less sweet,

Nor viewed with sudden pity
The tyrant at her feet,
Her reign had been eternal,
Our joy had been complete.

But on the humbled monarch
Dear Summer looked and sighed;
Some tears let fall, — the dewdrops
Were sprinkled far and wide.
She smiled again, — a rainbow
The hilltops glorified!

"Farewell!" cried laughing Glooskap,
"My warriors call for me!
Dream deep, O fallen giant,
Till love shall set thee free!
Thy fairy bride forever
Will share the throne with thee!"

Frances L. Mace.

PRINCIPLES OF CRITICISM.

The value that men have set upon art and literature proves that these have ministered to some deep-seated and permanent human desire. What is this desire? Or if there be more than one, which is the deepest seated and most permanent — in other words, the paramount — desire? The true answer to this question, if we can discover it, must furnish us with a much-needed test for literary and art values. It must, in short, furnish a basis, and the only correct basis, for the criticism of all literary and art products.

For, obviously, before we are in a position to determine the worth of a thing, or the relative worth of any two or three things of the same general sort, we have to inquire, What purpose is this thing intended to serve? What is it expected to do?

Now it is precisely on this point that there seem to have been very confused ideas among critics, — and by this is not meant professional critics only, but all those who have attempted, either for themselves or for others, to form correct estimates of the value, or comparative values, of works of literature and art. Professional critics, especially (for it is they, especially, who have seemed to feel that they must not trust to their instincts, which would often have done better for them, but must make at least a show of having some well-understood basis of critical principles), have apparently been in a position not unlike that of a layman at some mechanics' fair, who undertakes to pass judgment on a machine of whose purpose and uses he has next to no idea.

Perhaps the novel and the poem have been the most conspicuous examples of this failure, on the part of ordinary criticism, to base itself on any clear understanding of what these forms of the literary art are essentially *for*. One novel will be praised on the ground that it has a moral purpose, another on the ground (as by that distinguished critic,

M. Taine) that it has not a moral purpose; one on the ground that it paints actual facts from the life, another on the ground that it depicts an ideal world; one on the ground that it gives pleasure, another on the ground that it gives information: and so on. If the novel has not all these objects in view (and some of them are a little inconsistent with each other), which of them has it? And if several of them, which object is the essential one, — the one which being accomplished, the novel cannot be a thoroughly poor one, or which being unaccomplished, it cannot be a thoroughly good one?

So with the poem. The reason that the critics have, through all time, been so ludicrously incapable of making an estimate of any given work of poetry (except in the case of an imitation, where a verdict on the original had already been furnished them) that should be corroborated, unless through accident, by the test of time is that there has been no clear and well-settled opinion as to the true purpose of the poetic art. Is it to move us to "pity and terror," and at the same time do to these feelings some ambiguous thing which Greek scholars never have been exactly able to make out, as Aristotle said; or, is it to "please," as everybody else has always said, till De Quincey blew one of his withering blasts at that shallow notion, but as the average critic apparently still continues to believe? Is its true function best fulfilled by being so intelligible that everybody can understand it, or by being so unintelligible that nobody can, except the poet himself, and he only before it gets cold? Is it true that a poem cannot be a true poem unless it is "short;" or are we still permitted to believe that the Iliad is, after all, a sort of poem?

In seeking for reliable principles on which just criticism may be based, we must, if possible, find those which are broad enough to include all art. Otherwise we should suspect them of not being fundamental principles. For literature is, in fact, one of the fine arts. Not everything that is written, of course, belongs to literature proper; but when a written product becomes a part of what has well enough been called *belles-lettres*, — as a poem, for example, in contradistinction from a Patent Office Report, — it belongs to the art of literature, and is closely allied to the other fine arts; giving us, like them, that immediate and direct satisfaction of a high order which we call æsthetic pleasure, or delight. Literature, as we shall see, gives us much more than this, but this it gives us in common with the other arts.

If, then, we ask for a test or criterion for art in general, the reply may be made, The true test is that it shall be beautiful. But the underlying question is, What is "beauty," and what things are "beautiful"?

Evidently beauty is not a simple quality, apprehended by a distinct inner sense, the "sense of beauty," though it has sometimes crudely been so considered. It is plain enough, on reflection, that beauty is a complex thing, and requires analysis. All great works of art, and especially of the literary art, are more than merely beautiful, but we may first of all investigate this quality.

Let us take, to begin with, as the simplest of the arts, that of visible form. Its simplest element is the line; then the curved line, as of the mountain or wave outline. Its highest and most complex product is the statue, or group of statuary.

The writers on æsthetics, in their attempts to furnish an analysis of the beautiful, have seemed to hover at a greater or less distance around a central idea, none — unless it be Mr. Herbert Spencer, whose views have been expressed only in scattered suggestions — precisely hitting it, and yet few being far away from it. We mean the idea

that beauty gives us *activity* of mind and feeling. Hogarth, for example, speaks of the quality of variety in lines as an element of their beauty. The waving line, or undulating curve, he calls especially the "line of beauty," because it gives the eye much variety of direction without displeasing it (without hindering it, we should prefer to say) by sudden changes of direction. Sir William Hamilton, in likewise attributing the effect of beauty to the union of variety with unity, explains our delight in it by the fact of its giving full play at once to the imagination through variety, and to the understanding through unity. Alison, attributing the entire effect to the association of ideas, makes beauty to consist in the power of giving active emotions, as of cheerfulness or sadness, and of awakening trains of corresponding ideas in the mind. Mr. James Sully points out the imperfection of this theory in its exclusion of the element of direct æsthetic pleasure derived from color, form, or tone. Mr. Herbert Spencer, following a hint derived from Schiller, considers the æsthetic activities to be essentially the play of the mind. He grades æsthetic pleasures according to the number of powers called into activity: the lowest being the pleasure of mere sensation, as from tone or color; next, the pleasure of perception, as from combinations of color, or symmetries of form; and highest, the pleasure of the æsthetic sentiments proper, composed of multitudinous emotions excited in the mind by associations, some of them reaching far back in the race experience of man.

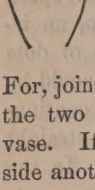
The central idea, round which these and other theories cluster, is that of *increased activity* as the essential effect of beauty on the mind.

In the two arts of form and of tone, the simplest elements — the straight line and the single tone — may be considered as correspondent. For the tone differs from mere noise in being produced by periodic vibrations, so that in its apprehension our consciousness is continuous; whereas in hearing a mere noise, owing to the interferences of the jumbled vibrations, our consciousness is interrupted and intermittent. Precisely so, an irregular and confused multitude of dots made by the pencil on paper would be a noise in visible form; while a continuous row of dots, that is to say a straight line, would be a tone in form. In the tone as in the line the consciousness is unhindered and continuous. Again, just as we may have a noise of tones which, although musical tones separately, are clashed together in discord, so we may have a noise, so to speak, of lines clean and straight in themselves, but thrown into a tangled mass which the eye cannot follow.

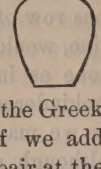
Rising a step higher, we have the curve in form, answering to the melody in music. In either case, its effect is a succession of changes of impression, but of such a nature that the consciousness may be continuous in apprehending them. A jagged and irregularly angular line, on the other hand, would correspond to a haphazard succession of tones, regardless of the conditions of melodious arrangement, since both produce checks and interruptions of the flowing continuity of consciousness. Hogarth's line of beauty, in other words, is the pleasantest melody of form, because it gives to conscious apprehension the greatest total of sight activity without check.

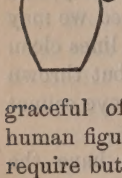
But a harmony, whether of audible tones or of visible forms, is still more delightful than a melody. Such a harmony of forms we get in the symmetry of two curves above and below a horizontal line, as in the arch of a bridge reflected in a stream, or on the two sides of a vertical line, as in the shapely tree. Its simplest elements might be represented thus: —

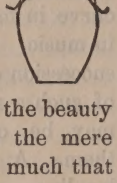
More graceful still is the symmetry of two undulating curves, answering to each other, and thus furnishing both melody and harmony. And this brings us to the elements of one of the beautiful forms of ancient art.



For, joining the extremities of the two curves, we have the vase. If now we add to each side another answering pair of such curves, we have it with the double arms of the Greek amphora. And if we add still another such pair at the top, we have reached a hint of the very outlines of that which we consider the most graceful of all forms, the human figure. For it would require but slight touches to suggest the head and the veritable arms and limbs of the statue.







No doubt there is much in the beauty of the human form besides the mere symmetry of graceful lines; much that depends on the association of ideas, as, for example, the suggestion of force and activity in muscular curves, —

> "Those lines
> That sweeping downward breathe, in rest, of motion."

The important thing to notice is that just as the simple grace of the mere outlines is explicable through their ministering to sight activity, so the complex beauty is woven of a thousand threads of vague suggestion, all linked with ideas of health and strength and mysterious life-functions, and so all centring in the satisfaction of the one desire for full existence.

But complex as the quality of beauty is in the actual human figure, it is even more so in the work of plastic art. A statue which was merely an exact copy of life — a photograph in marble — would not by any means give us all the æsthetic delight of which art is capable. In fact, it would not be art at all. It is only when the artist bodies forth some conception of his own mind that we are greatly stirred. Then, besides the immediate beauty of the melodies and harmonies of lines, and the mediate beauty, through associated ideas, of the supple and forceful forms, we have in some pathetic or heroic group in marble a world of quickened thoughts and feelings. In one of Wilhelm von Humboldt's Letters to a Lady, he says, —

"The beauty of a work of art is, for the very reason that it is a work of art, much freer from imperfections than nature, and never excites selfish emotions. We observe it attentively, we wonder at it more and more, but we do not form any connection between it and ourselves. To the beauty of sculpture applies what Goethe has said so finely of the stars: 'We never desire the stars, although we take such pleasure in their light.'"

Now the explanation of this superiority of art to nature, æsthetically, is to be found in the fact that any personal relation to self narrows and lessens the spiritual activity. And the same explanation is applicable to the connection of æsthetic pleasures with the play impulse. For the compelling of any impulse toward the accomplishment of some set purpose must confine its force. The stream of spiritual activity is controlled into some single channel, and there is no longer that free swing of all the powers which is the essence both of "play" and of æsthetic delight. In other words, if we enjoy play more than work, and art more than nature, it is because we have through their means a greater total of conscious life.

The art of tone has this advantage over the arts of painting and sculpture as the direct source of power upon the spirit, that music is a natural and universal means of expression. There can never be "symphonies of color," as has been imagined, for the reason that no-

where in the world is color naturally (as distinguished from artistically) employed to express anything. Tone, on the contrary, is universally so employed. Mr. Spencer, in his Essay on the Origin of Music, and elsewhere, has admirably shown how this expressive use of tone runs through all the higher grades of the animal kingdom. When the dog barks or howls, and the bird pipes or complains, and the child sings or cries, it is the beginning of music. For it is the beginning of the use of tones to express feeling. Ordinary human speech is not speech alone, conveying ideas, but music as well, conveying feeling. If we listen to an animated conversation from an adjoining room, where the articulation of words is not quite audible, we shall find that it is song, rather than speech, that we hear. The voices go up and down the gamut, the intervals and the *tempo* increasing or diminishing as the feeling changes. The *staccato*, high-keyed utterances of pleasure; the slow, minor cadences of sorrow; the deep monotone of determination; the *tremolo* of passion, — all these are nothing but the song within the speech. Whenever speech ceases to convey merely cold intellectual ideas, and becomes emotional, the voice tends more and more toward song, ranging more widely through the gamut, and taking on the cadences of music proper. Perhaps even among the very elements of speech, in the vowels, namely, we have the beginnings of music as expressive of feeling. For while the consonants seem to be mere checks or interruptions of the breath, expressing the limitation of our consciousness to definite ideas, the vowels are pure tones, each having a natural pitch of its own (which one may readily detect by *whispering* them loudly), and expressing the play of feeling upon these ideas. This may possibly help to explain the ablaut, or change of vowel to express tense in the verb; as, *sing, sang, sung.* We do not overlook the theory which explains this by the effect of the ancient reduplication; but it sometimes happens in philology, as in society, that one cause gives rise to a form, and another makes it permanent. At any rate, the present fact is that, while the consonants remain the same in the different tenses in this example, as expressing the unchanged idea of the action, the vowels change, as the attitude or feeling of the mind toward the action changes, whether present, or just finished, or wholly past.

The reason, then, that music has a much greater direct power over the feelings than any other art is that music alone is based on a natural means of emotional expression. But its power of expression does not stop with the feelings. Inextricably bound up with every human feeling is a host of ideas associated with it in the mind, — for every feeling a host of ideas, for the reason that the possible feelings are few, while ideas are innumerable. Accordingly, music, whose power of direct expression is almost limited to the emotions, expresse different ideas to different persons, — or to ourselves at different times, — according as the particular emotion is associated in experience with one set of ideas or another. The sonata which to an Alpine goatherd would express a thunder-storm among rocky peaks to a sailor might with equal distinctness express a tempest at sea. The larger and deeper the life experience of the listener, the more a symphony will mean to him in ideas; or the fuller his emotional endowment, the more it will mean to him in feeling, — always provided that it is a great work, a work of genius, to which he listens. Of course much can some out of a symphony only if much originally went into it.

The secret of all art is then within the reach of our hand when we have realized one single fact concerning man. As we look out upon life we see its myriad activities all springing from certain desires. But there is one desire

among them which is permanent, and paramount to all. It is not the desire for mere pleasure, for it often overrides that; it is not the desire for mere happiness, even, for it often overrides that. It is the desire for life: not the poor negative desire to escape death and cling to existence, merely, but the aspiration for full and abounding life. To be alive in every faculty; to have the greatest possible total of conscious being, in physical impression and effect, in intellectual force and grasp, in emotional glow, in the out-stream of the active will; in short, completely to be and live, this is the one paramount human desire. There is only one thing we really dread: it is death. There is only one thing we really desire: it is life.

And now where is there to be found a perpetual source of this power and activity that we perpetually desire? Nowhere but in the expressed power and activity of other human spirits, — and that is art.

We have seen that in their very elements the arts are based on the ability to satisfy this desire. For the beauty of form consists in giving the sense of sight its greatest total of unchecked apprehension; and the beauty of tone, both in those consecutive harmonies which we call melodies and in massed harmonies, in giving the sense of hearing its greatest total of uninterrupted impression. And when we pass beyond mere sensuous delight we find the same essential effect — but on the mind now, and the whole soul — from the ideas and feelings expressed by the artist.

The test, then, for all art is that, expressing much life, it shall give much life. That painting, statue, symphony, is the greatest which adds the greatest total to our conscious existence. But we must mark well a distinction here. There are higher and lower grades or planes of existence. But by what test? By no other than this same test, — their tendency for or against renewed and increased life in the whole nature. That pleasure is low which tends to belittle the nature; that one is high which tends to enlarge it. That art is low which only stimulates feelings and ideas most apt to brutalize; that is to say, to restrict and narrow (for that is the distinction between brute and man, — the one little, the other large, in powers and possibilities). That art is high which awakens feelings and ideas that are vital with tendencies toward more and still more of attainment and being.

And here we see the distinction between mere prettiness and genuine beauty. A patch of color on the wall may be called pretty, as pleasing the color sense alone; still more so, if it gratifies also the form sense by its outline. But it falls short of beauty because it fails to awaken in us any of the higher activities of our inner nature. Decorative art is only pretty; it touches but the surface of the mind. Decorative poetry, in the same way, suggests only pretty images of color or form. We pass along a picture gallery, or we turn the leaves of a volume of verse. As we pause before some painting, or some poem, the question is, What does this give me? It may be that it gives the imagination some pretty image of nature. This is something. It may be that it gives the feeling, also, some touch of suggested peace or tranquillity. That is more. But if it be a great picture, or a great poem, the whole spirit in us is quickened to renewed life. Not only our sense of color and form, our perception of harmonious relations, but our interest in some crisis of human destiny, our thought concerning this, a hundred mingled streams of fancy and reflection and will impulse, are set flowing in us; because all this was present in the man of genius who produced the work, and because his "expression" of it there means the carrying of it over from his spirit into ours. If it is a work of the very greatest rank, we *are* more, from

that moment and forever. For out of the life the artist or the poet has given us will be born successive new accessions of life perpetually.

The art of literature is the highest of the arts because its power of expression is greatest. The effect of music may be more intense, at a given moment, but its range is not so wide, nor its effect so enduring. And poetry is the highest form of the literary art, by our test, as having the fullest expressive power; since it not only expresses thought, like prose, but feeling also.

That poetry contains in itself the elements of the lower arts a moment's reflection will show. In the first place, it contains the elements of the arts of form, of which sculpture is the purest example. For it conveys a troop of images, appealing to the inner eye, instead of the outer. In the second place, poetry contains the elements of music. For in its rhythm, its rhyme, its music of many sorts, a succession of melodies and harmonies are heard; by the inner ear, when read silently, or by the outer, when read aloud. The verse form is most fitly used, therefore, when it is used for the expression of thought and feeling together; of thought, in other words, which is aglow with feeling, and feeling which is illuminated by thought. It is equally an impertinence to use the verse form — that is, the musical form — for dry, cold ideas, or for mere vague feeling, unlighted by thought. The former is for speech unaccompanied by music; the latter is for music unaccompanied by speech. A man may say — not sing — a mathematical demonstration; he may sing — not say — an outburst of emotion. For this reason, instruments are better than voices for great music. Or if the voice must be used, it is best if the words are in a foreign tongue which is unfamiliar to the listener. In this way the speech element of an opera, nearly always foolish, is concealed; and the music element, when really good, has its opportunity. It is conceivable, to be sure, that there might be (as Wagner dreamed and seemed on the verge of accomplishing) an action so high, expressed in speech so noble and significant, that it would not belittle its accompanying music in making it limited and definite in its suggestion. A good deal of our modern verse errs in the reverse direction; that is to say, it is mere music, — flowing rhythm, and sounding rhymes, and a pretty babble of insignificant "words, words, words," — expressive, thus, of some vague atmosphere of feeling, without any thought. But this would have been more fitly expressed in music proper; it is only a part, and the lesser part, of the requirement in poetry.

In illustration of the statement that poetry contains in itself the elements of the arts of form, as giving a succession of beautiful images, we may take a single passage from Longfellow's Evangeline. Here, close together (using the poet's own words), we have the morning of June with its music and sunshine, the gleam of water, the silvery sand-bars, the dusky arch and trailing mosses of the cypress, the moonlight indistinctly gleaming through the ruined cedars, the pendulous stairs of the grape-vines with humming-birds rising and descending, the measureless prairie at night with the fireflies floating above it, the southward rivers running to the sea side by side like the great chords of a harp in loud and solemn vibrations. Moreover, each idea brings with it to the mind a complex of associated thought and emotion; and not merely from our own individual life experience. The human race has come a long way. As we read the line in the Lady of the Lake,

"When danced the moon on Monan's rill,"

it is not alone the intrinsic beauty of the scene that interests us. We could imitate the effect, so far as the bodily eye is concerned, by a candle glancing on a scrap of crinkled tin. Nor is it

any definite association of our own past enjoyment in connection with such a scene. There are associations — as Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out — too vague and dim to define; faint reverberations of whole æons of human, and perhaps of animal, experience. The deep forest was once full of the dread of unknown dangers and the expectancy of unknown delights; the shadow of the mountain had for man the chill of supernatural visitations; by the moonlit rill the savage — and, ages before, the wilder creature of the woods — sought and slew his prey, or sought and won his mate.

To illustrate the inclusion of the elements of the art of tone, also, in poetry, we may take the same poem, Evangeline. To begin with, the metre is music. The accents, following each other in rhythmical order, give us not only the element of time, such as a metronome would give, but a veritable tune, as well. If we recite the line, —

"When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music,"

we find not only that it is capable of being written in bars of $\frac{3}{8}$ time, with eighth and dotted eighth and sixteenth notes, but that the accented tones are given on a different pitch, each dactyl making a cadence, or phrase, of three different tones.

These lines of English hexameter (that is, *accent* hexameter) seem to follow each other like ocean waves on the shore. The first half of the line is the wave rolling in; then it pauses, toppling into a crest, and crumbles down into foam in the last half. As we might represent it, —

Rolling, then rearing its crest, and foaming and falling in thunder.

So wave after wave of the sonorous verse rolls in, timing itself (as Dr. Holmes suggests of another metre) to the very ebb and flow of our blood and our breathing: a phrase to each pulse-beat, and a line to each breath.

The rhyme system of verse, again, is entirely music. There are three sets of rhymes, in reality: the initial, or consonant rhyme (or alliteration); the medial rhyme, or chime of the vowels in the interior of the words; and the final rhyme. We may note, first of all, that as in rhythm, so in rhyme, we have the principle that lies at the foundation of music, — unity in variety; the greatest total of conscious impression being received through chords, — that is, through a variety of tones made possible to apprehend by their relations of agreement, or unity. If we take the old couplet (which is truly poetry, too, as being wise as well as musical),

"Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song,"

we notice first, as most obvious, the final rhyme. The books define rhyme badly, as being the agreement between two sounds. That really makes but half a rhyme. We must have the difference, as well as the agreement; the variety, as well as the unity. In other words, *ong* and *ong*, in this example, are not rhymes: they are identical sounds; they constitute a unison, not a harmony. But *long* and *song* are rhymes, since now a different consonant precedes each.

The initial rhyme involves the same principle, only reversed; the unity being now in the consonants, the variety in the following sounds. The important part which this initial rhyme plays in verse is often overlooked, from the circumstance that the alliteration is so commonly concealed; as in this line: —

"He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him."

The *r* of *rest* rhymes with the *r* of *already*, the *l* of *slumber* with the *l* of *longed*, and the *s* of *beside* with the *s* of *slumber*, though all these are concealed to the eye by not being visibly initial letters. This consonant rhyme, by the way, addresses the mind as well as the ear (as might be expected from the more intellectual character of the con-

sonants); the alliteration in good verse always striking the emphatic syllable, and (as Mr. John Earle neatly expresses it) marking out to the mind "the crests of the thought," as in the line just quoted.

The medial rhyme, or chime of interior vowels, also plays a concealed part in the music of the best verse. Taking again the couplet, "Love me little," etc., if we utter the vowels alone we shall hear their chime. Moreover, since each vowel has a natural pitch of its own, by whispering the vowels in these lines vigorously, we shall hear a distinct tune of different notes, which might be written upon a staff in musical notation.

The best verse in which to study these various musical elements is that of Mother Goose. And this for two reasons: first, because it is a kind of profanation to make a *corpus vilum* of good poetry for dissection; and secondly, because the lines of Mother Goose have been preserved purely on account of this very perfection of musical form, having had no other, or little other, *raison d'être*. Out of thousands of jingles repeated to children, the fittest only have survived, and these are, accordingly, very perfect specimens so far as the outer shell of poetry is concerned. A college class, for example, in studying verse with a thoroughly scientific analysis, could not do better than to provide themselves with copies of this immortal card for class-room use. If one were to exhaust completely the possibilities of analysis of, say, this quatrain,

'Old King Cole was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three,"

he would know a great deal about the very imperfectly understood science of English verse.[1]

But a genuine poem, while containing (by its images to the inner eye, and its music to the inner ear) these elements of the lower arts, goes beyond them in expressing more fully than any other form has been found able to do the soul of the writer to the soul of the reader. In this way it stands as the highest species of its own — which is the highest — genus, the art of literature. And the other — the prose — forms of literature must be ranked precisely according to this power of expressiveness.

We might draw off in a tabular scheme the different forms of literature, classified on this basis. At the bottom we should have those written works which are books, indeed, but not yet literature; as the almanac, the arithmetic, the receipt-book, the text-book on natural science. These, and a vast number of others, do not belong to the art of literature, or to literature proper, simply because they do not express the writer, and therefore have no power (to come back to our test of criticism) to stir or quicken the reader. They are merely fact-books. Rising a little higher in our table of forms, we may put down certain books which, though still fact-books, begin to convey something also of the observer's own personality. Such are certain books of travel, or of the higher natural science. They begin to be literature, because they begin to be humanly expressive. A little higher in our tabular scheme will come books of human science, wherein the writer is more apt to give something of himself (not narrowly, as an individual, but as one representing universal human nature) together with his objective results. Especially is this true as we rise into the region of the profounder human problems, where our books are fact-books, to be sure, but the "facts" are now of

[1] The work of Sidney Lanier on English verse may be recommended as the only one that has ever made any approach to a rational view of the subject. Nor are the standard ones overlooked in making this assertion.

such breadth and importance that we incline rather to call them "truths."

More and more fitly may those works be called truth-books as we rise to the region of literature proper. Here, also, we classify and rank according to expressive power. The essay expresses more than the history, because the writer is more free to reveal his own inner life in his work; and it contributes to us, of course, just in proportion to what it takes from him. The more life goes in, the more life comes out. And above the essay ranks fiction, on this same ground. And among the different forms of fiction the novel stands the highest, as being the epitome, not only of what the writer has seen, but of what the writer has lived, and been, and now is. Highest of all, as we have said, is the poem; because here the writer felt the most freedom, and could therefore exert the most power. Keble was perhaps the first to point out that the verse form is not only a concealer, but a revealer. That is to say, it reveals just *because* the writer felt that he was concealed. The mask becomes itself the most transparent sort of window.

And which form of poetry shall we set highest, by our test, — the narrative, the dramatic, or the lyric?

We may be helped to answer this by observing a fact, which is either a mere coincidence, or goes far to corroborate our view of the true basis of our valuation of literature. It is the fact that just in proportion with the increase of expressive power, in our tabulated scheme of literary forms, goes also an increase in permanence of value in the world. The mere fact-books are superseded, and become valueless. The truth-books become more and more of permanent value as we rise to their higher regions. And we are most apt to find that the thing that has survived time and storm in the world's shifting history is some frail bit of a lyric poem; because this holds in its crystalline heart the life of a man; and when we are dead — or half dead — spiritually, out breaks again from the heart of the crystal that spark of abounding life which is the thing that of all others we desire.

When a mind expresses in a book its mere perception of some external object, it is not yet literature. Before the same object every one's perception, if normal, would be the same. The expression of it in writing can add nothing to our inner life beyond what the object itself would add.[1] It is only when the writer, like the coral insect, builds himself into his work, expressing inner states of thought, feeling, or purpose, either of his own individuality or, best of all, of the universal human being, that the book becomes literature. Literature, for this reason, always has a "style:" an expression characteristic of the man, the reflex of something his own; *through* which, at least, the truth — however universal — had to pass. As in other arts, if a painter exactly represented an actual laughing child, or if a musician exactly copied the wailing of a hurt child, it would not yet be art, for it would convey nothing to us beyond what the external object itself would convey, so in literature, if a poet exactly paints in words a white rose, it may be very pretty, but it is not yet a genuine poem. But let him give us the rose, plus his feeling and thought about it, — sincerely his, but based on what is ours also, and man's universally — and it is a poem. Or let it be a fact instead of an object, — say, the falling of an apple to the ground in a garden. When a writer describes it just

[1] This bears on the question of the comparative values of natural science and the humanities in education. A fish in a book can be expected to go no farther toward educating a mind than a fish in a pool. It can stimulate observation, and attract a dormant attention, and reveal many interesting facts about the non-human world, but that is all. Whereas a man's life in a book can renew and increase the whole intellectual and spiritual life.

as it is, and nothing beyond it, we say it is a "fact" that the apple falls. When he gives it to us plus some activity of his reason which links it with the revolving moon, expressing now the law of universal gravitation, we say it is a great "truth." And if, in its expression, he adds also the free play of his own mind and feeling upon it, he may give us a work of pure literature; perhaps — most likely, in this case — a lyric poem.

The secret of all art, then, is simply this open secret: that it is the giver of what we most of all desire, abounding life. It draws upon an inexhaustible supply. For it is not merely the artist's own individual spirit which is imparted to us; the greater the genius, the more deeply his fountain drinks of the tides of the common humanity. And it is genius alone that knows to stir in us those truths, emotions, impulses, that are wrought into our inmost being by the long race experience. We are seldom thoroughly awake and alive. Like the little fitful spire of violet flame that we sometimes see hovering and playing over the surface of a coal fire, so our consciousness plays about the different tracts of the otherwise dormant mind: now here, now there; now sensation, now memory, now one or another of the emotions, starts for the instant into fluttering life, then darkens back into unconsciousness. What we desire is the glow and illumination of the whole spirit; and it is art, and especially the literary art, that best ministers to this desire.

It is not enough that a picture, or a novel, or a poem, should move us: the question is, *What* does it move in us? How much of the whole possible range of our inner life does it awaken? Nor is mere intensity of impression any sufficient test. For one must inquire, Whither does this tend, — toward further renewal of full existence, or toward reaction and stagnation? Some feelings are kindled only to smoulder away and leave dead ashes on an empty hearth within the spirit; others tend to kindle on and on, awakening thought, rousing to vigorous action. Nor are the most easily moved activities always the most important ones in the effect of art and literature. Laughter and tears lie on the surface of the mind: the gleam and the dusk may interchange quickly at any passing cloud. It is the great motive powers down deep in the soul that most contribute to abounding life, and whose awakening most surely proves the presence of genius: the sense of right and justice; the feelings of pity, awe, aspiration; love, too, — not the sodden sort of love, which is dear to the decorative poets in their maudlin moods, but mother-love, and father-love, and *menschen-liebe*, and love of friend, and lover's love, that desires not selfish possession, but the infinite welfare of its object, and for this will die or will live.

The test, then, for literature, as for all art, is its life-giving power. In the essay, for example, perfection would consist in giving us, through that free and unpremeditated play of the whole bevy of spiritual faculties (which is the characteristic of this literary form), the widest excursions possible to the mind's lighter and leisure hours. In the novel, it would consist in imparting to us profound life-truths, pure emotions, noble intentions, in connection with the opportunity to re-live, or live in imagination, the most significant experiences of human existence. In the poem, the requirement is that it shall be full of lovely images, that it shall be in every way musical, that it shall bring about us troops of high and pure associations, — the very words so chosen that they come "trailing clouds of glory" in their suggestiveness; and in its matter, that it shall bring us both thought and feeling, for whose intermingling the musical form of speech alone is fitted; and that,

coming from a pure and rich nature, it shall leave us purer and richer than it found us.

Wordsworth said a profound thing, and said it very simply, as he knew how to do, when he gave as the criterion of a book that "it should make us wiser, better, or happier." And if it be the greatest sort of book, will it not do all three?

E. R. Sill.

A TRICKSY SPIRIT.

For bird-lovers who know the mocking-bird only as a captive in our houses he has few attractions: a mere loud-voiced echo of the inharmonious sounds man gathers about his home, — car-bells, street cries, and other unpleasing noises, — and choosing for his performances the hours one wants to sleep. Unfortunate is the neighborhood in which one is kept. Such has been my feeling about the bird, for I never knew him in freedom, where he has a song of his own. But in my search for native birds I often saw the mocker, was surprised to notice his intelligence of look and manner, and at last took one into my bird-room, resolving that the moment he began to "mock" he should be given to some one who liked having the street in his house. My bird was very obliging in the matter; six months I watched him daily, and he was kind enough not to utter a sound, except an occasional harsh "chack." Probably he had too much liberty and too many interests about him; whatever the reason, I thanked him for it, and heartily enjoyed my study of his manners.

This bird was perhaps the most intelligent one I ever watched, the catbird being his only rival in that regard. Fear was unknown to him, and from the moment of his arrival he was interested in everything that took place around him: looking at each bird in succession; making close study of every member of the family; noticing the sounds of the street, including the sparrow broils on the porch-roof; in fact, extremely wide-awake and observing. To the goldfinch's song he gave attention, standing motionless except for a slight nervous jerk of one wing, looking and listening as intently as though studying the notes for future use. The freedom of the birds in the room surprised him, as he showed plainly by the eager glances with which he followed every movement and marked each act. Upon joining the party of the free, he took note of pictures in a newspaper, distinguishing objects in the cut, which he tried to pick up, as a small wheel and a bar. In colors he had a choice, and his selection was red; from a vase of roses of many hues he never failed to draw out the red one to pull it to pieces on the floor.

Liberty, the mocking-bird emphatically enjoyed, and at once recognized a string attached to his door as a device to deprive him of it; after vainly trying to pick it apart, he betook himself to another cage, and refused to go back to his own. In any strange cage he stood quietly while I walked up to him, and made no attempt to leave his quarters, knowing perfectly well that I did not care to shut the door upon him; but when at home I could not lift my hands, or make the slightest movement, without causing him to dart out of the cage instantly. Having contention with his room-mates about the bits of apple put out for all to enjoy, he often carried a piece away to eat at his leisure. From

habit he flew first to the top of a cage, that being his favorite perching place; but he evidently appreciated that, if he dropped the morsel, he should lose it through the wires; and after looking one side and the other, plainly satisfying himself of this fact, he went to the table with it. I never before saw a bird who did not have to learn the treacherous nature of cage roofs by experience. He appeared to work things out in his mind, — to reason, in truth. One cold morning in spring, when the furnace fire was out, a large, brilliant lamp was put by his cage to take off the chill, for he felt changes keenly. He seemed to understand it at once, and though, no doubt, it was his first experience of warmth from a light, he drew as near it as possible, and remained there perfectly quiet until the sun warmed the room and it was removed. Fear, as I said, he knew not, coming freely upon the desk, or even upon my lap, after apple or bread, or anything he fancied.

It was plain to see that this bird's first week with us was one of quiet study and observation. Not a movement of bird or man escaped his notice. He wished to understand, to take measure of his neighbors, to be master of the situation. This was manifested not only by his thoughtful manner and his wise and knowing looks, but by his subsequent conduct. During this period, also, he submitted to impositions from all the birds, even the smallest, without resentment. The wood-thrush easily drove him away from the apple; the little goldfinch chased him from his perch. He appeared to be meekness itself; but he was biding his time, he was making up his mind.

The first time the mocking-bird's door was opened, he was not in the least surprised; no doubt, seeing others at liberty, he had expected it. At any rate, whatever his emotions, he instantly ran out on the perch placed in his doorway, and surveyed his new world from this position. He was in no panic, not even in haste. When fully ready, he began his tour of inspection. First, to see if he really could reach the trees without, through those large, clear openings, he tried the windows, each of the three, but gently, not bouncing against them so violently as to fall to the floor, as more impetuous or less intelligent birds invariably do. Having proved each to be impassable, he was satisfied, and never tried again. Next, the ceiling interested him, and he flew all around the room, touching it gently everywhere, to assure himself of its nature. Convinced thus in a short time, that his bounds were only widened, not removed, he went on to investigate closely what he had looked at from a distance: every bird-cage, inside as well as outside, if the owner happened to be away, every piece of furniture, pictures, books, and the pincushion, — where he was detained some time trying to carry off the large black heads of shawl-pins. The looking-glass absorbed him most completely on the first day; he flew against it, he hovered before it, slowly passing from bottom to top, alighted on top and looked over behind. I think he never solved that mystery to his own satisfaction, as he did that of the window-glass, which must have been quite as inexplicable, and it was never without a certain charm for him. He had no trouble in finding his way home: standing on a cage next to his, he saw his own door-perch, recognized it instantly (though he had been upon it only once), and, being hungry, dropped to it and ran into the cage.

The new-comer soon made thorough acquaintance with all his surroundings, and had leisure to turn his attention to a little matter yet unsettled; namely, his position in the small colony about him. The first few days, as already noted, he submitted to impositions: allowed himself to be driven away from

the slices of apple on the matting, and turned from the bathing-dish on the floor. This was, however, the calm before the storm; though after all that is hardly a correct comparison, since there was never the least "storm" about his manner; he was composure itself. Having calmly and patiently considered the state of affairs, he suddenly asserted himself, and took the position he felt was his right, — at the head. It soon became evident that he was prepared to defend the situation by force of arms. He conducted his conquests systematically, and subdued one after the other, beginning with the least.

The English goldfinch had been very saucy, scolding and flying over him as he went around the room, in the small bird's way; but one day it came to a sudden end. The goldfinch in his cage scolded the stranger for alighting too near his door. The mocking-bird turned, looked sharply at him, ruffled up his feathers, and jumped heavily to the top of the cage, turning one eye down upon his small foe with an air that said, "Who is this midget that insults me?" The finch was surprised, but did not fully appreciate the significance of this change of manner until he was let out, when he found at once that his amiable neighbor had suddenly become an active enemy, who chased him around the room till he panted for breath, and would not allow him a moment's rest or peace anywhere. This was strange experience for the little fellow, for heretofore none of the large birds had ever disturbed him. He scolded furiously, but he went; no one could stand against that determined approach. If the goldfinch wished to bathe, his persecutor took his place on the nearest perch, not a foot away, thus driving him to the floor with the intention of using the big birds' bath. He circled around the edge, but it did not suit, and he returned to his own, looked at his enemy, spattered a little, went back to the big dish, returned again, and thus vibrated between the two for several minutes, while the mocking-bird stood motionless, not offering any molestation, but plainly wishing to worry him. The final act occurred when both chanced accidentally to be in the same cage, not the home of either. The mocking-bird, without provocation, dropped from the upper perch upon the finch, who uttered a sharp cry and darted away. Two or three little feathers flew, though no hurt could be seen; but the smaller bird panted violently for a half hour, as though frightened, and for four or five hours sat quietly on a perch, neither eating nor making a sound, — a very unusual proceeding for the lively, chattering little fellow. This proved to be a declaration of open war, and was so vigorously followed up that before many days the larger bird's door was not opened until his victim had had his outing and returned to his home. Teasing never lost its attraction for him, however. He delighted to alight on the cage and worry his little foe, or to stand near his door and stare at him. On one such occasion a curious scene occurred. They stood three inches apart, with the wires between them, when the finch suddenly began reaching upward as far as possible; taller and taller he stretched up, till he fairly stood on tiptoe. The mocking-bird, not to be outdone, imitated the movement on his side of the bars, of course towering far above his copy. It seemed to afford both of them great satisfaction; perhaps it expressed contempt more fully than was possible in any other way.

The largest bird in the room, a Mexican thrush, was considerably stronger and fiercer than our native wood-thrush, and it seemed absurd for the mocking-bird to measure swords with him. So it would have been but for the fact that the Mexican, having lost part of his wing feathers, was clumsy, unable to fly readily, and no match for his active, agile antagonist; he always con-

quered when hostilities reached the point of a personal encounter, but he was soon soured, and declined to meet the enemy. Two or three times they flew up together, like quarrelsome cocks, but the decisive and final dispute was over the bathing-dish. It happened that morning that the Mexican came out before the goldfinch was shut up, and hence the mocking-bird's door was not yet opened. He flew at once to the top of his neighbor's cage to dress his feathers, and shake himself out. It looked like a deliberate insult, and the captive in his cage evidently so regarded it; he crouched on the upper perch and opened his mouth at the enemy, who calmly went on with his operations. The moment the finch was safe at home I opened the door, and the mocking-bird came out in haste. Pretending not to see the Mexican he descended to the bathing-dish, doubtless to cool his heated blood. The first splash, however, interested the enemy on his roof, and he flew to the floor; but the bather paid no apparent attention to him, and went on with his business. The Mexican approached slowly, a step at a time, with a low, warning "chack," which meant, "Make way there; I 'm coming." The mocking-bird, manifestly hearing him, did not take the hint, nor look at his assailant, but serenely continued his splashing. The Mexican advanced to within six inches before he was convinced that force would be necessary. When he decided upon an attack, he manifested it by a grotesque little hop a few inches into the air, but this not alarming the enemy he drew near to the dish. Now at last the bather condescended to notice him. He stood up in the water and faced his adversary, bowing rather slowly and with dignity, feathers ruffled, and beak opening in the curious way usual with him, — stretching it wide, then closing it, and constantly repeating the operation.

After looking a moment at this peculiar display, the Mexican hopped upon the edge of the dish, and in the same instant, as though moved by the same machinery, the mocking-bird sprang backward out upon the floor. The usurper paid him no further attention, but proceeded to bathe, while his discomfited rival took a stand on the edge of the disputed dish, which was ten inches in diameter, and fanned his wings violently. I cannot otherwise name this extraordinary movement, the wings raised high above his head, and moved quickly back and forth with a fanning motion. The Mexican turned suddenly to him, and he flew. Two or three times he repeated the performance, but was each time forced to fly before the large, strong beak wielded by his opponent, who finished his bath, and retired to a perch to dress his feathers. Now the mocking-bird resumed his splashing; but when thoroughly wet, the thought seemed to strike him that he was not in good fighting trim, and must dry himself as quickly as possible to be ready for war, which he at once did by flirting and shaking himself, bounding from one end to the other of a perch, as though he had suddenly gone mad. He was soon in order, and more than ready to resume hostilities. The enemy still occupied his favorite position upon his roof. Two cages stood side by side on a shelf, and across the tops of them, with great noise and tramping of feet, the Mexican delighted to run, thus amusing himself an hour at a time. Seeing him off his guard, the wary fellow watched his chance, and when his foe was at one end of the course he suddenly alighted on the other. The Mexican ran madly at him, clattering his bill furiously, when he gracefully rose from his place, flew over, and perched on the other end. The run was repeated, and the mischievous bird continued the annoyance until his victim was exhausted, panting, and in great excitement. From that day the Mexican gave up the contest with

his too lively antagonist, and refused to come out of his cage at all; so that in fact the stranger reduced the colony to submission.

With the wood-thrush, the encounters differed from both the preceding. This bird had opened hostilities when the mocker first appeared, presuming on being the older resident, and the only bird who cared much to be on the floor. The disputed object, as already mentioned, was the apple, which they received on the matting, two pieces being placed at some distance apart. Seeing the thrush engaged with one, the mocking-bird quietly dropped to the other, when instantly the thrush deserted his own, ran hastily across the room, and claimed that piece. As he approached, the mocking-bird lifted himself into the air by a beautiful and graceful movement; he did not seem to fly, but to simply rise on wing. The thrush being occupied with that piece, the newcomer descended upon the abandoned slice; but the inhospitable bird wanted that also. Even when three or more pieces were at their disposal, the thrush tried to monopolize them all, though the plan of collecting them in one place never seemed to occur to him. After a little of this contention, the mocker generally succeeded in carrying off a bit to some quiet place, where he could eat at his leisure. Wishing them to live peaceably, I placed a slice of the fruit on a high gas-fixture, where the stranger was fond of alighting and no other bird ever went. He understood at once, flew over to it, and ate his fill. The Mexican observed this, and tramped over his cages (it was before he had retired from the world) in a rage, seeing "good times going on," and feeling, evidently, unable to fly so high. Somewhat later the thrush noticed the excitement, flew heavily up, with difficulty alighted beside the apple, snatched it off, and carried it to the floor.

Settlement of difficulties between these two birds was no chance happening; it was, to all appearance, a regularly planned campaign, and, like a savage, the aggressor put on his war paint and danced his war dance. It was extremely interesting to watch, although painful to realize that a bird could be animated by emotions so — must I call them human? He selected, for the declaration of his intentions, a moment when the thrush was in his own house and the door open. The approach to this cage was by a light ladder, the top round of which, about a foot in length, rested perhaps four inches from the cage, and level with the door. Upon this round the mocking-bird executed what has been called his war dance, shaking himself, shuffling (or moving along without raising the feet), and agitating his feathers in such a way that they rustled like stiff new silk. After a few minutes of this performance he flew away, returning presently to repeat it. This he did again and again, and his motive was plain. "You 've domineered long enough," his manner said: "now come out here, and we 'll settle this matter at once." The bird in the cage, though plainly surprised at this sudden exhibition of spirit, received it like a thrush — in silent dignity. He paid no attention to the demonstration further than to keep his eye upon the enemy, unless he appeared to think of entering the door, when he turned his open bill in that direction. A long time having passed in these manœuvres, the thrush, apparently tired of waiting for the belligerent to vacate his front door-step, retired to the upper perch, and the mocking-bird immediately entered below, took his stand by the food-dish, and defied the owner, who came with open beak to dispute him, but after a few moments' silent protest returned to the high perch, leaving the intruder to eat and drink as he chose.

Another point to settle was the possession of the apple. The next time

the thrush, not warned by previous operations, hurried up to claim a slice of the fruit which his foe had marked for his own, he was met by resistance. To avoid the rush, the mocking-bird lifted himself a few inches, but came down on the same spot. The thrush, astonished, but thrush-like to the last, stood motionless where he had stopped, his body drawn to a point, bill slightly open and turned toward the bold intruder. That bird ignored his attitude and placidly went on eating, and three similar experiences ended that annoyance.

One thing still remained unsettled; the mocking-bird decided to change his residence. No reason was apparent, but he preferred a special place in the room, a certain end of a particular shelf; and no matter what cage was there, he insisted on taking possession. The day he determined on this removal, he went in while the resident — the thrush — was out, and, having eaten, proceeded to the upper perches, and began jumping back and forth on them, as if at home. In due time the owner returned, visited the food-dishes, and started for the upper regions, but was met by a threatening attitude from the bird already there. He seemed to think the matter not worth quarreling over, since he readily settled himself on the middle perch, where he made a most elaborate and deliberate toilet, dressing every feather with care, and spending a half hour over the operation. All this time the invader stood on the top perch, backed against the wires, his long tail on one side like the train of a lady's dress, invincible determination in his manner. The calm indifference of the house owner evidently did not please him, and the long-drawn-out toilet was irritating; he grew thirsty, and dropped to the floor to drink, when the thrush remonstrated by a low, rapid "chook, chook, chook," and the mocking-bird made an impatient dive at him. This silenced but apparently did not hurt the bird, who stayed as long as he chose, and then quietly came out. From that moment the usurper claimed the cage, and the amiable owner easily contented himself with the one the other had deserted.

When the mocking-bird had thoroughly established himself in every right and privilege he chose to consider his own, I hoped there would be peace, but I had not sounded the depths in his character; he began to tease. Not content with complete victory, life seemed dull without some object to worry. I really think it was his amusement; he certainly went at it as if it were. I noticed him one morning, standing on the ladder before his door, apparently working himself up to something. He first looked at me, — I had a book, and pretended not to see him, — then at the thrush, who was on the floor as usual; he jerked his body this way and that, puffed out his feathers, especially on the throat and breast, held his tail on one side, turned upward at an angle of forty-five degrees, which gave him a wicked expression. He looked full of life to the tips of his toes, and greatly excited. The other birds observed him; the Mexican in his cage rustled his wings, jerked his body, and at last gave his usual cry. Even the little goldfinch was impressed and looked on with interest.

All this agitation did not escape the notice of the bird on the floor, who stood silent, plainly understanding, and waiting for the next move. Finally the mocking-bird started, gracefully and without haste. He first flew easily and lightly to the desk, in a moment to the back of a chair, then deliberately to an arm, next to the seat, and lastly to a round; at each step pausing, shaking himself, and threatening. When he reached the floor, he ran a few steps toward the thrush, stopped short, erected himself very straight, and puffed out as big as possible; then another little run, and the operation was repeated. He proceeded till within a foot of the thrush,

when he alternated the upright position with a lowered head, and bill pointed toward the foe, changing from one to the other very suddenly. When he came so near, the thrush crouched flat on the floor, with beak turned squarely against the approaching bird, and thus awaited the onslaught.

In that attitude the mocking-bird did not apparently like to attack him. He threatened a long time, then retreated gradually, making feints, turning, running a few inches, and bringing up suddenly with a half turn back. In this manner he moved away for some distance, then flew to the round of the chair, the seat, the arm, the back, and so on till he reached the ladder again. Then for the first time the thrush changed his position and rose to his feet, when, without the least warning, the mocker flung himself madly after him, and the thrush, unprepared, ran, with a sharp cry. Obviously the mocking-bird, finding the first method of attack, which was probably his usual one, a failure, decided to try another, as the event proved, successfully. The excitement of this performance evidently gave him pleasure, no doubt helped to pass away the long hours; for he often indulged in it, always making his approach in the same deliberate way, tripping daintily a step or two at a time, examining everything in a careless way, tasting a piece of apple-skin, lifting a bit of thread, toying and dallying to all appearance, as he moved, still always advancing, and never turning aside from his purpose till he reached the distance of a foot from the thrush, crouching motionless with crown feathers erect. At that point he often stood a moment, looking grimly at his victim, then gave a quick, exaggerated jump which carried him forward not more than an inch, but sent the thrush, in a panic, running half across the room, where he brought up in a heap, — his claws sprawled as they slipped on the matting, every feather standing up, — and made no attempt to draw his feet together. A slow, formal attack he could meet, but a sudden rush was irresistible. Then the assailant turned, slowly, gracefully, the personification of tranquillity, his air saying, "Who 's done anything?" yet taking a direct line for the enemy, approaching in the same way, by easy stages, but relentlessly drawing nearer and nearer, till he ended by a quick plunge, which sent the thrush off with a cry. In a moment he began again, teasing, following, tormenting; so wily, so wicked, so determined!

The motions of this bird were most bewitching; his flight the perfection of grace. He never flew straight across the room as if on business, but always in a dancing, loitering, easy way; hovering to examine a picture, slowly pausing on wing to look at anything, turning, wheeling, up or down or any way, buoyant and light as the air itself. It was his delight to exercise on wings about the room, diving between the rounds of the ladder, darting under a stretched string or into a cage full dash. His feet found rest on any point, however small, — the cork in a bottle, the tip of a gas-burner, or the corner post of a chair; nothing was too small or too delicately balanced for his light touch, and he never upset anything. He enjoyed running up and down a ladder six feet long with six or eight rounds, passing over it so rapidly that he could not be seen to touch it at any point, yet not using his wings he must have stepped upon every round. He always used his legs with a freedom rarely seen in a bird, not moving them together as usual in his kind, but handling them with astonishing independence of each other.

The body of this bird was capable of wonderful expression, not only in the free use of each member, but every feather seemed under his voluntary control. The spasmodic movement of the wings in excitement, common to many

birds, was accomplished in an original manner by holding the wing slightly away from the body, and spreading or opening it a little at each jerk, without changing its position toward his side. His tail seemed as loosely connected with his body as if it were hung on wires: it moved even with his breathing, and the emphatic flirt of the member was an insult which every bird in the room understood. Intense interest in any sound was indicated by raising the feathers over the ears alone, which gave him the droll appearance of wearing velvet "ear muffs." In expressing other emotions he could erect the feathers of his chin, his shoulders, or his back, either part alone, or all together, as he chose. A true bird of the South, he did not enjoy our climate, and if the room became too cool he made his opinion known by drawing his head down into his shoulders, with every feather on his body fluffed out, even to the base of the beak, till he looked as if wrapped in delicate gray furs to his nose, and almost burying his eyes.

The mocking-bird's emotions were so intense and so originally displayed that he was a constant source of interest. A hand-glass lying face up gave opportunity for an amusing exhibition one day. Leaning over it, he puffed out every feather, opened his mouth, and tried the glass with his beak at every point. Meeting no satisfaction, he turned to leave it, but first peeped slyly over the edge to see if the stranger were still there, no doubt unable to get over his surprise at seeing a bird in that position and ready to meet his bill at every point. The same glass standing up brought out a different demonstration. He stood in front of it and swelled himself out, while the feathers of the shoulders and breast were erected. Then he opened his mouth wide and attacked the reflection, but was astonished to meet the glass. He touched the bill of his double with his own, and moved all the way to the bottom of the glass, not taking it away, but apparently trying to seize the one which opposed his. He lowered his head as though to take hold of the enemy's foot, then pulled himself up as straight as a soldier, wings and tail constantly jerking with excitement. After indulging for some time in these proceedings, he dodged around behind the glass, plainly expecting to pounce upon his opponent, and surprised not to do so. Several times he drew himself up, swelled out his breast, and blustered before the glass. Once he flew up with the reflection in the manner of a quarrelsome cock, and upon reaching the top of the glass naturally went over and landed behind, without an enemy in sight. Upon this he stared a moment, as if dazed, then shook himself out, and flew away in evident disgust.

The deliberate, leisurely dressing of plumage with which many birds pass away the dull hours is an occupation in which the mocking-bird never had time to indulge. He was a bird of affairs; he had too much on his mind for loitering. A few sudden, thorough shakes, a rapid snatching of the wing and tail feathers through the beak, or, after a bath, a violent beating the air with both wings while holding tightly to the perch with his feet, sufficed for his toilet. Notwithstanding his apparent carelessness, his plumage was soft and exquisite in texture, and when wet the downy breast feathers matted together and hung in locks, like hair. Through a common magnifying-glass each tiny barbule was seen to be ringed with gray and silvery white, so finely that the rings could hardly be seen.

The most beautiful and peculiar attitude this bird assumed was when conducting an attack upon a small object. Seeing one day a steel pen-point black with ink, he stood before it at a respectful distance, and raised both wings over his back till they almost

touched each other, holding the tail on one side. In two or three seconds he lowered the wings a moment, then raised them again, while his tail leaned the other side. After half a dozen such feints he delivered a gentle peck, and instantly hopped back out of the way. Seeing that it did not move, he took it in his bill and flew to the floor, where he soon satisfied himself that it was not a new variety of beetle. This was always his method with any new object of small size.

Not only did this doughty warrior vanquish the ordinary birds about him, but when a gray African parrot made his appearance in the room (on a short visit) he boldly attacked him, in spite of his size and strength. The parrot had a temporary perch before the window, and on the cage nearest to him the mocking-bird took his place, and after posturing and threatening stooped to a crouching position, and then darted past him, trying to hit him as he went. The first time this occurred, the parrot whirled on his perch and cried "Whoo!" and after that greeted every charge with a very good imitation of a policeman's rattle, probably as the loudest and most terrifying noise he could make. So determined was the belligerent fellow to subdue or annihilate the larger bird, and so reckless were his attacks, that I had to keep him a prisoner during the few days the parrot was in the room, for hospitality must not be violated. It is interesting to note that so great was his variety of resource that he had a distinctly different method of warfare in each of the six cases mentioned.

A dignified composure was so natural to my bird that he was never startled out of it, not even when suddenly enveloped in a shawl, a proceeding that greatly alarms birds of less self-possession. It was necessary on one occasion to catch him to return him to his cage, where he might be protected from the cold of the night. All the usual ways were tried without success, so lightly did he slip away, so gracefully and calmly did he flutter around the room, not in the least disturbed or confused by the darkness, and quite willing to play hide-and-seek all night. No other way availing, the last resource was tried, — throwing a shawl over him as he stood crouched on the top of a cage, ready for instant flight. Not a flutter nor a cry arose, and it seemed that he must have escaped; but on looking through the cage from below, he was seen, flattened against the wires, but perfectly quiet, submissive to the inevitable, like any other philosopher. He was gathered up in the folds and carefully uncovered before his own door, when he simply hopped to a perch and coolly returned the gaze of his captors, not a feather out of place, not in the smallest degree disconcerted.

Amusements were not lacking in this interesting life aside from the pleasures of worrying and teasing, which plainly were entertainments for him. He indulged in other performances which distinctly were play. Especially was this true of the habit he imitated from the Mexican, — tramping across two cages heavily, with as much noise as possible, and then with an extravagant jump landing on another cage, where he was received with a scolding, which apparently pleased him as much as any part of it. A specially quick flying-run rattled a paper fastened against the wall, which delighted him greatly; and when the cages were covered with paper, to put an end to the proceeding which annoyed the residents, he regarded it as a particular attention, and enjoyed it more than ever, doubtless because it enabled him to make a louder noise. Often he diverted himself by a mad frolic in his cage: from place to place he went, half flying, and scarcely touching anything, back and forth, with great flutter of wings and great noise; up and down under and over and around his perches

the same wild way, so that it seemed if he must beat his brains out. Then ddenly, when most riotous, he alighted ke a feather, the image of serenity and pose. Sometimes he was seized with is sort of fury of play when out of s cage, and then he flung himself about e room in the same frantic manner, arcely touching a perch, diving under table, between the rounds of a chair, er a gas-fixture, behind and through y openings he could find. Should me bird in the room disapprove of is behavior, and scold, as the finch as quite apt to do, the mocking-bird stantly alighted beside him, humped s back till he looked deformed, sidled vo or three steps towards him, stopped, d stared at his critic; then two or three steps more, stopping again, and in every way acting more like a mischievous monster than a bird, till the astonished finch was reduced to silence, and as meek as poor Mrs. Quilp before the antics of her malicious little spouse.

In all these actions, even in his contests with his room-mates, no anger ever appeared on the part of the mocking-bird; everything seemed done to amuse himself and pass away the weary hours, rather than from desire to hurt his neighbors. In fact, he never did positively touch a bird, to my knowledge, though he always acted as though he intended to annihilate them. He could hardly be called malicious; rather (shall we say?) mischievous, and like Ariel "a tricksy spirit."

Olive Thorne Miller.

THACKERAY AS AN ART-CRITIC.

Among Thackeray's very earliest ritings — when his droll pseudonym, Iichael Angelo Titmarsh, was little nown, and before Yellowplush or Fitz-oodle had gained celebrity in the pages f Punch — are some art-criticisms as haracteristic of his genius as Vanity 'air or the Newcomes. Most of them ere originally published anonymously n Fraser's Magazine, sandwiched be-ween essays by Carlyle and Homeric Ballads by Magnin and other famous ompositions of famous men. To say hat these criticisms show an amazing ondness for art is only to say what very reader of the Newcomes or the Paris Sketch-Book might expect. How ould any but a lover of art paint in words such a character as J. J. Rid-ey? Who but a wit, as well as an art-over, could invent so droll a name as Michael Angelo Titmarsh, with its sud-len descent from the sublime to the ri-iculous?

These criticisms of Thackeray have all the freshness and vigor, as well as much of the peculiarity of style, of his later writings. They show, also, a vein of exaggerated merriment, which he afterward suppressed. His true nature is best revealed in the quiet and delicate humor and satire which abound in Vanity Fair, Pendennis, and his other novels. That evening at Vauxhall Gardens, for instance, where Joseph Sedley indulges in too much rock-punch and sentiment, — if Thackeray had yielded to the impulse which sometimes controls him in these art-criticisms, the scene might have been made more rollicking; but it would have lost half the fidelity which now marks it as unequaled among the descriptions of English tipsiness. David Copperfield's first dissipation, good as that is, is broad burlesque in comparison.

In June, 1838, the first of his art-criticisms appears. Thackeray was then

twenty-seven years old. He had seen much of life in various countries: at Weimar, where he enjoyed the society of Goethe; at Rome, with Ingres, the French painter; and at Paris, among all sorts of people. His first intention was to become a painter. It is doubtful if he would ever have succeeded as an artist. He had all the artist's imagination, and some skill in sketching and in caricaturing; but his drawing was deficient in finish and faulty in perspective. He copied some of the most celebrated pictures at Paris and Rome; but, after all, it was rather for enjoyment than as a serious business. At that time his means were ample. When, afterward, it came to working for a livelihood, literature, not art, was his chosen medium for addressing the world. His hand was not equal to the execution of the scenes in which his imagination reveled. Beyond sketches — of which hundreds are found scattered through the books he read — and the illustration of some of his own novels and stories, none of his art-work is known to exist. Yet there is a freedom and power in some of these which more than makes up for their other evident defects. Who would miss the striking individuality of his representations — such, for instance, as Miss Swartz Rehearsing for the Drawing-Room, or Mr. Osborne's Welcome to Amelia — for any amount of technical skill and superiority?

Perhaps the earlier part of Clive Newcome's career is a fair representation of his own: that half-jocose, half-earnest playing at art, which never makes an artist. Yet such study as in his youth he gave to painting he afterward turned to better uses in literature. The satirical saying that the critics are those who have failed in their profession does not apply to Thackeray. Never was more kindly, or generous, or appreciative critic of painters. If there was any excellence in a picture, he was sure at least to try to find it; and if he could not say anything good, he said nothing. He never learned to wield the bludgeon or the broadsword. His whole spirit is helpful and encouraging to every kind of merit. Nowhere can one find an expression of his concerning a picture which is not good-tempered, honest, and frank. His own failure did not sour him, nor awaken any jealousy toward others more successful. His sense of justice told him the verdict was a correct one. His own generosity of spirit made him glad to recognize their success, however he might deplore his own lack of it.

His first published essay on art matters is under the rhythmical title, Strictures on Pictures. It is in the form of a letter from Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, and bears date, with all that particularity which distinguishes the correspondence of Englishmen, "Lord's Hotel, New Street, Covent Garden, Tuesday, 15th May, 1838." It is addressed with equal minuteness of detail to "Monsieur Anatole Isidor Hyacinthe Achille Hereuse de Bricabrac, Peintre d'Histoire, Rue Mouffetard, à Paris." It gives an elaborate account of the paintings exhibited in London, in the spring of 1838, in the three picture galleries of that city. It is full of the warm enthusiasm with which he always rejoiced to recognize merit in his contemporaries, and the bright humor and satire with which he always equally rejoiced to attack pretension. His anger is roused by the place of exhibition. The Royal Academy Exhibition is held "in one wing of a little building like a gin shop." He is so impressed with this that he repeats the same comment the next year. He then goes on: "Thanks to your (the French) government patronage, your magnificent public galleries, and above all your delicious sky and sunshine, there is not a scavenger in your nation who has not a feeling for the beauty of nature, which is neither more nor less than art." This love of the beauti

of nature is the very key-note of all Thackeray's writings about art. Without that, art and art-criticism are impossible.

He then proceeds with a lavish hand to bestow honors upon the artists who seem to him to deserve them. As royalty and the peerage are the greatest distinctions to which, in England, a human being can aspire, he raises his favorites to the very highest grades. Mulready is placed on the throne, a king; Maclise becomes a Prince of the Blood; then Baron Briggs; Edwin, Earl of Landseer; Lord Charles Landseer; the Duke of Etty; Archbishop Eastlake, and a long list of knights. Having bestowed these honors, he tells us why. Of Mulready's Seven Ages he says, "I can't say much for the drawing, for here and there are queer-looking limbs; but the intention is godlike." (And it is because of this godlike intention that he is made king.) He then goes on: "Not one of these figures but has a grace and soul of its own. No conventional copies of stony antique; no distorted caricature like that of your *classiques*, the impostors; but such expression as a great poet would draw, who thinks profoundly and truly, and never forgets (he could n't if he would) grace and beauty withal." After this subtle and thoughtful analysis — expressed so simply that it seems as though it thought itself out, unconsciously — he passes to Eastlake, whom he has consecrated archbishop, "because," he says, "there is a certain purity and religious feeling in all he does which eminently entitles him to the honors of the prelacy." It is almost with reverence that he speaks of his pictures; two of which — one a portrait of Miss Bury, "not a simple woman, but a glorified saint," the other Saint Sebastian — "would merit to hang in a gallery where there are only Raffaelles besides."

While on the subject of religious pictures, he does not hesitate to express very heretical opinions about Titian and Rubens. "I have heard a pious pupil of Mr. Ingres" (doubtless himself) "aver stoutly that, in matters of art, Titian was antichrist, and Rubens Martin Luther. They came with their brilliant colors and dashing worldly notions, upsetting that beautiful system of faith in which art had lived hitherto. Portraits of saints and martyrs, with pure eyes turned heavenward, and (as all true sanctity will) making those pure who came within their reach, now gave way to wicked likenesses of men of blood, or dangerous, devilish, sensual portraits of tempting women. Before Titian, a picture was a labor of years. . . . He drove the good angels away from the painters' easels, and called down a sort of voluptuous spirits instead, who have ever since held the mastery at Rome. . . . Only a few artists of our country have kept the true faith. Mr. Eastlake is one of these."

This criticism, whether well or ill founded, is certainly very ingenious and profound. It goes to the foundation of the essential canons of criticisms, all of which demand sincerity and elevation of spirit. He is not silenced, nor misled to indiscriminate praise, by the glamour of a great name. He gives his opinion, and the reasons for it, on the works of the very demigods of the artistic world as frankly and clearly as he does on those of the struggling, unknown tyro.

After Eastlake comes the Earl of Landseer. He can paint all manner of birds and beasts as no other man can. "But I don't think he understands how to paint the great beast, man, quite as well; or, at least, to do what is the highest quality of an artist, — to place a *soul* under the ribs as he draws them." Of Leslie he says: "He is the only man who can translate Shakespeare into form and color." Severn's picture of the Crusaders comes next: Godfrey and Tancred and Peter and the rest "look like little wooden dolls. As for the horses belonging to the crusading cav-

alry, I have seen better in gingerbread. But what then? There is a higher ingredient in beauty than mere form. A skillful hand is only the second artistical quality, — worthless without the first, which is *a great heart.*" Maclise's Christmas touches a tender spot. "I wish you could see the wonderful accuracy with which all these pigmies are drawn, and the extraordinary skill with which the artist has arranged to throw into a hundred different faces a hundred different characters and individualities of joy. Every one of these little people is smiling; but each has his own peculiar smile. As for the coloring of the picture, it is, between ourselves, atrocious; but a man cannot have all the merits at once. Mr. Maclise has, for his share, humor such as few painters ever possessed, and a power of drawing such as never was possessed by any other, — no, not one, from Albert Dürer down."

Etty is a duke; his picture is the Prodigal Son. "There are some figures," says Thackeray, "without a rag to cover them which look modest and decent for all that; and others, which may be clothed to the chin, and yet not fit for modest eyes to gaze on." He then describes the prodigal, — tempted, overcome, riotous, wasteful, till at last, with the loss of everything, comes misery, and then repentance. "It is a grand and touching picture, and looks as large as though the three-foot canvas had been twenty." The visions conjured up by this picture are then portrayed: the loneliness, shame, sorrow, humiliation, on one side; the tender-hearted love and yearning on the other, as none but Thackeray can describe such scenes and emotions. "What a world of thought," he exclaims, "can be conjured up out of a few inches of painted canvas!"

The one thing observable in these notices is the keen analytic sense that never fails the writer; the clearness with which he marks the distinction between the various modes in which genius manifests itself, and the quickness and fondness with which he seizes on whatever is excellent or lovely, and holds it up to admiration. Is not this the highest merit in art-criticism — to discern the dominant idea of the artist, and to tell it in words, as the artist has done in colors? Whoever reads these criticisms sees at once, if he has any imagination, or any artistic fancy, exactly what Thackeray would have him see, as well as what was in the artist's mind when he painted the picture. There is, too, a nobleness of soul and the truest manliness in conferring upon painters the honors which, in England, had always been reserved for warriors chiefly, or for lawyers; for men of action and of affairs, not for men of sentiment and idealism. It is a sort of prophecy of a new departure, since partially fulfilled in the elevation of England's greatest poet to the peerage, and one which the world may yet see realized.

The next year, 1839, Mr. Titmarsh once more makes the round of the galleries, and again gives his impressions in another letter to his friend M. Bricabrac, this time dating from "Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead." This letter is even more vivacious than the previous one. His attention is first attracted by Turner's picture the Fighting Temeraire, "as grand a painting as ever figured on the walls of any academy, or came from the easel of any painter." This was written before Mr. Ruskin's enthusiastic praises of Turner had been published, and it is as strong commendation as any to be found in Mr. Ruskin's elaborate works. But Thackeray is not blind to Turner's faults, and declares that there is much in his paintings that is incomprehensible. "O ye gods, why will he not stick to Nature, — copying her majestical countenance, instead of daubing it with some absurd antics and fards of his own?" Again we have the keynote: nature is supreme, the one great

pattern whose mysteries the painter, as well as the poet and the man of science, must try to solve and exhibit, not confuse and obscure. If nature is not equal to an artist's highest aspirations, what is? Where can he turn, if not to this living fountain of beauty and grace and delight?

Wilkie's Grace before Meat is pronounced exquisite; so powerful is its effect that the words with which Thackeray describes it become rhythmical: "The eye loves to repose on this picture, and the heart to brood over it afterward. . . . When lines and colors come to be translated into sounds, this picture, I have no doubt, will turn out to be a sweet and touching hymn tune, with rude notes of cheerful voices, and peal of soft melodious organ, such as one hears stealing over the meadows on sunshiny Sabbath days, while waves under the cloudless sky the peaceful, golden corn." Eastlake, the archbishop, again comes up for notice, the subject being Our Lord and Little Children. "It gives a feeling of exquisite pleasure and content. Such pictures come straight to the heart, and all criticism and calculation vanish at once." Evidently, Mr. Titmarsh has his favorites, as have all bestowers of reward and punishment. Among those whom he delights to honor are Leslie and Maclise. Their paintings have a humor to which his own is akin. Maclise is as different from Leslie "as whiskey from rich Burgundy." Leslie's painted men and women "do not laugh themselves; they make you laugh, and there is where the esteemed American artist beats the dashing young Irish one." Through several pages of description and comment, he brings before his readers the chief characteristics of the best pictures in the London galleries. It is pleasant reading, and the ancient pages of Fraser glow to-day, as they did nearly fifty years ago, with the fires of this bright, witty, kindly criticism.

In the same year in which this article appears is a description of art-work and art-life in Paris by Mr. Titmarsh. The chief part of it may now be found in the pages of the Paris Sketch-Book. It shows that Thackeray found as much delight in the society and the doings of the French artists as of the English, if not more. Where can one read a more graphic delineation of artistic Bohemia than in these letters? "The life of the young artist here is the easiest, merriest, dirtiest, existing, possible. He arrives, most likely, at sixteen from the province; his parents settle forty pounds a year on him, and pay his master; he establishes himself in the Pays Latin or in the new Quartier of Notre Dame de Lorette, which is quite peopled with painters; he arrives at his *atelier* at a tolerably early hour, and labors among a score of companions as merry and poor as himself. Each gentleman has his favorite tobacco pipe, and the pictures are painted in the midst of a dim cloud of smoke and a din of puns and choice French slang, and a roar of choruses, of which no one can form an idea that has not been present at such an assembly." Then follows an account of the mode of life of these "young men of genius," and of the estimation in which they hold themselves and are held by the "sober citizen." "From the height of their poverty they look down upon him with the greatest imaginable scorn, — a scorn, I think, by which the citizen seems dazzled, for his respect for the arts is intense."

Out of such surroundings and by such training have been developed the abilities of Vernet, Delaroche, Delacroix, and numberless other noted French painters. Thackeray contrasts the homage paid to the artists, and the means placed at their disposal, in France and in England, greatly to the disparagement of the latter. "Here they live in a luxury which surpasses all others, and spend their days in a palace which all the money of all the Rothschilds could

not buy. They sleep, perhaps, in a garret, and dine in a cellar; but no grandee in Europe has such a drawing-room. Kings' houses have, at best, but damask hangings and gilt cornices. What are these to a wall covered with canvas by Paul Veronese, or a hundred yards of Rubens? Artists from England, who have a national gallery that resembles a moderate sized gin-shop, who may not copy pictures except under particular restrictions and on rare and particular days, may revel here to their hearts' content. Here is a room half a mile long, with as many windows as Aladdin's palace, open from sunrise till evening, and free to all manners and all varieties of study. The only puzzle to the student is to select the one he shall begin upon, and keep his eyes away from the rest."

If with such surroundings and under such stimulus French painters do not attain great skill and develop genius, the fault is in themselves, not in their stars. In his comments on their shortcomings and the causes, Thackeray again expresses the same principles which have already been referred to. He here shows as keen insight into the laws and nature of art as, in his novels, he does into human nature and the operations of the human soul. How fondly he lingers in the society of these struggling, careless, free-and-easy, happy-go-lucky, young fellows, frank, undisciplined, audacious, full of boundless faith in themselves and their future, yet, withal, not devoid of a certain modesty and veneration for their superiors! He is not for a moment led away from the truth of nature by any of the great achievements of famous painters whose names are household words, and whose merits are recognized by decorations and titles. "At the Ecole Royale des Beaux Arts you see two or three hundred specimens of their performances; all the prize men since 1750, I think, being bound to leave here their prize sketch or picture. . . . The hundreds of French samples are, I think, not very satisfactory. The subjects are almost all what are called classical: Orestes pursued by every variety of Furies, numbers of wolf-sucking Romuluses, Hectors and Andromaches in a complication of parting embraces, etc.; for it was the absurd maxim of our forefathers that because these subjects had been the fashion twenty centuries ago, they must remain so *in sæcula sæculorum;* because to these lofty heights giants had scaled behold, the race of pigmies must get upon stilts and jump at them likewise and on the canvas and in the theatre the French frogs (excuse the pleasantry) were instructed to swell out and bellow as much as possible like bulls. What was the consequence? In trying to make themselves into bulls, the frogs made themselves into jackasses, as might be expected. For one hundred and ten years the classical humbug oppressed the nation; and you may see, in this gallery of the Beaux Arts, seventy years specimens of the dullness which it engendered. As Nature made every man with a nose and eyes of his own, she gave him a character of his own, too; and yet we, O foolish race! must try our very best to ape some one or two of our neighbors, whose ideas fit us no more than their breeches. It is the study of Nature, surely, that profits us, and not of these imitations of her. . . . Because certain mighty men of old could make heroical statues and plays, must we not be told that there is no other beauty but classical beauty? Must not every little whipster of a French poet chalk you out plays, Henriades, and such like, and vow that here was the real thing, the undeniable Kalon? The undeniable fiddlestick!"

Throughout these sketches of French art and artists, which introduce us so intimately to their mode of life and make us all at home with them, there runs a deep vein of tender feeling

which shows how thoroughly Thackeray is imbued with the love both of art and of nature. His judgment is not coerced by great names; his criticisms are not swayed by any temporary fashion or prevailing style of composition. He always brings every work into comparison with the everlasting law of nature and beauty. "For a hundred years," he says, "the world was humbugged by the so-called classical artists; and it is curious to look at the pictorial traditions as here handed down. The consequence is that scarce one of the classical pictures exhibited is worth much more than two and sixpence. . . . Why is the classical reign to endure? . . . In the same school of the Beaux Arts, where are to be found such a number of pale imitations of the antique, Monsieur Thiers (and he ought to be thanked for it) has caused to be placed a full-sized copy of the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, and a number of casts from statues by the same splendid hand. There *is* the sublime, if you please, — a new sublime, an original sublime, quite as sublime as the Greek sublime. See yonder, in the midst of his angels, the Judge of the world descending in glory; and near him, beautiful and gentle, and yet indescribably august and pure, the Virgin by his side. There is the Moses, the grandest figure that ever was carved in stone. It has about it something frightfully majestic, if one may so speak. In examining this and the astonishing picture of the Judgment, or even a single picture of it, the spectator's sense amounts almost to pain. I would not like to be left alone in a room with the Moses. How did the artist live among them and create them? How did he suffer the painful labor of invention? One fancies that he would have been scorched up, like Semele, by sights too tremendous for his vision to bear. One cannot imagine him with our small physical endowments and weaknesses, a man like ourselves." . . . "The only good the Academy has done by its pupils was to send them to Rome, where they might learn better things. At home, the intolerable, stupid classicalities taught by men who, belonging to the least erudite country in Europe, were themselves, from their profession, the least learned among their countrymen, only weighed the pupils down, and cramped their eyes, their hands, and their imaginations, — drove them away from natural beauty, which, thank God, is fresh and attainable by us all, to-day and yesterday, and to-morrow, and sent them rambling after artificial grace, without the proper means of judging or attaining it."

In such a vein — of mingled admiration and satire — Thackeray goes through the whole series of pictures in the Luxembourg and the Louvre, giving, in clear and simple style, the effects of the pictures upon himself and his reasons for the impressions they produce. Appreciating the apparent and undeniable abilities of the French artists, he cannot resist the impulse to puncture the air-blown figures which belong to the heroic — to him mock-heroic — classical school; "as if no man could be a great poet unless he wrote a very big poem." The tendency to celebrate tragic deaths is also duly condemned. "It is a part of the scheme — the bloated, unnatural, stilted, spouting, sham sublime — that our teachers have believed and tried to pass off as real, and which your humble servant and other anti-humbuggists should heartily, according to the strength that is in them, endeavor to pull down."

These criticisms were written nearly fifty years ago. Since then, a great change — the change hoped for, and whose beginnings, indeed, were discerned by Thackeray — has come over French art. But the principles which he insists on are as important and as true now as then. Everywhere and always he pleads for sincerity, naturalness,

truthfulness in art; not, indeed, with the analysis and the rhetoric of Ruskin, but with equal directness and no less emphasis.

Indeed, to understand and appreciate Thackeray at the full, one must read his art-criticisms and study his illustrations, as well as read his novels, his sketch-books, and his satires. While he never sacrifices what he believes to be the truth in his criticisms, he has only kind and encouraging words for the artist who faithfully and honestly strives to depict some natural scene, or person, or emotion. In his attacks on the French school, it is not against individual artists and their methods, but the system of which they are the unconscious victims, that he discharges the arrows of his satire. Every evidence of excellence he gladly recognizes. See with what generous words he speaks of Delacroix, of Delaroche, of Vernet,— of all those who love nature, and who paint with sincerity and fidelity. What he demands is that the artist shall see with his own eyes, and tell in his own style what he sees; and that he shall not look through the distorted glasses of some classicist, and imitate the stilted or false style which has tyrannized over art and thought for so many years.

Thackeray recognizes that the decay of this classical school has already begun, and his method of accounting for it is characteristic. "Jacques Louis David," he says, in 1838 or 1839, "is dead. He died about a year after his bodily demise, in 1825. The romanticism killed him. Walter Scott, from his castle of Abbotsford, sent out a troop of gallant young Scotch adventurers, merry outlaws, valiant knights, and savage Highlanders, who, with trunk, hosen, and buff jerkins, did challenge, combat, and overcome the heroes and demi-gods of Greece and Rome. Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert has borne Hector of Troy clear out of his saddle. Andromache may weep; but her spouse is beyond the reach of physic. See! Robin Hood twangs his bow, and the heathen gods fly howling. Down goes Ajax under the mace of Dunois; and yonder are Leonidas and Romulus, begging their lives of Rob Roy Macgregor. Classicism is dead. Sir John Froissart has taken Dr. Lemprière by the nose, and reigns sovereign."

These extracts do more than show Thackeray's qualities as an art-critic: they give us an insight into the man; they exhibit his thoroughly independent way of looking at works of art; they show, also, a simplicity and clearness of style which belongs to all genuine art-criticism when the critic knows what he wants to say and is sure of his ground. It is not meant to assert that Thackeray's judgment on art-matters is infallible, or that it is always sound. But it is his own; it is the clear, strong judgment of a clear-eyed man who has had his eyes open. It is also more than that: it is the opinion of a highly poetic and imaginative nature, deeply moved by the sight of any great and noble painting or statue. All his writings show the same qualities of mind and heart whenever the occasion arises. He loves to linger in such places and among such scenes. In all his sketch-books of travel, whenever he visits a church or a gallery, we have some little touch which shows how fondly he regards a beautiful picture. Thus in his Little Travels and Road-Side Sketches, there are numerous references to the pictures and statuary one sees in the churches and galleries in Belgium. "The picture to see here (in the museum at Brussels) is a portrait, by the great Peter Paul, of one of the governesses of the Netherlands. It is just the finest portrait that ever was seen. Only a half-length; but such a majesty, such a force, such a splendor, such a simplicity, about it! The woman is in a stiff black dress, with a ruff, and a few pearls; a yellow curtain is behind

her, — the simplest arrangement that can be conceived. But this great man knew how to rise to his occasion; and no better proof can be shown of what a fine gentleman he was than this his homage to the vice-queen. A common bungler would have painted her in her best clothes, with crown and sceptre, just as our queen has been painted by ——; but comparisons are odious. Here stands this majestic woman in her every-day working dress of black satin, *looking your hat off*, as it were. Another portrait of the same personage hangs elsewhere in the gallery, and it is curious to observe the difference between the two, and see how a man of genius paints a portrait, and how a common limner executes it."

Down to the time when the publication of Vanity Fair placed Thackeray at the head of English novel-writers, he continued occasionally to contribute art-criticisms to Fraser's Magazine. Some of them have since been republished in his collected works; others can be read only by referring to the pages of that magazine for the years 1841–1845. In 1850 he furnished the letter-press for a series of engravings undertaken by M. Louis Marvy, a French artist whom Thackeray had known in Paris in his younger days, now an exile, and driven to engraving for a livelihood. They are reproductions — rather poor ones — on steel of the works of such painters as Turner, Cattermole, Constable, Cox, Gainsborough, Roberts, Stanfield, and others. It is no exaggeration to say that the chief merit of the work, certainly at this day, is that part done by Thackeray. Whether M. Marvy was unequal to the task he had undertaken, or whether the art of steel-engraving at that time was at a low ebb, it is certain that most of the lithographs of the present day have greater artistic merit and are finer compositions. Thackeray, however, did what he could to secure their success. In every one of his comments is some characteristic sentence or sentiment. In speaking of Turner, he says, "It is not given to all to understand; but at times we have glimpses of comprehension, and in looking at such pictures as the Fighting Temeraire or the Slave Ship, we admire (and can find no words adequate to express our wonder) the stupendous skill and genius of this astonishing master. . . . Turner shows sublimity for the whole continent; and, when satiated with that, rest in more quiet scenes by our glens, shores, and mountains. His works seem to give him the very foremost place of the landscape artists, — epic works, so to speak; the greatest in aim, the greatest in art, the greatest in truth to nature. . . . Admiring the early and comprehensible works of this painter is like admiring the early works of Swedenborg, and saying that he was a man of vast science and a skilled mathematician. He was all this, but his disciples only know how much besides."

It is to be borne in mind that all these criticisms were written when Thackeray was obscure and unknown, — under a *nom de plume*. They therefore show, even more than his later and acknowledged works, the real bent of his genius and the unrepressed feelings of his heart. One hardly knows what most to wonder at, — the manly and heartfelt sentiment so freely shown in every line, or the keenness and independence of intellect that so clearly discriminates between the lower and the higher, the pagan and the Christian, in the great works of art which have been the admiration of all ages.

Ephraim Young.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

XXII.

EUTHYMIA.

"The Wonder" of the Corinna Institute had never willingly made a show of her gymnastic accomplishments. Her feats, which were so much admired, were only her natural exercise. Gradually the dumb-bells others used became too light for her, the ropes she climbed too short, the clubs she exercised with seemed as if they were made of cork instead of being heavy wood, and all the tests and meters of strength and agility had been strained beyond the standards which the records of the school had marked as their historic maxima. It was not her fault that she broke a dynamometer one day; she apologized for it, but the teacher said he wished he could have a dozen broken every year in the same way. The consciousness of her bodily strength had made her very careful in her movements. The pressure of her hand was never too hard for the tenderest little maiden whose palm was against her own. So far from priding herself on her special gifts, she was disposed to be ashamed of them. There were times and places in which she could give full play to her muscles without fear or reproach. She had her special costume for the boat and for the woods. She would climb the rugged old hemlocks now and then for the sake of a wide outlook, or to peep into the large nest where a hawk, or it may be an eagle, was raising her little brood of air-pirates.

There were those who spoke of her wanderings in lonely places as an unsafe exposure. One sometimes met doubtful characters about the neighborhood, and stories were told of occurrences which might well frighten a young girl, and make her cautious of trusting herself alone in the wild solitudes which surrounded the little village. Those who knew Euthymia thought her quite equal to taking care of herself. Her very look was enough to ensure the respect of any vagabond who might cross her path, and if matters came to the worst she would prove as dangerous as a panther.

But it was a pity to associate this class of thoughts with a noble specimen of true womanhood. Health, beauty, strength, were fine qualities, and in all these she was rich. She enjoyed all her natural gifts, and thought little about them. Unwillingly, but over-persuaded by some of her friends, she had allowed her arm and hand to be modelled. The artists who saw the cast wondered if it would be possible to get the bust of the maiden from whom it was taken. Nobody would have dared to suggest such an idea to her except Lurida. For Lurida sex was a trifling accident, to be disregarded not only in the interests of humanity, but for the sake of art.

"It is a shame," she said to Euthymia, "that you will not let your exquisitely moulded form be perpetuated in marble. You have no right to withhold such a model from the contemplation of your fellow-creatures. Think how rare it is to see a woman who truly represents the divine idea! You belong to your race, and not to yourself, — at least, your beauty is a gift not to be considered as a piece of private property. Look at the so-called Venus of Milo. Do you suppose the noble woman who was the original of that divinely chaste statue felt any scruple about allowing the sculptor to reproduce her pure, unblemished perfections?"

Euthymia was always patient with

her imaginative friend. She listened to her eloquent discourse, but she could not help blushing, used as she was to Lurida's audacities. "The Terror's" brain had run away with a large share of the blood which ought to have gone to the nourishment of her general system. She could not help admiring, almost worshipping, a companion whose being was rich in the womanly developments with which nature had so economically endowed herself. An impoverished organization carries with it certain neutral qualities which make its subject appear, in the presence of complete manhood and womanhood, like a deaf-mute among speaking persons. The deep blush which crimsoned Euthymia's cheek at Lurida's suggestion was in a strange contrast to her own undisturbed expression. There was a range of sensibilities of which Lurida knew far less than she did of those many and difficult studies which had absorbed her vital forces. She was startled to see what an effect her proposal had produced, for Euthymia was not only blushing, but there was a flame in her eyes which she had hardly ever seen before.

"Is this only your own suggestion?" Euthymia said, "or has some one been putting the idea into your head?" The truth was that she had happened to meet the Interviewer at the library, one day, and she was offended by the long, searching stare with which that individual had honored her. It occurred to her that he, or some such visitor to the place, might have spoken of her to Lurida, or to some other person who had repeated what was said to Lurida, as a good subject for the art of the sculptor, and she felt all her maiden sensibilities offended by the proposition. Lurida could not understand her excitement, but she was startled by it. Natures which are complementary of each other are liable to these accidental collisions of feeling. They get along very well together, none the worse for their differences, until all at once the tender spot of one or the other is carelessly handled in utter unconsciousness on the part of the aggressor, and the exclamation, the outcry, or the explosion explains the situation altogether too emphatically. Such scenes did not frequently occur between the two friends, and this little flurry was soon over; but it served to warn Lurida that Miss Euthymia Tower was not of that class of self-conscious beauties who would be ready to dispute the empire of the Venus of Milo on her own ground, in defences as scanty and insufficient as those of the marble divinity.

Euthymia had had admirers enough, at a distance, while at school, and in the long vacations, near enough to find out that she was anything but easy to make love to. She fairly frightened more than one rash youth who was disposed to be too sentimental in her company. They overdid flattery, which she was used to and tolerated, but which cheapened the admirer in her estimation, and now and then betrayed her into an expression which made him aware of the fact, and was a discouragement to aggressive amiability. The real difficulty was that not one of her adorers had ever greatly interested her. It could not be that nature had made her insensible. It must have been because the man who was made for her had never yet shown himself. She was not easy to please, that was certain; and she was one of those young women who will not accept as a lover one who but half pleases them. She could not pick up the first stick that fell in her way and take it to shape her ideal out of. Many of the good people of the village doubted whether Euthymia would ever be married.

"There 's nothing good enough for her in this village," said the old landlord of what had been the Anchor Tavern.

"She must wait till a prince comes

along," the old landlady said in reply. "She 'd make as pretty a queen as any of them that 's born to it. Would n't she be splendid with a gold crown on her head, and di'monds a glitterin' all over her! D' you remember how handsome she looked in the tableau, when the fair was held for the Dorcas Society? She had on an old dress of her grandma's, — they don't make anything half so handsome nowadays, — and she was just as pretty as a pictur'. But what 's the use of good looks if they scare away folks? The young fellows think that such a handsome girl as that would cost ten times as much to keep as a plain one. She must be dressed up like an empress, — so they seem to think. It ain't so with Euthymy: she 'd look like a great lady dressed anyhow, and she has n't got any more notions than the homeliest girl that ever stood before a glass to look at herself."

In the humbler walks of Arrowhead Village society, similar opinions were entertained of Miss Euthymia. The fresh-water fisherman represented pretty well the average estimate of the class to which he belonged. "I tell ye," said he to another gentleman of leisure, whose chief occupation was to watch the coming and going of the visitors to Arrowhead Village, — "I tell ye that girl ain't a gōn to put up with any o' them slab-sided fellahs that you see hangin' raound to look at her every Sunday when she comes aout o' meetin'. It 's one o' them big gents from Boston or New York that 'll step up an' kerry her off."

In the mean time nothing could be further from the thoughts of Euthymia than the prospect of an ambitious worldly alliance. The ideals of young women cost them many and great disappointments, but they save them very often from those lifelong companionships which accident is constantly trying to force upon them, in spite of their obvious unfitness. The higher the ideal, the less likely is the commonplace neighbor who has the great advantage of easy access, or the boarding-house acquaintance who can profit by those vacant hours when the least interesting of visitors is better than absolute loneliness, — the less likely are these undesirable personages to be endured, pitied, and, if not embraced, accepted, for want of something better. Euthymia found so much pleasure in the intellectual companionship of Lurida, and felt her own prudence and reserve so necessary to that independent young lady, that she had been contented, so far, with friendship, and thought of love only in an abstract sort of way. Beneath her abstractions there was a capacity of loving which might have been inferred from the expression of her features, the light that shone in her eyes, the tones of her voice, all of which were full of the language which belongs to susceptible natures. How many women never say to themselves that they were born to love, until all at once the discovery opens upon them, as the sense that he was born a painter is said to have dawned suddenly upon Correggio!

Like all the rest of the village and its visitors, she could not help thinking a good deal about the young man lying ill amongst strangers. She was not one of those who had sent him the three cornered notes or even a bunch of flowers. She knew that he was receiving abounding tokens of kindness and sympathy from different quarters, and a certain inward feeling restrained her from joining in these demonstrations. If he had been suffering from some deadly and contagious malady she would have risked her life to help him, without a thought that there was any wonderful heroism in such self-devotion. Her friend Lurida might have been capable of the same sacrifice, but it would be after reasoning with herself as to the obligations which her sense of human rights and duties laid upon her

and fortifying her courage with the memory of noble deeds recorded of women in ancient and modern history. With Euthymia the primary human instincts took precedence of all reasoning or reflection about them. All her sympathies were excited by the thought of this forlorn stranger in his solitude, but she felt the impossibility of giving any complete expression to them. She thought of Mungo Park in the African desert, and she envied the poor negress who not only pitied him, but had the blessed opportunity of helping and consoling him. How near were these two human creatures, each needing the other! How near in bodily presence, how far apart in their lives, with a barrier seemingly impassable between them

XXIII.

THE MEETING OF MAURICE AND EUTHYMIA.

These autumnal fevers, which carry off a large number of our young people every year, are treacherous and deceptive diseases. Not only are they liable, as has been mentioned, to various accidental complications which may prove suddenly fatal, but too often, after convalescence seems to be established, relapses occur which are more serious than the disease had appeared to be in its previous course. One morning Dr. Butts found Maurice worse instead of better, as he had hoped and expected to find him. Weak as he was, there was every reason to fear the issue of this return of his threatening symptoms. There was not much to do besides keeping up the little strength which still remained. It was all needed.

Does the reader of these pages ever think of the work a sick man as much as a well one has to perform while he is lying on his back and taking what we call his "rest"? More than a thousand times an hour, between a hundred and fifty and two hundred thousand times a week, he has to lift the bars of the cage in which his breathing organs are confined, to save himself from asphyxia. Rest! There is no rest until the last long sigh tells those who look upon the dying that the ceaseless daily task, to rest from which is death, is at last finished. We are all galley-slaves, pulling at the levers of respiration, — which, rising and falling like so many oars, drive us across an unfathomable ocean from one unknown shore to another. No! Never was a galley-slave so chained as we are to these four and twenty oars, at which we must tug day and night all our life long!

The doctor could not find any accidental cause to account for this relapse. It presently occurred to him that there might be some local source of infection which had brought on the complaint, and was still keeping up the symptoms which were the ground of alarm. He determined to remove Maurice to his own house, where he could be sure of pure air, and where he himself could give more constant attention to his patient during this critical period of his disease. It was a risk to take, but he could be carried on a litter by careful men, and remain wholly passive during the removal. Maurice signified his assent, as he could hardly help doing, — for the doctor's suggestion took pretty nearly the form of a command. He thought it a matter of life and death, and was gently urgent for his patient's immediate change of residence. The doctor insisted on having Maurice's books and other movable articles carried to his own house, so that he should be surrounded by familiar sights, and not worry himself about what might happen to objects which he valued, if they were left behind him.

All these dispositions were quickly and quietly made, and everything was ready for the transfer of the patient to

the house of the hospitable physician. Paolo was at the doctor's, superintending the arrangement of Maurice's effects and making all ready for his master. The nurse in attendance, a trustworthy man enough in the main, finding his patient in a tranquil sleep, left his bedside for a little fresh air. While he was at the door he heard a shouting which excited his curiosity, and he followed the sound until he found himself at the border of the lake. It was nothing very wonderful which had caused the shouting. A Newfoundland dog had been showing off his accomplishments, and some of the idlers were betting as to the time it would take him to bring back to his master the various floating objects which had been thrown as far from the shore as possible. He watched the dog a few minutes, when his attention was drawn to a light wherry, pulled by one young lady and steered by another. It was making for the shore, which it would soon reach. The attendant remembered all at once that he had left his charge, and just before the boat came to land he turned and hurried back to the patient. Exactly how long he had been absent he could not have said, — perhaps a quarter of an hour, perhaps longer; the time appeared short to him, wearied with long sitting and watching.

It had seemed, when he stole away from Maurice's bedside, that he was not in the least needed. The patient was lying perfectly quiet, and to all appearance wanted nothing more than letting alone. It was such a comfort to look at something besides the worn features of a sick man, to hear something besides his labored breathing and faint, half-whispered words, that the temptation to indulge in these luxuries for a few minutes had proved irresistible.

Unfortunately, Maurice's slumbers did not remain tranquil during the absence of the nurse. He very soon fell into a dream, which began quietly enough, but in the course of the sudden transitions which dreams are in the habit of undergoing became successively anxious, distressing, terrifying. His earlier and later experiences came up before him, fragmentary, incoherent, chaotic even, but vivid as reality. He was at the bottom of a coal-mine in one of those long, narrow galleries, or rather worm-holes, in which human beings pass a large part of their lives, like so many larvæ boring their way into the beams and rafters of some old building. How close the air was in the stifling passage through which he was crawling! The scene changed, and he was climbing a slippery sheet of ice with desperate effort, his foot on the floor of a shallow niche, his hold an icicle ready to snap in an instant, an abyss below him waiting for his foot to slip or the icicle to break. How thin the air seemed, how desperately hard to breathe! He was thinking of Mont Blanc, it may be, and the fearfully rarefied atmosphere which he remembered well as one of the great trials in his mountain ascents. No, it was not Mont Blanc, — it was not any one of the frozen Alpine summits; it was Hecla that he was climbing! The smoke of the burning mountain was wrapping itself around him; he was choking with its dense fumes; he heard the flames roaring around him, he felt the hot lava beneath his feet, he uttered a faint cry and awoke.

The room was full of smoke. He was gasping for breath, strangling in the smothering oven which his chamber had become.

The house was on fire!

He tried to call for help, but his voice failed him, and died away in a whisper. He made a desperate effort, and rose so as to sit up in the bed for an instant, but the effort was too much for him, and he sank back upon his pillow, helpless. He felt that his hour had come, for he could not live in this dreadful atmosphere, and he was left alone. He could

hear the crackle of fire as the flame crept along from one partition to another. It was a cruel fate to be left to perish in that way, — the fate that many a martyr had had to face, — to be first strangled and then burned. Death had not the terror for him that it has for most young persons. He was accustomed to thinking of it calmly, sometimes wistfully, even to such a degree that the thought of self-destruction had come upon him as a temptation. But here was death in an unexpected and appalling shape. He did not know before how much he cared to live. All his old recollections came before him as it were in one long, vivid flash. The closed vista of memory suddenly opened to its far horizon-line, and past and present were pictured in a single instant of clear vision. The dread moment which had blighted his life returned in all its terror. He felt the convulsive spring in the form of a faint, impotent spasm, — the rush of air, — the thorns of the stinging and lacerating cradle into which he was precipitated. One after another those paralyzing seizures which had been like deadening blows on the naked heart seemed to repeat themselves, as real as at the moment of their occurrence. The pictures passed in succession with such rapidity that they appeared almost as if simultaneous. The vision of the "inward eye" was so intensified in this moment of peril that an instant was like an hour of common existence. Those who have been very near drowning know well what this description means. The development of a photograph may not explain it, but it illustrates the curious and familiar fact of the revived recollections of the drowning man's experience. The sensitive plate has taken one look at a scene, and remembers it all. Every little circumstance is there, — the hoof in air, the wing in flight, the leaf as it falls, the wave as it breaks. All there, but invisible; potentially present, but impalpable, inappreciable, as if not existing at all. A wash is poured over it, and the whole scene comes out in all its perfection of detail. In those supreme moments when death stares a man suddenly in the face the rush of unwonted emotion floods the undeveloped pictures of vanished years, stored away in the memory, the vast panorama of a lifetime, and in one swift instant the past comes out as vividly as if it were again the present. So it was at this moment with the sick man, as he lay helpless and felt that he was left to die. For he saw no hope of relief: the smoke was drifting in clouds into the room; the flames were very near; if he was not reached and rescued immediately it was all over with him.

His past life had flashed before him. Then suddenly rose the thought of his future, — of all its possibilities, of the vague hopes which he had cherished of late that his mysterious doom would be lifted from him. There was something, then, to be lived for, — something! There was a new life, it might be, in store for him, and such a new life! He thought of all he was losing. Oh, could he but have lived to know the meaning of love! And the passionate desire of life came over him, — not the dread of death, but the longing for what the future might yet have in store for him.

All this took place in the course of a very few moments. Dreams and visions have little to do with measured time, and ten minutes, possibly fifteen or twenty, were all that had passed since the beginning of those nightmare terrors which were evidently suggested by the suffocating air he was breathing.

What had happened? In the confusion of moving books and other articles to the doctor's house, doors and windows had been forgotten. Among the rest a window opening into the cellar, where some old furniture had been left by a former occupant, had been left unclosed. One of the lazy natives, who had lounged by the house smoking a bad cigar, had

thrown the burning stump in at this open window. He had no particular intention of doing mischief, but he had that indifference to consequences which is the next step above the inclination to crime. The burning stump happened to fall among the straw of an old mattress which had been ripped open. The smoker went his way without looking behind him, and it so chanced that no other person passed the house for some time. Presently the straw was in a blaze, and from this the fire passed to the furniture, to the stairway leading up from the basement, and was working its way along the entry under the stairs leading up to the apartment where Maurice was lying.

The blaze was fierce and swift, as it could not help being with such a mass of combustibles, — loose straw from the mattress, dry old furniture, and old warped floors that had been parching and shrinking for a score or two of years. The whole house was, in the common language of the newspaper reports, "a perfect tinder-box," and would probably be a heap of ashes in half an hour. And there was this unfortunate deserted sick man lying between life and death, beyond all help unless some unexpected assistance should come to his rescue.

As the attendant drew near the house where Maurice was lying, he was horror-struck to see dense volumes of smoke pouring out of the lower windows. It was beginning to make its way through the upper windows, also, and presently a tongue of fire shot out and streamed upward along the side of the house. The man shrieked Fire! Fire! with all his might, and rushed to the door of the building to make his way to Maurice's room and save him. He penetrated but a short distance when, blinded and choking with the smoke, he rushed headlong down the stairs with a cry of despair that roused every man, woman, and child within reach of a human voice. Out they came from their houses in every quarter of the village. The shout of Fire! Fire! was the chief aid lent by many of the young and old. Some caught up pails and buckets: the more thoughtful ones filling them; the hastier snatching them up empty, trusting to find water nearer the burning building.

Is the sick man moved?

This was the awful question first asked, — for in the little village all knew that Maurice was about being transferred to the doctor's house. The attendant, white as death, pointed to the chamber where he had left him, and gasped out, —

"*He is there!*"

A ladder! A ladder! was the general cry, and men and boys rushed off in search of one. But a single minute was an age now, and there was no ladder to be had without a delay of many minutes. The sick man was going to be swallowed up in the flames before it could possibly arrive. Some were going for a blanket or a coverlet, in the hope that the young man might have strength enough to leap from the window and be safely caught in it. The attendant shook his head, and said faintly,—

"*He cannot move from his bed.*"

One of the visitors at the village, — a millionaire, it was said, — a kind-hearted man, spoke in hoarse, broken tones: —

"A thousand dollars to the man that will bring him from his chamber!"

The fresh-water fisherman muttered "I should like to save the man and to see the money, but it ain't a thaousan' dollars, nor ten thaousan' dollars, that 'll pay a fellah for burnin' to death, — or even chokin' to death, anyhaow."

The carpenter, who knew the frame-work of every house in the village, recent or old, shook his head.

"The stairs have been shored up," he said, "and when the j'ists that holds 'em up goes, down they 'll come. It ain't safe for no man to go over them

tairs. Hurry along your ladder, — hat 's your only chance."

All was wild confusion around the urning house. The ladder they had one for was missing from its case, — a eighbor had carried it off for the work- nen who were shingling his roof. It would never get there in time. There vas a fire-engine, but it was nearly half mile from the lakeside settlement. Some were throwing on water in an imless, useless way; one was sending thin stream through a garden syringe; t seemed like doing something, at any ate. But all hope of saving Maurice vas fast giving way, so rapid was the rogress of the flames, so thick the loud of smoke that filled the house and oured from the windows. Nothing vas heard but confused cries, shrieks of romen, all sorts of orders to do this and hat, no one knowing what was to be one. The ladder! The ladder! Five ninutes more and it will be too late!

In the mean time the alarm of fire ad reached Paolo, and he had stopped is work of arranging Maurice's books n the same way as that in which they ad stood in his apartment, and followed n the direction of the sound, little hinking that his master was lying help- ess in the burning house. "Some himney afire," he said to himself; but e would go and take a look, at any ate.

Before Paolo had reached the scene f destruction and impending death, wo young women, in boating dresses of ecidedly Bloomerish aspect, had sud- lenly joined the throng. "The Won- ler" and "The Terror" of their school- lays — Miss Euthymia Tower and Miss Lurida Vincent — had just come from he shore, where they had left their wherry. A few hurried words told hem the fearful story. Maurice Kirk- wood was lying in the chamber to which very eye was turned, unable to move, doomed to a dreadful death. All that could be hoped was that he would per- ish by suffocation rather than by the flames, which would soon be upon him. The man who had attended him had just tried to reach his chamber, but had reeled back out of the door, almost strangled by the smoke. A thousand dollars had been offered to any one who would rescue the sick man, but no one had dared to make the attempt; for the stairs might fall at any moment, if the smoke did not blind and smother the man who passed them before they fell.

The two young women looked each other in the face for one swift moment.

"How can he be reached?" asked Lurida. "Is there nobody that will venture his life to save a brother like that?"

"I will venture mine," said Euthymia.

"No! no!" shrieked Lurida, — "not you! not you! It is a man's work, not yours! You shall not go!"

Poor Lurida had forgotten all her theories in this supreme moment. But Euthymia was not to be held back. Taking a handkerchief from her neck, she dipped it in a pail of water and bound it about her head. Then she took several deep breaths of air, and filled her lungs as full as they would hold. She knew she must not take a single breath in the choking atmosphere if she could possibly help it, and Euthymia was noted for her power of staying under water so long that more than once those who saw her dive thought she would never come up again. So rapid were her movements that they paralyzed the bystanders, who would forcibly have prevented her from carrying out her purpose. Her imperious determination was not to be resisted. And so Euthymia, a willing martyr, if martyr she was to be, and not saviour, passed within the veil that hid the sufferer.

Lurida turned deadly pale, and sank fainting to the ground. She was the first, but not the only one, of her sex that fainted as Euthymia disappeared

in the smoke of the burning building. Even the rector grew very white in the face, — so white that one of his vestrymen begged him to sit down at once, and sprinkled a few drops of water on his forehead, to his great disgust and manifest advantage. The old landlady was crying and moaning, and her husband was wiping his eyes and shaking his head sadly.

"She will never come out alive," he said solemnly.

"Nor dead, neither," added the carpenter. "Ther' won't be nothing left of neither of 'em but ashes." And the carpenter hid his face in his hands.

The fresh-water fisherman had pulled out a rag which he called a "hangkercher," — it had served to carry bait that morning, — and was making use of its best corner to dry the tears which were running down his cheeks. The whole village was proud of Euthymia, and with these more quiet signs of grief were mingled loud lamentations, coming alike from old and young.

All this was not so much like a succession of events as it was like a tableau. The lookers-on were stunned with its suddenness, and before they had time to recover their bewildered senses all was lost, or seemed lost. They felt that they should never look again on either of those young faces.

The rector, not unfeeling by nature, but inveterately professional by habit, had already recovered enough to be thinking of a text for the funeral sermon. The first that occurred to him was this, — vaguely, of course, in the background of consciousness: —

"Then Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego came forth of the midst of the fire."

The village undertaker was of naturally sober aspect and reflective disposition. He had always been opposed to cremation, and here was a funeral pile blazing before his eyes. He, too, had his human sympathies, but in the distance his imagination pictured the final ceremony, and how he himself should figure in a spectacle where the usual centre piece of attraction would be wanting, — perhaps his own services uncalled for.

Blame him not, you whose garden-patch is not watered with the tears of mourners. The string of self-interest answers with its chord to every sound; it vibrates with the funeral-bell, it finds itself trembling to the wail of the De Profundis. Not always, — not always; let us not be cynical in our judgments, but common human nature, we may safely say, is subject to those secondary vibrations under the most solemn and soul-subduing influences.

It seems as if we were doing great wrong to the scene we are contemplating in delaying it by the description of little circumstances and individual thoughts and feelings. But linger as we may, we cannot compress into a chapter — we could not crowd into a volume — all that passed through the minds and stirred the emotions of the awe-struck company which was gathered about the scene of danger and of terror. We are dealing with an impossibility: consciousness is a surface; narrative is a line.

Maurice had given himself up for lost. His breathing was becoming every moment more difficult, and he felt that his strength could hold out but a few minutes longer.

"Robert!" he called in faint accents, but the attendant was not there to answer.

"Paolo! Paolo!" But the faithful servant, who would have given his life for his master, had not yet reached the place where the crowd was gathered.

"Oh, for a breath of air! Oh, for an arm to lift me from this bed! Too late! Too late!" he gasped, with what might have seemed his dying expiration.

"Not too late!" The soft voice

reached his obscured consciousness as if it had come down to him from heaven.

In a single instant he found himself rolled in a blanket and in the arms of — a woman!

Out of the stifling chamber, — over the burning stairs, — close by the tongues of fire that were lapping up all they could reach, — out into the open air, he was borne swiftly and safely, — carried as easily as if he had been a babe, in the strong arms of "The Wonder" of the gymnasium, the captain of the Atalanta, who had little dreamed of the use she was to make of her natural gifts and her school-girl accomplishments.

Such a cry as arose from the crowd of on-lookers! It was a sound that none of them had ever heard before or could expect ever to hear again, unless he should be one of the last boatload rescued from a sinking vessel. Then, those who had resisted the overflow of their emotion, who had stood in white despair as they thought of these two young lives soon to be wrapped in their burning shroud, — those stern men — the old sea-captain, the hard-faced, money-making, cast-iron tradesmen of the city counting-room — sobbed like hysteric women; it was like a convulsion that overcame natures unused to those deeper emotions which many who are capable of experiencing die without ever knowing.

This was the scene upon which the doctor and Paolo suddenly appeared at the same moment.

As the fresh breeze passed over the face of the rescued patient, his eyes opened wide, and his consciousness returned in almost supernatural lucidity. Euthymia had sat down upon a bank, and was still supporting him. His head was resting on her bosom. Through his awakening senses stole the murmurs of the living cradle which rocked him with the wave-like movements of respiration, the soft *susurrus* of the air that entered with every breath, the double beat of the heart which throbbed close to his ear. And every sense, and every instinct, and every reviving pulse told him in language like a revelation from another world that a woman's arms were around him, and that it was life, and not death, which her embrace had brought him.

She would have disengaged him from her protecting hold, but the doctor made her a peremptory sign, which he followed by a sharp command: —

"Do not move him a hair's breadth," he said. "Wait until the litter comes. Any sudden movement might be dangerous. Has anybody a brandy flask about him?"

One or two members of the local temperance society looked rather awkward, but did not come forward.

The fresh-water fisherman was the first who spoke.

"I han't got no brandy," he said, "but there's a drop or two of old Medford rum in this here that you're welcome to, if it'll be of any help. I alliz kerry a little on't in case o' gettin' wet 'n' chilled."

So saying he held forth a flat bottle with the word *Sarsaparilla* stamped on the green glass, but which contained half a pint or more of the specific on which he relied in those very frequent exposures which happen to persons of his calling.

The doctor motioned back Paolo, who would have rushed at once to the aid of Maurice, and who was not wanted at that moment. So poor Paolo, in an agony of fear for his master, was kept as quiet as possible, and had to content himself with asking all sorts of questions and repeating all the prayers he could think of to Our Lady and to his holy namesake the Apostle.

The doctor wiped the mouth of the fisherman's bottle very carefully. "Take a few drops of this cordial," he said, as

he held it to his patient's lips. "Hold him just so, Euthymia, without stirring. I will watch him, and say when he is ready to be moved. The litter is near by, waiting." Dr. Butts watched Maurice's pulse and color. The "old Medford" knew its business. It had knocked over its tens of thousands; it had its redeeming virtue, and helped to set up a poor fellow now and then. It did this for Maurice very effectively. When he seemed somewhat restored, the doctor had the litter brought to his side, and Euthymia softly resigned her helpless burden, which Paolo and the attendant Robert lifted with the aid of the doctor, who walked by the patient as he was borne to the home where Mrs. Butts had made all ready for his reception.

As for poor Lurida, who had thought herself equal to the sanguinary duties of the surgeon, she was left lying on the grass with an old woman over her, working hard with fan and smelling-salts to bring her back from her long fainting fit.

XXIV.

THE INEVITABLE.

Why should not human nature be the same in Arrowhead Village as elsewhere? It could not seem strange to the good people of that place and their visitors that these two young persons, brought together under circumstances that stirred up the deepest emotions of which the human soul is capable, should become attached to each other. But the bond between them was stronger than any knew, except the good doctor, who had learned the great secret of Maurice's life. For the first time since his infancy he had fully felt the charm which the immediate presence of youthful womanhood carries with it. He could hardly believe the fact when he found himself no longer the subject of the terrifying seizures of which he had had many and threatening experiences.

It was the doctor's business to save his patient's life, if he could possibly do it. Maurice had been reduced to the most perilous state of debility by the relapse which had interrupted his convalescence. Only by what seemed almost a miracle had he survived the exposure to suffocation and the mental anguish through which he had passed. It was perfectly clear to Dr. Butts that if Maurice could see the young woman to whom he owed his life, and, as the doctor felt assured, the revolution in his nervous system which would be the beginning of a new existence, it would be of far more value as a restorative agency than any or all of the drugs in the pharmacopœia. He told this to Euthymia, and explained the matter to her parents and friends. She must go with him on some of his visits. Her mother should go with her, or her sister; but this was a case of life and death, and no maidenly scruples must keep her from doing her duty.

The first of her visits to the sick, perhaps dying, man presented a scene not unlike the picture before spoken of on the title-page of the old edition of Galen. The doctor was perhaps the most agitated of the little group. He went before the others, took his seat by the bedside and held the patient's wrist with his finger on the pulse. As Euthymia entered it gave a single bound, fluttered for an instant as if with a faint memory of its old habit, then throbbed full and strong, comparatively, as if under the spur of some powerful stimulus. Euthymia's task was a delicate one, but she knew how to disguise its difficulty.

"Here is a flower I have brought you, Mr. Kirkwood," she said, and handed him a white chrysanthemum. He took it from her hand, and before she knew it he took her hand into his own and held it with a gentle constraint. What could she do? Here was the

young man whose life she had saved, at least for the moment, and who was yet in danger from the disease which had almost worn out his powers of resistance.

"Sit down by Mr. Kirkwood's side," said the doctor. "He wants to thank you, if he has strength to do it, for saving him from the death which seemed inevitable."

Not many words could Maurice command. He was weak enough for womanly tears, but their fountains no longer flowed; it was with him as with the dying, whose eyes may light up, but rarely shed a tear.

The river which has found a new channel widens and deepens it; it lets the old water-course fill up, and never returns to its forsaken bed. The tyrannous habit was broken. The prophecy of the gitana had verified itself, and the ill a fair woman had wrought, a fairer woman had conquered and abolished.

The history of Maurice Kirkwood loses its exceptional character from the time of his restoration to his natural conditions. His convalescence was very slow and gradual, but no further accident interrupted its even progress. The season was over, the summer visitors had left Arrowhead Village; the chrysanthemums were going out of flower, the frosts had come, and Maurice was still beneath the roof of the kind physician. The relation between him and his preserver was so entirely apart from all common acquaintances and friendships that no ordinary rules could apply to it. Euthymia visited him often during the period of his extreme prostration.

"You *must* come every day," the doctor said. "He gains with every visit you make him; he pines if you miss him for a single day." So she came and sat by him, the doctor or good Mrs. Butts keeping her company in his presence. He grew stronger, — began to sit up in bed; and at last Euthymia found him dressed as in health, and beginning to walk about the room. She was startled. She had thought of herself as a kind of nurse, but the young gentleman could hardly be said to need a nurse any longer. She had scruples about making any further visits. She asked Lurida what she thought about it.

"Think about it?" said Lurida. "Why should n't you go to see a brother as well as a sister, I should like to know? If you are afraid to go to see Maurice Kirkwood, *I* am not afraid, at any rate. If you would rather have me go than go yourself, I will do it, and let people talk just as much as they want to. Shall I go instead of you?"

Euthymia was not quite sure that this would be the best thing for the patient. The doctor had told her he thought there were special reasons for her own course in coming daily to see him. "I am afraid," she said, "you are too bright to be safe for him in his weak state. Your mind is such a stimulating one, you know. A dull sort of person like myself is better for him just now. I will continue visiting him as long as the doctor says it is important that I should; but you must defend me, Lurida, — I know you can explain it all so that people will not blame me."

Euthymia knew full well what the effect of Lurida's penetrating head-voice would be in a convalescent's chamber. She knew how that active mind of hers would set the young man's thoughts at work, when what he wanted was rest of every faculty. Were not these good and sufficient reasons for her decision? What others could there be?

So Euthymia kept on with her visits, until she blushed to see that she was continuing her charitable office for one who was beginning to look too well to be called an invalid. It was a dangerous condition of affairs, and the busy tongues of the village gossips were free in their comments. Free, but kindly,

for the story of the rescue had melted every heart; and what could be more natural than that these two young people whom God had brought together in the dread moment of peril should find it hard to tear themselves asunder after the hour of danger was past? When gratitude is a bankrupt, love only can pay his debts; and if Maurice gave his heart to Euthymia, would not she receive it as payment in full?

The change which had taken place in the vital currents of Maurice Kirkwood's system was as simple and solid a fact as the change in a magnetic needle when the boreal becomes the austral pole, and the austral the boreal. It was well, perhaps, that this change took place while he was enfeebled by the wasting effects of long illness. For all the long-defeated, disturbed, perverted instincts had found their natural channel from the centre of consciousness to the organ which throbs in response to every profound emotion. As his health gradually returned, Euthymia could not help perceiving a flush in his cheek, a glitter in his eyes, a something in the tone of his voice, which altogether were a warning to the young maiden that the highway of friendly intercourse was fast narrowing to a lane, at the head of which her woman's eye could read plainly enough, "Dangerous passing."

"You look so much better to-day, Mr. Kirkwood," she said, "that I think I had better not play Sister of Charity any longer. The next time we meet I hope you will be strong enough to call on me."

She was frightened to see how pale he turned, — he was weaker than she thought. There was a silence so profound and so long that Mrs. Butts looked up from the stocking she was knitting. They had forgotten the good woman's presence.

Presently Maurice spoke, — very faintly, but Mrs. Butts dropped a stitch at the first word, and her knitting fell into her lap as she listened to what followed.

"No! you must not leave me. You must never leave me. You saved my life. But you have done more than that, — more than you know or can ever know. To you I owe it that I am living; with you I live henceforth, if I am to live at all. All I am, all I hope, — will you take this poor offering from one who owes you everything, whose lips never touched those of woman or breathed a word of love before you taught him the meaning of that word?"

What could Euthymia reply to this question, uttered with all the depth of a passion which had never before found expression?

Not one syllable of answer did listening Mrs. Butts overhear. But she told her husband afterwards that there was nothing in the tableaux they had had in September to compare with what she then saw. It was indeed a pleasing picture which those two young heads presented as Euthymia gave her inarticulate but infinitely expressive answer to the question of Maurice Kirkwood. The good-hearted woman thought it time to leave the young people. Down went the stocking with the needles in it out of her lap tumbled the ball of worsted, rolling along the floor with its yarn trailing after it, like some village matron who goes about circulating from hearth to hearth, leaving all along her track the story of the new engagement or of the arrival of the last "little stranger."

Not many suns had set before it was told all through Arrowhead Village that Maurice Kirkwood was the accepted lover of Euthymia Tower.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

LOVE'S DREAD.

Eyes, but for you I had not seen
Her motion, grace, and lovely mien!

Ears, but for you I had not heard
Her voice that spake no loveless word!

And Touch, thou mad'st me understand
Her lips' delight, her soothing hand!

I thank ye for each message brought,
I thank ye for each beauty taught;

But oh, for senses trustier
To give me true reports of her,

Till I might rise myself above
And adequately know my love!

O careless Fate, Love's all to trust
To these frail gossips of the dust!

Paul Hermes.

RECENT ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

The illustrated edition of the Sermon on the Mount[1] may be taken as a late nineteenth-century version of an illuminated gospel. It is in black and white instead of in color; it brings in the aid of the graver and of mechanical processes; it represents the labor of several artists, instead of that of one patient monk; and finally it exhibits the naturalistic treatment of the subject curiously mingled with one suggested by a fading tradition of ecclesiasticism.

As if to emphasize the fact that this bit of gospel is to be construed in a wholly modern spirit, the publishers have secured an introduction by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who is noted for the earnestness with which he seeks to translate the gospel into the terms of current life. It is a singular piece of writing, in which an off-hand talk blends with serious discourse. We are not especially concerned with the literature of the volume, however, but merely note in passing that it anticipates the slight incongruity of treatment which runs throughout the work. The plan provides for a division of the discourse into three parts, in accordance with the conventional chapter division of the New Testament: each of these sections has its half-title, with brief contents; the text then follows, engrossed in a modification of black letter, and surrounded by decorative borders, which are occasionally repeated; but these full pages

[1] *The Sermon on the Mount.* Illustrated. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1886.

of text are broken up by full-page drawings without text, illustrative of single points, and by vignette drawings, set in the text, which interpret salient passages.

The incongruity in treatment which strikes the eye is in the frequent transition from a conventional to a naturalistic manner, and in the divergent view of the theme arising from the variety of aspects which it assumes to the different artists engaged upon it. One regards the symbol, another the matter of fact, another the fantastic, another the historical, and there seems to be a lack of any especially unifying principle. It is, to be sure, interesting to get a contributory view of the sermon on the mount, and one might go on at some length speculating upon the agreement of such a view with the diverse mind of this generation; nevertheless, in a work of art one is hardly satisfied with such miscellaneousness of method, and would prefer to see evidence of a little more unity of design.

The most thoroughly satisfactory part of the book, if one looks at it piecemeal, is Mr. Fenn's contribution from his studies in the East. He has thrown that oblique light upon the text, which we in this day are wont to expect. With our closer knowledge of geographical and ethnological details, we are no longer satisfied with a local or conventional presentation in art of biblical subjects. To a Venetian or Florentine, Palestine was a bit of Italy, and an apostle was a devout neighbor; but we insist upon a geographical Palestine and an Hebraic apostle. Thus we get what we want in Mr. Fenn's view of the desolate mount on which the sermon was said to have been delivered, and at once begin our skeptical speculations as to how the scene could have been realized in such a place. Very lovely, too, is his representation of a real city set upon a real hill, and his Mount of Olives is not a painstaking restoration of the place in the Saviour's day, but a faithfu picture of its present appearance. Thi picture, by the way, is interjected as general accompaniment to the series for it does not strictly appertain to th discourse. So, also, the view of Jerusa lem, by the same artist, is that which h took on the spot, unaffected by any pu pose at realizing "the city of the grea king." His final sketch of a ruine house is the only one which may b said to have an imaginative reference t the text.

One looks at these delicate engraving after an artist who has a delightful sens of pure color, with unbroken enjoymen One is not disturbed by any question a to what they illustrate. He could se them in a portfolio or on the wall, an never have a suspicion of the sermon o the mount. A frugal publisher coul use them to illustrate any number c other biblical portions with equal pe tinence, or could apply them to antho ogies of verse, or some Travels in th East. If they were dropped out of thi book altogether the explication of th text would not be lessened. But w are very glad they were not left ou for we are getting our pleasure from th book in a disjointed, fragmentary fash ion; and when once we have throw away any regard for the unity of th volume, these pictures by Mr. Fenn re main as on the whole the most genuin and satisfactory part, and certainly ver lovely.

Turning to the other pictures, whethe full-page or vignette, we are dispose to consider them by the artist, rathe than by the order in which they occur for we easily fall into the way of con sidering the book as consisting of set of contributions. Mr. Sandham's nam is attached to the greatest number c designs. He has conceived his subject in the historical-romantic manner, an his work is in kind what one expects i a carefully prepared book of this sor There is an occasional remnant of th

traditional; the two similar groups of the Saviour delivering his discourse and a disciple preaching are distinguished by placing the Saviour in the background and surrounding his head by a halo, and by bringing the disciple and his hearers immediately before the eye and freeing them from any unusual character. He attempts an occasional allusive treatment. Thus the beatitude for mourners is illustrated by the angel announcing Christ's resurrection to the two Marys at the tomb. We like this artist best when he keeps closest to realism. The misty angel, mysteriously, if not uncomfortably, seated on a rock which partakes of the angelic character, points upward with an over-developed hand, while the two women take attitudes which, if proper, yet seem somewhat studied for artistic purposes. On the other hand, the dramatic action in the secret almsgiving and the faces and figures in the hypocrites of sad countenance are freshly conceived and vigorously executed. "Solomon in all his glory," again, is a rich and showy figure, though one cannot escape the feeling that it is some one who wants to look as he thinks Solomon may have looked, and thus has a little of the swagger of a stage despot.

Mr. Church throws in a characteristic New England reading of the line, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake." A Priscilla-like young matron with her babe stands in the wintry forest, while Indians rage, having just tomahawked her husband. The elements of the story are suggested by the figures and scene rather than scrupulously defined, since a matter-of-fact analysis would require the figure in the foreground to be more hidden, and the Indians to be more remote, if the face of the mother records her emotions fairly; but here again, dismissing all context, one may find a sincere pleasure in the pathetic group.

Mr. Harper, on his part, has provided the enigmatical and hyperpoetical form of interpretation. He has three subjects, and he darkens the text with them. We admire greatly the rich chiaroscuro effects in his picture, "Ye are the light of the world," though we are disposed to quarrel with the engraver for not better distinguishing between the texture of the prophet's robe and the rock before and on which he stands, but the solid black is laid on with courage. It is only when we come to explain the exact significance of the figure that we are embarrassed. We suppose it to symbolize the church offering to the world below a light illuminating the clouds; but the world itself certainly gets very little light thrown upon it. However, the meaning is tolerably clear beside that of the design accompanying the words, "Enter ye in at the strait gate," from which all our ingenuity, patiently applied, can extract no reasonable meaning. The same artist's interpretation of "Depart from me, ye that work iniquity" belongs to the feebly melodramatic order of which the work of John Martin offers typical example. Compared with the corresponding work of more truly imaginative artists, as Vedder, for instance, it seems singularly weak and ineffective.

The other set designs are mainly good, and further show the somewhat desultory nature of the treatment; Mr. Taylor's illustration of prayer giving us a nineteenth-century maiden surrounded by the old furniture which she has picked up at Lynn and Salem, and his miser being drawn from the story-books. Mr. Fraser succeeds better with his publicans saluting one another, which has a bright, really humorous touch, than with his Jewish Family, which is rather formal.

We have reserved to the last a consideration of the work upon this volume which divides the honors with Mr. Fenn's Oriental studies. The decorative borders show a fertility of resources and

a richness of detail which separate them from ordinary borders. Mr. Smith is indeed partial to one or two forms of arabesque ornament which quickly betray his hand, but the elegance and freedom of his modeling easily reconcile us to a general repetition. He shows, however, in this book a wide range of treatment, and if the scheme had required him to supply a fresh border for each design we have no doubt that he would have been quite equal to the emergency. Of the borders which make no use of the human figure we should especially praise the arch and pillars inclosing the words "That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven;" the choice of the form is a very happy one, the impartial goodness of God being symbolized with dignity in the perfect harmony and symmetry of the parts. We are tempted to ask for a little more depth and rotundity in the technical rendering of the design, but the whole effect is so satisfying that the eye rests on it long with pleasure. Again, there is a most brilliant setting of the Lord's Prayer by this same artist, which one longs to see translated into glass; and the reproduction of architectural and sculpturesque effects is singularly well considered, the statues in the niches losing none of their stony character. All of the figure decorations are carefully studied, and not mere meaningless forms. One is reminded of this when, in the repetition of these borders, the use in one instance is fit and clear, in another far-fetched and not immediately applicable; but that is not the artist's fault.

The variety discoverable in this book follows very naturally from the distribution of the parts to several artists, and the apparent absence of any controlling mind, harmonizing all into an intelligible unity. There is no doubt that the entire effect, if a little bewildering, is rich and ornate, and tempts one to a comparison of details. The contrary impression easily follows from an examination of Mr. Kingsley's illustration of a selection from Mr. Whittier's poems.[1] The reading of the title-page suggests the spirit in which the work has been undertaken. Mr. Whittier's poetry is recognized as finely interpretative of nature. It has the breath of life in it; it is nature living, pulsating, in sympathy with man, sometimes even fantastically reproductive of human sentiment, but always a nature which has been seen out-of-doors, so to speak. Mr. Kingsley, on his part, is understood to approach nature in the same spirit, to undertake the translation of her moods into line as the poet into verse. Hence when he selects Mr. Whittier's stanzas for illustration, we may assume that his intent has been to see into the subjects of the poetry from the same angle as that employed by the poet. Although this book contains no formal announcement of Mr. Kingsley's method, it is no secret that the draughtsman is his own engraver, and that he professes to rely for a portion at least of his results upon open-air work with his tools.

From such conditions one may justly expect a unity and an integrity in the execution of this work of a remarkable sort. It would seem impossible to provide conditions more favorable to a fine success. Mr. Whittier, feeding his eye upon the Conway intervale, breaks out into the lines, so fervid with emotion, which record his spiritual pilgrimage as he travels through the gateway of the hills. Many a person reading A Summer Pilgrimage has taken the lines to himself as repeating, more definitely than he could invent, his own sentiment. But Mr. Kingsley is permitted to see the same view, and with the poem in mind, while the sunlight falls upon the actual scene before him, to reproduce,

[1] *Poems of Nature.* By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Illustrated from nature by ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

not the view as it lies before the unthoughtful observer, — a photograph could do that, — but the view poetically charged by the information which the poet has given it.

We have taken for our example the first of the designs in the book, but all are substantially to be subjected to the same test. If this soul of poetry be not in the pictures, all excellence of technique is but a barren result, and the mere conditions of execution are of no significance; if it be there, one is privileged to inquire how far its presence is due to extraordinary means. Is the artist and engraver a Whittier on wood?

That Mr. Kingsley does see into nature these pictures intimate rather than show unmistakably. In each design there is something more than a mechanical rendering of landscape effects, yet no one picture, unless it be Deer Island Pines or November, satisfies one that the artist has passed beyond a certain crude state of expression into that of a really serene poetic mood. Even November, in which the gray, gusty aspect of nature is delicately reproduced, has an irritating note in the sombre, misty figure on the hillside. The want of precision in the lines of an object apparently so near the eye indicates a helplessness in this artist when dealing with the human figure, which is further instanced by the two figures in The Mirage of Memory, and by the almost childish treatment of the string of men in The Decoy Beacon. We should say in general that composition — that test of the real artist — was only partially developed in Mr. Kingsley, and that he succeeded best in those scenes which the camera would outline for him. Thus his comparative failures in this book are The Storm on Lake Asquam, Night after a Storm at Sea, The Three Bells, and The Decoy Beacon. In all of these he has used a certain violence of fancy in place of a strong, commanding imagination. Let one, for instance, compare his rendering of The Storm on Lake Asquam with Whittier's corresponding verses. The poet has made his few masterly lines to sweep through all the sudden changes of the air with an unfeverish, yet quick, majestic movement, while the prelusive reference to the prophet Elijah seems to linger in the reader's mind throughout. There is no straining for effect, but the storm comes and goes in these few verses with a rush and a subsidence which are the very image of nature. Mr. Kingsley, on the other hand, who can of course seize only a moment, manages to solidify the scene by the hard emphasis which he has laid upon the cloud forms, and by the unpleasant marking of his foreground, — a fault which reappears in other pictures, — while the clouds themselves offer a grotesque suggestion of a gigantic form struggling.

It is when Mr. Kingsley contents himself with patient rendering of some fraction of a picture that we can take satisfaction in his work. Besides those of which we have spoken, we may call attention to A Winter Storm, where he has wisely limited his work to the expression of a single phase. Evening by the Lakeside strikes us as nearest to success in composition, while owing its greatest merit to its reproduction of atmospheric effect. Mount Chocorua, if one can keep his eyes upon the mountain, instead of having them drawn off in curiosity to the foreground, is strong where strength is most needed, but the large, broad view with which the book opens is minified by the lines which fracture the effect instead of heightening it.

Yet in all these pictures there are bits so good, so truthful, so full of fine suggestion and poetic thought, that one is almost ready to forgive the artist for his pardonable ambition to make great pictures in the frequent opportunities which this ambition has brought him of

showing how admirably he is capable of expressing a single thought. If the general impression of the book is one of crudeness, the most abiding one, after all, is of native force, and enthusiasm, and genuine love of nature, with a dexterity of manipulation which hits oftener than it misses.

There is a certain uniqueness in the design of this Whittier volume which interests one at the outset. The illustrated Childe Harold[1] comes with no such coigne of vantage. It is one of a large class of picture-books with which the public is tolerably familiar. The example was set, we believe, by Rogers's Italy, and has been followed with fair success, especially on this side of the water. A poem which needs no heralding is placed in the hands of a number of artists, who are bidden express in black and white their views of certain scenes and figures; where actual landscapes or buildings are referred to in the verse, an attempt is made to delineate these; the divisions of the poem are marked by ornamental devices; there are head-pieces and tail-pieces, and sometimes initial letters. The book is printed on paper which is well calendered and tinted, is generally small quarto in form, and is furnished with a cover of temperate richness in decoration.

The fashion being a well-established one, the opportunity for excellence lies not in the variation here and there from the accepted form, but in the thoroughness and general excellence with which the design is carried out. One asks if the printing is even; if the engraving is uniformly good; if the designs, all three or four inches square, are hack work, or genuine, fresh studies by artists who do not count the cost, but give the best they have. It is this last test which is the crucial one. The fact is, the whole system of giving out books for illustration is an artificial one, which is not calculated to bring out a high order of work. Suppose the reverse method were adopted, and the company of poets whom Mr. Stedman invited to his recent reception were called upon to furnish verses which would serve as mottoes to one of the exhibitions of the National Academy. They could do it, and there is enough cleverness among them to insure some happy turns in thus matching poetry with art; but one sees, without trying the experiment, that the process is essentially mechanical.

On the other hand, there have been fortunate hits under this general system of book illustration. An artist has worked in a vein which naturally suggests a certain poet, or he has made, out of his own interest, studies in the very art of interpretation of this writer. Then the task of the publisher who is ordering an illustration is an easy one, and the danger of getting a piece of perfunctory work is removed. The secret, we suspect, of success, when one of these formal picture-books is lifted into a real exhibition of good art, lies in the tact and experience of the manager of the enterprise. If he knows thoroughly the aptitude of artists, and avails himself of their interest and enthusiasm rather than attempts to force inspiration upon them, he is likely to be rewarded with at least occasional pictures of spontaneous worth.

We are not preparing by this accidental excursus for swooping down upon the illustrated Byron. It is an excellent specimen of its class. The page is a fair one, printing and paper are commendable, there is an evenness of execution which implies good oversight, and after one has accepted easily the trim, agreeable cuts which occur at pretty regular intervals he turns back to a few which invite more than a passing glance.

Such are those illustrating the lines

[1] *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.* A Romaunt, by Lord Byron. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

Childe Harold basked him in the noon-tide sun,"
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,"
And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,"

nd the subjects of The Field of Water-oo, and Pathless Woods. Some of the ecorative head-pieces, again, notably hose to Cantos I. and IV., are rich and xtremely effective. It seems a pity, ince the designs are all of much the ame order of treatment, that there ould not have been a corresponding greement between the various decora-ive designs. Had these all been in the anner and of the vigor of those which ve have noted, the contrast between the ecorative and pictorial portions would ave been heightened, to the manifest dvantage of each. The eye is relieved y the occasional appearance of these culpturesque forms, but takes little in-erest in the incidental posies, caps and pears, and the like which serve as flour-shes.

It is quite another affair when an rtist takes some short poem for a theme, nd plays variations upon it. No ju-icious publisher, laying out a holiday ook, could call into being so ingenious nd efflorescent a trifle as is spun by he wit of two artists working, the one s a complement of the other, upon the naterial offered by Dr. Holmes's The Last Leaf.[1] Mr. Edwards has supplied he figures and the lettering and de-ices, Mr. Smith the landscapes. The nnocent reader, familiar with the airy ittle poem, may ask, What landscapes? nd while reflecting upon the opportuni-ies for figure work may puzzle himself o discover more than one. Little he knows of the nimble fancy by which hese clever artists have tossed the poem back and forth between them, seeing a whole story in a word and a life history in a line. Nor is the ingenuity idle or strained. There is reason for each of the well-studied drawings, and what especially pleases us is the seriousness with which Messrs. Edwards and Smith have taken their pictures as soon as they have slipped away from the suggestion so deftly caught from the text. Once given a clue to a picture, and the picture itself occupies the attention altogether. The only case where we observe a somewhat idle importation of the poem into the picture is in the charming design of the old fellow out on his walk, leaning over the bars by a field. The sketch is quite sufficient by itself without the very obvious moral of a single leaf upon the bare branches of the tree by the roadside.

Occasionally the reference in the picture is allusive, as in the illustration of the lines

"And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow,"

where there is an interior just ready for an old body: rocking-chair set with slippers in front of it, rose-bushes on the window-seat, and frost and snow without, — a somewhat far-fetched sentiment, but adding a little variety to the treatment. Usually the reference is direct enough, but the picture is full with its own purpose.

The tints used in printing and the graceful variety of the embroidery of the text suit well the light, playful character of the verse; the strength of the picture again responds to that lingering note of gravity which makes this poem a marvel among its kind. Mr. Smith, with his free, forcible charcoal drawings, so admirably reproduced by the phototype process, is not more serious than Dr. Holmes himself, only the seriousness in both cases is the bass in a perfect harmony. The artists may be congratulated that they have found to their purpose a mechanical process which answers easily both to their light and to their heavy touch, and the general effect produced in this well-conceived and well-

[1] *The Last Leaf.* Poem by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Illustrated by GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS and F. HOPKINSON SMITH. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

executed volume is so harmonious as almost to have the value of a new artistic invention. It can hardly set an example to be followed, but we think it will encourage artists to believe that there are more ways open than they had supposed to a satisfactory reproduction of their happy thoughts in art.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to me as follows: —

"It is believed by many that from the discussion now perplexing the nation concerning a proper memorial to General Grant the need we have of an American Pantheon or Westminster will make itself manifest. The principal arguments advanced in favor of such a project are, —

"First, that unless the remains of America's most honored dead are soon brought together their graves will be forgotten; and

"Second, that the glories of the dead are belittled by the obscure and scattered places in which their remains at present repose."

There are doubtless a dozen other arguments that might be brought forward in support of the plan indicated; but there remain about two thousand objections to it. As the Contributors' Club could not begin to hold so many objections, I shall offer only two or three in outline, after remarking that the conditions which made, and make, Westminster Abbey are wholly lacking in this country, and will be forever lacking.

In the first place, we ought to have a single London, instead of six or seven, each vociferously claiming to be the only original genuine London, the one bright particular spot upon which the national mausoleum should be erected. In the second place, such an institution should be under the ægis of a great established church, in default of which our Pantheon would ultimately become the receptacle of extinct pugilists and those local statesmen who prepare themselves behind bar-room counters for the toils (and spoils) of public life. With each change of the administration there would be a revolution in the management of the Pantheon, and a cry of "Turn the rascals out!" With the straight Republicans in office, no horrible Mugwump, however distinguished, would be allowed sanctuary there; with the Democrats in power, the gates would be pitilessly slammed on the noses of defunct "offensive partisans." In the third place, the tomb at Mount Vernon and the romancer's grave on the hillside in Sleepy Hollow (to mention no other shrines) are very well where they are, and no sensible person wants them removed. In regard to celebrities who may hereafter pass away — and here comes in a perplexing contingency — it is by no means certain that their families would look with favor on the Pantheon. They might prefer some baseball-ground, or Jones's Wood, or the Point of Pines.

There is something very impressive and touching in the idea of a Poets' Corner, where the sweet singers and sober historians and realistic novelists are peacefully brought together (however little they may have agreed with one another in the flesh), and flattered with statues and mural tablets; but if the nation really wishes to honor that class of its unprotected but faithful children, and at the same time do honor to itself, let the nation make an equitable copyright treaty with England, and the

literary fellers will provide their own headstones. Such a treaty would cost less than an attempt at an American Westminster Abbey, and would be greatly preferable to that amusing but, fortunately, impracticable piece of architecture.

A man of letters wants so many things before he wants to be buried — a comfortable income while living is so much more satisfactory to him than a sculptured monument when dead — that his talk about a national Pantheon, in the absence of an international copyright law, is, so far as he is concerned, a little exasperating. It falls coldly on his ear when he reflects how he is pilaged by foreign publishers, and that even his native land gives him only a few years' proprietorship in the work of his own hand and brain.

— Has it been noted generally that Mr. Howe's Story of a Country Town is a striking instance of the provincial influence in literature? What a hopeless and depressing book it is! One feels in reading it that the author has depicted his own weariness of his environment much more than he has portrayed the environment itself. A *littérateur* or an artist, whose lines of life are cast outside the great centres of thought, is very apt, I imagine, to fancy himself accursed of the gods and under the shadow of an immitigable evil. Such an one, if he chance to be enamored of realism, is sure to saturate his art work with an evasive but powerful reflex of his personal hopes and despairs. The preface to Mr. Howe's story is a peculiarly bitter, almost hypochondriacal bit of realism; it is, in fact, sincerity so bald and autobiographically put that it has the ring of a bitterness too personal for the public ear. I do not mean criticism here, for, after all, this preface throws a strangely fascinating light forward over the whole length of the story, suggesting and resuggesting the fact that it could not have been written under any other than the bleakest provincial influences. The tragic force of Jane Eyre is not found in Mr. Howe's story, but one is continually reminded of Charlotte Brontë, as one reads page after page of cheerless quasi-realism, gloomy, almost romantic, that affects one like a confession. The Story of a Country Town is, in fact, a romance. It is not true to Western life, which is the most cheerful and rollicking life in the world; but it is true to Mr. Howe's disgust for its limitations, its lack of sympathy with art, its rawness, and its uninspiring air of mere largeness. Mr. Howe is a realist only in method. He is a visionary, a dreamer of weird dreams, a builder of strange, haunted castles. The people of his book are not the wide-awake, cheerful, energetic, virile Westerners whose achievements have astonished the world; they are the creatures of a powerful imagination, laboring under galling restraints, and tinged — nay, deeply dyed — with the morbidness born of personal isolation and an inordinate longing for recognition. Nothing would seem more natural than for the provincial author, subjected, as he must be, to harrowing hindrances, vexations, and disappointments, to fall into a jaundiced state, and see everything around him through a cheerless mist. It would be a curious and interesting study for some patient investigator, this question of provincial literary life, and of the value of provincial literature. I imagine that an author born and reared far from the great centres of culture, and who undertakes to achieve recognition with his pen at such a distance from all the strongest literary influences, may not be able to keep his own personal history out of his work. The world over, your provincial is a person who considers his special ambition the whole of life. Once he takes into his nostrils a whiff from the "odorous Araby of art," he begins longing "to go on pilgrimages," and

to drink from the wells of a "far countrie." Not often has this solitary victim of ambition that desperate energy which hurled Alphonse Daudet and his great predecessor, Balzac, into Paris; but persistence and unlimited earnestness he is sure to possess. He becomes next to a monomaniac on the subject of authorship and his especial mission therein. He imagines rich pastures from which he is temporarily walled out, and he racks his brain over cunning plans for breaking in. The result is a sort of literature quite *sui generis*, having scarcely any element in it that would make it of kin to the great body of contemporaneous work. There is a flavor of genuine originality in these provincial literary fruits which gives them a value that is not to be overlooked or underestimated. Such books as the Story of a Country Town, Where the Battle was Fought, and the earlier stories of Cable come to us from outside the circle of the choir, so to speak, and bear upon their pages the impress of genius, growing and blowing in an atmosphere which, while not suited to its highest needs, has afforded it certain constituents so rare and fine that one doubts after all whether its loss is greater than its gain. It is a noteworthy fact that it evidently is hard for a provincial writer to be realistic in the accepted sense of the word. Mr. Howe, Miss Murfree, and Mr. Cable have struggled hard to be analysts; but they have not yet got the poetry and romance, so dear to provincial hearts, quite subdued and repressed, nor have they been able to gain control of that kind of humor which is the fragrance of a literary vintage peculiar to the great centres of culture. Still, in place of these qualities, they have to offer a freshness and an air of concentrated earnestness seldom noticeable in the works of our sophisticated world-wise authors who toil in the great cities.

— Doubtless no article on a literary subject, lately written, has been more widely read, not to say conned and studied, than Mr. Stevenson's article on Style, which appeared first in the Contemporary Review, and which has since been freely quoted and reprinted in the American magazines and journals. The fact is, that mighty little weapon which Bulwer thought so much of everybody is now trying to learn how to wield, and perhaps they all expect that Mr. Stevenson has disclosed some secrets. Rhythm he has taken for his theme, and though not so sensitive as some are to the influences of sound, we must admit that he has written a very ingenious and interesting paper, and because it is ingenious and interesting it will pay for at least one attentive reading; but as far as any practical assistance to the writer goes, the results of Mr. Stevenson's lucubrations are *nil*. Nay, when we come to this sentence, "The vowel demands to be repeated, the consonant demands to be repeated, and both cry aloud to be perpetually varied," it seems to us that the plot thickens. Not that the circulation of practical hints in authorship is supposed by any means to have been the motive of Mr. Stevenson's paper, or that those who have read it with so much eagerness were aware that there might have been a connection between their preferences for the article and their own aspirations, secret or otherwise. The fact, however, that there was, doubtless, such a connection remains true, and the most interested readers, without doubt, laid down the article, after reading it through, with some sense of disappointment. They vaguely expected that so much analysis would lead to something in the end. It is true the article has a conclusion, and a formal conclusion, too, with a summing-up of the points; but it is a little too much like the famous conclusion of Rasselas, and — to carry the analogy further — the pursuit in question like the old pursuit of the phantom of hope

If it is inspiration that the reader wants, he had better by far take up such an article as Mr. Stevenson's brilliant little essay entitled A Gossip of Romance.

Many were disappointed in George Eliot's Life and Letters because she had so little to tell concerning her literary performance, and because they found so little apparent connection between her life and her work. Anthony Trollope was not so reticent. He took people literally behind the scenes, and showed them so much of his methods and machinery that even his admirers were disenchanted. But let those thus initiated try to produce a work similar to any work produced by Anthony Trollope, and what is the result? Who is it that can imitate him?

No work of Hawthorne's was more eagerly sought for and read, at the time of publication, than his Note-Books, crude though the Notes were when compared with his finished work. This was because in the Note-Books Hawthorne's admirers were allowed to follow him into his workshop, into his laboratory even, and find out his secret if they could. This they seem about to do, when the great master-workman turns his back upon them, as it were, and they miss the one process that determines the whole effect. The secret of original authorship is something that cannot be imparted. Inventions, methods, thoughts, ideas, may be communicated to one and another, but when it comes to style, *le style c'est l'homme.*

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Art. Eugène Delacroix, par Lui-même (J. Rouam, Librairie de L'Art, Paris), is not, in spite of the "par lui-même," an autobiography. From Delacroix's own letters, the memoranda of his contemporaries, and various other sources, M. Dargenty has compiled a charming account of the life, impressions, trials, and triumphs of the great French painter, — the strongest and most original painter of his epoch. In order to be a fine artist a man must be something more than that, and Delacroix was a great deal more. The editor was wise in drawing the chief portion of his material from M. Burty's collection of the painter's correspondence, all of which is stamped with the magnetic personality of the man. To those familiar with these letters the volume will bring little that is new; but the story of Delacroix's life is well worth retelling, and here it is very spiritedly and picturesquely told. — We have received from the same publisher: La Tapisserie dans l'Antiquité, par Louis de Ronchaud; L'Encaustique et les autres procédés de Peinture chez les Anciens, par MM. Cros et Henry; and the Dictionnaire des Émailleurs depuis le Moyen Age jusqu'à le fin du XVIII^e^ Siècle, par Émil Molinier. These admirable works are rather too technical for the general reader; indeed, they are especially addressed, both in text and in illustration, to collectors and amateurs. The Dictionnaire des Émailleurs, however, would be a valuable hand-book for anybody in the slightest degree interested in one of the most delicate and fascinating of the arts. — From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. we have the latest numbers of The Portfolio and L'Art, containing the usual variety of excellent letter-press and choice engravings.

Literature and Criticism. Malthus and his Work, by James Bonar, M. A. (Macmillan & Co.), is, so far as we are aware, the clearest and most satisfactory exposition that we have had of Malthus's economic theories and speculations. The writer's attitude is that of the historian rather than the critic: he gives an impartial statement of the problems which Malthus endeavored to solve, and presents the various arguments that have been brought to bear against the Essay on Population and the author's other works. The chapters devoted to the critics of Malthus are not so exhaustive as they might have been, yet perhaps sufficiently full for Mr. Bonar's plan. An excellent brief biographical sketch closes the volume, which is written in a sprightly and engaging style not usual in books dealing with so dry a subject as political economy.

Fiction. Uncle Tom's Cabin, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, appears in a new, cheap edition (Houghton), and in this form will be a new book to thousands of readers. We shall watch with interest for the effect which the book produces upon persons who read it now as a historical romance. — Madame de Presnel, by E. Frances Poynter (Holt), is one of the Leisure Hour Series. The author has taken great pains with her characters, individualizing them carefully and avoiding mere car-

icature. The variety, both in persons and in incidents, is marked; and if the work seems a little labored, the reader at any rate perceives that he is in the hands of an intelligent story-teller. — The Tinted Venus, a farcical romance, by F. Anstey. (Appleton.) We wish this clever writer would hold his forces more in reserve, and not waste them on such tawdry material as this book offers. Burlesque in literature should be used lightly, and not slapped on as it is here. — Luck of a Wandering Dane, by Hans Lykkejaeger. (For sale by all newsdealers.) This fortune-hunter offers in text and illustration a sketch of his early years, which he tells us, in italics, is the record of actual experiences. There is no unlikelihood in this, and occasionally the tale is told with snap and cleverness, but on the whole its humor is rather of the swaggering sort, and hardly worth smiling over. — A Prince of Darkness and A Vagrant Wife, by Florence Warden (Appleton), are two more of the unwholesome books which this writer is tumbling into the world. They remind one of the photographs of comediennes liberally displayed in shop windows, proper enough so far as externals go, but dreadfully suggestive of a world in which there is no reserve. — The Old Doctor, a romance of Queer Village, by John Vance Cheney. (Appleton.) We think Mr. Cheney is a victim of his own wit, and that in his eagerness to be sprightly he has overshot the mark. — As it was Written, A Jewish Musician's Story, by Sidney Luska. (Cassell.) Whatever faults this book has, they are not those of most current fiction; whatever promise it gives, it does not suggest a variation on popular novels. — Under the Snow and A Picture Story, by Katharine Macquoid (S. P. C. K., London; Young, New York), are a couple of short stories of Swiss and French life, bound in one volume. — In Healey, Jessie Fothergill takes up again the story of mill life in Lancashire, which has heretofore drawn her attention, and to which she gives an artist's eye and a woman's sympathetic thought. The volume is uniform with her previous novels in the Leisure Hour Series. (Holt.) — A Social Experiment, by A. E. P. Searing. (Putnams.) The basis of the experiment is so improbable that one regards the trial itself as altogether too merely — suppose a case. — Philip Osborn, a romance of the Revolution, by E. J. Edwards. (Greenwich Graphic, Greenwich, Conn.) We do not know if this unpretentious little paper-covered book be founded on fact, but the writer has thrown himself into the story with real story-telling vim, and has used the historical material without too much conscious antiquarianism. — Mr. Arlo Bates, who has already made one or two ventures in fiction, now comes forward with what may be regarded as a more positive challenge of the public attention in A Wheel of Fire. (Scribners.) — Recent numbers of Harper's Handy Series are: Cut by the County, by M. E Braddon; Paul Crew's Story, by Alice Comyns Carr; No Medium, by Annie Thomas; and In Peril and Privation, by James Payn. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are: Entangled, by E. Fairfax Byrrne; Lady Lovelace, by E. Pirkis; A Coquette's Conquest, by Basil; The Waters of Hercules, by E. D. Gerard; The Royal Highlanders by James Grant; Love's Harvest, by B. L. Farjeon; and George Eliot's Adam Bede. — Le Père Goriot forms the initial volume of Roberts Brothers' series of translations from Balzac. The novel is, on the whole, very carefully translated. The publishers are to be praised for the fresh and charming style in which they have issued the book.

History and Biography. The Life and Letters of John Brown, liberator of Kansas and martyr of Virginia, edited by F. B. Sanborn. (Roberts.) If one did not go beyond the title-page he would still find something to criticise. Liberator of Kansas is a title which no man can carry, not even Governor Robinson, who deserves the title better. But one will not stop at the title-page, and he will be rewarded by a large and important collection of material with which to begin his estimate of John Brown's character and place. — New York and the Conscription of 1863, a chapter in the history of the civil war, by James B. Fry. (Putnams.) A Provost Marshal-General at the time, the author of this vigorous little work has a right to be heard, and his claim that Governor Seymour was at heart opposed to the law is deserving of careful consideration. — History of the Town of Cheshire, Berkshire County, Mass., by Mrs. Ellen M. Rayno and Mrs. Emma L. Petitclerc, (Clark W. Bryan & Co., Holyoke, Mass.), is a delightful variation from ordinary town histories, since it attempts to reproduce the local life without too much anxiety to secure dignified attributes. By following a chronological method, and sweeping in everything they can find as they go along, small and great, the authors have set an example which might well be followed, say, by the graduates of our girls' colleges, who go back to their country homes and wonder what they shall do next. — Champions of the Right, by E. Gilliat (S. P. C. K., London; Young, New York): a series of biographical sketches of the didactic sort, treating of Alfred the Great, St. Hugh of Lincoln, Jeanne d'Arc, Wiclif, More, Raleigh, and others. — Michigan, by T. M. Cooley, is the fifth number of the American Commonwealths Series (Houghton), and will be read with interest outside of the limits of the commonwealth of which it treats. The study of wild-cat banking, given in one of the chapters, is singularly clear, forcible, and suggestive; and the whole examination of the growth of a typical commonwealth will be of great service to all students who regard American history as something more than a matter of narrative; the relation of the State to the Union may be studied here in facts as well as in philosophy. — The Story of Greece, by James A. Harrison (Putnams), is the first of a series entitled The Story of the Nations. It may savor of hypercriticism, but we would ask if the word *story* is not likely to be overworked. The first suggestion which the title of this volume and series presents is that the publishers or editors are uneasy lest they should happen to be offering something dull. History is history, and this book aims at giving the history of Greece in a compact form but not a desiccated form. In his anxiety, however, not to be dry, Mr. Harrison has rushed to the other extreme, and irritates the reasonable

eader by his jocularity and forced vivacity. The oung reader is aimed at, but the young reader, e hope, does not need to be treated as if he were poor *blasé* creature, who has had a surfeit of ction, and now must be cajoled back into hon- t history. — Some Noted Princes, Authors, and tatesmen of our time, by Farrar, Fields, Forbes, Whipple, Parton, Mrs. Moulton, and others, ed- ed by James Parton (Crowell): a collection of ort sketches, not formal biographies, of noted en and women. The authors are for the most rt those who could bring a personal acquaint- nce to the task. The book is a readable one, ough of very varying literary merit. — The First hree English Books on America [?1511]–1555, eing chiefly translations, compilations, etc., by ichard Eden, from the writings, maps, etc., of ietro Martire, Sebastian Münster, and Sebastian abot, edited by Edward Arber. (Scribner & Wel- rd.) We have not given in full the title-page of is important reprint, which is a quarto volume, nd due to the energy of that extraordinary liter- ry missionary, Mr. Arber. The work is of great alue to historical students, both of the Elizabethan ra and of early America, and to the student of terature as well. — Mr. Lodge's edition of the Works of Alexander Hamilton (Putnam's Sons) as reached its fourth volume. We shall speak in etail of the work on the appearance of the unpub- shed writings promised by the editor. — Memoirs f Karoline Bauer, translated from the German Roberts Bros.), is a gossipy and not slightly alicious volume of reminiscences, dealing with ertain Continental folk in the early part of this entury. The original is greatly condensed in the ranslation, and rather improved morally.

Education and Text-Books. Students' Songs, ompiled and edited by William H. Hills (Moses ing, Cambridge), is a collection of threescore ongs sung at college. To hear these songs on he campus is one thing, and the hearer leaves his ritical ears behind him. To sit down in cold lood and examine them is to tempt one to alto- ether too much scorn. What a pity that with all his nonsense and silliness college students should ot occasionally mingle a simple old English mel- dy or a song of Franz's! Perhaps if this were lone, by and by some college student would pro- luce genuine music. — Scott's Marmion has been dited with notes by W. J. Rolfe (Ticknor), upon he same general plan as the acceptable Lady of he Lake. Mr. Rolfe again shows himself a most crupulous textual editor, and the richness with which Scott either directly or indirectly annotated he poem enables him to give a very interesting body of comment and illustration. We think the book is well calculated to give the young student a real enthusiasm for Scotland. — The Manual of Phonography, by Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard (Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati), is a revised edition of the manual which for thirty years has been the standard text-book of phonogra- phy in America. — Anatomy, Physiology, and Hy- giene is a manual for the use of colleges, schools, and general readers, — that is, readers in general, — by Jerome Walker, M. D. (A. Lovell & Co., New York.) The reader looks with favor upon this manual because it is the outcome of practical teaching in the schools of Brooklyn, and because the book has already passed the criticism of a number of specialists. At first we were inclined to think the book too large, but the division of sub- jects and the considerable space given to the ap- pendix matter make it possible to use it judi- ciously without necessarily using the whole. — The Education of Man, by Friedrich Froebel, translated by Josephine Jarvis. (A. Lovell & Co., New York.) This is Froebel's first work, and pre- cedes his development of the kindergarten. Its value, therefore, is not so much in its practical suggestion, although that forms an important part, as in its philosophical analysis of the growing man. Miss Jarvis's translation is sometimes ap- parently faithful to the original at the expense of freedom and clearness. — Outline of Lecture Notes on General Chemistry, by John T. Stoddard (Harris, Rogers & Co., Boston): a compact hand- book for use in the laboratory. — Text-Book of Newfoundland History, for the use of schools and academies, by the Rev. M. Harvey. (Doyle and Whittle, Boston.) While this little book neces- sarily appeals first to Newfoundland people, it is so clear and well arranged an account of a history which in its early passages is identified with the English possession of America that it will be found of value to all young students of our his- tory. The writer is singularly well equipped for his task. — Austin Stickney has prepared a text of Cicero's De Officiis, with an introductory essay and commentary. — The Song Budget, a collection of songs and music for schools and educational gath- erings, compiled by E. V. De Graff. (Bardeen, Syracuse.) The bulk of the book is made up of songs which have caught the ear of two or three generations. — Mr. W. H. Rawle's Phi Beta Kappa address has been published by Porter & Coates, under the title The Case of the Educated Unem- ployed. — The Study of Political Economy, by J. Laurence Laughlin (Appleton), is a little vol- ume of hints to students and teachers given by an enthusiastic professor, who sees in the study to which he has devoted himself the wide relations borne to law, theology, politics, history, and vari- ous departments of practical life. His words are intended to lure other men, especially other young men, to this study. A reading of the book by teachers ought to lead to a more intelligible and a broader treatment of the themes.

Public Affairs. Our Sea-Coast Defenses, by Eu- gene Griffin, is the first of a series of Military Monographs, published by the Military Service Institution. (Putnams.) The work is not revolu- tionary in its tone, but critical, examining the sev- eral methods now in use. The author naturally expends much of his inquiry upon the condition of New York harbor, and shows clearly how de- fenseless the place is. — The Annual Report of the operations of the United States Life-Saving Ser- vice, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1884 (Gov- ernment Printing Office, Washington), contains, besides its official and technical information, un- copyrighted material for the use of novelists who need to wreck their characters. — The Science of Business, a study of the principles controlling the

laws of exchange, by Roderick H. Smith (Putnams), will arrest attention by the clearness of its statements, the confidence which the author shows in his positions, and the firm grasp of the laws underlying commercial operations. It is not often that so trenchant a book appears. — The American Caucus System, its origin, purpose, and ability, by George W. Lawton. (Putnams.) Mr. Lawton gives a crisp and apparently well-studied historical account of the caucus. He is disposed to accept it as a necessity, and so suggests measures by which it may be a servant, and not a master. Perhaps it did not come within the scope of his subject, but would it not have been well to outline the methods used in parts of America where the caucus does not hold, to accomplish the same results? — The Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden, edited by John Bigelow. In two volumes. (Harpers.) We are very glad that so convenient a repertory of Mr. Tilden's writings has been formed. A public man's character is tried chiefly by his deeds, and Mr. Tilden suffers the enormous disadvantage of defeat; but these writings so far record his public acts and views that if he ever is to enjoy a rehabilitation at the hands of historians they will have no excuse for examining well his claims to the place which his devoted friends assign to him. — Population by Ages, a contribution to the analysis of the social condition of the United States, with special reference to the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, by William S. Landsberg, Baltimore: a pamphlet of thirty pages.

Books for Young People. The Adventures of Jimmy Brown, written by himself and edited by W. L. Alden (Harpers), is hardly to be commended, and reads as if the author were desperately resolved not to be serious. It belongs to the general order of cheap and not over-nice fun. It supposes not merely a mischievous boy, but a witless one. — Lives of Poor Boys who became Famous, by Sarah K. Bolton. (Crowell.) Mrs. Bolton has chosen her twenty-eight subjects from various nationalities and professions. There is no apparent system except that of variety. The one thread which runs through them is suggested by the title; but is not this notion rather overdone? Judging from the literature of the subject, one would say that to be famous one must begin poor. Will not some one encourage the disheartened rich boy? The truth is that in the churning of modern society the distinction of poor and rich in the matter of fame is pretty well obliterated. At any rate, there is more need of telling the story of truth, honesty, and righteousness with utter subordination of poverty and wealth. — Chapters on Plant Life, by Sophie Bledsoe Herrick (Harpers), is an interesting little volume, which commends itself by the unaffected simplicity of its langua and its freedom from that feverish fear lest one audience should slip away, which characterizes much of the literature of knowledge for you people. — The Pine Cone Stories, by Willis Bo Allen (Lothrop), is a volume of short stori slightly strung on a thread of incident. They a cheerful, brisk stories, by a disciple apparently Dickens and Mr. Hale. — The Boy's Book of Ba tle Lyrics, by Thomas Dunn English (Harpers is a collection of poems relating to America, b stopping at the war for the Union. These poe are all by Dr. English, and are furnished wi historical notes and introductions. The patriot boy, who looks more to action in verse than perfect rhythm, will not be so severe a critic of t poetry as his less mercurial sire. — The Adve tures of Harry Marline, or Notes from an Ame can Midshipman's Lucky Bag, by Admiral Porte (Appleton.) Avast there! At this point our nau cal style breaks down, but we wish we could on, for ordinary language fails in noticing a boo which sets back the clock to the time when Capta Marryat sailed the seas with all the boys behi him. Admiral Porter's book suggests a voya round the world for the writing of it, and anoth for the reading. — Birchwood, by Jak (Crowell), a readable book detailing the experiences of son young people, who profited by the hints of sens ble elders, and worked out on a small scale t problem of self-education in natural history.

Travel and Nature. By-Ways and Bird Note by Maurice Thompson. (John B. Alden, Ne York.) We are always, unfailingly, glad to me Mr. Thompson out-of-doors, and we should have objection if this charming little book were longe but for heaven's sake, not longer in the page. Fish and Men in the Maine Islands, by W. H Bishop (Harpers), is a pleasant little reprint fro Harper's Monthly, but shockingly ill made up its form, without title-page, and with the cuts looking as if they were not at home. — Souveni of Some Continents, by Archibald Forbes (Ha pers): the bright, somewhat fragmentary e periences of a clever journalist, who is alwa listened to attentively because he is both a m of the world and an honest, wholesome reporter men and things. — Old World Questions and Ne World Answers, by Daniel Pidgeon. (Harpers Mr. Pidgeon, who is a civil engineer, visited th country, and had in his mind those social and i dustrial problems which are vexing Europe, a especially England. He was a good observer a a thoughtful man, and his studies were ma with care and apparently without prejudice. It not often that an English traveler sends ba such useful hints to America. These last thr volumes are in Harper's Handy Series.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LVI. — DECEMBER, 1885. — No. CCCXXXVIII.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK SECOND.

XII.

Hyacinth and his companion took their seats with extreme promptitude before the curtain rose upon the Pearl of Paraguay. Thanks to Millicent's eagerness not to be late, they encountered the discomfort which had constituted her main objection to going into the pit: they waited for twenty minutes at the door of the theatre, in a tight, solid crowd, before the official hour of opening. Millicent, bareheaded and very tightly laced, presented a most splendid appearance, and on Hyacinth's part gratified a certain youthful, ingenuous pride of possession in every respect save a tendency, while ingress was denied them, to make her neighbors feel her elbows and to comment, loudly and sarcastically, on the situation. It was more clear to him, even, than it had been before, that she was a young lady who in public places might easily need a champion as an apologist. Hyacinth knew there was only one way to apologize for a "female," when the female was attached very closely and heavily to one's arm, and was reminded afresh how little constitutional aversion Miss Henning had to a row. He had an idea she might think his own taste ran even too little in that direction, and had visions of violent, confused scenes, in which he should in some way distinguish himself: he scarcely knew in what way, and imagined himself more easily routing some hulking adversary by an exquisite application of the retort courteous than by flying at him with a pair of very small fists.

By the time they had reached their places in the balcony Millicent was rather flushed and a good deal ruffled; but she had composed herself in season for the rising of the curtain upon the farce which preceded the melodrama, and which the pair had had no intention of losing. At this stage a more genial agitation took possession of her, and she surrendered her sympathies to the horseplay of the traditional prelude. Hyacinth found it less amusing, but the theatre, in any conditions, was full of sweet deception for him. His imagination projected itself lovingly across the footlights, gilded and colored the shabby canvas and battered accessories, and lost itself so effectually in the fiction world that the end of the play, however long, or however short, brought with it a kind of alarm, like a stoppage of his personal life. It was impossible to be more friendly to the dramatic illusion. Millicent, as the audience thickened, rejoiced more largely and loudly, held

Copyright, 1885, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

herself as a lady, surveyed the place as if she knew all about it, leaned back and leaned forward, fanned herself with majesty, gave her opinion upon the appearance and coiffure of every woman within sight, abounded in question and conjecture, and produced, from her pocket, a little paper of peppermint-drops, of which, under cruel threats, she compelled Hyacinth to partake. She followed with attention, though not always with success, the complicated adventures of the Pearl of Paraguay, through scenes luxuriantly tropical, in which the male characters wore sombreros and stilettos, and the ladies either danced the cachucha or fled from licentious pursuit; but her eyes wandered, during considerable periods, to the occupants of the boxes and stalls, concerning several of whom she had theories which she imparted to Hyacinth while the play went on, greatly to his discomfiture, he being unable to conceive of such levity. She had the pretension of knowing who every one was; not individually and by name, but as regards their exact social station, the quarter of London in which they lived, and the amount of money they were prepared to spend in the Buckingham Palace Road. She had seen the whole town pass through her establishment there, and though Hyacinth, from his infancy, had been watching it from his own point of view, his companion made him feel that he had missed a thousand characteristic points, so different were most of her interpretations from his, and so very bold and irreverent. Miss Henning's observation of human society had not been of a nature to impress her with its high moral tone, and she had a free, off-hand cynicism which imposed itself. She thought most ladies were hypocrites, and had, in all ways, a low opinion of her own sex, which, more than once, before this, she had justified to Hyacinth by narrating observations of the most surprising kind, gathered during her career as a shop-girl. There was a pleasing inconsequence, therefore, in he being moved to tears in the third act o the play, when the Pearl of Paraguay disheveled and distracted, dragging her self on her knees, implored the ster hidalgo, her father, to believe in her in nocence in spite of the circumstance which seemed to condemn her — a mid night meeting with the wicked hero i the grove of cocoanuts. It was at thi crisis, none the less, that she asked Hya cinth who his friends were in the princi pal box on the left of the stage, and le him know that a gentleman seated ther had been watching him, at intervals, fo the past half hour.

"Watching *me!* I like that!" sai the young man. "When I want to b watched I take you with me."

"Of course he has looked at me," Millicent answered, as if she had no in terest in denying that. "But you 're the one he wants to get hold of."

"To get hold of!"

"Yes, you ninny: don't hang back He may make your fortune."

"Well, if you would like him to com and sit by you, I 'll go and take a walk in the Strand," said Hyacinth, enter ing into the humor of the occasion, bu not seeing, from where he was placed any gentleman in the box. Millicen explained that the mysterious observe had just altered his position; he ha gone into the back of the box, whic had considerable depth. There were other persons in it, out of sight (sh and Hyacinth were too much on th same side). One of them was a lady concealed by the curtain; her arm, bare and covered with bracelets, was visibl at moments on the cushioned ledge Hyacinth saw it, in effect, reappea there, and even while the play went o contemplated it with a certain interest but until the curtain fell at the end o the act there was no further symptom that a gentleman wished to get hold o him.

"Now do you say it 's me he 's af-er?" Millicent asked abruptly, mak-ng him feel her elbow, as the fiddlers in ne orchestra began to scrape their in-truments for the interlude.

"Of course; I am only the pretext," Hyacinth replied, after he had looked a moment, in a manner which, he flattered imself, was a proof of quick self-pos-ession. The gentleman designated by is companion was once more at the ront, leaning forward, with his arms on ne edge. Hyacinth saw that he was oking straight at him, and our young an returned his gaze — an effort not ndered the more easy by the fact that, fter an instant, he recognized him.

"Well, if he knows us he might give me sign, and if he does n't he might ave us alone," Millicent declared, andoning the distinction she had made etween herself and her companion. he had no sooner spoken than the gen-eman complied with the first-men-oned of these conditions; he smiled at yacinth across the house — he nodded him with unmistakable friendliness. illicent, perceiving this, glanced at the ung man from Lomax Place, and saw at the demonstration had brought a ep color to his cheek. He was blush-g, flushing; whether with pleasure embarrassment was not immediately parent to her. "I say, I say — is one of your grand relations?" she romptly exclaimed. "Well, I can are as well as him;" and she told yacinth it was a "shime" to bring a ung lady to the play when you had n't much as an opera-glass for her to ok at the company. "Is he one of ose lords your aunt was always talk-g about, in the Place? Is he your ncle, or your grandfather, or your first second cousin? No, he 's too young r your grandfather. What a pity I n't see if he looks like you!"

At any other time Hyacinth would ave thought these inquiries in the worst ossible taste, but now he was too much given up to other reflections. It pleased him that the gentleman in the box should recognize and notice him, because even so small a fact as this was an extension of his social existence; but it also surprised and puzzled him, and it produced, generally, in his easily excited organism, an agitation of which, in spite of his attempted self-control, the appearance he presented to Millicent was the sign. They had met three times, he and his fellow-spectator; but they had met under circumstances which, to Hyacinth's mind, would have made a furtive wink, a mere tremor of the eyelid, a more judicious reference to the fact than so public a salutation. Hyacinth would never have permitted himself to greet him first; and this was not because the gentleman in the box belonged — conspicuously as he did so — to a different walk of society. He was apparently a man of forty, tall and lean and loose-jointed; he fell into lounging, dawdling attitudes, and even at a distance he looked lazy. He had a long, smooth, amused, contented face, unadorned with mustache or whisker, and his brown hair parted itself evenly over his forehead, and came forward on either temple in a rich, well-brushed lock which gave his countenance a certain analogy to portraits of English gentlemen about the year 1820. Millicent Henning had a glance of such range and keenness that she was able to make out the details of his evening dress, of which she appreciated the "form;" to observe the character of his large hands; and to note that he appeared to be perpetually smiling, that his eyes were extraordinarily light in color, and that, in spite of the dark, well-marked brows arching over them, his fine skin never had produced, and never would produce, a beard. Our young lady pronounced him, mentally, a "swell" of the first magnitude, and wondered more than ever where he had picked up Hyacinth. Her companion seemed to echo her thought when he

exclaimed, with a little surprised sigh, almost an exhalation of awe, "Well, I had no idea he was one of that lot!"

"You might at least tell me his name, so that I shall know what to call him when he comes round to speak to us," the girl said, provoked at her companion's incommunicativeness.

"Comes round to speak to us — a chap like that!" Hyacinth exclaimed.

"Well, I'm sure if he had been your own brother he could n't have grinned at you more! He may want to make my acquaintance, after all; he won't be the first."

The gentleman had once more retreated from sight, and there was as much evidence as that of the intention Millicent attributed to him. "I don't think I'm at all clear that I've a right to tell his name," he remarked, with sincerity, but with considerable disposition at the same time to magnify an incident which deepened the brilliancy of the entertainment he had been able to offer Miss Henning. "I met him in a place where he may not like to have it known that he goes."

"Do you go to places that people are ashamed of? Is it one of your political clubs, as you call them, where that dirty young man from Lambeth, Mr. Monument (what do you call him?), fills your head with ideas that 'll bring you to no good? I'm sure your friend over there does n't look as if he 'd be on *your* side."

Hyacinth had indulged in this reflection himself; but the only answer he made to Millicent was, "Well, then, perhaps he 'll be on yours!"

"Laws, I hope *she* ain't one of the aristocracy!" Millicent exclaimed, with apparent irrelevance; and, following the direction of her eyes, Hyacinth saw that the chair his mysterious acquaintance had quitted in the stage-box was now occupied by a lady hitherto invisible — not the one who had given them a glimpse of her shoulder and bare arm. This was an ancient personage, muffle in a voluminous, crumpled white shaw — a stout, odd, foreign-looking woma whose head was apparently surmounte with a light-colored wig. She had placid, patient air and a round, wrinkle face, in which, however, a small, brigl eye moved quickly enough. Her rathe soiled white gloves were too large f her, and round her head, horizontall arranged as if to keep her wig in i place, she wore a narrow band of tinse decorated, in the middle of the forehea by a jewel which the rest of her appea ance would lead the spectator to suppo false. "Is the old woman his mother Where did she dig up her clothes? The look as if she had hired them for th evening. Does *she* come to your wo derful club, too? She must throw a gre deal of light!" Millicent went on; a when Hyacinth suggested, sportivel that the old lady might be, not the ge tleman's mother, but his wife or h "fancy," she declared that in that cas if he should come to see them, she w n't afraid. No wonder he wanted get out of *that* box! The woman in th wig was sitting there on purpose to loo at them, but she could n't say she w particularly honored by the notice such an old guy. Hyacinth pretend that he liked her appearance and thoug her very handsome; he offered to b another paper of peppermints that, they could find out, she would be so tremendous old dowager, some one wi a handle to her name. To this Millice replied, with an air of experience, th she had never thought the greatest bea ty was in the upper class; and her co panion could see that she was covert looking over her shoulder, to watch f his political friend, and that she wou be disappointed if he did not come. Th idea did not make Hyacinth jealous, f his mind was occupied with another si of the business; and if he offered spo tive suggestions, it was because he w really excited, dazzled, by an incid

which the reader will have failed yet to perceive the larger relation. hat moved him was not the pleasure being patronized by a rich man; it is simply the prospect of new experience — a sensation for which he was ways ready to exchange any present on; and he was convinced that if the ntleman with whom he had conversed a small, occult back-room in Blooms-ry as Captain Godfrey Sholto — the ptain had given him his card — had ore positively than in Millicent's im-ination come out of the stage-box to e him, he would bring with him rare fluences. This nervous presentiment, hting on our young man, was so keen at it constituted almost a preparation; erefore, when at the end of a few nutes he became aware that Millicent, th her head turned (her face was in s direction), was taking the measure some one who had come in behind em, he felt that fate was doing for m, by way of a change, as much as uld be expected. He got up in his ace, but not too soon to see that ptain Sholto had been standing there moment in contemplation of Millicent, d that this young lady had performed th deliberation the ceremony of tak-g his measure. The captain had his nds in his pockets, and wore a crush t, pushed a good deal backward. He ghed at the young couple in the bal-ny in the friendliest way, as if he had own them both for years, and Milli-nt could see, on a nearer view, that was a fine, distinguished, easy, genial ntleman, at least six feet high, in spite a habit, or an affectation, of carrying mself in a casual, relaxed, familiar anner. Hyacinth felt a little, after the st moment, as if he were treating them ther too much as a pair of children hom he had stolen upon, to startle; but is impression was speedily removed by e air with which he said, laying his nd on our hero's shoulder as he stood the little passage at the end of the bench, where the holders of Mr. Vetch's order occupied the first seats, "My dear fellow, I really thought I must come round and speak to you. My spirits are all gone with this doleful drama. And those boxes are fearfully stuffy, you know," he added, as if Hyacinth had had at least an equal experience of that part of the theatre.

"It 's hot here, too," Millicent's companion murmured. He had suddenly become much more conscious of the high temperature, of his proximity to the fierce chandelier, and he added that the plot of the play certainly was unnatural, though he thought the piece rather well acted.

"Oh, it 's the good old stodgy British tradition. This is the only place where you find it still, and even here it can't last much longer; it can't survive old Baskerville and Mrs. Ruffler. 'Gad, how old they are! I remember her, long past her prime, when I used to be taken to the play, as a boy, in the Christmas holidays. Between them, they must be something like a hundred and eighty, eh? I believe one is supposed to cry a good deal, about the middle," Captain Sholto continued, in the same friendly, familiar, encouraging way, addressing himself to Millicent, upon whom, indeed, his eyes had rested almost uninterruptedly from the first. She sustained his glance with composure, but with just enough of an expression of reserve to intimate (what was perfectly true) that she was not in the habit of conversing with gentlemen with whom she was not acquainted. She turned away her face at this (she had already given the visitor the benefit of a good deal of it), and left him, as in the little passage he leaned against the parapet of the balcony with his back to the stage, confronted with Hyacinth, who was now wondering, with rather more vivid a sense of the relation of things, what he had come for. He wanted to do him honor, in return for

his civility, but he did not know what one could talk about, at such short notice, to a person whom he immediately perceived to be, in a most extensive, a really transcendent sense of the term, a man of the world. He instantly saw Captain Sholto did not take the play seriously, so that he felt himself warned off that topic, on which, otherwise, he might have had much to say. On the other hand, he could not, in the presence of a third person, allude to the matters they had discussed in that little back room; nor could he suppose his visitor would expect this, though indeed he impressed him as a man of humors and whims, who was amusing himself with everything, including esoteric socialism and a little bookbinder who had so much more of the gentleman about him than one would expect. Captain Sholto may have been a little embarrassed, now that he was completely launched in his attempt at fraternization, especially after failing to elicit a smile from Millicent's respectability; but he left to Hyacinth the burden of no initiative, and went on to say that it was just this prospect of the dying-out of the old British tradition that had brought him to-night. He was with a friend, a lady who had lived much abroad, who had never seen anything of the kind, and who liked everything that was characteristic. "You know the foreign school of acting is a very different affair," he said, again to Millicent, who this time replied, "Oh, yes, of course," and, considering afresh the old lady in the box, reflected that she looked as if there were nothing in the world that she, at least, had n't seen.

"We have never been abroad," said Hyacinth, candidly, looking into his friend's curious light-colored eyes, the palest in tint he had ever seen.

"Oh, well, there 's a lot of nonsense talked about that!" Captain Sholto replied; while Hyacinth remained uncertain as to exactly what he referred to, and Millicent decided to volunt a remark: —

"They are making a tremendous r on the stage. I should think it wo be very bad in those boxes." Th was a banging and thumping behind curtain, the sound of heavy scen pushed about.

"Oh, yes; it 's much better here, ev way. I think you have the best se in the house," said Captain Sholto. should like very much to finish evening beside you. The trouble i have ladies — a pair of them," he w on, as if he were seriously consider this possibility. Then, laying his h again on Hyacinth's shoulder, he smi at him a moment and indulged in a s greater burst of frankness: "My d fellow, that is just what, as a part reason, has brought me up here to you. One of my ladies has a great sire to make your acquaintance!"

"To make my acquaintance?" H cinth felt himself turning pale; the fi impulse he could have, in connecti with such an announcement as that and it lay far down, in the depths the unspeakable — was a conjecture t it had something to do with his pare age on his father's side. Captain Sholt smooth, bright face, irradiating such expected advances, seemed for an stant to swim before him. The capt went on to say that he had told the l of the talks they had had, that she immensely interested in such matt — "You know what I mean, she ally is" — and that, as a consequence what he had said, she had begged h to come and ask his — a — his you friend (Hyacinth saw in a moment t the captain had forgotten his name) descend into her box for a little while

"She has a tremendous desire to t with some one who looks at the wh business from your standpoint, do you see? And in her position she scar ly ever has a chance, she does n't co across them — to her great annoyan

So when I spotted you to-night, she immediately said that I must introduce you at any cost. I hope you don't mind, for a quarter of an hour. I ought perhaps to tell you that she is a person who is used to having nothing refused her. 'Go up and bring him down,' you know, as if it were the simplest thing in the world. She is really very much in earnest: I don't mean about wishing to see you — that goes without saying — but about the whole matter that you and I care for. Then I should add — it does n't spoil anything — that she is the most charming woman in the world, simply! Honestly, my dear boy, she is one of the most remarkable women in Europe."

So Captain Sholto delivered himself, with the highest naturalness and plausibility, and Hyacinth, listening, felt that he himself ought perhaps to resent the idea of being served up for the entertainment of imperious triflers, but that somehow he did n't, and that it was more worthy of the part he aspired to play in life to meet such occasions calmly and urbanely, than to take the trouble of dodging and going roundabout. Of course the lady in the box could n't be sincere; she might think she was, though even that was questionable; but you could n't really care for the cause that was exemplified in the little back room in Bloomsbury if you came to the theatre in that style. It was Captain Sholto's style as well, but it had been by no means clear to Hyacinth hitherto that *he* really cared. All the same, this was no time for going into the question of the lady's sincerity, and at the end of sixty seconds our young man had made up his mind that he could afford to humor her. None the less, I must add, the whole proposal continued to make things dance, to appear fictive, delusive; so that it sounded, in comparison, like a note of reality when Millicent, who had been looking from one of the men to the other, exclaimed —

"That 's all very well, but who is to look after me?" Her assumption of the majestic had broken down, and this was the cry of nature.

Nothing could have been pleasanter and more indulgent of her alarm than the manner in which Captain Sholto reassured her: "My dear young lady, can you suppose I have been unmindful of that? I have been hoping that after I have taken down our friend and introduced him you would allow me to come back and, in his absence, occupy his seat."

Hyacinth was preoccupied with the idea of meeting the most remarkable woman in Europe; but at this juncture he looked at Millicent Henning with some curiosity. She rose to the situation, and replied, "I am much obliged to you, but I don't know who you are."

"Oh, I 'll tell you all about that!" the captain exclaimed benevolently.

"Of course I should introduce you," said Hyacinth, and he mentioned to Miss Henning the name of his distinguished acquaintance.

"In the army?" the young lady inquired, as if she must have every guarantee of social position.

"Yes — not in the navy! I have left the army, but it always sticks to one."

"Mr. Robinson, is it your intention to leave me?" Millicent asked in a tone of the highest propriety.

Hyacinth's imagination had taken such a flight that the idea of what he owed to the beautiful girl who had placed herself under his care for the evening had somehow effaced itself. Her words put it before him in a manner that threw him quickly and consciously back upon his honor; yet there was something in the way she uttered them that made him look at her harder still before he replied, "Oh dear, no, of course it would never do. I must defer to some other occasion the honor of making the acquaintance

of your friend," he added, to Captain Sholto.

"Ah, my dear fellow, we might manage it so easily now," this gentleman murmured, with evident disappointment. "It is not as if Miss — a — Miss — a — were to be alone."

It flashed upon Hyacinth that the root of the project might be a desire of Captain Sholto to insinuate himself into Millicent's graces; then he asked himself why the most remarkable woman in Europe should lend herself to that design, consenting even to receive a visit from a little bookbinder for the sake of furthering it. Perhaps, after all, she was not the most remarkable; still, even at a lower estimate, of what advantage could such a complication be to her? To Hyacinth's surprise, Millicent's eye made acknowledgment of his implied renunciation; and she said to Captain Sholto, as if she were considering the matter very impartially, "Might one know the name of the lady that sent you?"

"The Princess Casamassima."

"Laws!" cried Millicent Henning. And then, quickly, as if to cover up the crudity of this ejaculation, "And might one also know what it is, as you say, that she wants to talk to him about?"

"About the lower order, the rising democracy, the spread of nihilism, and all that."

"The lower order? Does she think we belong to them?" the girl demanded, with a strange, provoking laugh.

Captain Sholto was certainly the readiest of men. "If she could see you, she would think you one of the first ladies in the land."

"She'll never see me!" Millicent replied, in a manner which made it plain that she, at least, was not to be whistled for.

Being whistled for by a princess presented itself to Hyacinth as an indignity endured gracefully enough by the heroes of several French novels in which he had found a thrilling interest; nevertheless, he said, incorruptibly, to the captain, who hovered there like a Mephistopheles converted to disinterested charity, "Having been in the army, you will know that one can't desert one's post."

The captain, for the third time, laid his hand on his young friend's shoulder, and for a minute his smile rested, in silence, on Millicent Henning. "If I tell you simply I want to talk with this young lady, that certainly won't help me, particularly, and there is no reason why I should. Therefore I'll tell you the whole truth: I want to talk with her about *you!*" and he patted Hyacinth in a way which conveyed at once that this idea must surely commend him to the young man's companion, and that he himself liked him infinitely.

Hyacinth was conscious of the endearment, but he remarked to Millicent that he would do just as she liked; he was determined not to let a member of the bloated upper class suppose that he held any daughter of the people cheap.

"Oh, I don't care if you go," said Miss Henning. "You had better hurry — the curtain 's going to rise."

"That 's charming of you! I'll rejoin you in three minutes!" Captain Sholto exclaimed.

He passed his hand into Hyacinth's arm, and as our hero lingered still, a little uneasy and questioning Millicent always with his eyes, the girl went on with her bright boldness, "That kind of princess — I should like to hear all about her."

"Oh, I 'll tell you that, too," the captain rejoined, with his imperturbable pleasantness, as he led his young friend away. It must be confessed that Hyacinth also rather wondered what kind of princess she was, and his suspense on this point made his heart beat fast when after traversing steep staircases and winding corridors, they reached the small door of the stage-box.

XIII.

Hyacinth's first consciousness, after his companion had opened it, was of his earness to the stage, on which the curtain had now risen again. The play as in progress, the actors' voices came raight into the box, and it was impossible to speak without disturbing them. This, at least, was his inference from the oiseless way his conductor drew him , and, without announcing or introducing him, simply pointed to a chair and hispered, "Just drop into that; you 'll e and hear beautifully." He heard he door close behind him, and became ware that Captain Sholto had already treated. Millicent, at any rate, would ot be left to languish in solitude very ng. Two ladies were seated in the ont of the box, which was so large at there was a considerable space beveen them; and as he stood there, here Captain Sholto had planted him — they appeared not to have noticed e opening of the door — they turned eir heads and looked at him. The ne on whom his eyes first rested was e old lady whom he had already conmplated at a distance; she looked ueerer still on a closer view, and gave im a little friendly, jolly nod. The ther one was partly overshadowed by e curtain of the box, which she had rawn forward with the intention of ielding herself from the observation f the house; she was young, and the mplest way to express the instant effect upon Hyacinth of her fair face of elcome is to say that she was dazzling. Ie remained as Sholto had left him, aring rather confusedly and not movng an inch; whereupon the younger dy put out her hand, — it was her left, he other rested on the ledge of the ox — with the expectation, as he perceived, to his extreme mortification, too ate, that he would give her his own. She converted the gesture into a sign of invitation, and beckoned him, silently but graciously, to move his chair forward. He did so, and seated himself between the two ladies; then, for ten minutes, stared straight before him, at the stage, not turning his eyes sufficiently even to glance up at Millicent in the balcony. He looked at the play, but he was far from seeing it; he had no sense of anything but the woman who sat there, close to him, on his right, with a fragrance in her garments and a light about her which he seemed to see even while his head was averted. The vision had been only of a moment, but it hung before him, threw a vague white mist over the proceedings on the stage. He was embarrassed, overturned, bewildered, and he knew it; he made a great effort to collect himself, to consider the situation lucidly. He wondered whether he ought to speak, to look at her again, to behave differently, in some way; whether she would take him for a clown, for an idiot; whether she were really as beautiful as she had seemed, or if it were only an accidental glamour, which would vanish. While he asked himself these questions the minutes went on, and neither of his companions spoke; they watched the play in perfect stillness, so that Hyacinth divined that this was the proper thing, and that he himself must remain dumb until a word should be bestowed upon him. Little by little he recovered himself, took possession of his predicament, and at last transferred his eyes to the Princess. She immediately perceived this, and returned his glance, with a quick smile. She might well be a princess — it was impossible to conform more to the finest evocations of that romantic word. She was fair, brilliant, slender, with a kind of languor. Her beauty had a character of perfection; it astonished and lifted one up, and the sight of it seemed a reward. If the first impression it had given Hyacinth was to make him feel strangely privileged, he need not have been too

much agitated, for this was the effect the Princess Casamassima produced upon persons of a wider experience and greater pretensions. Her dark eyes, blue or gray, something that was not brown, were as sweet as they were splendid, and there was an extraordinary light nobleness in the way she held her head. That head, where two or three diamond stars glittered in the thick, delicate hair which defined its shape, suggested to Hyacinth something antique and celebrated, which he had admired of old — the memory was vague — in a statue, in a picture, in a museum. Purity of line and form, of cheek and chin and lip and brow, a color that seemed to live and glow, a radiance of youth and eminence and success — these things were seated in triumph in the face of the Princess, and Hyacinth, as he held himself in his chair, trembling with the revelation, wondered whether he were not in the company of a goddess. A goddess she might be, but he could see that she was human and friendly — that she wished him to be at his ease and happy; there was something familiar in her smile, as if she had seen him many times before. Her dress was dark and rich; she had pearls round her neck, and an old rococo fan in her hand. Hyacinth took in all these things, and finally said to himself that if she wanted nothing more of him than that, he was content, he would like it to go on; so pleasant was it to sit with fine ladies, in a dusky, spacious receptacle which framed the bright picture of the stage, and made one's own situation seem a play within the play. The act was a long one, and the repose in which his companions left him might have been a calculated indulgence, to enable him to get used to them, to see how harmless they were. He looked at Millicent, in the course of time, and saw that Captain Sholto, seated beside her, had not the same standard of propriety, inasmuch as he made a remark to her every few minutes. Like himself, th young lady in the balcony was lo ing the play, thanks to her eyes bein fixed on her friend from Lomax Place whose position she thus endeavored t gauge. Hyacinth had quite given u the Paraguayan complications; by th end of the half hour his attention migh have come back to them, had he no then been engaged in wondering wha the Princess would say to him after th descent of the curtain — or whether sh would say anything. The consideratio of this problem, as the moment of th solution drew nearer, made his hear again beat faster. He watched the ol lady on his left, and supposed it wa natural that a princess should have a attendant — he took for granted sh was an attendant — as different as po sible from herself. This ancient dam was without majesty or grace; huddle together, with her hands folded on he stomach and her lips protruding, she so emnly followed the performance. Se eral times, however, she turned her hea to Hyacinth, and then her expressio changed; she repeated the jovial, e couraging, almost motherly nod wi which she had greeted him when h made his bow, and by which she a peared to wish to intimate that, bett than the serene beauty on the oth side, she could enter into the oddity, th discomfort, of his situation. She seeme to say to him that he must keep h head, and that if the worst should co to the worst, she was there to look aft him. Even when, at last, the curta descended, it was some moments befo the Princess spoke, though she rest her smile upon Hyacinth as if she we considering what he would best like h to say. He might at that instant ha guessed what he discovered later — th among this lady's faults (he was de tined to learn that they were nume ous) not the least eminent was an e aggerated fear of the commonpla He expected she would make some

mark about the play, but what she said was, very gently and kindly, "I like to know all sorts of people."

"I should n't think you would find the least difficulty in that," Hyacinth replied.

"Oh, if one wants anything very much, it 's sure to be difficult. Every one is n't as obliging as you."

Hyacinth could think, immediately, of no proper rejoinder to this; but the old lady saved him the trouble by declaring, with a foreign accent, "I think you were most extraordinarily good-natured. I had no idea you would come — to two strange women."

"Yes, we are strange women," said the Princess, musingly.

"It 's not true that she finds things difficult; she makes every one do everything," her companion went on.

The Princess glanced at her; then remarked to Hyacinth, "Her name is Madame Grandoni." Her tone was not familiar, but there was a friendly softness in it, as if he had really taken so much trouble for them that it was only just he should be entertained a little at their expense. It seemed to imply, also, that Madame Grandoni's fitness for supplying such entertainment was obvious.

"But I am not Italian — ah, no!" the old lady cried. "In spite of my name, I am an honest, ugly, unfortunate German. But it does n't matter. She also, with such a name, is n't Italian, either. It 's an accident; the world is full of accidents. But she is n't German, poor lady, any more." Madame Grandoni appeared to have entered into the Princess's view, and Hyacinth thought her exceedingly amusing. In a moment she added, "That was a very charming person you were with."

"Yes, she is very charming," Hyacinth replied, not sorry to have a chance to say it.

The Princess made no remark on this subject, and Hyacinth perceived not only that from her position in the box she could have had no glimpse of Millicent, but that she would never take up such an allusion as that. It was as if she had not heard it that she asked, "Do you consider the play very interesting?"

Hyacinth hesitated a moment, and then told the simple truth. "I must confess that I have lost the whole of this last act."

"Ah, poor, bothered young man!" cried Madame Grandoni. "You see — you see!"

"What do I see?" the Princess inquired. "If you are annoyed at being here now, you will like us later; probably, at least. We take a great interest in the things you care for. We take a great interest in the people," the Princess went on.

"Oh, allow me, allow me, and speak only for yourself!" the elder lady interposed. "I take no interest in the people; I don't understand them, and I know nothing about them. An honorable nature, of any class, I always respect it; but I will not pretend to a passion for the ignorant masses, because I have it not. Moreover, that does n't touch the gentleman."

The Princess Casamassima had, evidently, a faculty of completely ignoring things of which she wished to take no account; it was not in the least the air of contempt, but a kind of thoughtful, tranquil absence, after which she came back to the point where she wished to be. She made no protest against her companion's speech, but said to Hyacinth as if she were only vaguely conscious that the old lady had been committing herself in some absurd way, "She lives with me; she is everything to me; she is the best woman in the world."

"Yes, fortunately, with very superficial defects, I am very good," Madame Grandoni remarked.

Hyacinth, by this time, was less fluttered than when he presented himself

to the Princess Casamassima, but he was not less mystified; he wondered afresh whether he were not being practiced upon for some inconceivable end; so strange did it seem to him that two such fine ladies should, of their own movement, take the trouble to explain each other to a miserable little bookbinder. This idea made him flush; it was as if it had come over him that he had fallen into a trap. He was conscious that he looked frightened, and he was conscious the moment afterwards that the Princess noticed it. This was, apparently, what made her say, "If you have lost so much of the play I ought to tell you what has happened."

"Do you think he would follow that any more?" Madame Grandoni exclaimed.

"If you would tell me — if you would tell me" — And then Hyacinth stopped. He had been going to say, "If you would tell me what all this means and what you want of me, it would be more to the point!" but the words died on his lips, and he sat staring, for the woman at his right was simply too beautiful. She was too beautiful to question, to judge by common logic; and how could he know, moreover, what was natural to a person in that exaltation of grace and splendor? Perhaps it was her habit to send out every evening for some *naïf* stranger, to amuse her; perhaps that was the way the foreign aristocracy lived. There was no sharpness in her face, at the present moment at least; there was nothing but luminous sweetness, yet she looked as if she knew what was going on in his mind. She made no eager attempt to reassure him, but there was a world of delicate consideration in the tone in which she said, "Do you know, I am afraid I have already forgotten what they have been doing in the play? It 's terribly complicated; some one or other was hurled over a precipice."

"Ah, you 're a brilliant pair," Madame Grandoni remarked, with a laugh of long experience. "I could describe everything. The person who was hurled over the precipice was the virtuous hero, and you will see, in the next act, that he was only slightly bruised."

"Don't describe anything; I have so much to ask." Hyacinth had looked away, with embarrassment, at hearing himself "paired" with the Princess, and he felt that she was watching him. "What do you think of Captain Sholto?" she went on, suddenly, to his surprise, if anything, in his position, could excite that sentiment more than anything else; and as he hesitated, not knowing what to say, she added, "Is n't he a very curious type?"

"I know him very little," Hyacinth replied; and he had no sooner uttered the words than it struck him they were far from brilliant — they were poor and flat, and very little calculated to satisfy the Princess. Indeed, he reflected that he had said nothing at all that could place him in a favorable light; so he continued, at a venture: "I mean, I have never seen him at home." That sounded still more silly.

"At home? Oh, he is never at home; he is all over the world. To-night he was as likely to have been in Paraguay for instance, as here. He is what they call a cosmopolite. I don't know whether you know that species; very modern, more and more frequent, and exceedingly tiresome. I prefer the Chinese! He told me he had had a great deal of interesting talk with you. That was what made me say to him, 'Oh, do ask him to come in and see me. A little interesting talk, that would be a change!'"

"She is very complimentary to me!" said Madame Grandoni.

"Ah, my dear, you and I, you know we never talk: we understand each other without that!" Then the Princess pursued, addressing herself to Hyacinth, "Do you never admit women?"

"Admit women?"

"Into those *séances* — what do you all them? — those little meetings that Captain Sholto described to me. I hould like so much to be present. Why ot?"

"I have n't seen any ladies," Hyainth said. "I don't know whether it 's rule, but I have seen nothing but ien;" and he added, smiling, though e thought the dereliction rather seri-us, and could n't understand the part Captain Sholto was playing, nor, con-dering the grand company he kept, ow he had originally secured admit-nce into the subversive little circle in loomsbury, "You know I 'm not sure aptain Sholto ought to go about re-orting our proceedings."

"I see. Perhaps you think he 's a py, or something of that sort."

"No," said Hyacinth, after a mo-ent. "I think a spy would be more areful — would disguise himself more. esides, after all, he has heard very ttle." And Hyacinth smiled again.

"You mean he has n't really been be-ind the scenes?" the Princess asked, ending forward a little, and now cov-ring the young man steadily with her eep, soft eyes, as if by this time he ust have got used to her and would n't inch from such attention. "Of course e has n't, and he never will be; he nows that, and that it 's quite out of is power to tell any real secrets. What e repeated to me was interesting, but f course I could see that there was othing any government could put its and on. It was mainly the talk he ad had with you which struck him so ery much, and which struck me, as you ee. Perhaps you did n't know how he as drawing you out."

"I am afraid that 's rather easy," said Hyacinth, with perfect candor, as it ame over him that he *had* chattered, ith a vengeance, in Bloomsbury, and ad thought it natural enough then that is sociable fellow-visitor should offer im cigars and attach importance to the views of a clever and original young artisan.

"I am not sure that I find it so! However, I ought to tell you that you need n't have the least fear of Captain Sholto. He 's a perfectly honest man, so far as he goes; and even if you had trusted him much more than you appear to have done, he would be incapable of betraying you. However, don't trust him: not because he 's not safe, but be-cause — No matter, you will see for yourself. He has gone into that sort of thing simply to please me. I should tell you, merely to make you under-stand, that he would do anything for that. That 's his own affair. I wanted to know something, to learn something, to ascertain what really is going on; and for a woman everything of that sort is so difficult, especially for a woman in my position, who is known, and to whom every sort of bad faith is sure to be imputed. So Sholto said he would look into the subject for me; poor man, he has had to look into so many subjects! What I particularly wanted was that he should make friends with some of the leading spirits, really characteristic types." The Princess's voice was low and rather deep, and her tone very quick; her manner of speaking was al-together new to her listener, for whom the pronunciation of her words and the very punctuation of her sentences were a kind of revelation of "society."

"Surely, Captain Sholto does n't sup-pose that *I* am a leading spirit!" Hya-cinth exclaimed, with the determination not to be laughed at any more than he could help.

The Princess hesitated a moment; then she said, "He told me you were very original."

"He does n't know, and — if you will allow me to say so — I don't think you know. How should you? I am one of many thousands of young men of my class — you know, I suppose, what that is — in whose brains certain ideas are

fermenting. There is nothing original about me at all. I am very young and very ignorant; it 's only a few months since I began to talk of the possibility of a social revolution with men who have considered the whole ground much more than I have done. I 'm a mere particle in the immensity of the people. All I pretend to is my good faith, and a great desire that justice shall be done."

The Princess listened to him intently, and her attitude made him feel how little *he*, in comparison, expressed himself like a person who had the habit of conversation; he seemed to himself to stammer and emit common sounds. For a moment she said nothing, only looking at him with her pure smile. "I do draw you out!" she exclaimed, at last. "You are much more interesting to me than if you were an exception." At these last words Hyacinth flinched a hair's breadth; the movement was shown by his dropping his eyes. We know to what extent he really regarded himself as of the stuff of the common herd. The Princess doubtless guessed it as well, for she quickly added, "At the same time, I can see that you are remarkable enough."

"What do you think I am remarkable for?"

"Well, you have general ideas."

"Every one has them to-day. They have them in Bloomsbury to a terrible degree. I have a friend (who understands the matter much better than I) who has no patience with them: he declares they are our danger and our bane. A few very special ideas — if they are the right ones — are what we want."

"Who is your friend?" the Princess asked, abruptly.

"Ah, Christina, Christina," Madame Grandoni murmured from the other side of the box.

Christina took no notice of her, and Hyacinth, not understanding the warning, and only remembering how personal women always are, replied, "A young man who lives in Lambeth, an assistant at a wholesale chemist's."

If he had expected that this description of his friend was a bigger dose than his hostess would be able to digest, he was greatly mistaken. She seemed to look tenderly at the picture suggested by his words, and she immediately inquired whether the young man were also clever, and whether she might not hope to know him. Had n't Captain Sholto seen him; and if so, why had n't he spoken of him, too? When Hyacinth had replied that Captain Sholto had probably seen him, but that he believed he had had no particular conversation with him, the Princess inquired, with startling frankness, whether her visitor would n't bring his friend, some day, to see her.

Hyacinth glanced at Madame Grandoni, but that worthy woman was engaged in a survey of the house, through an old-fashioned eye-glass with a long gilt handle. He had perceived, long before this, that the Princess Casamassima had no desire for vain phrases, and he had the good taste to feel that, from himself to such a personage, compliments, even if he had wished to pay them, would have had no suitability. "I don't know whether he would be willing to come. He 's the sort of man that, in such a case, you can't answer for."

"That makes me want to know him all the more. But you 'll come yourself at all events, eh?"

Poor Hyacinth murmured something about the unexpected honor; for, after all, he had a French heredity, and it was not so easy for him to make unadorned speeches. But Madame Grandoni, laying down her eye-glass, almost took the words out of his mouth, with the cheerful exhortation, "Go and see her — go and see her once or twice. She will treat you like an angel."

"You must think me very peculiar," the Princess remarked, sadly.

"I don't know what I think. It will ke a good while."

"I wish I could make you trust me - inspire you with confidence," she ent on. "I don't mean only you, per- nally, but others who think as you do. ou would find I would go with you — etty far. I was answering just now r Captain Sholto; but who in the orld is to answer for me?" And her dness merged itself in a smile, which peared to Hyacinth extraordinarily autiful and touching.

"Not I, my dear, I promise you!" r ancient companion ejaculated, with laugh which made the people in the alls look up at the box.

Her mirth was contagious; it gave yacinth the audacity to say to her, "I ould trust *you*, if you did!" though felt, the next minute, that this was en a more familiar speech than if he d said he would n't trust her.

"It comes, then, to the same thing," e Princess went on. "She would not ow herself with me in public if I were t respectable. If you knew more out me, you would understand what s led me to turn my attention to the eat social question. It is a long story, d the details would n't interest you; t perhaps some day, if we have more lk, you will put yourself a little in my ace. I am very serious, you know; am not amusing myself with peeping d running away. I am convinced that e are living in a fool's paradise, that e ground is heaving under our feet."

"It's not the ground, my dear; it 's u that are turning somersaults," Ma- me Grandoni interposed.

"Ah, you, my friend, you have the ppy faculty of believing what you e to believe. I have to believe what see."

"She wishes to throw herself into the volution, to guide it, to enlighten it," adame Grandoni said to Hyacinth, eaking now with imperturbable grav- y.

"I am sure she could direct it in any sense she would wish!" the young man responded, in a glow. The pure, high dignity with which the Princess had just spoken, and which appeared to cover a suppressed tremor of passion, set Hyacinth's pulses throbbing, and though he scarcely saw what she meant — her aspirations seeming so vague — her tone, her voice, her wonderful face, showed that she had a generous soul.

She answered his eager declaration with a serious smile and a melancholy head-shake. "I have no such pretensions, and my good old friend is laughing at me. Of course that is very easy; for what, in fact, can be more absurd, on the face of it, than for a woman with a title, with diamonds, with a carriage, with servants, with a position, as they call it, to sympathize with the upward struggles of those who are below? 'Give all that up, and we 'll believe you,' you have a right to say. I am ready to give them up the moment it will help the cause; I assure you that 's the least difficulty. I don't want to teach, I want to learn; and, above all, I want to know *à quoi m'en tenir*. Are we on the eve of great changes, or are we not? Is everything that is gathering force, underground, in the dark, in the night, in little hidden rooms, out of sight of governments and policemen and idiotic statesmen — Heaven save them! — is all this going to burst forth some fine morning and set the world on fire? Or is it to sputter out and spend itself in vain conspiracies, be dissipated in sterile heroisms and abortive isolated movements? I want to know à quoi m'en tenir," she repeated, fixing her visitor with more brilliant eyes, as if he could tell her on the spot. Then, suddenly, she added in a totally different tone, "Excuse me, I have an idea you speak French. Did n't Captain Sholto tell me so?"

"I have some little acquaintance with it," Hyacinth murmured. "I have French blood in my veins."

She considered him as if he had proposed to her some kind of problem. "Yes, I can see that you are not *le premier venu*. Now, your friend, of whom you were speaking, is a chemist; and you, yourself — what is your occupation?"

"I 'm just a bookbinder."

"That must be delightful. I wonder if you would bind some books for me."

"You would have to bring them to our shop, and I can do there only the work that 's given out to me. I might manage it by myself, at home," Hyacinth added, smiling.

"I should like that better. And what do you call home?"

"The place I live in, in the north of London: a little street you certainly never heard of."

"What is it called?"

"Lomax Place, at your service," said Hyacinth, laughing.

She laughed back at him, and he did n't know whether her brightness or her gravity were the more charming. "No, I don't think I have heard of it. I don't know London very well; I have n't lived here long. I have spent most of my life abroad. My husband is a foreigner, an Italian. We don't live together much. I have n't the manners of this country — not of any class; have I, eh? Oh, this country — there is a great deal to be said about it; and a great deal to be done, as you, of course, understand better than any one. But I want to know London; it interests me more than I can say — the huge, swarming, smoky, human city. I mean real London, the people and all their sufferings and passions; not Park Lane and Bond Street. Perhaps you can help me — it would be a great kindness: that 's what I want to know men like you for. You see it is n't idle, my having given you so much trouble to-night."

"I shall be very glad to show you all I know. But it is n't much, and, above all, it is n't pretty," said Hyacinth.

"Whom do you live with, in Loma Place?" the Princess asked, by way rejoinder to this.

"Captain Sholto is leaving the your lady — he is coming back here," M dame Grandoni announced, inspecti the balcony with her instrument. T orchestra had been for some time pla ing the overture to the following act.

Hyacinth hesitated a moment. " live with a dressmaker."

"With a dressmaker? Do you me — do you mean" — And the Prince paused.

"Do you mean she 's your wife? asked Madame Grandoni, humorously

"Perhaps she gives you rooms," marked the Princess.

"How many do you think I have She gives me everything, or she h done so, in the past. She brought up; she is the best little woman in t world."

"You had better command a dress exclaimed Madame Grandoni.

"And your family, where are they the Princess continued.

"I have no family."

"None at all?"

"None at all. I never had."

"But the French blood that y speak of, and which I see perfectly your face — you have n't the Engli expression, or want of expression — th must have come to you through so one."

"Yes, through my mother."

"And she is dead?"

"Long ago."

"That 's a great loss, because Fren mothers are usually so much to th sons." The Princess looked at h painted fan a moment, as she open and closed it; after which she sa "Well, then, you 'll come some d We 'll arrange it."

Hyacinth felt that the answer to t could be only a silent inclination of little person; and to make it he r from his chair. As he stood there, c

ous that he had stayed long enough, d yet not knowing exactly how to thdraw, the Princess, with her fan sed, resting upright on her knee, and r hands clasped on the end of it, ned up her strange, lovely eyes at n, and said —

"Do you think anything will occur n?"

"Will occur?"

"That there will be a crisis — that u'll make yourselves felt?"

In this beautiful woman's face there s to Hyacinth's bewildered percepn something at once inspiring, tempt-g, and mocking; and the effect of her pression was to make him say, rather msily, "I'll try and ascertain;" as she had asked him whether her carge were at the door.

"I don't quite know what you are king about; but please don't have for another hour or two. I want to what becomes of the Pearl!" Mame Grandoni interposed.

"Remember what I told you: I would e up everything — everything!" the incess went on, looking up at the ung man in the same way. Then she ld out her hand, and this time he ew sufficiently what he was about to ke it.

When he bade good-night to Madame randoni, the old lady exclaimed to him th a comical sigh, "Well, she *is* rectable!" and out in the lobby, when had closed the door of the box bend him, he found himself echoing these rds, and repeating mechanically, "She respectable!" They were on his lips he stood, suddenly, face to face with ptain Sholto, who laid his hand on s shoulder once more, and shook him little, in that free yet insinuating man-r for which this officer appeared to be markable.

"My dear fellow, you were born un-r a lucky star."

"I never supposed it," said Hyacinth, anging color.

"Why, what in the world would you have? You have the faculty, the precious faculty, of inspiring women with an interest — but an interest!"

"Yes, ask them in the box there! I behaved like a cretin," Hyacinth declared, overwhelmed now with a sense of opportunities missed.

"They won't tell me that. And the lady upstairs?"

"Well," said Hyacinth gravely, "what about her?"

The captain considered him a moment. "She would n't talk to me of anything but you. You may imagine how I liked it!"

"I don't like it, either. But I must go up."

"Oh, yes, she counts the minutes. Such a charming person!" Captain Sholto added, with more propriety of tone. As Hyacinth left him he called after him, "Don't be afraid — you 'll go far."

When the young man took his place in the balcony beside Millicent, this damsel gave him no greeting, nor asked any question about his adventures in the more aristocratic part of the house. She only turned her fine complexion upon him for some minutes, and as he himself was not in the mood to begin to chatter, the silence continued — continued till after the curtain had risen on the last act of the play. Millicent's attention was now, evidently, not at her disposal for the stage, and in the midst of a violent scene, which included pistol-shots and shrieks, she said at last to her companion, "She 's a tidy lot, your Princess, by what I learn."

"Pray, what do you know about her?"

"I know what that fellow told me."

"And pray, what was that?"

"Well, she 's a bad 'un, as ever was. Her own husband has had to turn her out of the house."

Hyacinth remembered the allusion the lady herself had made to her matri-

monial situation; nevertheless, what he would have liked to reply to Miss Henning was that he did n't believe a word of it. He withheld the doubt, and after a moment remarked, quietly, "I don't care."

"You don't care? Well, I do, then!" Millicent cried. And as it was impossible, in view of the performance and t jealous attention of their neighbors, continue the conversation in this pit she contented herself with ejaculati in a somewhat lower key, at the end five minutes, during which she had be watching the stage, "Gracious, wh dreadful common stuff!"

Henry James.

SOUTHERN COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.[1]

One sentence of the article on Southern Colleges and Schools, published in the Atlantic Monthly, October, 1884, is perhaps liable to misinterpretation; namely, that "there has been no great advance, if any, in college work in the South since the war, and in preparation for college there has been a positive decline in most of the States." That refers to the whole field and to general tendencies; but it does not mean that there are not some colleges and universities better equipped with professors and apparatus of all kinds, with higher ideals and more thorough scholarship, and more diligent and earnest students, than any institution, except the University of Virginia, could boast before the war; nor that there are not some fitting-schools, especially in Virginia, better appointed in every respect than were any prior to 1860. It will be my great pleasure in this paper to speak of some of these.

First, however, it may be asked, was I too severe in criticising the South on the score of number of colleges as index to the higher education? T letters from Virginia sources, receiv April 11th, intimated as much. T same day I was visiting a classical tra ing school one hundred miles from Na ville, Tennessee. Its history in br was this: Up to four years ago it h been a "college," with a course beg ning at "a b c" and ending with "A. Two Vanderbilt graduates, who had h the benefit of a thorough training college at the Culleoka Academy, th took charge, promptly surrendered charter, and turned the "college" i a fitting-school. They left in the fie however, a rival college of the sa character; for this little town of thousand inhabitants boasted *two* leges. Reaching home, I found on desk the circular of another institut in Tennessee whose primary course e with the Fourth Reader, — it is not sta where it began, — and this too had the easy goal of the whole curricul A. B. or B. S. The next day I was t

[1] This article, like its predecessor, — Atlantic, October, 1884, — is largely the result of correspondence and consultation with prominent educators in different parts of the South. I have consulted especially Professors C. S. Venable, of the University of Virginia; N. T. Lupton and W. J. Vaughn, of Vanderbilt University; E. S. Joynes, of South Carolina College; G. T. Winston, of the University of North Carolina; W. Le Roy Broun, of Alabama Agricultural College; J. F. Latimer, of Union Theological Seminary, Hampden Sidney, Virginia; R. Bingham, of Bingham School, N Carolina; Dr. A. Toomer Porter, Charleston, Sc Carolina; W. Gordon McCabe, Petersburg versity School, H. P. Jones, Hanover Acade L. M. Blackford, Episcopal High School, J. Sampson, Pantops Academy, and H. S. Str Kenmore High School, all of Virginia; and ers whose names I am not at liberty to use. no one is responsible for views not expressly cribed to him.

f an excellent college in Missouri, which
ad organized several academies as feed-
's for itself, but has seen within a few
ears three of these schools, without en-
owment, or anything else that belongs
the outfit of a college, except a char-
r, become its own rivals. It is the
d story of the frog that tried to swell
the size of an ox, except, unfortunate-
, they are not as likely to burst. The
incipal of an excellent high school
rites me of a boy who left his school
o years before finishing the course
hich leads up to the Freshman class, but
as entered as Sophomore at a neigh-
oring college, and graduated with sec-
d distinction; and another principal
lls of a graduate of a college who
me to a Virginia university high school
to get the finishing touch" before go-
g to the university, and made *thirty*
his Latin examination. A Vander-
lt undergraduate was last year invited
become "joint-principal" of a college
Tennessee, and another student was
lled immediately after his graduation
a professorship in a college where he
as expected to teach chemistry, physics,
athematics, natural history, and geol-
y. He attempted to do it conscien-
usly, but in less than a year his brain
as threatened, and he was compelled
resign. But some men's heads are
rder than others, evidently, for I once
ard of the incumbent of what should
ve been *nine* chairs in a female col-
ge who flourished for years, and grew
favor with men, being considered "a
any-sided man." He was perhaps
ver excelled but once, and that was
e well-authenticated instance of the
an who held the presidency and *all* the
ofessorships in a male college.

No man need be without a "profes-
rship" these days, for the number of
cross-roads colleges," as a correspon-
nt aptly terms the lowest grade, is
nstantly increasing. Within two years
have noted eight colleges, or univer-
ties in prospect, founded or revived in the South alone; one of these, it is true, the University of Texas, for the like of which there is always room. But I know of only one or two fitting-schools of high grade established during the same period. A defunct college in Texas is, I am informed, to be brought to life on $10,000, and hardly is the ink that records that fact dry before I read of another college in that State worth $10,400.[1] I am credibly informed, furthermore, that there is a university in Texas, the faculty of which consists of a father and two sons, and that some time ago the sons conferred LL. D. on the old gentleman, who returned the compliment by making each of his sons Ph. D.

With regard to female colleges, too, we find the same absurd rage for numbers — only more so; for instance, of 142 so-called higher institutions for women in the United States, 111 belong to Southern and Southern central States; and of 904 degrees conferred on women in 1882, 684 were given in Southern female colleges.

I call a thing "Southern" simply because I know that section best. A Harvard man sends word from "out West," that "Northern" is as applicable to the state of things described as "Southern," and several suggest "American" as the best predicate. Something must be wrong in at least one Iowa college, if we may trust the following from an Iowa paper: "A few years ago there was to be a lecture in the town, and one of the professors announced, from memory, the title to the school: 'Rome as I *seen* it.' The gentleman who occupied the chair of modern languages, a young man of perhaps one and twenty years, spoke of the great German philosopher as Go-e-the." There is some consolation, as Thucydides says, in "suffering along with the many."

[1] From which it must be inferred, perhaps, that a dollar will still go as far in a Texas college as a dollar in Washington's time.

But teachers of preparatory schools complain not only of the humbug colleges, but make the charge against the higher institutions generally, that they have almost invariably a preparatory department in direct competition with the schools. The complaint is just. I find from the report of the Commissioner of Education for 1882 that, as nearly as can be estimated, the 115 colleges and universities for whites in the South had 9898 college, and 7474 preparatory students, that is, an average of 86 college, and 65 preparatory students.

Dr. E. S. Joynes, of the South Carolina College, makes this defense for the colleges: "The training schools do not exist in the South; for the most part the war swept them clean away. The old colleges survived, at least in buildings, in some remnants of apparatus, in their alumni, in a certain *clientèle*, denominational or other, and so somehow they have been generally restored, or are at least struggling back into life. The preparatory schools which had been private property, the surplus capital generally of men of fortune, went in most cases along with the Confederate bonds, without redemption or restitution. The few that remain are crippled in resources; the means do not exist for the establishment of others. Thus our Southern States are almost wholly without secondary schools. The few good fitting-schools that exist are private property, and must be made to yield a fair profit, and hence they are expensive. The people are poor, few can avail themselves of these fitting-schools, and the most of those who do use them rather as a substitute than as a preparation for college. By far the larger number of students come to college from the public school, not from the academies; oftener still from the shop or the counting-house, where they have been trying to save a little money to go to college with. And the great majority can afford to go to college only for a year or two.[1] The number that ente on a continuous course for graduati is very small indeed. Our young me partly by necessity, partly by the spi of the age, drive through college a out into business, or into the professio

"Now, if all these things are so, 'wh are we going to do about it?' It easy enough to say, 'Put up yo standards, and reject all that do n come up to them.' But that is easi said than done. What then would h come of the rejected? If sent aw from the college, they are either manded to schools which do not exi or else to a few schools so expensi and so remote from their homes th they cannot attend them. If not in t college, then nowhere can the great n jority of Southern youth get even t elements of a liberal education, or a of the liberalizing influences of even remote contact with a liberal educati That is surely the case in South Ca lina; I believe it is generally so in t South. Moreover, a Southern colle which should refuse admission to all plicants not fully prepared would limit its numbers as to restrict grea both its usefulness and its reputati and there are few colleges that can ford — or even dare — to make this s rifice on an ideal shrine. I see no re dy, except in time. For the presen deem it to be a matter of public nece ty, and hence of public duty, that Sou ern colleges shall admit ill-prepared s dents, and make the best of them. O let them see to it that they do make best of them, give them honest cla fication, honest teaching, call them their right names, and deal honestly w them and with their own standards. the same time I think that the prep tory classes, while they should be fra ly confessed, and honestly organi and taught, should always be regar as a temporary burden, to be redu

[1] Dr. Broun reckons the average stay at a over two years.

d ended as rapidly as possible. The d will come when our colleges themves shall put forth competent men to ch the local schools; that is, the remy must come from the colleges, but I nk gradually and not peremptorily, lirectly rather than directly. There one other remedy, but even this would useless until such teachers are suped, and that is the gradual growth of e high schools in each county in conction with the public school systems. t this, though it will come, is perps too remote a blessing to enter into y present calculation."

I give this opinion thus at length beise it is the best and brightest view that side of the question, and comnds attention since it comes from one o has devoted many years of connt effort toward raising standards d accomplishing thorough work. My n opinion as to what is best differs the main from this; for it seems to that the experience of the West and uth proves very clearly that this derture of the colleges from their propsphere has resulted in more harm an good. With the most of the colges, I think, boys are trained in a preratory department of the college, not cause they could not be fitted elsehere, but because they might not othwise go to that college. But the oth side of the question shall be stated, the main, by the teachers of some the best preparatory schools in the uth.

Colonel Hilary P. Jones, M. A., of anover Academy, Virginia, says: "I not see how the preparatory departents attached to colleges can do the st work. If the government of the o is different, there must always be ore or less friction, as the younger boys ill be constantly struggling for the ghts and privileges accorded to the der. If the government is the same, e younger will have too much liberty. oreover, and this to me is the gravest of all the objections, the younger boys are more inclined to copy the vices than the virtues of the older ones.

"The large number of the so-called colleges and universities must continue to have a most injurious effect on true education. They are as a rule not endowed, and hence dependent for support on the fees received from the students. It is in human nature, therefore, to wish to have as many boys as they can get. It follows, as the day follows the night, that the standard of admission will be made in actual practice — not in profession, however — so low as to exclude none. It follows just as absolutely that boys will be received — nay, encouraged to come — who in educational training and advancement are much below the plane from which a true college should start. So, then, to meet the wants of these boys, the college must descend from its plane; but its organization and system prevent this. It does not do the work of a high school; it cannot do the work of a college. Bear in mind that these institutions set up to be finishing schools, with but the general public to pass judgment on, or examine into, the character of their work. With the preparatory schools it is different. We fit for college, and know therefore that the character of our work will be not only closely scrutinized, but the results of the examination made public."

Dr. A. Toomer Porter, of Charleston, South Carolina, says further: "It is in my judgment very inexpedient that a boy should grow up and be educated in the same intellectual, political, social, and climatic atmosphere, as a schoolboy and as a student. It tends to throw him into grooves and produces narrowness. He should be thoroughly prepared and then sent out into another circle with new men, new methods, new thoughts."

The opinion seems to obtain very generally in the South that college preparatory departments furnish better instruction than independent preparatory

schools, but the fallacy is evident; for, besides the fact that professors, if required to carry this extra burden, become mere drudges, college and university methods do not suit the schoolroom. The professor shoots over the heads of the boys, and his assistant — generally an older student — offers, perhaps as often as not, only a caricature of the professor's methods. Add to this that professors cannot naturally be expected to be very strict in admitting students from their own preparatory departments, and that every such preparatory department, by bidding against the graduates of the college for pupils, tends to drive first-class men out of the business of teaching, except as a temporary makeshift, and it would seem that generally the only good excuse for such departments is that so many colleges could not live without them.

What, then, do the preparatory schools claim from the colleges? "All that we ask," says Principal Bingham, of the Bingham School, North Carolina, "is a fair field and no favor. Raise the standard for admission into the colleges as at the North; or for exit as at the University of Virginia; or for entrance and exit; exclude children and mere boys by limit of age — say sixteen or seventeen; and there will be preparatory schools enough to do all the work without any endowment but brains." "But number," he adds, "is made in the South generally the measure of success, and a preparatory pupil of ten or eleven looks as big in a catalogue as anybody."

It is difficult to say what practicable remedy can be applied to the state of affairs described, but so much at least is clear, that, as Dr. Joynes says, it is a matter alike of privilege, of duty, and of policy, in the case of the few institutions that are strong enough to be independent, and to control instead of being controlled by the situation, to have strict entrance requirements, and to foster rather than compete with the preparatory schools. Such an institution would have fewer pupils for a while; it would be criticised by those who apply only the number test; but if it held to this policy a few years its reward would be first, *better* students, and finally *more* students, than by any other course. The most that well-endowed colleges and universities could legitimately do for students deficient in any branches would be to approve certain licentiates from whom they could secure proper private instruction by paying for it; and it is easy to see that such licentiates having no connection as teachers with the college, but depending for pupils simply on their success in coaching men would do much better work than the ordinary teachers of preparatory classes, whether professors or tutors. An association, too, of the best Southern colleges, such as the New England Association, with a view to securing something like uniform requirements for admission would be practicable and prove of great benefit both to colleges and preparatory schools.

In making some statement of what is favorable in the preparatory work, I can merely allude to the fact that, according to the best information I can get, there is an upward tendency lately, in this work, in Alabama, Missouri, and North Carolina; while I know that in South Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee a few men are striving to make our high schools more thorough than ever before the war. It will be best to confine attention to a few of the very best schools. Indeed, the gain, where there is any throughout the South is not in number of schools, as compared with the period prior to 1860, but in the aims and efficiency of a few schools.

The famous Bingham School, in North

[1] It is greatly to the credit of the University of North Carolina that it has decided to do away with all form of preparatory department or subclass.

Carolina, was founded in 1793, by Rev. William Bingham, grandfather of the present principal. He was followed by his son, William J. Bingham, and he by his sons, successively, William and Robert. The school has seven teachers. Within the past five years twenty-two States of the Union and four foreign countries have been represented there, and attendance increased from 103 in 1876 to 251 in 1884. It is, and has been from the beginning, a private enterprise, depending solely on the brains and energy of the remarkable family that has been at its head since the foundation. The pride of the State, as well known in North Carolina as the old university of that State, and even better known abroad, it seeks in vain for a rival in the South outside of Virginia, and the name alone is anywhere in the South a sufficient guarantee for a thorough preparation for college. Much like this fine old school are its offspring, Horner's School, North Carolina, now in the second generation, and Culleoka Academy, Tennessee.

The University of Virginia has, I believe, a larger number of fitting-schools — at least twelve that prepare directly and almost exclusively for it — than any other institution in the country. It might be expected that from these would go every year crowds of trained students to the university; but it must be borne in mind that many, if not most of them, prepare not for the lowest, but for the highest class in most of the departments of the university, it being the aim of their graduates to take M. A. in two, or at most, three years; that consequently in these schools the essentials of a collegiate education must be and are given; so that the number going from each school to the university is comparatively small; for example, last year from McCabe's School, the largest of all, four men. But they furnish, if not a large, at least an excellent nucleus of well-trained men for the university classes, enabling the professors to put the standard so high that few besides these well-prepared men can take the degrees. The objections to the elective or school system do LOT apply to the graduates of the university schools.

As to the cause of Virginia's exceptional good fortune in this line, Mr. Strode, of Kenmore University School, one of the best, writes: "The number and character of the preparatory schools in Virginia I have always thought to be due solely to the influence of the University of Virginia. Except under its shadow we could not maintain the high standards which characterize what we call the university schools. There was an accidental help given, too, in the fact that the principal of the first one was a man of high social position, as well as of strong and unblemished character. Mr. Lewis Minor Coleman made for the first time, you might almost say, the teaching profession an honorable one in Virginia." And Mr. McCabe adds: "Since the days of Frederick W. and Lewis Minor Coleman the schoolmasters have been the best men of the university and gentlemen of high social position. This last has had a great deal to do with the high tone existing in the Virginia schools."

The University of Virginia has never had a preparatory department, and the devotion of these schools to it is unparalleled. Most other institutions in the South have preparatory departments, but as a result only lukewarm allegiance, generally, indeed, open hostility, from the independent fitting-schools.

The course of study in these Virginia schools is essentially the same as that in the German Gymnasien, namely, English, mathematics, Latin, Greek, French, and German, with some elementary teaching in the sciences. In thus confining themselves within narrow limits, and having as their ideal thoroughness within those limits, they set a good example to other fitting-schools, and indeed to

the smaller colleges, in the South. Ab uno disce omnes.[1]

"When I came here twenty years ago, a paroled prisoner of war, with but one suit of clothes, expecting to prepare myself for the practice of law, if I could in any way make a living meanwhile, there were four or five flourishing male schools — one with eighty boys. I was most strongly warned against attempting to get up a school here, as the ground was fully occupied. But 'needs must when the deil drives,' and I finally opened with seventeen boys. The other schools have long since ceased to exist. From the start I adopted the principles which to-day govern the school. The old vicious systems seemed firmly fixed. I announced to the school that I should take every fellow's word as being as good as my own, and that in all matters touching personal honor a boy should be treated as any other gentleman; but if, after such consideration on my part, he in any way forfeited his word, or even tampered with it, that he should not associate with me, nor with his honorable fellows. I drew the big fellows very closely to me. I was 'pitcher' in the school 'nine,' and was happy one day when I accidentally overheard a boy say to another, as a knot of them were discussing some point of honor: 'Well, I think any fellow who would tell McCabe a lie is a dirty blackguard.' One of my old boys, a graduate of the University of Virginia, and a lawyer of some distinction, said to me only the other day: 'I was six years in the school, and in all that time I never knew a boy to tell you a lie.'

"The first boy I sent off was one of the most popular fellows in the school, and had a most powerful aristocratic connection. All sorts of family pressure were brought to bear upon me to save the family from such a stigma as expulsion. I never gave but one answer: 'His case must go before a jury.' He was tried by a jury of twelve of his intimate friends. They begged and pleaded with me to be excused from serving. I said, 'He has a right to object to you, if he thinks his case will be prejudiced in your hands; otherwise you must serve.' No one knew the circumstances of the case but the accused and myself. I stated the case, which he could not deny. Without leaving their seats the jury unanimously expelled him, and I confirmed the finding. The effect on the new boys was prodigious. They knew how high was the position of his family, and they knew I was dead in earnest. And I knew that my system had proved itself a glorious success. Now, after all these years, the *morale* of the school simply gives no trouble. If a boy deceives a master about anything, or cheats in examination, a committee wait on me and inform me that a case has arisen which demands investigation. They give no names. At roll-call I state to the school that I have received such information and wish the name of the accused. The boy accused rises and gives his name. A jury is empaneled after school and the case submitted to them. Boys are very slow and very reluctant to accuse their companions. Long before they report to me, if there is any doubt about the matter, they go to the boy and hear what he has to say. And as long as they are doubtful, all these preliminary steps are conducted with great secrecy, for they have a nice and proper fellow-feeling about the odium that even a suspicion of one's honor casts upon a boy. Of twenty-one cases in twenty years submitted to juries, they have expelled nineteen, and in the other cases recommended probation in view of the fact that the boys were 'new fellows and not used to being treated as gentlemen.

"In regard to studies the school is not graded in the common acceptation of

[1] Mr. W. Gordon McCabe kindly wrote for my eye alone the statement here given, but yielded to my urgent request permission to publish it.

that term, but in fact is most minutely graded as to the actual acquirement of the pupil. For instance, a boy may be in third Greek, second Latin, fourth French, and sixth mathematics. I allow but twelve boys to a section, as my experience is that it is impossible to drill larger sections thoroughly. Of course very many of the sections are much smaller. For example, there are about ninety-five boys studying Latin here this year, and there are twelve sections.

"In the languages the work is all the way from 'primary,' to the senior class of the University of Virginia. To illustrate, my first Latin writes every year the senior Latin exercises of the university and reads the senior authors. My first Latin is now reading Tacitus and writing the exercises given two years ago to the senior Latin class at the university, with some of my own thrown in. I believe in giving boys idiomatic English to turn into Latin and Greek, and not Latinized-English or Hellenized English.

"In Latin, Greek, French, and German, every day save Monday, a lesson in grammar is recited before reading begins, and the author is read with minutest syntactical criticism. I will not read the old jog-trot stuff, but change every year, so as to keep myself fresh. I look over my lessons every night, and annotate very carefully with reference to the grammar, so as to make the grammar a living book, having in the preparation of the text the best critical German editions. What is the outcome? The boys in my upper classes come to recitation every day with their books black with swarms of references made by themselves, for the failure to answer a question in syntax is counted to the full against them. I have had boys here who not only knew by heart all the rules in Gildersleeve's Grammar, but all the remarks. Think what a tremendous syntactical preparation that is, after it has been practically exercised in the class-room every day for three or four years. In correcting exercises I am careful to make the most minute observations on the age and limit of words. This takes an enormous amount of time. In commencing each author, I deliver a short lecture on his place in the literature of the language, and dwell at considerable length on the salient peculiarities of his syntax. I require at the beginning of each year large maps of Italy and Greece from pupils in the upper forms. These maps are carefully examined and none received until they come up to a high standard of accurate and elegant execution. In these upper classes a study of the history and literature of the classic tongues is obligatory.

"My highest classes are now reading Tacitus in Latin, Thucydides and Plato in Greek, Molière's plays in French, Faust in German, and studying Todhunter's Calculus in mathematics. I select my masters with the greatest care and for special excellence in some one direction. I never ask, and do not care, what church they belong to.

"To test how the work of the school is going on, in addition to the two regular examinations, intermediate and final, I have 'snap' examinations; that is, without any warning, I suspend the work of the school, and announce that we will go into an examination in Latin, arithmetic, etc. The examinations are in writing, and of course have been carefully prepared beforehand to test a fair working knowledge of the subject. For a pass in the regular examinations 80 out of 100 is required; 50 will give a pass in a 'snap.' No paper will be received under three hours, and six hours is the furthest limit allowed. No corrections of any kind are allowed under any circumstances, when once a paper has gone into the hands of an instructor. Papers are in all cases handed back corrected, so that a boy can see

exactly where and how he was 'pitched.' To instance what a high tone of honor exists here, I have within these twenty years had four or five cases in which the boy just made 80 — bare pass into first division — and the instructor had by an oversight failed to add up the values correctly. The correct value of the papers would be 77 or 78. And in every case these splendid fellows came forward and said: "I am sorry to say, sir, I 'm pitched. Here 's a 2 (or a 3) which has escaped the observation of the instructor in his addition.' That is what I call the genuine article! I always 'pitch' them of course, but I take occasion at roll-call to allude to the matter in such terms as to make the fellow feel better than if he had taken a ton of 'distinctions.'

"I take no excuses from parents, or anybody else, for failure to attend examinations. Sickness alone excuses. At the foot of the printed lists is the 'black list' containing the names of all absentees. They hate this publicity of shirking to such a degree that last year of one hundred and twenty-five boys there was but one absentee."

I know nothing better that the South can do in her schools than to take this school as a model. As a preparation for most institutions, except the University of Virginia, it might perhaps be better to attempt less than Mr. McCabe and fit for Freshman or Sophomore simply, but the methods and thoroughness of this school, and of such schools, are worthy of imitation anywhere. I have satisfactory proofs of the excellence of others of the Virginia schools, of which Mr. McCabe's is taken only as representative, namely, capital examination papers from Mr. Blackford's School at Alexandria, than which there is none better; the fact that at the University of Virginia, one session, one fifth of the graduates in the solid subjects of Latin, Greek, mathematics, and modern languages were Hanover Academy men, etc.; but there is not space to speak of them.

Strange to say, though the amount of beneficiary work done is as extraordinary as their thoroughness, none of these schools are endowed. But for the encouragement of those who would make preparatory teaching a life-work it may be stated that these schools, though their charges are proportionately the highest for education in the South, are generally well attended and pay better than the best professorships in Southern colleges. And the idea cannot be too strongly impressed that the only hope for the higher education in the South is in the multiplication of such schools. If we cannot have them, our colleges and universities will be ridiculous caricatures of good things; and we cannot have any great number of them so long as we have one hundred and thirty-five colleges to nineteen million people, a number which cannot exist without making at very many, if not at most colleges, A. B. or A. M. the reward to anybody for three or four years' stay, — as cheap as a female college diploma.

In the higher institutions, some of the recent signs of progress are the following: The establishment of two well-endowed universities, Tulane and Texas; the reopening of the South Carolina College (1881) on a broader basis than ever before, offering now thirty-four courses of study as against twenty-two in 1860; at the University of Alabama the establishment, within five years past, of a department of civil engineering, and the erection of additional buildings at a cost of $60,000; at the University of North Carolina an increase of $15,000 in the yearly appropriation by the State, and the consequent appointment of four more full professors, one of these in pedagogy, the first in the South, three assistant professors, and a librarian. At Vanderbilt University may be mentioned Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's endowment

(1883) of the Institute of Technology, the excellent work in practical astronomy, the growth in English and modern languages from one professor and one assistant to two professors and five assistants, and above all, that for two years past its high requirements for admission to regular courses have been strictly enforced with the best results. At the University of Virginia the quotable gain since 1867 has been $931,000 in gifts, six complete schools or departments, in addition to the thirteen previously existing, with six full professors and five assistant instructors, a chemical laboratory, museum of natural history, and astronomical observatory.[1] Dr. W. Le Roy Broun [2] gave a remarkable proof of its thoroughness prior to 1860 in the statement that as the result of examinations of candidates for appointments in the ordnance department of the Confederate States during the civil war, "four fifths of those recommended were graduates in some form of the University of Virginia." And we may infer its influence from the fact that "of the students of a single session eleven have been invited to professorships elsewhere, and the total number of its alumni in professors' chairs is known to approach, if not to exceed, two hundred." I hear good reports of several institutions in Missouri, notably of the University of Missouri, Central, and Westminster, and couple that naturally with the fact that of the gain to Southern college incomes from 1880 to 1881 of $109,000, more than $60,000 was credited to Missouri. Did space permit I might speak of the universally recognized thoroughness of Davidson, North Carolina; the enthusiasm for study at Randolph Macon, Virginia, and Wofford, South Carolina, if we may judge from the large number of their graduates who go elsewhere to pursue post-graduate and university courses; the uplift which Dr. Haygood's energy and Mr. Seney's money have given to Emory, Georgia; the sound classical work at Sewanee and the University of Tennessee; and other favorable features in other institutions. But my purpose is only to give from my own limited knowledge some indication of the upward tendencies in Southern education, since only an elaborate array of statistics, which belong rather to the province of the Commissioner of Education than to my present plan, could properly present the subject.

The greatest gain in Southern college work generally has been in the study of English. Courses in that department have been remodeled in nearly all the better institutions, and the tendency is, wherever possible, to establish specific chairs of English. The prevalent idea is to give to the mother-tongue at least as thorough attention and as much time, both in preparation for college and throughout the course, as to any other language. So great is the change that it is generally called the "new method" of studying English, the honor of first putting the idea successfully into practice being, I believe, generally accorded to Professor Thomas R. Price (now of Columbia College), during his connection with Randolph Macon College, Virginia (1867–77). It must be mentioned also that, according to a paper by Professor Joynes, read at the last meeting of the Modern Language Association, the growth in modern language study in the South in the last few years has been very encouraging.

But no sign in Southern higher education is so hopeful as the character of the men who are being attracted to the better professorships, and, best of all, the opinion, fast becoming the prevailing one, that long and thorough preparation in special directions at the best centres of learning is the surest guarantee of success. Young men thus trained are nearly always the successful competitors for vacant professorships, and

[1] Sketch of University of Virginia. 1885.

[2] Published address, 1868.

never in the history of the South have so many chairs in the higher institutions of learning been filled by young men. This means a great deal. It means new methods, progressive policy, enthusiasm, hard work on the part of professors and students, more liberal views on all subjects, less sectionalism, and the hastening of the time when the South shall be brought into direct and full sympathy with the whole country. It may be added that in matters of state, as well as of education, the policy of bringing young men to the front would be a great gain to the South.

On one point, I am glad to say, all my correspondents in most of the Southern States agree most heartily; namely, that "the spirit of earnestness and work on the part of students is incomparably greater than before the war. A different aim is before the majority of our young men, and to most of them education means working capital rather than ornamental polish." My own experience has been that Southern students, while their preparation in most sections has been far inferior to the general average in New England, and therefore the odds against them much heavier, show since the war at least as great devotion to study as the Northern students, and they are even more willing to undertake the hardest tasks. "In a Virginia college, poor and feeble as it was," writes one who has had extensive experience in both Northern and Southern colleges, "I found the widest and deepest enthusiasm for true education that I have ever found in any American community, the most perfect spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion in president and professors, the liveliest spirit of diligence and honesty and brotherhood in the undergraduates, and relations of personal affection and intimate association between teachers and pupils that made reform possible." Whatever of enthusiasm for study may exist in Southern colleges is generally a spontaneous growth, for it has been possible to offer little in the way of extra stimulus. I know, for instance, of a Southern professor who at one time had submitted to him papers in mathematics from a Virginia college for a thirty dollar gold medal, and from one of the leading Northern colleges likewise papers for a six hundred dollar scholarship. The examination in the first case "was over a greater range of mathematics, was equal in the searching nature of the equations, and greater in extent" than the last, and the work was "excellent and thorough, showing capital training."[1]

Our educational benefactions, it is true, do not compare with those of the North; we are obliged gratefully to acknowledge, but with shame confess, that nearly all the great endowments given to Southern colleges since the war have come from the North. In 1882 the North gave in educational benefactions $6,266,190; the South, fifteen States, including the District of Columbia, $421,263. Of the amount, the North expended at home $4,517,778, and sent to the South $1,748,412, giving to the whites $443,830, and to the negroes $1,304,582; the South expended, of her benefactions, $414,813 on the whites at home, gave the North $4950, and about $1500 to the negroes.[2] This is perhaps a sample of all the years. Poverty is generally alleged as the excuse; but it cannot be denied that the South gives more in her poverty than she ever gave in her prosperity.

But not even here are we without hopeful signs. Giving princely gifts to education is a thing of comparatively recent date and is the result generally of poor men getting rich; and as poor

[1] The cheapest — and in the South, at least, a favorite — way of gaining immortality is to endow a gold medal worth ten dollars, especially for oratory. This secures mention in the catalogue, and at commencement sounds as big as if the benevolent man had founded a library.

[2] Report of Commissioner of Education 1882-83, Table XXIII.

men can now rise as easily in the South as in the North, we are beginning to see something of this spirit. Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, is about as well known in the South for his benevolence toward Southern colleges, as for his common sense and honesty in the Senate at Washington. Samuel Miller, of Virginia, gave a few years ago $1,000,000 to found an industrial school, besides $100,000 to the University of Virginia. Mrs. Atkinson, of Memphis, Tenn., three years ago left all her property, $50,000 at least, to Vanderbilt University. Jacob Thompson, Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior, left recently to the University of the South a legacy of $100,000. Central College, Missouri, has received during the past year at least $60,000. Colonel E. W. Cole, of Nashville, gave last year $25,000 to found an industrial school, and Samuel Watkins, of the same city, left a few years ago $150,000 as the beginning of a Southern Cooper Institute; and I read only lately of $50,000 bequeathed by Colonel McGee for a library in Knoxville.

The New England idea, embodied already in the statutes of Connecticut, 1644, and Massachusetts, 1647, that the State should look after and provide for "popular elementary education, so as to fit all, and especially the poor, for the duties of citizenship," and leave the higher education to be maintained by private benevolence, aiding only in exigencies, where such help seemed necessary, was quite different from the Southern course which left the question of schools to individuals, asking the State, not to educate the common people, but to found a university. The sequel has, I think, abundantly justified the New England plan, and the higher education can be very safely left there to private benevolence; but it would hardly be wise to try this just now in the South. In most Southern States a good state institution, with large means conferred upon it by the State, may serve as a model and spur for all the weaker, denominational and other, institutions, and in some sections these are a necessity. For in some places ideas of proper standards, apparatus needed, and means required to make a college or university are so crude that higher education cannot be safely left to church or private enterprise.

Such was the state of affairs in Virginia before the university was founded, "the colleges for want of a high and advancing standard, such as the university afterwards furnished, having fallen into a state of well-nigh total inefficiency, with the lower schools lagging proportionally still farther behind. The opening of the university inaugurated a felicitous reform of these evils. The colleges and the schools soon caught the impulse. The course of instruction was enlarged, the methods of teaching were improved, schools of superior order were multiplied."[1] Randolph Macon College was possible, because the University of Virginia was a fact.

One thing only seems to justify in any measure the opposition to good state institutions; namely, that they enter into unfair competition with the weaker colleges that receive no aid from the State, by offering free tuition, which the others cannot do.

It is now time to inquire, Has the South made any distinctive contributions to the educational ideas of the country? To the University of Virginia, which has led the way in educational reform in the South, must be credited, I think, the following: (1) the elective system, inaugurated more than fifty years ago by Mr. Jefferson; (2) the "honor system," which deals with the student as a gentleman, and substitutes for watching in examination dependence on his word of honor; (3) more rigid tests in passing from class to class and for graduation than had ever been known in American colleges; (4) conferring the

[1] Sketch of University of Virginia. 1885.

M. A. degree not in course, but for distinct acquirement beyond that for the B. A. degree, and *not conferring any honorary degrees.*

That the University of Virginia first introduced the elective system in this country is true beyond a doubt, but it cannot be shown, perhaps, how much that fact influenced the recent changes in this respect in the Northern institutions; though as to the effect in the South there is no doubt whatever. The "honor system" has been introduced into many Southern colleges with most excellent results; and I believe all the best American institutions now require a higher course of study for A. M. Vanderbilt University and, I think, the University of Texas follow the good example with regard to honorary degrees.[1]

It may be stated further that the University of Virginia "was the first university of an English-speaking people in which graduation in at least two modern languages of the European continent was made essential to the highest academic degree of the institution;" and there first Anglo-Saxon was recognized as a university study, having been taught in the school of modern languages from the foundation. So far as I can learn, no American institution before the University of Virginia had ever properly emphasized ability to turn English into Greek and Latin, as well as *vice versa*, as an absolute prerequisite to a thorough mastery of those tongues. But from the time of Gessner Harrison, who never graduated a man in ancient languages, "who could not on examination put a blackboard of English into Greek and Latin without dictionary or grammar," down to last year's senior Latin paper — which I believe cannot be paralleled in this country — the University of Virginia has led all our institutions in attention to this subject. A claim for unusual thoroughness in mathematical instruction, too, must have a firm basis, if Professor Benjamin Pierce, of Harvard, could say of the course, as he once did, that the standard in mathematics for undergraduates was then the highest in the United States.

Charles Forster Smith.

CORYDON TO THYRSIS.

Ask me no more! The tree less idly waits
For last year's bird than thou for song of mine.
Yet when the evening reddens into wine
Our little stream and dies beyond the gates,
When the soft voices in the pines are come,
I feel my heart stir, but my lips are dumb.

For I have heard the master! Wise, indeed,
Had I in silence been content to hear,
Nor idly striven, when he was not near,
To draw so grand a music through my reed.
Fool that I was! I tried to mould his song
For old Damætas, who has loved me long.

[1] Only once has Vanderbilt broken the rule, — by conferring LL. D. on Professor M. W. Humphreys, 1883, under the circumstances a splendid compliment.

As well one leaf might voice the rustling hill,
Or glowworm hold the splendor of a star,
As my poor oat straw trill a single bar!
It merely mocked his infinite sweet skill, —
It mocked his skill, and did a woful thing
For me, because I can no longer sing.

Look! the cool air is rolling on the plain
A thicker shadow, and clear Hesper shines
Where Mænalus is musical with pines.
This was the hour in which I heard the strain.
Wait till *he* comes; then thou thyself wilt see,
And never after ask a song of me.

Samuel V. Cole.

CHILDHOOD IN MODERN LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE never has been a time when childhood has not been a theme for poet and painter. The plume of the warrior Hector nods in the face of the little Astyanax; the fate-driven Œdipus gropes in the dark for Antigone; the cradle song of Danaë rises above the storm; Ascanius holds the hand of the emigrant Æneas; little Torquatus stretches out his tiny hands; Amor laughs in the heaven which lies about the classic infancy; the child is the expectation of the Hebrew mother, and when in the fullness of time the song of centuries has been answered, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," that son finds in the companionship of children the foretaste of the kingdom of heaven on earth; in picture and legend his own childhood is made the centre of the world's regard; a succession of poets and imaginative writers is a succession of portrayers of childhood; and finally, the broadening of human charity and the deepening of human thought find their witness in the positive addition of the child to the *dramatis personæ* of human history.

To-day no great poet but takes notice of children. A visit to any exhibition or gallery of pictures is very sure to show us youthful forms and a sentiment which rests in childhood, and there is an uncounted multitude of children to be found between the covers of a body of books which swells current literature to an extraordinary extent. Our attention has been given in recent papers [1] to the growth of this representation of childhood in English literature. Our own literature is, of course, most closely allied to that; but as the United States is the meeting-place of nations, so our contemporaneous literature is under the influence of other than English thought. It is worth while, then, before noticing the illustrations of childhood in American literature, to take a very hasty survey of so much of French, German, and Scandinavian literature as concerns the general subject.

I.

French literature before the Revolution was more barren of reference to childhood than was English literature. Especially is this true of the eighteenth century, with its superficial disbelief and

[1] The Atlantic Monthly, September, October, 1885.

its bitter protest against superstition, under which term was comprehended the supernatural as well as the preternatural. There were exceptions, as in the case of Fénelon, and the constitutional sentiment of the French was easily moved by the appeal of dependent childhood. In Rousseau one may read how it is possible to weep over children, and yet leave one's own to the cold mercy of a foundling asylum. It is in Rousseau's disciple, however, Bernardin de St. Pierre, that we find the most artistic expression of pure sentimentalism, and the story of Paul and Virginia is an effort at representing a world where childhood, in its innocence, is conceived of as the symbol of ideal human life. St. Pierre thought of childhood and nature as possessed of strong negative virtues; they were uncontaminated, they were unsophisticated. To escape from an evil world, he fled in imagination to an island of the tropics, where all that life required was readily furnished by lavish nature. He makes his family to consist chiefly of women and children. The masculine element is avoided as something disturbing, and except for the harmless old man who acts as chorus, it is discovered first as a rude, barbaric, and cruel force in the person of the governor of the island, who has no faith in Madame de la Tour, and in the person of the planter at the Black River who has been an inhuman master to his slave.

The childhood of Paul and Virginia is made to have a pastoral, idyllic character. Their sorrows and misfortunes come wholly from evils which lie beyond their control. St. Pierre brought back a golden age by ignoring the existence of evil in the heart of man; he conceived it possible to construct an ideal world by what was vaguely expressed in the words, a return to nature. As he reflects in the story: "Their theology consisted in sentiment like that of nature; and their morality in action, like that of the gospel. Those families had no particular days devoted to pleasure, and others to sadness. Every day was to them a holiday, and all which surrounded them one holy temple, where they forever adored an Infinite Intelligence, almighty and the friend of humankind. A sentiment of confidence in his supreme power filled their minds with consolation for the past, with fortitude for the present, and with hope for the future. Behold how these women, compelled by misfortune to return to a state of nature, had unfolded in their own bosoms, and in those of their children, the feelings which nature gives us, our best support under evil!"

However we may discover the limitations of the sentimental philosophy, and its inadequacy when brought face to face with evil in life, there is a surface agreement with Christianity in this instinctive turning to childhood as the hope of the world. Yet the difference is radical. The child, in the Christian conception, holds the promise of things to come; in the conception of French sentiment of the Rousseau and St. Pierre type, the child is a refuge from present evil, a mournful reminiscence of a lost Paradise. If only we could keep it a child! is the cry of this school, — keep it from knowing this wicked, unhappy world! But alas! there are separations and shipwrecks. Virginia is washed ashore by the cruel waves. Paul, bereft of reason, dies, and is buried in the same grave. The two, growing like plants in nature, are stricken down by the mysterious, fateful powers of nature.

The contrast between this unreal recourse to nature and the strong yet subtle return which characterizes Wordsworth and his school is probably more apparent to the English and American mind than to the French. Yet a reasonable comparison betrays the fatal weakness of the one in that it leaves

nt of view whatever in nature disturbs smooth, summer-day world. When . Pierre talks of a return to nature, e does not mean the jungle and the estiferous swamp; he regards these left behind in Paris. Yet the con-usion of his story is the confession rung from faithful art that Nature is ter all but a stepmother to humanity. In the great romantic movement hich revolutionized French literature, n immense impetus was given to the ind, and literature thenceforth reflect-l a wider range of thought and feeling. n few respects does this appear more gnificantly than in the treatment of ildhood. There is a robustness about e sentiment which separates it from e earlier regard of such writers as we ve named. Lamartine, who certainly as not devoid of sentiment, passes by is own earliest childhood in Les Confi-nces with indifference. "I shall not," e says, "follow the example of J. J. ousseau in his Confessions. I shall ot relate to you the trifling events of y early childhood. Man only dates om the commencement of feeling and ought; until the man is a being, he not even a child. . . . Let us leave, en, the cradle to the nurses, and our rst smiles, our first tears, and our first sping accents to the ecstasies of our others. I do not wish to inflict on ou any but my earliest recollections, mbellished by the light of reason." He ives, accordingly, two scenes of his ildhood: one an interior, where his ather reads aloud to his mother from asso's Jerusalem Delivered; the other n out-door scene, where he engages in he rural sports of the neighborhood. ach picture is delightfully drawn, with inute detail, with poetic touch, with ffectionate recollection. Encouraged, pparently, by the warmth which this nemory has inspired, Lamartine con-inues to dwell upon the images of his hildhood, especially as it has to do with the thought of his mother. He paints the simple garden attached to his father's home, and resting a moment reflects: —

"Yes, that is indeed all, and yet that is what sufficed during so many years for the gratification, for the reveries, for the sweet leisures, and for the as sweet labors of a father, a mother, and eight children! Such is what still suffices, even at the present day, for the nourishment of these recollections. Such is the Eden of their childhood, where their most serene thoughts take refuge when they wish to receive a little of that dew of the morning life, a little of that beaming light of early dawn, which shines pure and radiant for man only amid the scenes of his birth. There is not a tree, there is not a carnation, there is not a mossy stone of this garden, which is not entwined in their soul as if it formed part of it. This nook of earth seems to us immense, such a host of objects and of recollections does it contain for us in so narrow a space."

The fullness with which Lamartine treats the recollection of his youth partakes of the general spirit of French memoirs, — a spirit, to speak roughly, which regards persons rather than institutions, — but indicates also something of the new spirit which informed literature when it elevated childhood into a place of real dignity. There are passages, indeed, which have a special significance as intimating a consciousness of the deeper relations of childhood. Michelet, for instance, in his philosophy of the unfolding of woman's life, recognizes the characteristics of maidenhood as anticipatory of maturity, and does it with so serious a contemplation that we forget to smile when we discover him profoundly observant of those instincts of maternity which are shown in the care of a child for its doll.

This attitude toward the child is observable in the masters of modern French literature. However far they may be removed from any mere domes-

tic regard of the subject, they apprehend the peculiar sacredness attaching to children. Alfred de Musset, for example, though by no means a poet of the family, can never speak of children without emotion. Not to multiply instances, it is enough to take the great poet of the period. Victor Hugo deserves, it has been said, to be called the poet of infancy, not only for the reason that he has written of the young freely, but has in his Les Enfants, Livre des Mères, written for them. It is to be observed that the suggestion comes, with Hugo, chiefly from the children of his family; from his brother Eugène, who died an early death; from his daughter, whom he mourns in tender verse; and from his grandchildren. One feels the sincerity of a great poet when he draws the inspiration for such themes from his own familiar kind.

It may be said in general of the contribution made to this literature by the French that it partakes of those qualities of lightness and grace which mark the greater literature; that the image of childhood is a joyous, innocent one, and satisfies the eye that looks for beauty and delicacy. Sentiment predominates, but it is a sentiment that makes little draft upon thought. There is a disposition now to regard children as dolls and playthings, the amusement of the hour; now to make them the object of an attitudinizing sentiment, which is practically wasted unless there be some one at hand to applaud it.

II.

When we pass from France to Germany we are aware that, however we may use the same terms, and recognize the existence of sentiment as a strong element in the literature of both countries, there is a radical difference in tone. It is not merely that French sentiment is graceful and German sentiment clumsy: the grace of the one connects itself with a fine art, — we feel an instinctive good taste in its expres sion; in the other, the awkwardness the obtrusiveness, seem to be the issu of an excess of natural and homely feel ing. It would be too much to say tha French sentiment is insincere and Ger man sentiment unpleasantly sincere that the one is assumed and the othe uncalculating, — we cannot thus dismis elementary feeling in two great peoples But an Englishman or American, t whom, in his reserve, the sentiment o either nation is apt to be a little oppres sive, is very likely to smile at the Frenc and feel uncomfortable in the presenc of the German; to regard the Frenc feeling as a temporary mood, the Ger man as a permanent state.

Be this as it may, it is true that th German feeling with regard to child hood, as it finds expression in life an literature, revolves very closely abou the child in its home, not the child as charming object in nature. Childhood in German literature, is conceived ver generally in its purely domestic rela tions, and is so positive an element a to have attracted the attention of othe nations, and even to have given rise t a petty cult. Coleridge, writing fro Germany in 1799, reports to his Eng lish readers, as something strange t himself, and of local significance only the custom of Christmas gifts from pa ents to children and from children t parents. He is especially struck wit the custom of representing these pre ents as coming from Jesus Christ.

The whole structure of Santa Clau and Kriss Kringle, the Christ Child an Pelznichel, with the attendant ceremo nies of the Christmas tree, is built int the child life of Germany and the Lo Countries; and it is by the energy o this childish miracle that it has passe over into English, and especially int American life. All this warmth of do mestic feeling is by no means a moder discovery. It is a prime characteristi of the Germanic people, and one stron

reason for the ascendency of Lutheranism may be found in the singular exposition of the German character which Luther presented. He was not merely a man of the people; through his life and writings and organizing faculty he impressed himself positively on the German national character, not turning it aside, but deepening the channels in which it ran. Certain it is that the luxuriance of his nature was almost riotous on the side of family life. "The leader of the age," says Canon Mozley, "and the adviser of princes, affecting no station and courting no great men, was externally one of the common crowd, and the plainest of it. In domestic life the same heart and nature appear. There he overflows with affection, warmth, tenderness; with all the amiable banter of the husband, and all the sweet arts and pretty nonsense of a father among his little children. Whether he is joking, lecturing his 'rib Catharine,' his 'gracious dame Catharine,' or writing a description of fairyland and horses with silver saddles to his 'voracious, bibacious, loquacious,' little John; or whether he is in the agony of grief over the death-bed of his favorite daughter, Magdalene, we see the same exuberant, tender character."

In this sketch of Luther we may read some of the general characteristics of the Germanic life, and we are ready, at the first suggestion, to assent to the proposition that the German people, nudged by the apparatus of childhood, books, pictures, toys, and schools, stands before other nations. The material for the portraiture of childhood has been abundant; the social history, the biographies, give constant intimations of the fullness with which family life, inclosing childhood, has been dwelt upon in the mind. The autobiographies of poets and novelists almost invariably give great attention to the period of childhood. A very interesting illustration of this may be found in the life of Richter, who stands at the head of the great Germans in his portrayal of childhood.

"Men who have a firm hold on nothing else," says Richter in his brief autobiography, "delight in deep, far-reaching recollections of their days of childhood, and in this billowy existence they anchor on that, far more than on the thought of later difficulties. Perhaps for two reasons: that in this retrospection they press nearer to the gate of life guarded by spiritual existences; and secondly, that they hope, in the spiritual power of an earlier consciousness, to make themselves independent of the little, contemptible annoyances that surround humanity." He then recites an incident from his second year, and continues: "This little morning-star of earliest recollection stands yet tolerably clear in its low horizon, but growing paler as the daylight of life rises higher. And now I remember only this clearly, that in earlier life I remembered everything clearly."

How clearly will be apparent to the reader who follows Richter through the minute and detailed narrative of his childish life, and in his writings the images of this early life are constantly reappearing under different forms. Something is no doubt due to the early birth in Richter of a self-consciousness, bred in part by the solitude of his life. It may be said with some assurance that the vividness of early recollection has much to do with determining the poet and novelist and essayist in his choice of themes bearing directly upon childhood. The childish experience of Wordsworth, De Quincey, Dickens, Lamartine, and Richter is clearly traceable in the writings of these men. If they look into their own hearts and write, the images which they bring forth are so abundantly of childhood that they cannot avoid making use of them, especially since they retain recollections which demand the interpretation of the maturer mind. That they should so

freely draw from this storehouse of childish experience reflects also the temper of the age for which they write. The fullness with which the themes of childhood are treated means not that a few men have suddenly discovered the subject, but that all are sensitive to these same impressions.

It is not, however, the vividness of recollection alone, but the early birth of consciousness, which will determine the treatment of the subject. If one remember the facts of his early years rather than how he thought and felt about those facts, he will be less inclined to dwell upon the facts afterward, or make use of them in his work. They will have little significance to him. A distinction in this view is to be observed between Richter and Goethe. The autobiographies of the two men reveal the different impressions made upon them by their childhood. The facts which Goethe recalls are but little associated with contemporaneous reflection upon the facts, and they serve but a trifling purpose in Goethe's art. The facts which Richter recalls are imbedded in a distinct conception regarding them, and perform a very positive function in his art.

The character of Mignon may be dismissed from special consideration, for it is clear that Goethe used Mignon's diminutiveness and implied youth only to heighten the effect of her elfish and dwarfish nature. The most considerable reference to childhood is perhaps in the Sorrows of Young Werther, where the relations between Werther and Charlotte comprise a sketchy group of children who act as foils or accompaniments to the pair. Werther discovers Charlotte, it will be remembered, cutting slices of bread for her younger brothers and sisters; it is by this means that Goethe would give a charm to the character, presenting it in its homely, domestic setting. But his purpose is also to intimate the exceeding sensibility of Werther, and he represents him as taking a most affectionate interest in the little children whom he sees on his walks. I suspect, indeed, that Goethe in this has distinctly borrowed from the Vicar of Wakefield; at any rate, the comparison is easily suggested, and one brings away the impression of Goldsmith's genuine feeling and of Goethe's deliberate assumption of a feeling for artistic purposes. Nevertheless, Goethe makes very positive use of childhood in this novel, not only through the figures of children, but also through the sentiment of childhood.

"Nothing on this earth, my dear Wilhelm," says Werther, "affects my heart so much as children. When I consider them; when I mark in the little creatures the seeds of all those virtues and qualities which they will one day find so indispensable; when I behold in the obstinate all the future firmness and constancy of a noble character, in the capricious that levity and gayety of temper which will carry them lightly over the dangers and troubles of life, their whole nature simple and unpolluted, then I call to mind the golden words of the Great Teacher of mankind: 'Except ye become as little children.' And now, my friend, these children, who are our equals, whom we ought to consider as our models, we treat as subjects. They are allowed no will of their own! And have we then none ourselves? Whence comes our exclusive right? Is it because we are older and more experienced? Great God! from the height of thy heaven, thou beholdest great children and little children, and no others, and thy Son has long since declared which afford the greatest pleasure. But they believe in him, and hear him not — that too is an old story; and they train their children after their own image."

We must regard this as a somewhat distorted application of the words of the gospel, but it is interesting as denoting

that Goethe also, who stood so much in the centre of illumination, had perceived the revealing light to fall upon the heads of young children. It is not, however, so much by his direct as by his indirect influence that Goethe is connected with our subject. If Luther was both an exponent of German feeling and a determining cause of its direction, Goethe occupies a similar relation as an expression of German intellectualism and a stimulator of German thought. A hundred years after his birth, when measures were taking to celebrate the centenary by the establishment of some educational foundation to bear his name, the enthusiastic supporters of Froebel sought to divert public interest into the channel of this movement for the cultivation of childhood. Froebel's philosophy has affected modern educational systems even where his method has not been scrupulously followed. Its influence upon literature and art can scarcely be traced, except so far as it has tended to give direction and set limits to the great body of books and pictures, which, made for children, are also expository and illustrative of the life of children. I mention him simply as an additional illustration of the grasp which the whole subject of childhood has obtained in Germany; it has made itself felt in religion and politics; so revolutionary was Froebel's philosophy held to be that his schools were suppressed at one time by the government as tending to subvert the state. This was not strange, since Froebel's own view as to the education of children was radical and comprehensive.

The enthusiasm which made itself felt in France in the rise of the romantic school, with its expression chiefly through poetry, the drama, and fiction, disclosed its power likewise in Germany. There, however, other channels offered a course for the new current. The rise of the school of religious painters, of which Overbeck and Cornelius were eminent examples, was a distinct issue of the movement of the times. It was regarded as reactionary by some, but its reaction was rather in form than in spirit. It ran counter to a Philistinism which was complacent and indifferent to spiritual life, and it sought to embody its ideas in forms which not only Philistinism but humanism contemned, yet it was all the while working in the interest of a higher freedom. It is noticeable, therefore, that this religious art, in its choice of subjects, not only resorted to the early ecclesiological type, but struck out into a new path, choosing themes which imply a subjective view of Christianity. Thus, Overbeck's picture of Christ blessing little children, a subject which is a favorite one of modern religious art, is a distinct recognition of modern sentiment. Here is the relation borne by the Christ to little children presented by a religious art, which, however much it might seek to reinstate the old forms, could not help being affected by the new life of Christianity. Overbeck went to the early Florentines for his masters, but he did not find this subject among their works. He caught it from the new reading of the old gospel.

III.

As Overbeck and his school returned to the religious art which preceded the Renaissance, so Thorwaldsen, like Canova and lesser men, turned back to Greek art, and was working contemporaneously with Overbeck at Rome in a very different temper. To him the central figure of Christianity was not a child in its mother's arms, but a strong, thoughtful man; for childhood he turned to the sportive conception of Amor, which he embodied in a great variety of forms. The myth appealed, aside from the opportunity which it offered for the expression of sensuous beauty, to his northern love of fairyland. His countryman, Andersen, tells us how, when they were all seated in the dusk, Thor-

waldsen would come from his work and beg for a fairy-tale.

It is Andersen himself who has made the most unique contribution not only to the literature which children read, but to that which is illustrative of childhood. He attained his eminence sheerly by the exhibition of a power which resulted from his information by the spirit of childhood. He was not only an interpreter of childhood; he was the first child who made a real contribution to literature. The work by which he is best known is nothing more nor less than an artistic creation of precisely the order which is common among children.

I may be pardoned, I hope, if I refer the reader to a previous paper[1] in which I attempted to analyze the special quality of Andersen's work. I tried to show, in brief, how it was distinguished from the fairy-tale proper, and also from the didactic fable. In animating inanimate objects his motive was one of the imagination, and he proceeded precisely as a child proceeds who invests the leg of a chair or any other insensate thing with the power to be, to do, and to suffer. It is part of the common experience of men to endow inanimate things with more or less of imagined life. Even mere symbols come to have a superfluity of it. Dr. Galton, in his striking paper on Visualized Numerals,[2] quotes the experience of a correspondent, who says, —

"The numerals, from the part they play in the multiplication-table, have been personified by me from childhood. 9 is a wonderful being, of whom I felt almost afraid; 8 I took for his wife, and there used always to be a fitness in 9×9 being so much more than 8×8; 7, again, is masculine; 6 of no particular sex, but gentle and straightforward; 3 a feeble edition of 9, and generally mean; 2 young and sprightly; 1 a commonplace drudge. In this style the whole multiplication-table consisted of the actions of living persons, whom I liked or disliked, and who had, though only vaguely, human forms."

So also in Björnson's A Happy Boy we read, "The same summer his mother undertook to teach him to read. He had had books for a long time, and wondered how it would be when they too should begin to talk. Now the letters were transformed into beasts and birds and all living creatures, and soon they began to move about together, two and two: *a* stood resting beneath a tree called *b*; *c* came and joined it; but when three or four were grouped together they seemed to get angry with one another, and nothing would then go right. The farther he advanced, the more completely he found himself forgetting what the letters were; he longest remembered *a*, which he liked best; it was a little black lamb, and was on friendly terms with all the rest; but soon *a*, too, was forgotten; the books no longer contained stories, only lessons."

This power of personifying that which seems to have no personality is strongest in childhood; it is very apt to die out, or to become indistinct, in later years. Andersen never lost it. He cultivated the power, and that which with children is vivid, but formless, became with him even more vivid, but ordered and disposed by the laws of art. This, then, may be taken as the peculiar contribution of Andersen: that he, appearing at a time when childhood had been laid open to view as a real and indestructible part of human life, was the interpreter to the world of that creative power which is significant of childhood. The child spoke through him, and disclosed some secrets of life; childhood in men heard the speech, and recognized it as an echo of their own half-forgotten voices. The literature of this kind which

[1] Andersen's Short Stories, The Atlantic Monthly, November, 1875.

[2] Nature, January 15, 1880.

he produced has become a distinct and new form. It already has its imitations, and people are said to write in the vein of Andersen. Such work, and Andersen's in particular, presents itself to us under two aspects: as literature in which conceptions of childhood are embodied, and as literature which feeds and stimulates the imagination of children. But this is precisely the way in which a large body of current literature must be regarded.

IV.

The conditions of life in the United States have been most favorable to the growth of a special literature for children, but, with one or two notable exceptions, the literature which is independent of special audiences has had little to do with childhood as a subject, and art has been singularly silent. There is scarcely anything in Irving, for example, which touches upon child life. A sentence now and then in Emerson shows an insight of youth, as when he speaks of the unerring instinct with which a boy tells off in his mind the characters of the company in a room. Bryant has touched the subject more nearly, but chiefly in a half-fantastic way, in his Little People of the Snow and Stella. Thoreau could hardly be expected to concern himself with the young of the human race when he had nearer neighbors and their offspring. Lowell has answered the appeal which the death of children makes to the heart, but aside from his tender elegiac verses has scarcely dwelt on childhood either in prose or verse. Holmes, with his boyishness of temper, has caught occasionally at the ebullition of youthful spirits, as in the humorous figure of young Benjamin Franklin in the Autocrat, and in some of his autobiographic sketches. His School-Boy, also, adds another to those charming memories of youth which have made Cowper, Goldsmith, and Gray known to readers who else would scarcely have been drawn to them; for the one unfailing poetic theme which finds a listener who has passed his youth is the imaginative rendering of that youth.

Mr. Whittier, though his crystalline verse flows through the memory of many children, has contributed very little to the portrayal of childhood. His portrait of the Barefoot Boy and his tender recollection In School Days are the only poems which deal directly with the subject, and neither of them is wholly objective. They are a mature man's reflection of childhood. Snow-Bound rests upon the remembrance of boyish days, but it deals rather with the circumstance of boyhood than with the boy's thoughts or feelings. Yet the poet shows unmistakably his sense of childhood, although one would not be far wrong who understood him as never separating the spirit of childhood from the human life at any stage. His editorial work in the two volumes, Child-Life in Poetry and Child-Life in Prose, is an indication of his interest in the subject, and he was quick to catch the existence of the sentiment in its association with another poet, whose name is more directly connected with childhood. In his verses, The Poet and the Children, he gave expression to the thought which occurred to many as they considered how soon Mr. Longfellow's death followed upon the spontaneous celebration of his birthday by multitudes of children.

This testimony to Mr. Longfellow was scarcely the result of what he had written either for or of children. It was rather a natural tribute to a poet who had made himself a household word in American homes. Children are brought up on poetry to a considerable extent; they are, moreover, under training for the most part by young women, and the pure sentiment which forms the unfailing element of Mr. Longfellow's writings finds in such teachers the readiest response. When one comes to consider the subjects of Mr. Longfellow's

poetry, one finds that the number addressed to children, or finding their motive in childhood, is not large. Those of direct address are, To a Child, From my Arm-Chair, Weariness, Children; yet which of these demands or would receive a response from children? Only one, From my Arm-Chair, and that chiefly by the circumstance which called it out, and on which the poet relies for holding the direct attention of children. He gets far away from most children before he has reached the end of his poem To a Child, and in the other two poems we hear only the voice of a man in whom the presence of children awakens thoughts which lie too deep for their tears, though not for his.

Turning aside from those which appeal in form to children, one finds several which, like those last named, are evoked by the sentiment which child hood suggests. Such are The Reaper and the Flowers, Resignation, The Children's Hour, and A Shadow, all in the minor key except The Children's Hour; and this poem, perfect as it is in a father's apprehension, yields only a subtle and half-understood fragrance to a child. One poem partly rests on a man's thought of his own childhood, My Lost Youth; The Hanging of the Crane contains for its best lines a vignette of infancy; a narrative poem, The Wreck of the Hesperus, has for its chief figure a child; and Hiawatha is bright with a sketch of Indian boyhood. The translations show two or three which include this subject.

While, therefore, Mr. Longfellow is repeatedly aware of the presence of children, it is not by the poems which spring out of that recognition that he especially reaches them. In his poem From my Arm-Chair, he refers to The Village Blacksmith; that has a single verse in which children figure, but the whole poem will arrest the attention of children far more than From my Arm-Chair, and it belongs to them more. It cannot be too often repeated that books and poems about children are not necessarily for children. The thoughts which the man has of the child often depend wholly upon the fact that he has passed beyond childhood, and looks back upon it; it is impossible for the child to stand by his side. Thus the poem Weariness contains the reflection of a man who anticipates the after life of children; there is nothing in it which belongs to the reflection of childhood itself. Tennyson's May Queen, which has found its way into most of our anthologies for the young, is a notable example of a large class of verses quite unfit for such a place. It may be said in general that sentiment, when made a part of childhood, is very sure to be morbid and unnatural. We have a sentiment which rises at the sight of childhood, but children themselves have none of it; the more refined it is, the more unfit it is to go into their books.

Here is a collection of poetry for children, a recent one, having all the marks of a sound and reputable work. As I turn its leaves, I come upon a long ballad of The Dying Child, Longfellow's The Reaper and the Flowers, a poem called The Little Girl's Lament, in which a child asks, "Is heaven a long way off, mother?" and for two or three pages dwells upon a child's pain at the loss of her father; Tennyson's May Queen, which is so unconscionably long a time dying; Mrs. Hemans's imitation of Mignon's song in a poem called The Better Land; and a poem by Dora Greenwell which I must regard as the most admirable example of what a poem for a child should not be. It is entitled A Story by the Fire, and begins, —

> "Children love to hear of children!
> I will tell of a little child
> Who dwelt alone with his mother
> By the edge of a forest wild.
> One summer eve, from the forest,
> Late, late, down the grassy track
> The child came back with lingering step,
> And looks oft turning back.

"'Oh, mother!' he said, 'in the forest
I have met with a little child;
All day he played with me, — all day
He talked with me and smiled.
At last he left me alone, but then
He gave me this rosebud red;
And said he would come to me again
When all its leaves were spread.'"

Thereupon the child declares that it will put the rosebud in a glass, and wait eagerly for the friend to come. So the night goes and the morning comes, and the child sleeps.

"The mother went to his little room.
With all its leaves outspread
She saw a rose in fullest bloom;
And, in the little bed,
A child that did not breathe nor stir, —
A little, happy child,
Who had met his little friend again,
And in the meeting smiled."

Here is a fantastic conception, extremely puzzling to a healthy-minded child. Imagine the natural questions of a simple, ingenuous boy or girl upon hearing this read. Who is this other child? Why was he coming back when the rose was blown? You explain, as well as you are able, that it was a phantom of death; or, if that seems too pallid, you try to imagine that the poet meant Jesus Christ or an angel by this other little child: but, in whatever way you explain it, you are obliged, if you will satisfy the downright little inquirer, to say plainly, This little boy died, and you begin to wish with all your heart that the poet with all her *ed* rhymes had added *dead*. Then the puzzle begins over again to connect the blooming rose and the little playmate with death. Do you say that you will leave the delicate suggestion of the lines to find its way into the child's mind, and be the interpreter of the poem? This is what one might plead in Wordsworth's We are Seven, for instance. The comparison suggested by the two poems is a partial answer. Wordsworth's poem is a plain, objective narrative, which a child might hear and enjoy with scarcely a notion of what was implied in it, returning afterward to the deep, underlying sense. This poem of Dora Greenwell's has no real objective character; the incident of the walk in the forest is of the most shadowy sort, and is used for its subtlety. I object to subtlety in literature for children. We have a right to demand that there shall be a clear outward sense, whatever may be the deeper meaning to older people. Hans Andersen's story of The Ugly Duckling is a consummate example of a narrative which is enjoyable by the most matter-of-fact child, and yet recalls to the older reader a life's history.

I have been led into a long digression through the natural correlation which exists between childhood in literature and a literature for children. Let me get back to my main topic by a similar path. The one author in America whose works yield the most fruitful examples in illustration of our subject is Hawthorne, and at the same time he is the most masterly of all our authors who have aimed at writing for an audience of children. Whatever may become of the great mass of books for young people published in America during the past fifty years, — and most of it is already crumbling in memory, — it requires no heroism to predict an immortality of fame for the little books which Hawthorne wrote with so much good nature and evident pleasure, Grandfather's Chair and the Wonder Book, with its companion, Tanglewood Tales. Mr. Parkman has given a new reading in the minds of many people to the troubles in Acadia, but he has not disturbed the vitality of Evangeline; one may add footnote after footnote to modify or correct the statements in The Courtship of Miles Standish, but the poem will continue to be accepted as a picture of Pilgrim times. So the researches of antiquarians, with more material at their command than Hawthorne enjoyed, may lead them to different conclusions from those which he reached in his sketches

of early New England history, but they cannot destroy that charm in the rendering which makes the book a classic.

More notable still is Hawthorne's version of Greek myths. Probably he had no further authority for the stories than Lemprière. He only added the touch of his own genius. Only! and the old rods blossomed with a new variety of fruit and flower. It is easily said that Hawthorne Yankeeized the stories, that he used the Greek stones for constructing a Gothic building, but this is academic criticism. He really succeeded in naturalizing the Greek myths in American soil, and all the labors of all the Coxes will not succeed in supplanting them. Moreover, I venture to think that Hawthorne's fame is more firmly fixed by means of the Wonder Book. The presence of an audience of children had a singular power over him. I do not care for the embroidery of actual child life which he has devised for these tales; it is scarcely more than a fashion, and already strikes one as quaint and out of date. But I cannot read the tales themselves without being aware that Hawthorne was breathing one air when he was writing them and another when he was at work on his romances. He illustrates in a delicate and subtle manner the line of Juvenal which bids the old remember the respect due to the young. Juvenal uses it to shame men into decorum; but just as any sensitive person will restrain himself in expression before children, so Hawthorne appears to have restrained his thought in their silent presence, — to have done this, and also to have admitted into it the sunshine which their presence brought. With what bright and joyous playfulness he repeats the old stories, and with what a paternal air he makes the tales yield their morsels of wisdom! There is no opening of dark passages, no peering into recesses, but a happy, generous spirit reigns throughout.

All this could have been predicated from the delightful glimpses which we now have of Hawthorne's relations to his children, glimpses which his Note-Books, indeed, had already afforded, and which were not wanting also in his finished work. Nor was this interest in childhood something which sprang up after he had children of his own. In that lonely period of his young manhood, when he held converse only with himself, his Note-Books attest how his observation took in the young and his fancy played about them. As early as 1836 he makes a note: "To picture a child's (one of four or five years old) reminiscences at sunset of a long summer's day, — his first awakening, his studies, his sports, his little fits of passion, perhaps a whipping, etc." Again how delicate is the hint conveyed in a passage describing one of his solitary walks! "Another time I came suddenly on a small Canadian boy, who was in a hollow place, among the ruined logs of an old causeway, picking raspberries, — lonely among bushes and gorges, far up the wild valley; and the lonelier seemed the little boy for the bright sunshine, that showed no one else in a wide space of view except him and me." He has elsewhere a quick picture of a boy running at full speed, a wistful look at a sleeping infant, which somehow touches one almost as if one had seen a sketch for a Madonna; and then this passage, significant of the working of his mind, — he is noting a Mediterranean boy from Malaga whom he saw on the wharf: "I must remember this little boy, and perhaps I may make something more beautiful of him than these rough and imperfect touches would promise."

The relation which Hawthorne held to his own children, as illustrated both in the memoirs of him and in his Note-Books, was unquestionably a sign of that profound humanity which was the deep spring of his writings. But it was

not, as some seem to think, a selfish love which he bore for them; he could show to them, because the relation was one of the elemental things in nature, a fullness of feeling which found expression otherwise only as all his nature found outlet, — in spiritual communion with mankind. How deep this inherent love of childhood lay is instanced in that passage in Our Old Home which one reads as it were with uncovered head. It is in the chapter entitled Some Glimpses of English Poverty, and relates how one of the party visiting an almshouse — Hawthorne himself, as his wife has since told us — was unexpectedly and most unwillingly made the object of demonstrative attention on the part of a poor, scrofulous, repulsive waif of humanity. Nothing that he had done had attracted the child, — only what he was; and so, moved by compassion, this strange, shy man took the child in his arms and kissed it. Let any one read the entire passage, note the mingled emotions which play about the scene like a bit of iridescent glass, and dare to speak of Hawthorne again except with reverence.

In the same chapter occurs that delicious little description of children playing in the street, where the watchfulness of the older children over the younger is noted, and a small brother, who is hovering about his sister, is gravely noted as "working a kind of miracle to transport her from one dust heap to another." He makes the reflection, "Beholding such works of love and duty, I took heart again, and seemed it not so impossible after all for these neglected children to find a path through the squalor and evil of their circumstances up to the gate of heaven."

One of the earliest and most ambitious of his short tales, The Gentle Boy, gathers into itself the whole history of a pathetic childhood, and there seems to have been an intention to produce in Ibrahim precisely those features which mark the childish martyr and confessor. Again, among the Twice-Told Tales is the winning sketch of Little Annie's Ramble, valuable most of all for its unconscious testimony to the abiding sense of companionship which Hawthorne found with children. In Edward Fane's Rosebud, also, is a passage referring to the death of a child, which is the only approach to the morbid in connection with childhood that I recall in Hawthorne. Little Daffydowndilly, a quaint apologue, has by virtue of its unquestionable fitness found its way into all reading-books for the young.

The story, however, which all would select as most expressive of Hawthorne's sympathy with childhood is The Snow Image. In that the half-conventional figures which served to introduce the stories in the Wonder Book have passed, by a very slight transformation, into quaint impersonations. They have the outward likeness of boys and girls, but, by the alchemy which Hawthorne used chiefly upon men and women, they are made to have ingenuous and artless converse with a being of other than flesh and blood. It is the charm of this exquisite tale that the children create the object in which they believe so implicitly. Would it be straining a point too far to say that as Andersen managed, whether consciously or not, to write his own spiritual biography in his tale of The Ugly Duckling, so Hawthorne in The Snow Image saw himself as in a glass? At any rate, we can ourselves see him reflected in these childish figures, absorbed in the creation out of the cold snow of a sprite which cannot without peril come too near the warm life of the common world, regarded with half-pitying love and belief by one, good-naturedly scorned by crasser man.

In his romances children play no unimportant part. It is Ned Higgins's cent which does the mischief with Hepzibah, in The House of the Seven Gables, transforming her from a shrinking,

gentle woman into an ignoble shopkeeper; and thus it becomes only right and proper that Ned Higgins's portrait should be drawn at full length with a gravity and seriousness which would not be wasted on a grown man like Dixey. In The Scarlet Letter one might almost call Pearl the central figure. Certainly, as she flashes in and out of the sombre shadows, she contrives to touch with light one character after another, revealing, interpreting, compelling. In the deeper lines one reads how this child concentrates in herself the dread consequences of sin. The Puritan, uttering the wrath of God descending from the fathers to the children, never spoke in more searching accents than Hawthorne in the person of Pearl. "The child," he says, "could not be made amenable to rules. In giving her existence a great law had been broken; and the result was a being whose elements were perhaps beautiful and brilliant, but all in disorder." When one stops to think of The Scarlet Letter without Pearl, he discovers suddenly how vital the child is to the story. The scene in the woods, that moving passage where Pearl compels her mother to replace the scarlet A, and all the capricious behavior toward the minister show how much value Hawthorne placed on this figure in his drama; and when the climax is reached, and Hester, Arthur, and Pearl stand together on the scaffold, the supreme moment may fairly be said to be that commemorated in the words, "Pearl kissed his lips."

It is noteworthy, also, that when Hawthorne was struggling with fate, and, with the consciousness of death stealing over him, made ineffectual efforts to embody his profoundest thoughts of life and immortality, he should have expended his chief art in loving characterization of Pansie, in the Dolliver Romance. Whatever might have come of this last effort, could fate have been conquered, I for one am profoundly grateful that the two figures of grandsire and grandchild stand thus fully wrought to guard the gateway of Hawthorne's passage out of life.

V.

The advent of the child in literature at the close of the last century was characterized, as I have pointed out, by a recognition of personality in childhood as distinct from relationship. The child as one of the family had always been recognized, and the child also in its more elemental nature; it was the child as possessed of consciousness, as isolated as disclosing a nature capable of independent action, thought, and feeling that now came forward into the world's view, and was added to the stock of the world's literature, philosophy, and art.

"The real virtues of one age," says Mozley, "become the spurious ones of the next," and it is hardly strange that the abnormal development of this treatment of childhood should be most apparent in the United States, where individualism has had freest play. The discovery appears to have been made here that the child is not merely a person, but a very free and independent person indeed. The sixteenth amendment to the constitution reads, "The rights and caprices of children in the United States shall not be denied or abridged on account of age, sex, or formal condition of tutelage," and the amendment has been recognized in literature, as in life, while waiting its legal adoption. It has been recognized by the silence of great literature, or by the kind of mention which it has there received. I am speaking rather of the literature which is now current than of that which we agree to regard as standard American literature; yet even in that I think our study shows the sign of what we to be. The only picture of childhood in the poets drawn from real life is that of the country boy, while all the other references are to an ideal conception

Hawthorne, in his isolation, wrote of a world which was reconstructed out of elemental material, and his insight as well as his marvelous sympathy with childhood precluded him from using disused forms. But since the day of these then the literature which is most representative of national life has been singularly devoid of reference to childhood. One notable exception emphasizes this silence. Our keenest social satirist has not spared the children. They are found in company with the young American girl, and we feel the sting of the lash which falls upon them.

Again the silence of art is noticeable. There was so little art contemporaneous with our greater literature, and the best of that was so closely confined to landscape, that it is all the more observable how meagre is the show in our picture galleries of any history of childhood. Now and then a portrait appears, the child usually of the artist's patron, but there is little sign that artists seek in the life of children for subjects upon which to expend thought and power. They are not drawn to them, apparently except when they appear in some foreign guise as beggars, where the picturesqueness of attire offers the chief motive.

In illustration of this, I may be pardoned if I mention my own experience when conducting, a few years ago, an illustrated magazine for young people. I did my best to obtain pictures of child life from painters who were not merely professional book-illustrators, and the only two that I succeeded in securing were one by Mr. Lambdin and Mr. La Farge's design accompanying Browning's poem of The Pied Piper. On the other ground of illustrations of text, it was only now and then that I was able to obtain any simple, unaffected design, showing an understanding of a child's figure and face. It was commonly a young woman who was most successful, and what her work gained in genuineness it was apt to lose in correctness of drawing.

I shall be told that matters have improved since then, and shall be pointed to the current magazines of the same grade as the Riverside. I am quite willing to concede that the demand for work of this kind has had the effect of stimulating designers, but I maintain that the best illustrations in these magazines are not those which directly represent children. And when I say children, I mean those in whom consciousness is developed, not infants and toddlers, who are often represented with as much cleverness as other small animals and pets. It is more to the point that, while the introduction of processes and the substitution of photography for direct drawing on the wood have greatly enlarged the field from which woodcuts may be drawn, there is little, if any, increase in the number of strong designs illustrative of childhood. Formerly the painter was deterred from contributing designs by the slight mechanical difficulties of drawing on box-wood. Unless he was in the way of such work, he disliked laying his brush down and taking up the pencil. Now everything is done for him, and his painting is translated by the engraver without the necessity of any help from him. Yet how rarely, with the magazines at hand to use his paintings, does the painter voluntarily seek such subjects!

But if there is silence or scorn in great literature, there is plenty of expression in that minor literature which has sprung up, apparently, in the interest of childhood. It is here, in the books for young people, that one may discover the most flagrant illustration of that spurious individuality in childhood which I have maintained to be conspicuous in our country. Any one who has been compelled to make the acquaintance of this literature must have observed how very little parents and guardians figure in it, and how completely children are sepa-

rated from their elders. The most popular books for the young are those which represent boys and girls as seeking their fortune, working out their own schemes, driving railway trains and steamboats it may be, managing farms, or engaged in adventures which elicit all their uncommon heroism. The same tendency is exhibited in less exaggerated form: children in the school-room, or at play, forming clubs amongst themselves, having their own views upon all conceivable subjects, torturing the English language without rebuke, opening correspondence with newspapers and magazines, starting newspapers and magazines of their own, organizing, setting up miniature society, — this is the general spectacle to be observed in books for young people, and the parent or two, now and then visible, is as much in the background as the child was in earlier literature.

All this is more or less a reflection of actual life, and as such has an unconscious value. I would not press its significance too far, but I think it points to a serious defect in our society life. This very ephemeral literature is symptomatic of a condition of things, rather than causative. It has not nearly so much influence on young life as it is itself the natural concomitant of a maladjustment of society, and the corrective will be found only as a healthier social condition is reached. The disintegration of the family, through a feeble sense of the sacredness of marriage, is an evil which is not to be remedied by any specific of law or literature, but so long as it goes on it inevitably affects literature.

I venture to make two modest suggestions toward the solution of these larger problems into the discussion of which our subject has led me. One is for those who are busy with the production of books for young people. Consider if it be not possible to report the activity and comradery of the young in closer and more generous association with the life of their elders. The spec tacle of a healthy family life, in whic children move freely and joyously, i not so rare as to make models hard t be found, and one would do a great se vice to young America who should brin back the wise mother and father int juvenile literature.

Again, next to a purified and e riched literature of this sort is a tho ough subordination of it. The separa tion of a class of books for the use the young specifically is not now to b avoided, but in the thoughtlessness wit which it has been accepted as the onl literature for the young a great wron has been inflicted. The lean cattle hav devoured the fat. I have great fait in the power of noble literature whe brought into simple contact with th child's mind, always assuming that it the literature which deals with eleme tal feeling, thought, and action whic is so presented. I think the solutio of the problem which vexes us will found not so much in the writing good books for children as in the wi choice of those parts of the world's l erature which contain an appeal to th child's nature and understanding. It not the books written expressly for ch dren so much as it is the books writt out of minds which have not lost the childhood that are to form the body literature which shall be classic for t young. As Mr. Ruskin rightly say "The greatest books contain food f all ages, and an intelligent and right bred youth or girl ought to enjoy mu even in Plato by the time they a fifteen or sixteen."

It may fairly be asked how we sh persuade children to read classic lit ature. It is a partial answer to s Read it to them yourself. If we wou only consider the subtle strengthen of ties which comes from two peo reading the same book together, brea ing at once its breath, and each givi the other unconsciously his interpre

tion of it, it would be seen how in this simple habit of reading aloud lies a power too fine for analysis, yet stronger than iron in welding souls together. To my thinking there is no academy on earth equal to that found in many homes of a mother reading to her child.

There is, however, a vast organization inclusive of childhood to which we may justly commit the task of familiarizing children with great literature, and of giving them a distaste for ignoble books. There is no other time of life than that embraced by the common-school course so fit for introduction to the highest, finest literature of the world. Our schools are too much given over to the acquisition of knowledge. What they need is to recognize the power which lies in enlightenment. In the susceptible period of youth we must introduce through the medium of literature the light which will give the eye the precious power of seeing. But look at the apparatus now in use. Look at the reading-books which are given to children in the mechanical system of grading. Is this feast of scraps really the best we can offer for the intellectual and spiritual nourishment of the young? What do these books teach the child of reading? They supply him with the power to read print at sight, to pronounce accurately the several words that meet the eye, and to know the time value of the several marks of punctuation; but they no more make readers of children than an accordeon supplies one with the power to appreciate and enjoy a sonata of Beethoven.

I do not object to intelligent drill, but I maintain that in our schools it bears little or no relation to the actual use of the power of reading. The best of the education of children is not their ability to take up the daily newspaper or the monthly magazine after they leave school, but their interest in good literature and their power to read it with apprehension if not comprehension. This can be taught in school. Not only so, it ought to be taught, for unless the child's mind is plainly set in this direction, it is very unlikely that he will find the way for himself. I look, therefore, with the greatest interest upon that movement in our public schools which tends to bring the great literature before children. This literature is making its way under the modest and clumsy title of supplementary reading. Think of Shakespeare and Wordsworth and Longfellow and Hawthorne being permitted in our schools as supplementary to the regular authors, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Brown, Miss Robinson, and their brothers, who are in possession with the graded readers! No matter: let us introduce the great by any name, if only we get them into the schools, where they shall effect a true revolution. We may look confidently to the day when the upper grades of schools shall be entirely free of the miscellaneous reading-books, and the children, when leaving school, shall have had a familiar and friendly acquaintance with a dozen of the great books of the world.

The study of childhood in literature has led insensibly to observations on literature for children. The two subjects are not far apart, for both testify to the same fact, that in the growth of human life there has been an irregular but positive advance, and a profounder perception of the rights and duties involved in personality.

What may lie in the future I will not venture to predict, but it is quite safe to say that the form in which childhood is presented will still depend upon the sympathy of imaginative writers with the ideal of childhood, and that the form of literature for children will be determined by the greater or less care with which society guards the sanctity of childish life.

Horace E. Scudder.

QUATRAINS BY DIFFERENT HANDS.

I.

Milton.

So fair thy vision that the night
Abided with thee, lest the light,
A flaming sword before thine eyes,
Had shut thee out from Paradise.

The Shadow.

O Shadow, in thy fleeting form I see
The friend of fortune that once clung to me.
In flattering light, thy constancy is shown;
In darkness, thou wilt leave me all alone.

John B. Tabb.

II.

The Night-Blooming Cereus.

She would not be the bride of kingly Light!
Shunning his ardors and his pageantries,
She breathes her beauty on the heart of Night;
His wonderful, white, wedded joy she is!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

III.

Disappointment.

From dreary wastes of unfulfilled desire,
We harvest dreams that never come to pass;
Then pour our wine amid the dying fire,
And on the cold hearth break the empty glass.

Time.

Time has no flight, — 't is we who speed along.
The days and nights are but the same as when
The earth awoke with the first rush of song,
And felt the swiftly passing feet of men.

Thomas S. Collier.

IV.

The Bust of Kronos. (*In the Vatican Museum.*)

A HALF-VEILED head, a sad, unfurrowed face,
Titanic power and more than mortal grace;
Across wan lips and eyes bereft of light
The awful shadow of unending night.

William H. Hayne.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XXXVIII.

"OF course it was perfectly right. No one could say that I was in any way infatuated about Lady Markland, never from the first; but I quite approve of that. Why should she call herself Mrs. Theodore Warrender, when she has the title of a viscountess? Or if it had been a trumpery little baronetcy," said Minnie, strong in her new honors, "that would have been quite a different matter; but why should one give up one's precedency, and all that? I should not at all like to have Mrs. Wilberforce, for instance, or any other person of her class, walk out of a room before me — now."

"Nor me, I suppose," Mrs. Warrender said with a smile.

"Oh, you! that is different of course," said the Hon. Mrs. Eustace Thynne; but though she was good enough to say this, it was very evident that even for her mother Minnie had no idea of waiving her rights. "When a thing is understood it is so much easier," she added, "every one must see that; besides, it was not her fault that her first husband died."

"Surely, it was her fault that she married again," said Chatty.

"Oh, what do you know about it? An unmarried girl can't really have any experience on that subject. Well, to be sure it was her own doing to marry again, but a lady of any rank *never* gives up her title on marrying a commoner. A baronet's wife as I say, — but then a baronet is only a commoner himself."

"You seem to have thoroughly studied the subject, Minnie."

"Yes, I have studied it; marrying into a noble family naturally changes one's ideas. And the Thynnes are very particular. You should have seen my mother-in-law arranging the dinner-party she asked to meet us. *I* went first, of course, as the bride, but there was Lady Highcourt and Lady Grandmaison, both countesses, and the creation within twenty-five years of each other. Eustace said nobody but his mother could have recollected, without looking it up, that the Grandmaisons date from 1425 and the Highcourts only from 1450 — not the very oldest nobility either of them," said Minnie, with a grand air. "The Thynne peerage dates from 1395."

"But then," said Mrs. Warrender, much amused, shooting an arrow at a venture, "their descent counts in the female line."

Upon which a deep blush, a wave of trouble and shame, passed over Minnie's countenance. "Only in one case," she cried, "only once; and that you will allow is not much in five hundred years."

The bridal pair had arrived on their visit only the day before: they had taken a long holiday, and had been visiting many friends. It was now about two months since their marriage, and the gowns in Minnie's trousseau began to lose their obtrusive newness, nor can it be said that her sentiments were new. They were only modified a little by her present *milieu*. "I suppose," she said, after an interval, "that Lady Markland will come to see me as soon as she knows I am here. Shall they have any one there for the shooting, this year? Eustace quite looks forward to a day now and then. There is the Warren at least, which poor dear papa never preserved, but which I hope Theo — Eustace says that Theo will really be failing in his duty if he does not preserve."

"I know nothing about their plans or their visitors. Theo is very unlikely to think of a party of sportsmen, who were never much in his way."

Chatty in the mean time had gone out of the room about her flowers, which were always her morning's occupation. When she had closed the door, Minnie, who had been waiting eagerly, leaned forward to her mother. "As for being in his way, Theo has no right to be selfish, mamma. He ought to think of Chatty. *She* ought to think of Chatty. I shall not have nearly so good an opinion of her, if she does not take a little trouble and do something for Chatty now she is going out again and has it in her power."

"For Chatty — but Chatty does not shoot!"

"You never will understand, mamma," said Mrs. Eustace Thynne with gentle exasperation. "Chatty ought to be thought of now. I am sure I never was; if it had not been for Eustace coming to Pierrepoint, I should have been Miss Warrender all my life, and so will Chatty be Miss Warrender all her life, if no one comes to the rescue. Of course it should lie with me in the first place, but except neighboring clergymen, we are likely to see so few people just at present. To be sure I have married a clergyman myself, but Eustace was quite an exceptional case, and clergymen as a rule can scarcely be called eligible, so there is nothing for it but that Lady Markland should interfere."

"For Chatty? I beg your pardon, my dear. You are much wiser than I am; but in the present case I think Chatty's mother is sufficient for all needs."

"That was always your way, mamma, to take one up at a word without thinking. Don't you observe how awfully quiet Chatty is? Eustace noticed it the very first day. He is very quick to see a thing, and he has a lot of sisters of his own. He said to me, Either Chatty has had a disappointment or she is just bored to death staying at home. I think very likely it is my marriage that has done it, for of course there could have been no disappointment," Minnie added calmly. "Seeing both me and Theo happy, she naturally asks herself, Am I always to sit here like an old person, with mamma?"

Mrs. Warrender felt the prick, but only smiled. "I don't think she asks herself that question, but in any case I am afraid she must just be left, however dull it may be, with mamma."

"Oh, I hope you will be reasonable," said Minnie, "I hope you will not stand in poor Chatty's way. It is time she saw somebody, and that people saw her. She is twenty-four. She has not much time to lose, Eustace says."

"My dear Minnie, I don't object to what you say about your sister, that I allow you have a right to speak, but Eustace is quite a different matter. We will leave him out of the question. What he may think or say about Chatty is of no consequence to me; in short, I think it is very bad taste, if you will allow me to say so."

"Mamma!" Minnie rose up to much more than her full height, which was

no means great. "Is it possible that you would teach your own daughter to disregard what her husband says?"

The righteous indignation, the lofty tone, the moral superiority of Minnie's attitude gave her mother a kind of painful amusement. She said nothing, but went to the writing-table at the other side of the room. Everything was very peaceful, and there seemed no possibility of any real disturbance in the calm well-being of the family, so far as any ordinary eye could see: Theo gone with his bride into a sphere a little above that which belonged to him by nature; Minnie with her husband in all the proud consciousness of virtuous bliss; Chatty quiet and gentle among her flowers. A soft atmosphere of sunshine and prosperity, shaded by blinds at the windows, by little diversities and contrarieties in the spirit from being excessive and dazzling, was all about. In the midst of the calm Minnie's little theories of the new-made wife made a diverting incident in the foreground. Mrs. Warrender looked at her across the writing-table, with a smile in her eyes.

"I know," cried Minnie, "that you had many ways of thinking I did not go in with — but to throw any doubt upon a woman's duty to her husband! Oh, mamma, that is what I never expected. Eustace is of course the first in all the world to me; what he says is always of consequence. He is not one to say a word that he has not weighed, and if he takes an interest in his sister-in-law, it is because he thinks it his duty to me."

"That is all very well, my dear," said Mrs. Warrender, with some impatience, "and no doubt it is a great matter for Chatty to have a sister so correct as yourself, and a brother-in-law to take an interest in her. But as long as I live, I am the first authority about Chatty, and Eustace is not the first authority in the world to me. Chatty" —

"Were you calling me, mamma?"

Chatty was coming in with a tall vase of flowers held in both hands. The great campanulas, with their lavish, magnificent bells, flung up a flowery hedge between her face and the eyes of the others. It was not that she had anything to conceal, but undeniably Chatty felt herself on a lower level of being, subdued by Minnie's presence. There is often in young married persons a pride in their new happiness, an ostentation of superiority in their twofold existence, which is apt to produce this effect upon the spectators. Minnie and her husband stood between the two ladies, neither of whom possessed husbands, as the possessors of conscious greatness stand between those who have fallen and those who have never attained. And Chatty, who had no confidence to give, whose little story was all locked in her own bosom, had been fretted by her sister's questions, and by Mr. Eustace Thynne's repeated references to the fact that she "looked pale."

"No, my dear. We were talking of you, that was all. Minnie is anxious that you should see — a little more of the world."

"Mamma, be correct at least. I said that it would be a duty for myself if I had any opportunity, and for Frances."

"Do you mean Lady Markland?"

"Well, she is Frances, I hope, to her husband's sisters. I said it was Frances's duty, now that she is going into society, to take you about and introduce you to people. A little while ago," said Minnie with dignity, "mamma was all for gadding about; and now she finds fault when I say the simplest things, all because I said that Eustace — of course Eustace takes an interest in Chatty, next to his own sisters he naturally takes an interest in you."

Chatty placed her tall vase in the corner which she had chosen for it, in silence. She expressed no thanks for the interest Eustace took in her. Neither did Mrs. Warrender say anything further.

The chill of this ingratitude had upon Minnie a contrary effect to that which might have been anticipated. She grew very hot and red.

"I don't know what you all mean," she cried; "it is what we have never met with yet, in all the places we have been. Everybody has been grateful to Eustace for his good advice. They have all liked to know what he thought. 'Try and find out what Eustace thinks' is what has been said; and now my own mother and sister" — Here words failed and she wiped away a few angry tears.

At this, Chatty's tender heart was touched. She went to her sister and gave her a gentle kiss. "Dear Minnie, I am sure you are very kind, and if there was anything to take an interest about — But mamma and I have just settled down. We want nothing, we are quite happy." Chatty looked across the room at her mother, which was natural enough, but then Mrs. Warrender observed that the girl's eyes went further, that they went beyond anything that was visible within those white paneled walls. "Oh, quite happy," Chatty repeated very softly, with that look into the distance, which only her mother saw.

"That may be for the present; but you don't suppose you will always be quite satisfied and happy with mamma. That is exactly what Eustace says. I never knew anybody take so little interest in her girls as mamma does. You will be thrown among the little people here — a curate in Highcombe, or somebody's son who lives in the town. Mamma, you may say what you please, but to have a little nobody out of a country town for a brother-in-law, a person probably with no connections, no standing, no" — Minnie paused, out of mere incapacity to build up the climax higher.

It is not solely characteristic of women that a small domestic controversy should excite them beyond every other: but perhaps only a woman could have felt the high swelling in her breast of that desire to cast down and utterly confound Minnie and all her pretensions by the mention of a name, and the contrariety of not being able to do it, and the secret exultation in the thought of one day cutting her down, down to the ground with the announcement. While she was musing her heart turned to Cavendish — a relation within well authenticated lines of the duke, very different from the small nobility of the Thynnes, who on their side were not at all related to the greater family of the name. Mrs. Warrender's heart rose with this thought so that it was almost impossible for her to keep silence, to look at Minnie and not overwhelm her. But she did refrain, and the consciousness that she had this unanswerable retort behind kept her, as nothing else could, from losing her temper. She smiled with a sense of the humor of the situation.

"It will be very sad, my dear, if Chatty provides Eustace with an unsuitable brother-in-law; but we must not look so far ahead. There is no aspirant for the moment who can give your husband any uneasiness. Perhaps he would like a list of the ineligible young men in the neighborhood? There are not very many, from all I can hear."

"Oh, mamma, I never knew any one so unsympathetic as you are," said Minnie, with an angry flush of color. Chatty had not stayed to defend herself. She had hurried away, out of reach of the warfare. No desire to crush her sister with a name was in Chatty's mind. It had seemed to her profane to speak of such a possibility at all. She realized so fully that everything was over, that all idea of change in her life was at an end forever, that she heard with a little shiver, but with no warm personal feeling, the end of this discussion. She shrank, indeed, from the idea of being talked over — but then, she reflected,

Minnie would be sure to do that, Minnie could not be expected to understand. While Mrs. Warrender began to write her letters, Chatty went softly out of the room, in her many comings and goings about the flowers. She had them on a table in the hall, with a great jug of fresh water and a basket to put all the litter, the clippings of stalks and unnecessary leafage in, and all her pots and vases ready. She was very tidy in all her ways. It was not a very important piece of business, and yet all the sweet, orderly spirit of domestic life was in Chatty's movements. There are many people who would have been far more pleased and touched to see her at this simple work than had she been reading Greek, notwithstanding that the Greek, too, is excellent; but it was not Chatty's way.

Mrs. Warrender sat at her writing-table with a little thrill of excitement and opposition in her. She saw the angry flush on Minnie's face, and watched without seeming to watch her as she rose suddenly and left the room, almost throwing down the little spindle-legged table beside her. Just outside the door Mrs. Warrender heard Chatty's calm voice say to her sister, "Will you have these for your room, Minnie?" evidently offering her some of her flowers. (It was a pretty blue and white china pot, with a sweet-smelling nosegay of mignonette and a few of the late China roses, sweet enough to scent the whole place.) "Oh, thanks, I don't like flowers in my room. Eustace thinks they are not healthy," said Minnie, in tones still full of displeasure. Mrs. Warrender was not a wise woman. She was pleased that she and the child who was left to her were having the better of the little fray. "Eustace thinks" — Minnie might quote him as much as she pleased, but she would never get her mother to quail before these words. A man may be Honorable and Reverend both, and yet not be strong enough to tyrannize over his mother-in-law and lay down the law in her house. This is a condition of affairs quite different from the fashionable view, but then, Mrs. Warrender was in her own house, and quite independent of her son-in-law. She had a malicious pleasure in the thought of his discomfiture. Cavendish! She imagined to herself how they would open their eyes, and tasted in advance the pleasure of the letter which she should write to Theo, disclosing all that could happen. It seemed to her that she knew very well what would happen. The young man was honorable and honest, and Chatty was most fit and suitable, a bride whom no parents could object to. As for mysterious restraining influences, Mrs. Warrender believed in no such things. She had not lived in a world where they exist, and she felt as sure of Dick Cavendish as of herself — that is to say, *almost* as sure.

All this might have been very well and done no harm, but in the energy of this angry, excited, exasperated, exhilarated mood, it occurred to Mrs. Warrender to take such a step as she had never done before nor thought herself capable of doing. To make overtures of any sort to a man who had showed a disposition to be her daughter's lover, yet had not said anything or committed himself in any way, would, twenty-four hours before, have seemed to her impossible. It would have seemed to her inconsistent with Chatty's dignity and her own. But opposition and a desire to have the better of one's domestic and intimate opponents are very strong, and tempt people to the most equivocal proceedings. Mrs. Warrender did not wait to think, but took out a fresh sheet of paper and dipped her pen in the ink with that impulsiveness which was characteristic of her. A note or two had already passed between Dick Cavendish and herself, so that it was not so extraordinary a proceeding as it appeared. This was what she wrote: —

DEAR MR. CAVENDISH, — Is it worth while coming to us only from Saturday to Monday, as your modesty suggests? I fear Chatty and I, in our quietness, would scarcely repay the long journey. But Minnie is with us (with her husband), and she was always a much more practical person than her mother. She has just been suggesting to me that Theo has now the command of covers more interesting from the sportsman point of view than our old thicket at the Warren. If, therefore, you really feel inclined to come down for a few days, there will, it appears, be a real inducement — something more in a young man's way than the tea-parties at Highcombe. So bring your gun, and let it be from Monday to Saturday instead of the other way.

We think of our brief campaign in town with great pleasure, and a strong sense of obligation to you who did so much for the pleasure of it. Most truly yours, M. WARRENDER.

She sent this epistle off with great satisfaction, yet a little sense of guilt, that same evening, taking particular care to give it to the parlor maid with her own hand, lest Chatty should see the address. It was already September, and the time of the partridges had begun.

XXXIX.

When the ladies left London, Dick Cavendish had felt himself something like a wreck upon the shore. The season was very near its end, and invitations no longer came in dozens. To be sure, there were a great many other wrecks whose society made life tolerable; but he felt himself out of heart, out of temper, seized by that sudden disgust with life in general which is often the result of the departure of one person who has given it a special interest. It was a strong effect to be produced by Chatty's unpretending personality, but it affected him more than if she had been in herself a more striking personage. For it was not so much that her absence made a blank in any of the gay scenes that still remained, but that she suggested another kind of scene altogether. He felt that to say it was a bore to go out was no longer that easy fiction which it usually is. It was a bore to go out into those aimless assemblies where not to go was a social mistake, yet to go was weariness of the flesh and spirit. In the midst of them his thoughts would turn to the little group in Half Moon Street which had made the commonplace drawing-room of the lodging-house into a home. Chatty over her muslin work — he laughed to himself when he thought of it. It was not lovely; there was no poetry about it; the little scissors and sharp pointed blade that made the little holes; the patient labor that sewed them round. So far as he was aware there was not much use in the work and no prettiness at all; a lover might linger over an embroidery frame, and rave of seeing the flowers grow under her hand; but the little checkered pattern of holes — there was nothing at all delightful in that. Yet he thought of it, which was amazing, and laughed at himself, then thought of it again. He was not what could be called of the domestic order of man. He had "knocked about," he had seen all sorts of things and people, and to think that his heart should be caught by Chatty and her muslin work! He was himself astonished and amused, but so it was. He could not take kindly to anything now that she was gone, and even in the rapidity of the last expiring efforts of the season, he felt himself yawn and think of quite another scene: of a little house to go home to, and say what a bore it was, while Chatty took out her muslin work. He was so far gone that he scrawled patterns for that muslin work

over his blotting-books, — arrangements of little holes in squares, in rounds, in diagonal formations, in the shape of primitive leaf and berry, at which he would laugh all by himself and blush, and fling them into the fire; which did not, however, by any means withdraw the significance from these simple attempts at ornamental art.

This would have been simple indeed had it been everything. All the Cavendishes, small and great, even the highest divinities of the name, would have stooped from their high estate to express their pleasure that Dick had found the "nice girl" who was to settle him and make him everything a Cavendish should be. Ah, had that been but all! Dick was no coxcomb; but he had read so much in Chatty's modest eyes as warranted him in believing that he would not woo in vain. Though he could still laugh, being of that nature of man, his heart, in fact, was overwhelmed with a weight of trouble such as might have made the strongest cry out. But crying out was not in his constitution. He went about his occupations, his work, which, now that Chatty was gone, had few interruptions, his pleasures chewing the cud of the bitterest fancy and the most painful thought. He walked about the streets, turning it over and over in his mind. He thought of it even when he made the patterns of the holes and laughed at them, tossing them into the fire. Underneath all his lightest as well as his most serious occupations ran this dark and stern current. The arrival of Mrs. Warrender's note made it still darker and more constant, carrying him away upon its tide. It was not the first letter he had received from her. He had insisted upon hearing whether their journey home had been a pleasant one, how they had liked their new home, and many other trivial things, and he had asked for that invitation from Saturday to Monday, which now was reversed and turned into almost a week, from Monday to Saturday. He did not know whether he meant to go; but anyhow the invitation, the power of going if he pleased, was sweet to him. He kept it by him as an anticipation, a sweetmeat which took the bitter taste of life out of his mouth.

But this letter was more formal, more business-like, than anything that had gone before. To go to see the woman whom you think of most in the world, that is a vague thing which other engagements may push aside; but an invitation to go for the partridges is business and has to be answered. Dick got it at his club, where he was lingering though it was September, making little runs into the country, but avoiding his home, where he knew many questions would be put to him about what he was going to do. It is a sad thing when there is nobody who cares what you are going to do — but this is not the view of the matter most apparent to young men. Dick very much disliked the question. It was not one to which he could give any reply. He was going to do — nothing, unless life and feeling should be too much for him and he should be driven into doing what would be a villainy — yes a villainy, though probably no harm would ever come of it; most probably, almost certainly, no harm would come of it — and yet it would be a villainy. These were the thoughts that were with him wherever he went or came. And after he got Mrs. Warrender's letter they grew harder and harder, more and more urgent. It was this which took him one day to the rooms of an old gentleman who had not Dick's reasons for staying in town, but others which were perhaps as weighty, which were that he was fond of his corner in the club, and not of much else. His corner in the club, his walk along the streets, his cosy rooms, and the few old fogies, like himself, sharp as so many needles, giving their old

opinions upon the events of the time with a humor sharpened by many an experience of the past; who counted every day only half a day when it was spent out of town. This old gentleman was a lawyer of very high repute, though he had retired from all active practice. He was a man who was supposed to know every case that had ever been on the registers of justice. He had refused the Bench, and he might even have been, if he would, Attorney-General, but to all these responsibilities he preferred freedom and his corner at the club. To him Dick went, with a countenance fresh and fair, which contrasted with the parchment of the old lawyer's face, but a heart like a piece of lead lying in his breast, weighing down every impulse, which also contrasted strongly, though no one could see it, with the tough piece of mechanism, screwed up to a very level pitch and now seldom out of order, which fulfilled the same organic functions under the old gentleman's coat.

"What, Dick! what ill wind — it must be an ill wind — sends you here in September? You ought to be among the partridges, my boy."

"It is an ill wind," said Dick.

"No need to tell me that; but judging by your complexion, nothing of a tremendous character. Money? or love?"

"Well, sir, it is not really my own business at all. As for my complexion, that does n't matter. I don't show outside."

"Some men don't," said the old lawyer laconically; "but if the trouble is not your own, that is easy to understand."

At this Dick gave a short laugh. He wanted it to be believed that the trouble was not his own, and yet he did not quite care to be supposed indifferent to it.

"It 's an old story," he said. "It is something that happened to — Tom Wyld, an old crony of mine out on the other side."

"I suppose you mean in America. No more slang than you can help, please. It 's admirably expressive sometimes, I allow: but not being used to it in my youth I have some difficulty in following. Well, about Tom Wyld — one of the old judge's sons or grandsons, I suppose."

Dick's complexion heightened a little. "Oh, not any one you ever heard of — a fellow I picked up — out there."

"Oh, a fellow you picked up out there."

"It was in one of the new States far West; not the sort of place for nicety of any sort, sir, to tell the truth. Judge Lynch and not much else, in the way of law."

"Works very well I don't doubt — simplifies business immensely," said the old lawyer, nodding his head.

"Makes business, too — lots of it. Well, sir, my friend met with a girl there." Dick seemed to have great difficulty in getting this out. He stammered and his healthy complexion grew now pale, now red.

"Most likely — they generally do, both in novels and out of them," the old gentleman said. "You had better tell me your story straight off. I shall interrupt you no more."

"Well, sir, the girl was very young, very pretty, I might say beautiful — not like any one he had ever met before. Without training, but he thought at her pliable age it was so easy to remedy that." (The old lawyer shook his head with a groan, but said nothing.) "She had never seen anything but the rough people about, and knew only their manners and ways. Everything went on well enough for a little while after they were married."

"Good Lord, they were married!"

"What else?" said Dick, turning scarlet. "He respected her as every man must respect the woman he — the woman he — thinks he loves."

"I am glad you have the sense to see

that he only thought he — Well, and what was the end of it, Mr. Dick?"

"The end of it was — what you have foreseen, sir," said Dick, bowing his head. "The fellow is my friend, that's to say Tom did all he could. I don't think he was without patience with her. Afterward, when she left him for good, or rather for bad — bad as could be, he did everything he could to help her. He offered, not to take her back, that was not possible, but to provide for her and — and all that. She had all the savage virtues as well as faults, and was honorable in her way. She would take nothing from him, and even made out what she called a paper, poor thing, to set him free. She would not take her freedom herself, and leave him bound, she said. And then she disappeared."

"Leaving him the paper?"

"Yes," assented Dick, with a faint smile, "leaving him the paper. He found it on his table. That was six years ago. He has never seen her since. He came home soon, feeling — I can't tell you how he felt."

"As if life were not much worth living, according to the slang of the day."

"Well, sir," said Dick, "he's a droll sort of a fellow. He — seemed to get over it somehow. It took a vast deal out of him, but yet he got over it in a kind of a way. He came back among his own people; and what have they been doing ever since he came back but implore him to marry! It would settle him, they all said, if he could get some nice girl, and they have done nothing but throw nice girls in his way — some of the nicest girls in England, I believe, — one" —

"Good Lord," said the old man, "you don't mean to say this unlucky young fellow has fallen in love again?"

Dick shook his head with a rueful air, in which it was impossible not to see a touch of the comic, notwithstanding his despair. "This is precisely what he wants your opinion about, that is, some one's opinion — for of course he has not the honor of knowing you."

"Has n't he? Ah! I began to think I remembered something about your Tom — or was it Dick — Wyld. Tom Wyld — I think I have heard the name."

"If you should meet him in society," cried Dick, growing very red, "don't for heaven's sake make any allusion to this. I ought not to have mentioned his name."

"Well, get on with the story," said the old man. "He thinks, perhaps, he is free to make love to the other girl and marry — because of that precious paper."

"He is not such a fool as that; I, even," said Dick faltering, "know law enough to warn him that would be folly. But you know, sir, in some of the wild States, like the one he lived in, divorce is the easiest thing in the world."

"Well, and he thinks he can get a divorce. He had better do it, then, without more ado. I suppose the evidence — is sufficient?"

Dick gave vent to a hoarse, nervous laugh. "Sufficient — for twenty divorces," he said. Then he added quickly: "But that's not the question."

"Why, what is the question then? He should be very thankful to be able to manage it so easily, instead of being dragged through the mud for everybody to gloat over in London. What does the fellow want?" said the old man peevishly. "Many a man would be glad to find so easy a way."

Dick's embarrassment was great, he changed color, he could not keep still, his voice grew husky and broken. "I don't say that I agree with him, but this is what he thinks. It's easy enough, but he would have to summon her by the newspapers to answer for herself, which she would n't do. And who can tell what hands that newspaper might fall into. He says that nobody knows anything about it here; no one has the slightest

suspicion that he ever was married or had any entanglement. And she, poor soul, to do her justice, would never put forth a claim. She never would molest him, of that he is sure. He thinks" —

"You take a great deal of interest in your friend's cause, Dick!"

For Dick had paused with parted lips, unable to say any more.

"I do. It 's a case that has been very interesting to me. He asks why he should take any notice of it at all — a thing done when he was scarcely of age, thousands of miles away, a mistake — an utter failure — a — ah" — Dick had been speaking very rapidly against time to get out what he had to say before he was interrupted; "you don't see it in that point of view."

"Do you mean to say, sir," said the old gentleman, "that you contemplate betraying a woman by a fictitious marriage, making her children illegitimate and herself a — I can't suppose that you have any real intention of that."

Dick, who had got up in his excitement, here sat down suddenly, as if his strength had failed him, with an exclamation of horror and alarm.

"You don't see that? Why what else would it be? so long as there is a Mrs. — what do you call her? living — living and undivorced, the union of that woman's husband with another woman could be nothing but a fictitious marriage. There is a still uglier word by which it could be called."

"You forget," said Dick, "that Mrs. Wyld neither bears that name nor lays any claim to it. She put it aside long ago, when she went on her own course. It was nothing to her. She is not of the kind that try to keep up appearances or — anything of that sort. I 'll do her that justice, she never meant to give the — the — unfortunate fellow any trouble. She did n't even want to stand in his way, and told him he should neither hear of her nor see her again. She is honest, though she is — She has been to him as if she did not exist for years."

"Why does that matter," cried the old gentleman, "so long as she does exist? There are women who are mad, and never can be otherwise — but that does not give their husbands a right to marry again. Divorce her, since you are sure you can do so, and be thankful you have that remedy. I suppose this woman is — not a lady."

"No." Dick spoke in a very low voice. He was quite cowed and subdued, glancing at his old friend with furtive looks of trouble. Though he spoke as if the case were not his own, yet he did not attempt to correct the elder man who at once assumed it to be so. He was so blanched and tremulous, nothing but the red of his lips showing out of his colorless face, and all the lines drawn with inward suffering, that he too might have been an old man. He added in the same low tones: "A man who is divorced would be a sort of monster to them. They would never permit — she would never listen."

"You mean — the other? well, that is possible. There is a prejudice, and a just prejudice. So you think on the whole that to do a young lady — for I suppose the second is in your own class — a real, an unspeakable injury would be better than to shock her prejudices? If that is how you of the new generation confuse what 's right and wrong" —

Dick made no reply. He was not capable of self-defense, or even of understanding the indignation directed against him. He continued as if only half conscious. "It need never be known. There is not a creature who knows of it. She sent me her marriage lines and has nothing to prove that there ever was anything — and she would not want to prove anything. She is as if she were dead."

"Come, sir," said the lawyer, "rouse yourself, Dick; she is not dead, and for every honorable man that must be

enough. Don't bewilder yourself with sophistries. Why should you want to marry — again? You have had enough of it, I should think; or else divorce her, since you can. You may be able to do that secretly as well as the marriage. Why not?"

Dick said nothing, but shook his head. He was so completely cast down that he had not a word to say for himself. How he could have supposed that a dispassionate man could have taken his side and seen with his eyes in such a matter, it is hard to say. He had thought of it so much that all the lines had got blurred to him, and right and wrong had come to seem relative terms. "What harm would it do?" he said to himself, scarcely aware he was speaking aloud. "No one would be wronged, and they would never know. How could they know? It would be impossible. Whereas on the other side, a great scandal and raking up of everything, and betrayal — to every one." He shuddered as he spoke.

"Whereas on the other side," said the old lawyer, "there would be a betrayal — very much more serious. Suppose you were to die, and that then it were to be found out (in the long run everything is found out) that your wife was not your wife, and her children — Come, Dick, you never can have contemplated a blackguard act like that to an unsuspecting girl!"

"Sir!" cried Dick, starting to his feet. But he could not maintain that resentful attitude. He sank down in the chair again, and said with a groan, "What am I to do?"

"There is only one thing for you to do: but it is very clear. Either explain the real circumstances to the young lady or her friends — or without any explanation give up seeing her. In any case it is evident that the connection must be cut at once. Of course if she knows the true state of the case, and that you are a married man, she will do that. And if you shrink from explanations, *you* must do it without an hour's delay."

Dick made no reply. He sat for a time with his head in his hands: and then rose with a dazed look, as if he scarcely knew what he was about. "Good-by," he said, "and thank you. I 'll — tell Tom — what you said."

"Do," said the old lawyer, getting up. He took Dick's hand and wrung it in his own with a pressure that, though the thin old fingers had but little force, was painful in its energy. "You don't ask my silence, but I 'll promise it to you — except in one contingency," and here he wrung Dick's hand again. "Should I hear of any marriage — after what you have said, I shall certainly think it my duty to interfere."

When Dick came out the day seemed to have grown dark to him, the sky was all covered with threads of black, he could scarcely see his way.

XL.

Nevertheless, Dick went down to Highcombe on the following Saturday. There are two ways in which advice can work: one by which the man who receives it is led to abandon his own evil way and adopt the good way set before him, which of course is the object of all good advice, though one but rarely attained to; the other is to make him far more hotly and determinedly bent upon his own way, with a sort of personal opposition to the adviser, and an angry sense that he has not properly understood the subject, or entered into those subtle reasons below the surface which make a certain course of action, not generally desirable, perhaps, the only one that can be appropriately adopted in this particular case. This was the effect produced upon Dick. He spent the intervening time in turning it over and over in his mind, as he had already

done so often, until all the outlines were blurred. For a long time he had been able to put that early, fatal, mad marriage out of his mind altogether, finding himself actually able to forget it; so that if any one had suddenly accused him of being, as his old friend said, a married man, he would have, at the first shock, indignantly denied the imputation. It had lasted so short a time, it had ended in such miserable disaster! Scarcely a week had passed before he had discovered the horror and folly of what he had done. He had not, like many men, laid the blame upon the unhappy creature who had led him into these toils. She was no unhappy creature, but one of those butterfly-women without any soul, to whom there are no distinctions of right and wrong. He discovered afterwards that if he had not himself been honorable, it was not she who would have insisted upon the bond of marriage, and whether she had ever intended to be bound by it he could not tell. Her easy, artless independence of all moral laws had been a revelation to the young man, such as arrested his very life and filled him with almost awe in the midst of his misery, disgust, and horror. Without any soul, or heart, or shame, or sense that better was required from her — this was what she was. All the evil elements of corrupt civilization and savage freedom seemed to have got mixed in her blood: half of the worst of the old world, half of the rudest and wildest of the new. She had been a captivating wonder to the young Englishman, accustomed to all the domestic bonds and decorums, when he saw her first, a fresh wild flower, as he thought, with the purity as well as the savagery of primitive nature. But afterwards it seemed an uncertain matter whether she had ever known what purity was, or whether those links which bound him to her had not bound other men even before his day. She had flung in his face those marriage lines which women of the lower classes generally hold in such reverence, and had laughed and assured him that they were so much waste paper, and that as she did not mean to be bound by them, neither need he; and then she had disappeared, and for years he had not known that she existed. The awful discovery that she was in the neighborhood of his friends, and that he himself might by chance meet her any moment on the common road, had turned him to stone. Lizzie Hampson had been her maid during the brief period in which she was his wife, and had loved and clung to her, the object of a fascination not uncommon between women, after every other trace of that episode in her life had passed away. Dick Cavendish had not for years thought of that miserable chapter in his life until he had by chance recognized Lizzie at Underwood. He had even lent himself with no serious purpose, yet with a light heart, to that scheme of his family and friends about the "nice girl" who was to convert him into a steady member of society. No doubt the moment it had become serious he must have felt himself brought face to face with the burdens and hindrances of his previous career, even had he not seen Lizzie Hampson. This reminder of what had been, however, came at the exact crisis when Chatty Warrender had (as his errant imagination always pictured her) pushed open lightly the door of his heart and walked in with the bowl of roses in her hands, and hence all the tumults and storms which had suddenly seized again upon a life almost forgetful of any cause for these tempests. He knew what he ought to have done then. He ought to have flown from Chatty and every other "nice girl," as indeed he had done at once, to do him justice. But who could have foreseen that meeting in London, who provided against the necessity of "paying a little attention," to the mother and sister of his friend? And now

here was this invitation, which meant — what did it mean?

It meant at least that Mrs. Warrender did not object to the continuance of that intercourse, that perhaps Chatty herself — perhaps Chatty — His pulses had been beating hotly enough before: but when this thought came, the mingling of a delicious sort of intoxicating pleasure with the misery was more than he could bear. When he got home to his rooms he opened the dispatch box which had accompanied him through all his wanderings, and which, he suddenly recollected, should "anything happen to him," held all the indications of a secret in his life without any explanation of it, and went over its contents. He was interrupted in the midst of this by a chance and inopportune visitor, no less than a younger brother, who pulled the papers about, and cried, "Hallo, what 's this?" with the unjustifiable freedom of a near relation, bringing Dick's heart into his mouth, and furnishing him with a dreadful example of what might be, were a touch of more authority laid upon those scattered *débris* of his life. A young brother could be sent away, or otherwise disposed of, but there might come those who could not be sent away. When he was alone again, he found the few papers connected with his secret amid many others of no consequence, and it gave Dick a curious thrill, half of amusement, to think of the spring of astonished interest with which some problematical person who might examine these papers after his death would come upon this little trace of something so different from the tame relics of every day. There was the letter which he had left behind her setting him free, as the lawless creature intended; there was the marriage certificate, and some little jumble of mementos which somehow, without any will of his, had got associated with the more important papers. Dick looked over the bundle as if through the eyes of that man who would go through them after his death, finding out this appalling mystery. The man would be delighted, though it might not be a pleasant discovery; it might (Dick went on imagining to himself) throw a horrible doubt, as old What 's-his-name said, upon the standing of his widow, upon the rights of his child, but the man who found it would be delighted. It would come so unexpectedly amid all these uninteresting letters and records of expenditure. It would brighten them up with the zest of a story, of a discovery; it would add an interest to all the lawyer's investigations into his estate. All the men about would meet and shake their heads over it, putting two and two together, making out what it meant. Probably they would advertise cautiously (which was what Dick himself, as a budding lawyer, would recommend in the circumstances) for *her*, poor creature, sure to be dead and buried long before that. They would consult together whether it was necessary to inform poor Mrs. Cavendish until they had something more definite to say. Dick, looking down the vale of years, saw, or thought he saw, with a curious quiver of his heart between pleasure and pity, Chatty in a widow's cap, shedding tears at the sound of his name, absolutely obtuse and incapable of understanding how any dishonor could have come to her by him. They would think her stupid, Dick believed, with a tear stealing to the corner of his eye. Yes, she would be blank with a holy stupidity, God bless her, idiotic if you like, my fine gentleman, in that — not capable of understanding dishonor. It was with a sort of grim pleasure that he got up after this and lighted a candle, which shone strangely yellow and smoky in the clear September sunshine. "I 'll balk them," he said to himself, with fierce satisfaction, as if those respectable imaginary executors of his had been ill-natured gossips bent on exposing him. And he burnt the papers one by one at

his candle, watching the last fibre of each fade away in redness and then in blackness, disappearing into nothing.

And then he packed his portmanteau and went down to Highcombe. There are some people who will think this inconceivable, but then these good persons perhaps have never had a strong overpowering inclination to fight against, never been pressed and even menaced by an urgent adviser, never recognized that necessity of doing one thing which seems to throw them into the arms of the other. And below all this contention Dick had a stubborn, strong determination to conduct this matter his own way. He had decided in his mind that it was the best way. If there had been any latent doubt on the subject before he consulted his old friend, that had been dissipated by the interview and by all the old gentleman's cogent reasoning on the other side. Dick felt that he had taken the bit in his teeth and would be guided by no man. It *was* the best way, there was no risk in it, no wrong in it — certainly no wrong. He had not dealt even harshly with that wretched creature. He knew that he had been kind, that he had tried every way to reclaim her, and she had freed him from every law, human or divine. He could get a divorce anywhere, that he knew; but after all a divorce was but the legal affirmation of that severance which had been made by nature, ay, and by God. Even the pure law of Christianity permitted it for that one cause. Therefore there was no wrong. And to spare publicity was merciful, — merciful to her as well as to himself.

Thus he reasoned, growing more certain on each repetition, and packed his portmanteau. But he did not take Mrs. Warrender's invitation in all its fullness. There was a little salve for any possible prick of conscience in this. Instead of from Monday to Saturday, as she said, he kept to the original proposal and went from Saturday to Monday. There was something in that; it was a self-denial, a self-restraint — he felt that it was something to the other side of the account.

The Eustace Thynnes were still at Highcombe when he arrived, and Mrs. Warrender had a little foretaste of the gratification which she proposed to herself in announcing to Minnie at some future period the name of her brother-in-law, in perceiving how deeply Minnie was impressed by the visitor, and the evident but very delicately indicated devotion with which he regarded Chatty, a thing which took the young married lady altogether by surprise and gave her much thought. As for Chatty herself, it was with the sensation of one reluctantly awaked out of a dream that she suffered herself once more to glide into the brighter life which seemed to come and go with Cavendish as an attendant atmosphere. The dream, indeed, had not been happy, but there had been a dim and not unsweet tranquillity in it — a calm which was congenial to Chatty's nature. Besides that, she was still young enough to feel a luxury in that soft languor of disappointment and failure against which she had never rebelled, which she had accepted as her lot. Was it possible that it was not to be her lot after all? Was there something before her brighter, more beautiful? not an agitated happiness, more excitement than bliss, like that of Theo, not the sort of copartnery of superior natures laying down the law to all surroundings, like Minnie and her Eustace: but something much more lovely, the true ideal, that which poetry was full of — was it possible that to herself, Chatty, the simplest and youngest (she was older than Theo it was true, but that did not seem to count, somehow, now that Theo was a man and married), this beautiful lot was to come? She was very shy to accept this thought, holding back with a gentle modesty, trying not to see how Dick's thoughts and looks turned to her — a

attitude that was perfect in its conformity with her nature and looks, and filled Dick with tender admiration mingled with a little alarm, such as he had not heretofore felt; but this attitude filled Minnie with astonishment and indignation.

"She can't be going to refuse Mr. Cavendish," she said afterwards to the partner of her thoughts. "It would be very surprising," said Eustace. "Oh, it must not be allowed for a moment," Minnie cried.

On the first evening, which was Saturday, Lady Markland and Theo came to dinner: she very sweet, and friendly and gracious to every one; he full of cloudy bliss, with all his nerves on the surface, ready to be wounded by any chance touch. The differing characteristics of the family thus assembled together might have given an observer much amusement, so full was each of his and her special little circle of wishes and interests; but time does not permit us to linger upon the little society. Lady Markland attached herself most to the mother, with a curious fellow feeling which touched, yet alarmed, Mrs. Warrender. "I am more on your level than on theirs," she whispered. "My dear, that is nonsense; Minnie is as old as you are," Mrs. Warrender said. But then Minnie had never been anything but a young lady until she married Eustace, and Lady Markland — ah, nothing could alter the fact that Lady Markland had already lived a life with which Theo had nothing to do. In the midst of this family party Chatty and her affairs were a little thrown into the background. She fulfilled all the modest little offices of the young lady of the house, made the tea and served it sweetly, brought her mother's work and footstool, and did everything that was wanted. Dick could not talk to her much, indeed talking was not Chatty's strong point; but he followed her about with his eyes, and took the advantage of all her simple ministrations, in which she shone much more than in talk.

But the Sunday morning was the best. The Rev. Eustace took the duty by special request of the vicar in the chief church of Highcombe, and Dick went with the mother and daughter to a humble old church, standing a little out of the town, with its small inclosure round it full of those rural graves where one cannot help thinking the inmates must sleep sounder than anywhere else. Here, as it was very near, they were in the habit of attending, and Chatty, though she was not a great musician, played the organ, as so many young ladies in country places do. When the scant green curtain that veiled the organ loft was drawn aside for a moment, Dick had a glimpse of her, looking out her music before she began, with a chubby-faced boy who was to "blow" for her at her hand; and this foolish lover thought of Luca della Robbia's friezes, and the white vision of Florentine singers and players on the lute. The puffy-cheeked boy was just like one of those sturdy Tuscan urchins, but the maiden was of finer ware, like a Madonna. So Dick thought: although Chatty had never called forth such fine imaginations before. They all walked home together very peacefully in a tender quiet, which lasted until the Eustace Thynnes came back with their remarks upon everybody. And in the afternoon Dick told Mrs. Warrender that he must go over and see Wilberforce at Underwood. There were various things he had to talk to Wilberforce about, and he would be back to dinner, which was late on Sunday to have time for the evening church-going. Chatty had her Sunday-school, so it was as well for him to go. He set out walking, having first engaged the people at the Plough Inn to send a dog-cart to bring him back. It was a very quiet, unexciting road, rather dusty, with here and there a break through the fields. His mind was full of a hundred

things to think of; his business was not with Wilberforce, but with Lizzie Hampson, whom he must see, and ask — what was he to ask? He could scarcely make out to himself. But she was the sole custodian of this secret, and he must know how she could be silenced, or if it would be necessary to silence her, to keep her from interfering. The walk, though it was six long miles, was not long enough for him to decide what he should say. He went round the longest way, passing the Elms in order to see if the house was still empty, with a chill terror in his heart of seeing some trace of those inhabitants whose presence had been an insult to him. But all was shut up, cold and silent; he knew that they were gone, and yet it was a relief to him when he saw with his eyes that this was so. Then he paused and looked down the little path opening by a rustic gate into the wood which led to the Warren. It was a footpath free to the villagers, and he saw one or two people passing at long intervals, for the road led by the further side of the pond and was a favorite Sunday walk. Dick thought he would like to see what changes Warrender had made, and also the spot where he had seen Chatty, if not for the first time, yet the first time with the vision which identified her among all women. He went along, lingering to note the trees that had been cut down and the improvements made, and his mind had so completely abandoned its former course of thought for another, that when Lizzie Hampson came out of the little wood, and met him, he started as if he had not known she was here. There was nobody else in sight, and he had time enough as she approached him to recover the former thread of his musings. She did not recognize him until they were close to each other: then she showed the same reluctance to speak to him which she had done before, and after a hasty glance round, as if looking for a way of escape, cast down her eyes and head evidently with the intention of hurrying past as if she had not seen him. He saw through the momentary conflict of thought, and kept his eyes upon her. "I am glad that I have met you," he said; "I wanted to see you," standing himself in front of her so that she could not escape.

"But I don't want to see you, sir," Lizzie said, respectfully enough.

"That may be, but still I have some questions to ask you. Will you come with me towards the house? We shall be less interrupted there."

"If I must, I 'd rather hear you here, sir," returned Lizzie. "I won't have the folks here say that I talk with a gentleman in out of the way places. It 's better on the common road."

"As you please," said Dick. "You know what the subject is. I want to know" —

"What, sir? You said as I was to let you know when trouble came. Now no trouble 's come, and there 's no need nor ever will be. She would never take help from you."

"Why? She has done me harm enough."

"She never says anything different. She will never take help from you. She will never hear of you, nor you of her. Never, never. Consider her as if she were dead, sir — that 's all her desire."

"I might have done that before I saw you. But now" —

"You don't mean," exclaimed Lizzie with a sudden eager gleam of curiosity, "that you — that after all that 's come and gone" — The look that passed over his face, a flush of indignation, a slight shudder of disgust, gave her the answer to her unspoken question. She drew herself together again, quickly, suddenly catching her breath. "I can't think," she said, "what questions there can be."

"There is this," he said; "I had almost forgotten her existence — till

aw you, but now that is not possible. Look here, I may have to try and get divorce — you know what that means — out there, not here; and she must have warning. Will you let her know?"

The girl started a little, the word frightened her. "Oh, sir," she cried, "you would n't punish her, you would n't put her in prison, or that? Oh, don't, sir. She would die — and you know she 's not fit to die."

"You mistake," said Dick, "there is no question of punishment; only to be free of each other as if indeed, as you say, she were dead to me."

"And so she is," cried Lizzie earnestly. "She never will have her name named to you, that 's what she says, never if she should be ever so — She 's given you your freedom as she 's taken hers, and never, never shall you hear word of her more; that is what she says."

"Yet she is in England, for all she says."

"Did she ever pass you her word not to come to England? But I don't say as she 's in England now. Oh, it was an ill wind, sir," said Lizzie with vehemence, "that brought you here!"

"It may be so," Dick returned, with a gravity that went beyond any conscious intention of regret he had. "There is but one thing now, and that is that I must be free. Let her know that I must take proceedings for divorce. I have no way of reaching her but through you."

"Sir, there is somebody coming," said Lizzie; "pass on, as if you had been asking me the way. I 'll let her know. I 'll never open my lips to you more, nor to any one, about her, but I 'll do what you say. That 's the way to the house," she added, turning, pointing out the path that led away from the side of the pond towards the Warren. He followed the indication without another word, and in another minute stood in the peaceful shadow of the deserted house. It came upon him chill, but wholesome, life reviving after the agitation of that brief encounter. Divorce! it was a bad word to breathe in such an honest place — a bad blasphemous word, worse than an oath. He had not meant to say it, nor thought of it before this meeting, but now he seemed to be pledged to this step involuntarily, unwillingly; was it by some good angel, something that was working in Chatty's interests and for her sweet sake?

XLI.

Dick went back to town on the Monday, having taken no decisive step, nor said any decisive words. All that he had done was to make it apparent that the matter was not to end there, as had seemed likely when they parted in London. Chatty now saw that it was not to be so. The thing was not to drop in the mere blank of unfulfilledness, but was to be brought to her decision, to yea or nay. This conviction, and the company of Dick in a relation which could not but be new, since it was no longer accidental, but of the utmost gravity in her life, gave a new turn altogether to her existence. The change in her was too subtle for the general eye. Even Minnie, sharp as she was, could make nothing more of it than that Chatty was "more alive looking," a conclusion which, like most things nowadays, she declared to come from Eustace. Mrs. Warrender entered with more sympathy into her daughter's life, veiled not so much by intention as by instinctive modesty and reserve from her as from all others; but even she did not know what was in Chatty's mind, the slow rising of an intense light which illuminated her as the sun lights up a fertile plain, — the low land drinking in every ray, unconscious of shadow, — making few dramatic effects, but receiving the radiance at every point. Chatty

herself felt like that low-lying land. The new life suffused her altogether, drawing forth few reflections, but flooding the surface of her being, and warming her nature through and through. It was to be hers, then, — not as Minnie, not as Theo had it, — but like Shakespeare, like poetry, like that which maidens dream.

Dick went back to town. When he had gone to his old friend for advice, his mind had revolted against that advice and determined upon his own way; but the short interview with Lizzie Hampson had changed everything. He had not meant to speak to her on the subject; and what did it matter though he had spoken to her for a twelvemonth? She could not have understood him or his desire. She thought he meant to punish the poor, lost creature, perhaps to put her in prison. The word divorce had terrified her. And yet he now felt as if he had committed himself to that procedure, and it must now certainly be. Still a strange reluctance to take the first steps retarded him. Even to an unknown advocate in the far West a man is reluctant to allow that his name has been dishonored. The publicity of an investigation before a tribunal, even when three or four thousand miles distant, is horrible to think of, — more horrible than had the wrong and misery been less far away. But after six years, and over a great ocean and the greater part of a continent, how futile it seemed to stir up all those long settled sediments again! He wrote and rewrote a letter to a lawyer whose name he remembered, to whom he had done one or two slight services, in the distant State which was the scene of his brief and miserable story. But he had not yet .satisfied himself with this letter when there occurred an interruption which put everything of the kind out of his thoughts.

This was the receipt of a communication in black borders so portentous that Dick, always alive to the comic side of everything, was moved for the momen to a profane laugh. "No mournin could ever be so deep as this looks," h said to himself, and opened the gloom missive with little thought. It could, h believed, only convey to him informa tion of the death of some one whom h knew little, and for whom he cared les But the first glance effectually change his aspect. His face grew colorless, th paper fell out of his hands. "Goo God!" he said. It was no profane ex clamation. What was this? A direc interposition of Heaven in his behal a miracle such as is supposed never t happen nowadays? The first effect wa to take breath and strength from hir He sat with his under jaw fallen, h face livid as if with dismay. His hea seemed to stand still; awe, as if an ex ecution had been performed before h eyes, came over him. He felt as if h had a hand in it, as if some action of h had brought doom upon the sufferer. cold perspiration came out on his for head. Had he wished her death in th midst of her sins, poor, miserable w man? Had he set the powers of fate work against her, he, arrogant in his vi tue and the happiness that lay with his reach? Compunction was the fir thought. It seemed to him that he ha done it. Had he a right to do it, to c off her time of repentance, to push h beyond the range of hope?

After this, however, he picked up th letter again with trembling hands, an read it. It was from a man who d scribed himself as the head of a circ company in Liverpool, with whom Emm Altamont had been performing. Sh had died in consequence of a fall tw days before. "She directed me wi her last breath to write to you, to se that you would know her under anoth name, which she was not going to se by naming it even on her death-bed, b that you would know. She died ve penitent, and leaving her love to friends. She was well liked in the co

pany, though she joined it not so very long ago. A few things that she left behind she requested you to have the choice of, if you cared for any keepsake to remember her by, and sent you her forgiveness freely, as she hoped to be forgiven by you. The funeral is to be on Sunday, at two o'clock; and I think she would have taken it kind as a mark of respect if she had thought you would come. I leave that to your own sense of what is best."

This was the letter which fell like a bomb into Dick's life. It was long before he could command himself enough to understand anything but the first startling fact. She was dead. In his heart, by his thoughts, had he killed her, was it his fault? He did not go beyond this horrible idea for some long minutes. Then there suddenly seized upon him a flood of gladness, a sensation of guilty joy. God had stepped in to set the matter straight. The miracle which we all hope for, which never seems impossible in our own case, had been wrought. All lesser ways of making wrong right were unnecessary now. All was over, the pain of retrospection, the painful expedients of law, the danger of publicity, all over. The choice of her poor little leavings for a token to remember her by! Dick shuddered at the thought. To remember her by! when to forget her was all that he wished.

It was long before he could do anything save think, in confused whirls of recollection, and painful flashes of memory, seeing before his hot eyes a hundred phantasmal scenes. But at last he roused himself to a consideration of what he ought to do. Prudence seemed to suggest an immediate journey to Liverpool, to satisfy himself personally that all was effectually wound up and concluded in this miserable account; but a dread, a repugnance, which he could not overcome, held him back. He could not take part by act or word in anything that concerned her again; not even, poor creature, in her funeral; not from any enmity or hatred to her, poor unfortunate one, but because of the horror, the instinctive shrinking, which he could not overcome. Dick determined, however, to send the man who had charge of his chambers, a man half servant, half clerk, in whom he could fully trust. It was Friday when he received the letter. He sent him down next day to Liverpool with instructions to represent him at the funeral, to offer money if necessary to defray its expenses, to let no "respect" be spared. She would have liked "respect" in this way. It would have given her pleasure to think that she was to have a fine funeral. Dick gave his man the fullest instructions. "She was connected with — friends of mine," Dick said, "who would wish everything to be respectably done, though they cannot themselves take any part." "I understand, sir," said the man; who put the most natural interpretation upon the strange commission, and did not believe in any fiction about Dick's "friends." Dick called him back when he had reached the door. "You can see the things of which this person writes, and choose some small thing without value, the smaller the better, to send as he proposes to — the people she belongs to." This seemed the last precaution of prudence to make assurance sure.

After this, three days of tumultuous silence till the messenger came back. He came bringing a description of the funeral, a photograph of "the poor young lady," and a little ring — a ring which Dick himself had given her, so long, so long ago. The sight of these relics had an effect upon him impossible to describe. He had to keep his countenance somehow till the man had been dismissed. The photograph was taken in fancy dress, one of the circus costumes; it was full of all manner of meretricious accessories, — the stage smile, the made-up beauty, the tortured hair; but there

was no difficulty in recognizing it. A trembling like palsy seized upon him as he gazed at it; then he lit his taper once more, and, with a prayer upon his quivering lips, burnt it. The ring he twisted up in paper, and carried with him in his hand till he reached the muddy, dark-flowing river, where he dropped it in. Thus all relics and vestiges of her, poor creature, God forgive her! were put out of sight forevermore.

Next day Dick Cavendish, a new man, went once more to Highcombe. He was not quite the light-hearted fellow he had been. There was a little emotion about him, a liquid look in the eyes, a faint quiver about the mouth, which Chatty, when she lifted her soft eyes with a little start of surprise and consciousness to greet him, perceived at once and set down to their true cause. Ah, yes, it was their true cause. Here he was, come to offer himself with a past full of the recollections we know, with a life which had been all but ruined in times past, to the whitest soul he had ever met with, a woman who was innocence and purity personified; who would perhaps, if she knew, shrink from him, refuse the hand which she would think a soiled one. Dick had all this in his mind, and it showed in his countenance, which was full of feeling, but feeling in which Chatty recognized no complications. He found her alone, by the merest chance. Everything seemed to work for him in this season of fortune. No inquisitive sister, no intrusive brother-in-law, not even the mother with her inquiring eyes was here to interrupt. The jar with the big campanulas stood in the corner; the mignonettes breathed softly an atmosphere of fragrance; her muslin work was in Chatty's hand.

Well! he had not a great deal to say. It had all been said by his eyes in the first moment, so that the formal words were but a repetition. The muslin work dropped after a few seconds, and Chatty's hands were transferred to his, to be caressed and kissed and whispered over. He had loved her ever since that day when she had lightly pushed open the door of the faded drawing-room at the Warren and walked in with her bowl of roses. "That was the door of my heart," Dick said. "You had come in before I knew. I can smell the roses still, and I shall ask Theo for that bowl for a wedding present. And you my Chatty, and you?"

Mrs. Warrender had her little triumph that afternoon. She said with the most delicate sarcasm: "I hope, Minnie, that Eustace after all will be able to tolerate the new brother-in-law." Minnie gave her mother a look of such astonishment as proved that the fine edge of the sarcasm was lost.

"To tolerate — a Cavendish! I can't think what you mean, mamma. Eustace is not an ignorant goose, though you seem to think so; nor am I."

"I am glad your honors are pleased," said the ironical mother, with a laugh. Minnie stared and repeated the speech to Eustace, who was not very clear either about its meaning. But "depend upon it, dear, your mother meant to be nasty," he said, which was quite true.

After this, all was commotion in the house. Dick, though he had been a uncertain lover, was very urgent now. He made a brief explanation to Mrs. Warrender that his proposal had not been made at the time they parted in London, "only because of an entanglement of early youth," which made her look grave. "I do not ask what you mean," she said, "but I hope at least that it is entirely concluded." "Entirely," he replied with fervor; "not am I to blame as you think, nor has had any existence for six years. I was young then." "Very young, poor boy," she said with her old indulgent smile. He made the same brief explanation to Chatty, but Chatty had no understanding whatever of what the words meant and took no notice. If she thought

; at all she thought it was something bout money, to her a matter of the ost complete indifference. And so verything became bustle and commo- on, and the preparations for the wed- ing were put in hand at once. The tmosphere was full of congratulations, f blushes and wreathed smiles. "Mar- iage is certainly contagious. When once begins in a family, one never nows where it will stop," the neighbors aid, and some thought Mrs. Warrender uch to be felicitated on getting all her oung people settled; and some, much to e condoled with on losing her last girl st as she had settled down. But these st were in the minority, for to get rid f your daughters is a well understood dvantage, which commends itself to the eanest capacity.

It was arranged for the convenience f everybody that the wedding was to ke place in London. Dick's relations ere legion, and to stow them away in e dower house at Highcombe, or even find room to give them a sandwich d a glass of wine, let alone a break- st after the ceremony, was impossi- le. Dick himself was especially urgent out this particular, he could not have ld why, whether from a foreboding of sturbance or some other incomprehen- ble reason. But as for disturbance ere was no possibility of that. Every il thing that could have interfered had en exorcised and had lost its power. here was nothing in his way; nothing alarm or trouble, but only general proval and the satisfaction of every- dy concerned.

XLII.

Lizzie Hampson heard, like every- dy in the village, of what was about to ppen. Miss Chatty was going to be arried. At first all that was known as that the bridegroom was a gentle- an from London, which in those days as a description imposing to rustics. He was a gentleman who had once been visiting at the rectory, who had been seen in the rector's pew at church, and walking about the village, and on the road to the Warren. Many of the village gossips remembered, or thought they remembered, to have seen him, and they said to each other, with a natural enjoyment of a love story which never fails in women, that no doubt that was when "it was all made up." It gave many of them a great deal of pleasure to think that before Miss Minnie had ever seen "that parson," her more popular sister had also had a lover, though he had n't spoken till after, being mayhap a shy gentleman, as is seen often and often. He was a fair-haired gentleman and very pleasant spoken. What his name was nobody cared so much; the villagers found it easier to recollect him by the color of his hair than by his name. It was some time before Lizzie identified the gentleman whom Miss Chatty was about to marry. She had a small part of the trousseau to prepare, one or two morning dresses to make, a commission which made her proud and happy, and gave her honor in the sight of her friends and detractors, a thing dear to all. And then at the very last Lizzie discovered who the bridegroom was. The discovery affected her very greatly. It was the occasion of innumerable self-arguments, carried on in the absolute seclusion of a mind occupied by matters with which its acquaintance is unsuspected. Old Mrs. Bagley talked about the marriage to every one who came into the shop. It was, she said, almost as if it was a child of her own.

Lizzie Hampson heard all there was to hear, and her mind grew more perplexed as time went on. She had the strange ignorances and the still more strange beliefs common to her kind. She put her faith in those popular glories of the law, at which the better instructed laugh, but which are to the

poor and unlearned like the canons of faith. It was the very eve of the wedding before her growing anxiety forced her to action. When Mr. Wilberforce was told that a young woman wanted to see him, he was arranging with his wife the train by which they were to go up to town to the wedding, not without remarks on the oddness of the proceeding, which Mrs. Wilberforce thought was but another of the many signs of the times — which severed all bonds, and made a cheerless big hotel better than your own house. The rector was in the habit of taking his wife's comments very calmly, for he himself was not so much alarmed about our national progress to destruction as she was. But yet he had his own opinion on the subject, and thought it was undignified on the part of Mrs. Warrender not to have her daughter married at home. He was only to be the second in importance in point of view of the ceremony itself, having no more to do than to assist a bishop who was of the Cavendish clan: whereas he considered himself quite man enough to have married Chatty out of hand without any assistance at all. However, to assist a bishop in the capacity of the parish clergyman of the bride was a position not without dignity, and he felt that he had little to complain of. He went into his study to speak to the young woman when the little consultation was over. Lizzie was seated upon the edge of one of the chairs. He was surprised to see her, though he could scarcely have said why.

"Oh, Lizzie, I am sorry to have kept you waiting, but I had something to do for Mrs. Wilberforce," the rector said.

"It does n't matter, sir. I came to ask your advice, if I may make so bold."

"Certainly, certainly, Lizzie — anything that I can do."

"It is n't for me, sir, it 's for a friend," she said, with the same device which Dick had employed, but in her case with more appropriateness. "I wan to ask you, sir, about marriages. Oh it 's very serious, sir, there 's nothin to smile about."

"I will not smile then, Lizzie. I shal be as serious as you please."

"It 's just this, sir. When a ma has been married and has had his wif run away from him and has n't see her nor heard of her for years — fo six or seven years — he 's free to marr again?"

"Do you think so? I should not lik to affirm so much as that."

"But what I want you to tell me, said Lizzie, running on very quickl and taking no notice of his interruptio "is whether if it could be proved tha he *had* heard of her, though he had n seen her, if that would make it any di ferent?"

"I have no doubt it would mak all the difference in the world. Eve your first statement is doubtful, I fea I don't think seven years is a sacre period that would justify a second ma riage."

"I did n't say seven, sir, for certai Six or seven."

"That makes little difference. Th presumption is, that if he has hear nothing of her for a long period sh must be dead; but of course, if he ha heard of her existence" —

"But dead to him, oh, dead to him! cried Lizzie, "leading a dreadful lif not a woman he could ever touch, c so much as look at again."

"I am afraid," said the rector, shal ing his head, "though it is a very har case for him, that there is nothing to l done. He should try and get a divor — but that is a serious business. I don know what else there is in his power."

"Would he be punished for it, sir?

"It is not so much the punishment him. In a hard case like this, the ci cumstances would be very much take into consideration. Very likely it wou be only a nominal punishment. Th

fatal consequences are not to the man but to the woman — I mean the second wife."

"But she knows nothing about it, sir. Why should she be punished? It 's no doing of hers. She don't know."

"Then, my good girl, you should warn her. Though she knows nothing about it, and is quite innocent, it is upon her chiefly that the consequences will fall. She will not be his wife at all; her children, if she has any, will be illegitimate. She will have no claim upon him, if he should happen to be a bad fellow. In short, if she was married, even as Miss Warrender is going to be to-morrow, by a bishop, Lizzie, it would be simply no marriage at all."

Lizzie uttered a wild exclamation, clasping her hands, and said, "Oh, sir, is there anything that a woman that wishes her well could do?"

"There is only one thing you can do: to warn her before it is too late. Tell her she must break it off, if it were at the last moment — if it were at the very altar. She must not be allowed to sacrifice herself in ignorance. I 'll see her myself, if that will do any good."

"She 's going to be married to-morrow," cried Lizzie breathlessly. "Oh, sir, don't deceive me! there 's not a creature that knows about it, not one — and she the least of all. Oh, Mr. Wilberforce, how could any judge or jury, or any one, have the heart to punish *her?*"

"Neither judge nor jury, my poor girl; but the law, which says a man must not marry another woman while his first wife is living. There are many even who will not allow of a divorce in any circumstances; but I am not so sure of that. Tell me who this poor girl is, and I will do my best to warn her while there is time."

Lizzie rose up and sat down again, in nervous excitement. She made a ball of her handkerchief and pressed it alternately to each of her wet eyes. "Oh, I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do!" she cried.

"If there is anything that can be done to-night," he said — "Quick, Lizzie, there is no time to lose, for I must leave early to-morrow for Miss Warrender's marriage."

"And there 's not another train leaves to-night," exclaimed Lizzie; then she made an effort to compose herself, and a courtesy, rising from her seat. "I must do it myself, sir, thank you all the same," she said, and went away tottering and unsteady in her great trouble: yet only half believing him after all. For how, oh, how, ye heavens, could the law punish one that meant no harm and knew no evil? a question which minds more enlightened than that of Lizzie have often asked in vain.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

THE IDEA OF GOD.

II.

Between the two ideas of God which we have exhibited in such striking contrast, there is nevertheless one point of resemblance; and this point is fundamental, since it is the point in virtue of which both are entitled to be called theistic ideas. In both there is presumed to be a likeness of some sort between God and Man. In both there is an element of anthropomorphism. Even upon this their common ground, however, there is a wide difference between the two conceptions. In the one the anthropomorphic element is gross, in the

other it is refined and subtle. The difference is so far-reaching that some years ago I proposed to mark it by contrasting these two conceptions of God as Anthropomorphic Theism and Cosmic Theism. For the doctrine which represents God as immanent in the universe and revealing himself in the orderly succession of events, the name Cosmic Theism is eminently appropriate; but it is not intended by the antithetic nomenclature to convey the impression that in cosmic theism there is nothing anthropomorphic. A theory which should regard the Human Soul as alien and isolated in the universe without any links uniting it with the eternal source of existence, would not be theism at all. It would be Atheism, which on its metaphysical side is "the denial of anything psychical in the universe outside of human consciousness." It is far enough from any such doctrine to the cosmic theism of Clement and Origen, of Spinoza and Lessing and Schleiermacher. The difference, however, between this cosmic conception of God and the anthropomorphic conception held by Tertullian and Augustine, Calvin and Voltaire and Paley, is sufficiently great to be described as a contrast. The explanation of the difference must be sought far back in the historic genesis of the two conceptions. Cosmic theism, as we have seen, was reached through nature-worship with its notion of vast elemental spirits indwelling in physical phenomena. Anthropomorphic theism is descended from the notion of tutelar deities which was part of the primitive ancestor-worship. In the process by which men attained to cosmic theism, physical generalization was the chief agency at work; but into anthropomorphic theism, as we have seen, there entered conceptions derived from men's political thinking. For such a people as the Romans, who could deify Imperator Augustus in just the same way that the Japanese have deified their Mikado, it was natural and easy to conceive of God as a monarch enthroned in the heavens and surrounded by a court of ministering angels. Such was the popular conception in the early ages of Christianity, and such it has doubtless remained with the mass of uninstructed people even to this day. The very grotesqueness of the idea, as it appears to the mind of a philosopher, is an index of the ease with which it satisfies the mind of an uneducated man. Many persons, no doubt, have entertained this idea of God without ever giving it very definite shape, and many have recognized it as in great measure symbolic; yet nothing can be more certain than that untold thousands have conceived it in its full intensity of anthropomorphism. Alike in sermons and theological treatises, in stately poetry and in every-day talk, the Deity has been depicted as pleased or angry, as repenting of his own acts, as soothed by adulation and quick to wreak vengeance upon silly people for blasphemous remarks. In those curious bills of expenses for the mediæval miracle-plays along with charges of twopence for keeping up a "fyre at hell mouthe," we find such items as a shilling for a purple coat for God. In one of these plays an angel who has just witnessed the crucifixion comes rushing into Heaven, crying, "Wake up, almighty Father! Here are those beggarly Jews killing your son, and you asleep here like a drunkard!" "Devil take me if I knew anything about it!" is the drowsy reply. Not the slightest irreverence was intended in these miracle-plays, which were the only dramatic performances tolerated by the mediæval church, for the sake of their wholesome educational influence upon the common people. In the light of such facts, one sees that the representations of the Deity as an old man of august presence with flowing hair and beard, by the early modern painters, must have meant to all save the highest minds much

more than a mere symbol. Until one's thoughts have become accustomed to range far and wide over the universe it is doubtless impossible to frame a conception of Deity that is not grossly anthropomorphic. I remember distinctly the conception which I had formed when five years of age. I imagined a narrow office just over the zenith, with a tall standing-desk running lengthwise, upon which lay several open ledgers bound in coarse leather. There was no roof over this office, and the walls rose scarcely five feet from the floor, so that a person standing at the desk could look out upon the whole world. There were two persons at the desk, and one of them — a tall, slender man, of aquiline features, wearing spectacles, with a pen in his hand and another behind his ear — was God. The other, whose appearance I do not distinctly recall, was an attendant angel. Both were diligently watching the deeds of men and recording them in the ledgers. To my infant mind this picture was not grotesque but ineffably solemn, and the fact that all my words and acts were thus written down, to confront me at the day of judgment, seemed naturally a matter of grave concern.

If we could cross-question all the men and women we know, and still more all the children, we should probably find that, even in this enlightened age, the conceptions of Deity current throughout the civilized world contain much that is in the crudest sense anthropomorphic. Such at any rate seems to be the character of the conceptions with which we start in life. With those whose studies lead them to ponder upon the subject, in the light of enlarged experience, these conceptions become greatly modified. They lose their anthropomorphic definiteness, they grow vague by reason of their expansion, they become recognized as largely symbolic, but they never quite lose all traces of their primitive form. Indeed, as I said a moment ago, they cannot do so. The utter demolition of anthropomorphism would be the demolition of theism. We have now to see what traces of its primitive form the idea of God can retain, in the light of our modern knowledge of the universe.

The most highly refined and scientific form of anthropomorphic theism is that which we are accustomed to associate with Paley and the authors of the Bridgewater treatises. It is not peculiar to Christianity, since it has been held by pagans and unbelievers as firmly as by the devoutest members of the church. The argument from design is as old as Sokrates, and was relied on by Voltaire and the English deists of the eighteenth century no less than by Dr. Chalmers and Sir Charles Bell. Upon this theory the universe is supposed to have been created by a Being possessed of intelligence and volition essentially similar to the intelligence and volition of Man. This Being is actuated by a desire for the good of his creatures, and in pursuance thereof entertains purposes and adapts means to ends with consummate ingenuity. The process by which the world was created was analogous to manufacture, as being the work of an intelligent artist operating upon unintelligent materials objectively existing. It is in accordance with this theory that books on natural theology, as well as those text-books of science which deem it edifying to introduce theological reflections where they have no proper place, are fond of speaking of the "Divine Architect" or the "Great Designer."

This theory, which is still commonly held, was in high favor during the earlier part of the present century. In view of the great and sudden advances which physical knowledge was making, it seemed well worth while to consecrate science to the service of theology; and at the same time, in emphasizing the argument from design, theology adopted

the methods of science. The attempt to discover evidences of beneficent purpose in the structure of the eye and ear, in the distribution of plants and animals over the earth's surface, in the shapes of the planetary orbits and the inclinations of their axes, or in any other of the innumerable arrangements of nature, was an attempt at true induction; and high praise is due to the able men who have devoted their energies to reinforcing the argument. By far the greater part of the evidence was naturally drawn from the organic world, which began to be comprehensively studied in the mutual relations of all its parts in the time of Lamarck and Cuvier. The organic world is full of unspeakably beautiful and wonderful adaptations between organisms and their environments, as well as between the various parts of the same organism. The unmistakable end of these adaptations is the welfare of the animal or plant; they conduce to length and completeness of life, to the permanence and prosperity of the species. For some time, therefore, the arguments of natural theology seemed to be victorious along the whole line. The same kind of reasoning was pushed farther and farther to explain the classification and morphology of plants and animals; until the climax was reached in Agassiz's remarkable Essay on Classification, published in 1859, in which every organic form was not only regarded as a concrete thought of the Creator interpretable by the human mind, but this kind of explanation was expressly urged as a substitute for inquiries into the physical causes whereby such forms might have been originated.

In its best days, however, there was a serious weakness in the argument from design, which was ably pointed out by Mr. Mill, in an essay wherein he accords much more weight to the general argument than could now by any possibility be granted it. Its fault was the familiar logical weakness of proving too much. The very success of the argument in showing the world to have been the work of an intelligent Designer made it impossible to suppose that Creator to be at once omnipotent and absolutely benevolent. For nothing can be clearer than that Nature is full of cruelty and mal-adaptation. In every part of the animal world we find implements of torture surpassing in devilish ingenuity anything that was ever seen in the dungeons of the Inquisition. We are introduced to a scene of incessant and universal strife, of which it is not apparent on the surface that the outcome is the good or the happiness of anything that is sentient. In pre-Darwinian times before we had gone below the surface no such outcome was discernible. Often indeed, we find the higher life wantonly sacrificed to the lower, as instanced by the myriads of parasites apparently created for no other purpose than to prey upon creatures better than themselves. Such considerations bring up, with renewed emphasis, the everlasting problem of the origin of evil. If the Creator of such a world is omnipotent, he cannot be actuated solely by a desire for the welfare of his creatures, but must have other ends in view to which this is in some measure subordinated. Or if he is absolutely benevolent, then he can not be omnipotent, but there is something in the nature of things which sets limits to his creative power. This dilemma is as old as human thinking, and it still remains a stumbling-block in the way of any theory of the universe that can possibly be devised. But it is an obstacle especially formidable to any kind of anthropomorphic theism. For the only avenue of escape is the assumption of an inscrutable mystery which would contain the solution of the problem if the human intellect could only penetrate so far; and the more closely we invite a comparison between divine and human methods of working, the more do we close up that only outlet.

The practical solution oftenest adopted has been that which sacrifices the Creator's omnipotence in favor of his benevolence. In the noblest of the purely Aryan religions — that of which the sacred literature is contained in the Zendavesta — the evil spirit Ahriman exists independently of the will of the good Ormuzd, and is accountable for all the sin in the world, but in the fullness of time he is to be bound in chains and shorn of his power for mischief. This theory has passed into Christendom in the form of Manichæism; but its essential features have been adopted by orthodox Christianity, which at the same time has tried to grasp the other horn of the dilemma and save the omnipotence of the Deity by paying him what Mr. Mill calls the doubtful compliment of making him the creator of the devil. By this device the essential polytheism of the conception is thinly veiled. The confusion of thought has been persistently blinked by the popular mind; but among the profoundest thinkers of the Aryan race there have been two who have explicitly adopted the solution which limits the Creator's power. One of these was Plato, who held that God's perfect goodness has been partially thwarted by the intractableness of the materials he has had to work with. This theory was carried to extremes by those Gnostics who believed that God's work consisted in redeeming a world originally created by the devil, and in orthodox Christianity it gave rise to the Augustinian doctrine of total depravity, and the "philosophy of the plan of salvation" founded thereon. The other great thinker who adopted a similar solution was Leibnitz. In his famous theory of optimism the world is by no means represented as perfect; it is only the best of all possible worlds, the best the Creator could make out of the materials at hand. In recent times Mr. Mill shows a marked preference for this view, and one of the foremost religious teachers now living, Dr. Martineau, falls into a parallel line of thinking in his suggestion that the primary qualities of matter constitute a "datum objective to God," who, "in shaping the orbits out of immensity, and determining seasons out of eternity, could but follow the laws of curvature, measure, and proportion."

But indeed it is not necessary to refer to the problem of evil in order to show that the argument from design cannot prove the existence of an omnipotent and benevolent Designer. It is not omnipotence that contrives and plans and adapts means to ends. These are the methods of finite intelligence; they imply the overcoming of obstacles; and to ascribe them to omnipotence is to combine words that severally possess meanings into a phrase that has no meaning. "God said, Let there be light: and there was light." In this noble description of creative omnipotence one would search in vain for any hint of contrivance. The most the argument from design could legitimately hope to accomplish was to make it seem probable that the universe was wrought into its present shape by an intelligent and benevolent Being immeasurably superior to Man, but far from infinite in power and resources. Such an argument hardly rises to the level of true theism.

It was in its own chosen stronghold that this once famous argument was destined to meet its doom. It was in the adaptations of the organic world, in the manifold harmonies between living creatures and surrounding circumstances, that it had seemed to find its chief support; and now came the Darwinian theory of natural selection, and in the twinkling of an eye knocked all this support from under it. It is not that the organism and its environment have been adapted to each other by an exercise of creative intelligence, but it is that the organism

is necessarily fitted to the environment because in the perennial slaughter that has gone on from the beginning only the fittest have survived. Or, as it has been otherwise expressed, "the earth is suited to its inhabitants because it has produced them, and only such as suit it live." In the struggle for existence no individual peculiarity, however slight, that tends to the preservation of life is neglected. It is unerringly seized upon and propagated by natural selection, and from the cumulative action of such slight causes have come the beautiful adaptations of which the organic world is full. The demonstration of this point, through the labors of a whole generation of naturalists, has been one of the most notable achievements of modern science, and to the theistic arguments of Paley and the Bridgewater treatises it has dealt destruction.

But the Darwinian theory of natural selection does not stand alone. It is part of a greater whole. It is the most conspicuous portion of that doctrine of evolution in which all the results hitherto attained by the great modern scientific movement are codified, and which Herbert Spencer had already begun to set forth in its main outlines before the Darwinian theory had been made known to the world. This doctrine of evolution so far extends the range of our vision through past and future time as entirely to alter our conception of the universe. Our grandfathers, in common with all preceding generations of men, could and did suppose that at some particular moment in the past eternity the world was created in very much the shape which it has at present. But our modern knowledge does not allow us to suppose anything of the sort. We can carry back our thoughts through a long succession of great epochs, some of them many millions of years in duration, in each of which the innumerable forms of life that covered the earth were very different from what they were in all the others, and in even the nearest of which they were notably different from what they are now. We can go back still farther to the eras when the earth was a whirling ball of vapor, or when it formed an equatorial belt upon a sun two hundred million miles in diameter, or when the sun itself was but a giant nebula from which as yet no planet had been born. And through all the vast sweep of time, from the simple primeval vapor down to the multifarious world we know to-day, we see the various forms of Nature coming into existence one after the other in accordance with laws of which we are already beginning to trace the character and scope. Paley's simile of the watch is no longer applicable to such a world as this. It must be replaced by the simile of the flower. The universe is not a machine, but an organism, with an indwelling principle of life. It was not made, but it has grown.

That such a change in our conception of the universe marks the greatest revolution that has ever taken place in human thinking need scarcely be said. But even in this statement we have not quite revealed the depth of the change. Not only has modern science made it clear that the varied forms of Nature which make up the universe have arisen through a process of evolution, but it has also made it clear that what we call the laws of Nature have been evolved through the self-same process. The axiom of the persistence of force, upon which all modern science has come to rest, involves as a necessary corollary the persistence of the relations between forces; so that, starting with the persistence of force and the primary qualities of matter, it can be shown that all those uniformities of coexistence and succession which we call natural laws have arisen one after the other in connection with the forms which have afforded the occasions for their manifestation. The all-pervading harmony of

Nature is thus itself a natural product, and the last inch of ground is cut away from under the theologians who suppose the universe to have come into existence through a supernatural process of manufacture at the hands of a Creator outside of itself.

It appears, then, that the idea of God as remote from the world is not likely to survive the revolution in thought which the rapid increase of modern knowledge has inaugurated. The knell of anthropomorphic or Augustinian theism has already sounded. This conclusion need not, however, disturb us when we consider how imperfect a form of theism this is which mankind is now outgrowing. To get rid of the appearance of antagonism between science and religion will of itself be one of the greatest benefits ever conferred upon the human race. It will forward science and purify religion, and it will go far toward increasing kindness and mutual helpfulness among men. Since such happy results are likely to follow the general adoption of the cosmic or Athanasian form of theism, in place of the other form, it becomes us to observe more specifically the manner in which this higher theism stands related to our modern knowledge.

To every form of theism, as I have already urged, an anthropomorphic element is indispensable. It is quite true, on the one hand, that to ascribe what we know as human personality to the infinite Deity straightway lands us in contradiction, since personality without limits is inconceivable. But on the other hand, it is no less true that the total elimination of anthropomorphism from the idea of God abolishes the idea itself. This difficulty need not dishearten us, for it is no more than we must expect to encounter on the threshold of such a problem as the one before us. We do not approach the question in the spirit of those natural theologians who were so ready with their explanations of the divine purposes. We are aware that we see as through a glass darkly, and we do not expect to "think God's thoughts after him" save in the crudest symbolic fashion. In dealing with the Infinite we are confessedly treating of that which transcends our powers of conception. Our ability to frame ideas is strictly limited by experience, and our experience does not furnish the materials for the idea of a personality which is not narrowly hemmed in by the inexorable barriers of circumstance. We therefore cannot conceive such an idea. But it does not follow that there is no reality answering to what such an idea would be if it could be conceived. The test of inconceivability is only applicable to the world of phenomena from which our experience is gathered. It fails when applied to that which lies behind phenomena. I do not hold for this reason that we are justified in using such an expression as "infinite personality" in a philosophical inquiry where clearness of thought and speech is above all things desirable. But I do hold, most emphatically, that we are not debarred from ascribing a quasi-psychical nature to the Deity simply because we can frame no proper conception of such a nature as absolute and infinite.

The point is of vital importance to theism. As Kant has well said, "The conception of God involves not merely a blindly operating Nature as the eternal root of things, but a Supreme Being that shall be the author of all things by free and understanding action; and it is this conception which alone has any interest for us." It will be observed that Kant says nothing here about "contrivance." By the phrase "free and understanding action" he doubtless means much the same that is here meant by ascribing to God a quasi-psychical nature. And thus alone, he says, can we feel any interest in theism. The thought

goes deep, yet is plain enough to every one. The teleological instinct in Man cannot be suppressed or ignored. The human soul shrinks from the thought that it is without kith or kin in all this wide universe. Our reason demands that there shall be a reasonableness in the constitution of things. This demand is a fact in our psychical nature as positive and irrepressible as our acceptance of geometrical axioms and our rejection of whatever controverts such axioms. No ingenuity of argument can bring us to believe that the infinite Sustainer of the universe will "put us to permanent intellectual confusion." There is in every earnest thinker a craving after a final cause; and this craving can no more be extinguished than our belief in objective reality. Nothing can persuade us that the universe is a farrago of nonsense. Our belief in what we call the evidence of our senses is less strong than our faith that in the orderly sequence of events there is a meaning which our minds could fathom were they only vast enough. Doubtless in our own age, of which it is a most healthful symptom that it questions everything, there are many who, through inability to assign the grounds for such a faith, have persuaded themselves that it must be a mere superstition which ought not to be cherished; but it is not likely that any one of these has ever really succeeded in ridding himself of it.

According to Mr. Spencer, the only ultimate test of reality is persistence, and the only measure of validity among our primary beliefs is the success with which they resist all efforts to change them. Let us see, then, how it is with the belief in the essential reasonableness of the universe. Does this belief answer to any outward reality? Is there, in the scheme of things, aught that justifies Man in claiming kinship of any sort with the God that is immanent in the world?

The difficulty in answering such questions has its root in the impossibility o framing a representative conception o Deity; but it is a difficulty which may for all practical purposes, be surmount ed by the aid of a symbolic conception

Observe the meaning of this distinc tion. Of any simple object which ca be grasped in a single act of perception such as a knife or a book, an egg or a orange, a circle or a triangle, you ca frame a conception which almost o quite exactly *represents* the object. Th picture or visual image in your min when the orange is present to the sense is almost exactly reproduced when it i absent. The distinction between th two lies chiefly in the relative vividnes of the former as contrasted with th relative faintness of the latter. But a the objects of thought increase in siz and in complexity of detail, the cas soon comes to be very different. Yo cannot frame a truly representative co ception of the town in which you liv however familiar you may be with it streets and houses, its parks and tree and the looks and demeanor of th townsmen; it is impossible to embrac so many details in a single mental pi ture. The mind must range to and fr among the phenomena in order to re resent the town in a series of conce tions. But practically what you have i mind when you speak of the town is fragmentary conception in which som portion of the object is represente while you are well aware that wit sufficient pains a series of mental pi tures could be formed which would a proximately correspond to the objec That is to say, this fragmentary conce tion stands in your mind as a *symbol* the town. To some extent the conce tion is representative, but to a gre degree it is symbolic. With a furth increase in the size and complexity the objects of thought, our conceptio gradually lose their representative cha acter and at length become purely sy

bolic. No one can form a mental picture that answers even approximately to the earth. Even a homogeneous ball eight thousand miles in diameter is too vast an object to be conceived otherwise than symbolically, and much more is this true of the ball upon which we live, with all its endless multiformity of detail. We imagine a globe and clothe it with a few terrestrial attributes, and in our minds this fragmentary notion does duty as a symbol of the earth.

The case becomes still more striking when we have to deal with conceptions of the universe, of cosmic forces such as light and heat, or of the stupendous secular changes which modern science calls us to contemplate. Here our conceptions cannot even pretend to represent the objects; they are as purely symbolic as the algebraic equations whereby the geometer expresses the shapes of curves. Yet so long as there are means of verification at our command, we can reason as safely with these symbolic conceptions as if they were truly representative. The geometer can at any moment translate his equation into an actual curve and thereby test the results of his reasoning; and the case is similar with the undulatory theory of light, the chemist's conception of atomicity, and other vast stretches of thought which in recent times have revolutionized our knowledge of Nature. The danger in the use of symbolic conceptions is the danger of framing illegitimate symbols that answer to nothing in heaven or earth, as has happened first and last with so many short-lived theories in science and in metaphysics. Forewarned of this danger, and therefore — I hope — forearmed against it, let us see what a scientific philosophy has to say about the Power that is manifested in and through the universe.

We have seen that before men could arrive at the idea of God, before out of the old crude and fragmentary polytheisms there could be developed a pure and coherent theism, it was necessary that physical generalization should have advanced far enough to enable them, however imperfectly, to reason about the universe as a whole. It was a faint glimpse of the unity of Nature that first led men to the conception of the unity of God, and as their knowledge of the phenomenal fact becomes clearer, so must their grasp upon the noumenal truth behind it become firmer. Now the whole tendency of modern science is to impress upon us ever more forcibly the truth that the entire knowable universe is an immense unit, animated throughout all its parts by a single principle of life. This conclusion, which was long ago borne in upon the minds of prophetic thinkers, like Spinoza and Goethe, through their keen appreciation of the significance of the physical harmonies known to them, has during the last fifty years received something like a demonstration in detail. It is since Goethe's death, for example, that it has been proved that the Newtonian law of gravitation extends to the bodies which used to be called fixed stars. That such was the case was already much more than probable, but so lately as 1835 there were to be found writers on science, such as Comte, who denied that it could ever be proved. But a still more impressive illustration of the unity of Nature is furnished by the luminiferous ether, when considered in connection with the discovery of the correlation of forces. The fathomless abysses of space can no longer be talked of as empty; they are filled with a wonderful substance, unlike any of the forms of matter which we can weigh and measure. A cosmic jelly almost infinitely hard and elastic, it offers at the same time no appreciable resistance to the movements of the heavenly bodies. It is so sensitive that a shock in any part of it causes a "tremor which is felt on the surface of countless worlds." Radiating in every

direction, from millions of centric points run shivers of undulation manifested in endless metamorphosis as heat, or light, or actinism, as magnetism or electricity. Crossing one another in every imaginable way, as if all space were crowded with a mesh-work of nerve-threads, these motions go on forever in a harmony that nothing disturbs. Thus every part of the universe shares in the life of all the other parts, as when in the solar atmosphere, pulsating at its temperature of a million degrees Fahrenheit, a slight breeze instantly sways the needles in every compass-box on the face of the earth.

Still further striking confirmation is found in the marvelous disclosures of spectrum analysis. To whatever part of the heavens we turn the telescope, armed with this new addition to our senses, we find the same chemical elements with which the present century has made us familiar upon the surface of the earth. From the distant worlds of Arcturus and the Pleiades, whence the swift ray of light takes many years to reach us, it brings the story of the hydrogen and oxygen, the vapor of iron or sodium, which set it in motion. Thus in all parts of the universe that have fallen within our ken, we find a unity of chemical composition. Nebulæ, stars, and planets are all made of the same materials, and on every side we behold them in different stages of development, worlds in the making: here an irregular nebula such as our solar system once was, there a nebula whose rotation has at length wrought it into spheroidal form; here and there stars of varied colors marking different eras in chemical evolution; now planets still partly incandescent like Saturn and Jupiter, then planets like Mars and the earth, with cool atmospheres and solid continents and vast oceans of water; and lastly such bodies as the moon, vaporless, rigid, and cold in death.

Still nearer do we come toward realizing the unity of Nature when we recollect that the law of evolution is not only the same for all these various worlds but is also the same throughout all other orders of phenomena. Not only in the development of cosmical bodies, including the earth, but also in the development of life upon the earth's surface and in the special development of those complex manifestations of life known as human societies, the most general and fundamental features of the process are the same, so that it has been found possible to express them in a single universal formula. And what is most striking of all, this notable formula, under which Herbert Spencer has succeeded in generalizing the phenomena of universal evolution, was derived from the formula under which Von Baer in 1829 first generalized the mode of development of organisms from their embryos. That a law of evolution first partially detected among the phenomena of the organic world should thereafter not only be found applicable to all other orders of phenomena, but should find in this application its first complete and coherent statement, is a fact of wonderous and startling significance. It means that the universe as a whole is thrilling in every fibre with Life, — not, indeed, life in the usual restricted sense, but life in a general sense. The distinction once deemed absolute, between the living and the not-living is converted into a relative distinction; and Life as manifested in the organism is seen to be only a specialized form of the Universal Life.

The conception of matter as dead or inert belongs, indeed, to an order of thought that modern knowledge has entirely outgrown. If the study of physics has taught us anything, it is that nowhere in Nature is inertness or quiescence to be found. All is quivering with energy. From particle to particle without cessation the movement passes on, reappearing from moment to m

ment under myriad Protean forms, while the rearrangements of particles incidental to the movement constitute the qualitative differences among things. Now in the language of physics all motions of matter are manifestations of force, to which we can assign neither beginning nor end. Matter is indestructible, motion is continuous, and beneath both these universal truths lies the fundamental truth that force is persistent. The farthest reach in science that has ever been made was made when it was proved by Herbert Spencer that the law of universal evolution is a necessary consequence of the persistence of force. It has shown us that all the myriad phenomena of the universe, all its weird and subtle changes, in all their minuteness from moment to moment, in all their vastness from age to age, are the manifestations of a single animating principle that is both infinite and eternal.

By what name, then, shall we call this animating principle of the universe, this eternal source of phenomena? Using the ordinary language of physics, we have just been calling it Force, but such a term in no wise enlightens us. Taken by itself it is meaningless; it acquires its meaning only from the relations in which it is used. It is a mere symbol, like the algebraic expression which stands for a curve. Of what, then, is it the symbol?

The words which we use are so enwrapped in atmospheres of subtle associations that they are liable to sway the direction of our thoughts in ways of which we are often unconscious. It is highly desirable that physics should have a word as thoroughly abstract, as utterly emptied of all connotations of personality as possible, so that it may be used like a mathematical symbol. Such a word is Force. But what we are now dealing with is by no means a scientific abstraction. It is the most concrete and solid of realities, the one Reality which underlies all appearances, and from the presence of which we can never escape. Suppose, then, that we translate our abstract terminology into something that is more concrete. Instead of the force which persists, let us speak of the Power which is always and everywhere manifested in phenomena. Our question, then, becomes, What is this infinite and eternal Power like? What kind of language shall we use in describing it? Can we regard it as in any wise "material," or can we speak of its universal and ceaseless activity as in any wise the working of a "blind necessity"? For here, at length, we have penetrated to the innermost kernel of the problem; and upon the answer must depend our mental attitude toward the mystery of existence.

The answer is that we cannot regard the infinite and eternal Power as in any wise "material," nor can we attribute its workings to "blind necessity." The eternal source of phenomena is the source of what we see and hear and touch; it is the source of what we call matter, but it cannot itself be material. Matter is but the generalized name we give to those modifications which we refer immediately to an unknown something outside of ourselves. It was long ago shown that all the qualities of matter are what the mind makes them, and have no existence as such apart from the mind. In the deepest sense all that we really know is mind, and as Clifford would say, what we call the material universe is simply an imperfect picture in our minds of a real universe of mind-stuff. Our own mind we know directly; our neighbor's mind we know by inference; that which is external to both is a Power hidden from sense, which causes states of consciousness that are similar in both. Such states of consciousness we call material qualities, and matter is nothing but the sum of such qualities. To speak of the hidden Power itself as "material" is therefore not merely to state what is untrue, — it is to talk non-

sense. We are bound to conceive of the Eternal Reality in terms of the only reality that we know, or else refrain from conceiving it under any form whatever. But the latter alternative is clearly impossible. We might as well try to escape from the air in which we breathe as to expel from consciousness the Power which is manifested throughout what we call the material universe. But the only conclusion we can consistently hold is that this is the very same power "which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness."

In the nature-worship of primitive men, beneath all the crudities of thought by which it was overlaid and obscured, there was thus after all an essential germ of truth which modern philosophy is constrained to recognize and reiterate. As the unity of Nature has come to be demonstrated, innumerable finite powers, once conceived as psychical and deified, have been generalized into a single infinite Power that is still thought of as psychical. From the crudest polytheism we have thus, by a slow evolution, arrived at pure monotheism, — the recognition of the eternal God indwelling in the universe, in whom we live and move and have our being.

But in thus conceiving of God as psychical, as a Being with whom the human soul in the deepest sense owns kinship, we must beware of too carelessly ascribing to Him those specialized psychical attributes characteristic of humanity, which one and all imply limitation and weakness. We must not forget the warning of the prophet Isaiah: "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Omniscience, for example, has been ascribed to God in every system of theism; yet the psychical nature to which all events, past, present, and future, can be always simultaneously present is clearly as far removed from the limited and serial psychical nature of Man as the heavens are higher than the earth. We are not so presumptuous, therefore, as to attempt, with some theologians of the anthropomorphic school, to inquire minutely into the character of the divine decrees and purposes. But our task would be ill-performed were nothing more to be said about that craving after a final cause which we have seen to be an essential element in Man's religious nature. It remains to be shown that there is a reasonableness in the universe, that in the orderly sequence of events there is a meaning which appeals to our human intelligence. Without adopting Paley's method, which has been proved inadequate, we may nevertheless boldly aim at an object like that at which Paley aimed. Caution is needed, since we are dealing with a symbolic conception as to which the very point in question is whether there is any reality that answers to it. The problem is a hard one, but here we suddenly get powerful help from the doctrine of evolution, and especially from that part of it known as the Darwinian theory.

Although it was the Darwinian theory of natural selection which overthrew the argument from design, yet — as I have argued in another place — when thoroughly understood it will be found to replace as much teleology as it destroys. Indeed, the doctrine of evolution, in all its chapters, has a certain teleological aspect, although it does not employ those methods which in the hands of the champions of final cause have been found so misleading. The doctrine of evolution does not regard any given arrangement of things as scientifically explained when it is shown to subserve some good purpose, but it seeks its explanation in such antecedent conditions as may have been competent to bring about the arrangement in ques-

tion. Nevertheless the doctrine of evolution is not only perpetually showing us the purposes which the arrangements of Nature subserve, but throughout one large section of the ground which it covers, it points to a discernible dramatic tendency, a clearly-marked progress of events toward a mighty goal. Now it especially concerns us to note that this large section is just the one, and the only one, which our powers of imagination are able to compass. The astronomic story of the universe is altogether too vast for us to comprehend in such wise as to tell whether it shows any dramatic tendency or not. But in the story of the evolution of life upon the surface of our earth, where alone we are able to compass the phenomena, we see all things working together, through countless ages of toil and trouble, toward one glorious consummation. It is therefore a fair inference, though a bold one, that if our means of exploration were such that we could compass the story of all the systems of worlds that shine in the spacious firmament, we should be able to detect a similar meaning. At all events, the story which we can decipher is sufficiently impressive and consoling. It clothes our theistic belief with moral significance, reveals the intense and solemn reality of religion, and fills the heart with tidings of great joy.

The glorious consummation toward which organic evolution is tending is the production of the highest and most perfect psychical life. Already the germs of this conclusion existed in the Darwinian theory as originally stated, though men were for a time too busy with other aspects of the theory to pay due attention to them. In the natural selection of such individual peculiarities as conduce to the survival of the species, and in the evolution by this process of higher and higher creatures endowed with capacities for a richer and more varied life, there might have been seen a well-marked dramatic tendency, toward the *dénouement* of which every one of the myriad little acts of life and death during the entire series of geologic æons was assisting. The whole scheme was teleological, and each single act of natural selection had a teleological meaning. Herein lies the reason why the theory so quickly destroyed that of Paley. It did not merely refute it, but supplanted it with explanations which had the merit of being truly scientific while at the same time they hit the mark at which natural theology had unsuccessfully aimed.

Such was the case with the Darwinian theory as first announced. But since it has been more fully studied in its application to the genesis of Man, a wonderful flood of light has been thrown upon the meaning of evolution, and there appears a reasonableness in the universe such as had not appeared before. It has been shown that the genesis of Man was due to a change in the direction of the working of natural selection, whereby psychical variations were selected to the neglect of physical variations. It has been shown that one chief result of this change was the lengthening of infancy, whereby Man appeared on the scene as a plastic creature capable of unlimited psychical progress. It has been shown that one chief result of the lengthening of infancy was the origination of the family and of human society endowed with rudimentary moral ideas and moral sentiments. It has been shown that through these coöperating processes the difference between Man and all lower creatures has come to be a difference in kind transcending all other differences; that his appearance upon the earth marked the beginning of the final stage in the process of development, the last act in the great drama of creation; and that all the remaining work of evolution must consist in the perfecting of the creature thus marvelously produced. It has been further

shown that the perfecting of Man consists mainly in the ever increasing predominance of the life of the soul over the life of the body. And lastly, it has been shown that, whereas the earlier stages of human progress have been characterized by a struggle for existence like that through which all lower forms of life have been developed, nevertheless the action of natural selection upon Man is coming to an end, and his future development will be accomplished through the direct adaptation of his wonderfully plastic intelligence to the circumstances in which it is placed. Hence it has appeared that war and all forms of strife, having ceased to discharge their normal function, and having thus become unnecessary, will slowly die out; that the feelings and habits adapted to ages of strife will ultimately perish from disuse; and that a stage of civilization will be reached in which human sympathy shall be all in all, and the spirit of Christ shall reign supreme throughout the length and breadth of the earth.

These conclusions, with the grounds upon which they are based, have been succinctly set forth in my little book entitled, The Destiny of Man viewed in the Light of his Origin. Startling as they may have seemed to some, they are no more so than many of the other truths which have been brought home to us during this unprecedented age. They are the fruit of a wide induction from the most vitally important facts which the doctrine of evolution has set forth; and they may fairly claim recognition as an integral body of philosophic doctrine fit to stand the test of time. Here they are summarized as the final step in my argument concerning the true nature of theism. They add new meanings to the idea of God, as it is affected by modern knowledge, while at the same time they do but give articulate voice to time-honored truths which it was feared the skepticism of our age might have rendered dumb and powerless. For if we express in its most concentrated form the meaning of these conclusions regarding Man's origin and destiny, we find that it affords the full justification of the fundamental ideas and sentiments which have animated religion at all times. We see Man still the crown and glory of the universe and the chief object of divine care, yet still the lame and halting creature, loaded with a brute-inheritance of original sin, whose ultimate salvation is slowly to be achieved through ages of moral discipline. We see the chief agency which produced him — natural selection which always works through strife — ceasing to operate upon him, so that, until human strife shall be brought to an end, there goes on a struggle between his lower and his higher impulses in which the higher must finally conquer. And in all this we find the strongest imaginable incentive to right living, yet one that is still the same in principle with that set forth by the great Teacher who first brought men to the knowledge of the true God.

As to the conception of Deity, in the shape impressed upon it by our modern knowledge, I believe I have now said enough to show that it is no empty formula or metaphysical abstraction which we would seek to substitute for the living God. The infinite and eternal Power that is manifested in every pulsation of the universe is none other than the living God. We may exhaust the resources of metaphysics in debating how far His nature may fitly be expressed in terms applicable to the psychical nature of Man; such vain attempts will only serve to show how we are dealing with a theme that must ever transcend our finite powers of conception. But of some things we may feel sure. Humanity is not a mere local incident in an endless and aimless series of cosmical changes. The events of the universe are not the work of chance

neither are they the outcome of blind necessity. Practically there is a purpose in the world whereof it is our highest duty to learn the lesson, however well or ill we may fare in rendering a scientific account of it. When from the dawn of life we see all things working together toward the evolution of the highest spiritual attributes of Man, we know, however the words may stumble in which we try to say it, that God is in the deepest sense a moral Being. The everlasting source of phenomena is none other than the infinite Power that makes for righteousness. Thou canst not by searching find Him out; yet put thy trust in Him, and against thee the gates of hell shall not prevail; for there is neither wisdom nor understanding nor counsel against the Eternal.

John Fiske.

TO S. O. J.

INVITATION TO A WALK.

I 've a budding plan that shows
All the color of the rose:
On some morning you will name,
You *break house*, and I 'll the same,
(In such craft we 're skilled profoundly!)
Leave our bodies sleeping soundly,
Thence abroad, all spirit, fare,
Lighter than the breathing air.

Quickly mount the ether way:
Only have a care, I pray,
That you be not caught amain
In some wild dream's comet-train!
Since your journey lies due west,
When your spirit's feet you 'd rest,
At your pleasure you can float
In the old moon's cockle-boat.

Meanwhile, I must take my way
Towards the gleaming of the day.
When we meet, as meet we will,
Then we 'll foot it, light and still,
Wheresoe'er the fancy please:
On the blossoming chestnut-trees,
Starting perfume, as we go;
Or upon some river's flow,
Trip it as the naiads do.
Yonder, sleeping, misty-blue,
Lies my lake, and evermore
Softly kisses the brown shore, —
We might loiter there awhile.

Or we 'll flit to your Marsh Isle!
When we 've breathed the late-mown grass,
Up an orchard slope we 'll pass;
Golden pippins hanging low, —
If we take some, who will know?
. . . Ah, sweet Doris! what if we
At her window try a glee?
Singing, " Doris, sweetheart, wake,
And the dark its flight shall take!"

Thus I plan: do you agree
You will come half-way to me?
On some morning you will name,
You break house, — I 'll do the same!

Edith M. Thomas.

TWO HALVES OF A LIFE.

I.

THE VISION SPLENDID.

1.

St. Athanase would be like half a hundred other villages in Quebec but that the noble river on which it stands gives it a beauty and a character of its own. The bridge which connects it with the flourishing town of St. Jean on its opposite side spans nearly a mile of the waters of the Richelieu. Its main street, where are the few stores that supply its few wants, runs parallel with the course of the stream. The rest of the village — some of the houses of stone, quaint and old-fashioned, others more modern, of wood — rises from it among groves of maple and elm on the gradual slope of its bank. Behind it, the mass of Mount St. Gregoire fills in the distance. Seen of a summer's evening, with the mingling lights falling on tree and house and water, while the notes of the angelus ring softly out on the air, it is a charming picture, at once sweet and soothing.

But the place is under a doom, — the doom that waits on standing still, and of which its rotting sidewalks are an evidence. With progress, indeed, St. Athanase has nothing to do. It transacts its own little business and goes on its own way. Life has gone on in it in much the same fashion from generation to generation. When the father has passed away the son has stepped into the vacant place. Baptiste succeeds Alexandre, and Jean, Baptiste; and but that the names are changed, there seems no other change. Yet it is happy, with the happiness which has no written history. Outside such events as are inscribed in its parish register it has nothing to record. The place is full of the age-long quiet, the undisturbed content, which brood like wings of shadow over all the life of French Canada, in strangest contrast to the rush and the bustle of these times, in which St. Athanase has neither part nor lot. All its sympathies are with that vanishing, older world, of which it has its own survivals in its *seigneurie;* in the great high-steepled church, with its *presbytère* nestling among the elms; in its unquestioning beliefs; most of all, perhaps, in its finely drawn

ocial distinctions. In the ideas of modrn democracy it has no share.

It was among such associations of lace and custom that Pierre Lacordire grew up to manhood. His father, M. le Notaire, was a person of some consequence in St. Athanase. The lace was too small to admit of his having a rival, so he knew everybody in it nd all its affairs, most of which were ransacted in his own little office. Whatver simple secrets there were were in is keeping. Then he was prosperous nd wealthy, as wealth went in St. thanase. All this made him an imortant personage, and knowing his own alue he rejoiced. As the seigneur was Protestant and an Englishman, and herefore a remote influence in the life f this Catholic village, and the fat old riest was the notary's good friend and lly, there was nothing to dim the satisaction with which he regarded his posiion.

But it was not forgotten in the vilage by a few of the families, whose just ride that in their veins flowed some f the best blood of old France took a eener edge from the very fact that they ere poorer than he, that M. le Notaire's father had been a peasant. Not hat their demeanor to him was marked y an overwhelming hauteur or odious ondescension, but they simply kept hemselves to themselves. To do the otary justice, he had never sought to enetrate their reserve; the knowledge f their affairs he possessed gave him ll the power he wanted. But it was ifferent with his son Pierre. His desiny was so shaping itself that it had ecome imperatively necessary for him t least to try to enter this charmed ircle. He had reached in his life the reat Divide, on that side of which lie he untroubled joy and gladness of outh, on this side the tumult and the ever of the love of conscious manhood. is eyes had roved away from his own ssociates to fix themselves forever on one who belonged not to them. His early training, however, was altogether against him. With a child's acuteness he had observed that while his father's manner to most of his clients had that easy courtesy which comes from the satisfying conviction of the security and importance of one's own station, to some, again, it was touched with a deep reverence which marked a difference in their relative positions. The boy naturally accepted such actions as an abiding expression of the mutual relations that existed between his father or himself and others. He grew up with the feeling of it in his mind.

Another important influence which determined his subsequent life also came to him from his peasant blood and his surroundings. There is no more deeply credulous being than the French Canadian of the lower classes. Whatever mental life he has is still the life of a little child standing in the morning of the world. The age of faith has not ceased with him. That there should be places made holy by beatific visions, that relics should work miracles, that all sorts of local saints should have power to bless and all sorts of local devils power to curse, are to him among the deepest facts of life. Such beliefs are so wrought into his thoughts that he never can get outside their grasp. These come to him naturally from his religion, but he is full of superstitions besides. His churchyard is alive with ghosts. He easily credits any supernatural story. And Pierre was no freer from such ideas than were others. One of his most lasting memories was of a little sister of his who for a long time had always been dressed in blue, in fulfillment of a vow to the Virgin. She had been very ill, and his mother — the dear old *maman* who was now dead — had vowed to the Holy Mother, if she would but cause the child to recover, to dress her in this her favorite color for three years. There were many other instances of the

same kind among the neighbors; indeed, it would not be too much to say that there was hardly one of them but could tell some tale which was not of this world.

The Canadian *habitant*, notwithstanding, is as a rule gay and joyous as a lark, simple-hearted, content, unaffectedly fond of his home, bearing the few burdens of his life lightly, and accepting with cheery resignation its inevitable ills. Pierre was of a different type: graver, more serious, more inquiring, than his countrymen. He had been fairly educated after a fashion. Of the great world which lay beyond his own little village he knew scarcely anything. The few visits he had paid to Montreal, the nearest city, had given him glimpses of what it might be like. For some time, as he neared manhood, his mind had been stirred by vague longings for a larger life. He watched with curious interest the steamers which passed down the Richelieu on their way to the St. Lawrence, bound for various ports. Dreamily he speculated as to what manner of men, what kind of cities, he would see if he embarked on them. His greatest friend, Father Cherrier, the parish priest, a man now old, but who had once held an important post in a distant city, told him of the world's vanities and disappointments; but these made little impression compared with the intoxicating successes, the glittering splendors, the coveted distinctions of which he also spoke. It was when Pierre's mind was full of such thoughts, and a multitude besides of the indistinct movements of aspiration and desire that come along with the vigorous springtide of manhood, that he fell in love with Marie de Calles. At once all the nebulous ideas which had been floating loosely in his mind concentrated themselves in this absorbing and sufficing passion. To woo and win her were the only objects in life worth striving for.

Marie was the daughter of one of those families who, in the midst of pov erty, found a deep compensation for i in their undoubted purity of descent To them M. le Notaire and his so were well enough in their way, but tha way was at an infinite distance fro their own. To Pierre this distance ha its own additional enchantment. Mari was very beautiful, but it was the beau ty which is outward only. Pierre knev it not. Around the maiden he wrappe a glamour and a mystery which he ha himself created, and which were tru only so far as they existed in his ow consciousness. That she was beautifu no one could deny. Indeed, hers wa the ripe, obvious beauty of a splendi physical type. Her figure was regal her whole air queenly. The oval fac was perfect after its kind. The dar masses of her hair framed a white fore head neither too lofty nor too low. I was impossible to look at her grea violet eyes without delight, at the lovel mouth without admiration. But of th subtle charm, the aerial grace, the in describable quality of the fascinatio which surrounds some women, and whic makes men their willing slaves to th end, there was no trace in Marie. He eyes were always the same, — immova bly beautiful, with no hint of fire o tenderness in them. The lips lacke sensitiveness. Her face was the face o a woman upon whom the softening, re fining influences of the unutterable pa thos of human life had as yet left n mark. It was not that she was selfis or unkind, but that hers was a natur which had no depth. Hence she had n real power of sympathy, only at best superficial tenderness. Pierre saw noth ing of this. He loved her; and all othe thoughts and feelings were lost in tha one great emotion. To him she was th sweetest as she was the loveliest of wo men; and he believed in her with h whole soul.

Pierre had seen her nearly all h life, but owing to the difference in the

social position he had always thought of her as something apart from it. A year or two, however, before he fell in love with her, she had gone to a convent at Montreal to finish her education. When she returned it was the month of May, the month of Mary, when St. Athanase is as sense-satisfying a spot as there is on this earth. All the trees were in full glory of green. The lilacs were in bloom, and the air was laden with the scent of all the sweet flowers of spring, — fragrant snowdrops, and lilies of the valley, and hyacinth, and narcissus, everywhere. It was the custom of the daughters of the village to go of an evening in a kind of procession, bearing chaplets and wreaths of flowers, to present them to the Sisters to decorate the image of the Virgin. Late in the afternoon of one of these delicious days, Pierre was idling along the main street when the procession passed before him. His eyes wandered over the smiling faces, to pause involuntarily on that of Marie. The soft spring air had given her a delicious warmth of coloring, and its effect was heightened by the bouquet of white flowers which she held near her face as she passed him. She looked lovely enough to be the Goddess of Youth.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Pierre. Then he quickly followed the band of girls into the church, trying to catch another glimpse of that incomparable face. For some time afterwards Pierre was constant in his attendance at church, hoping that perchance he might be fortunate enough to intercept some stray glance from those wonderful violet eyes.

There is something magnetic in love, and it was not long before Marie knew of Pierre's devotion. An accidental meeting, in which Pierre was of some slight assistance, gave him a kind of acquaintance with her. She felt it would be a rudeness on her part not to acknowledge the claim this made upon her, however slight it was. So she bowed to him when they met, which was often in a small place like St. Athanase. It was in the nature of things that the acquaintance thus formed should go on growing, if Marie did not object, — and she did not object. The place was dull, and Pierre was handsome. Then when she got to know him a little better she could not but perceive that he was different from the other young fellows of the village. He was altogether more interesting; the air of habitual thoughtfulness he had suited him well; and she was flattered both by the evident sincerity and the special character of his admiration. In his own simple fashion the homage he paid her was that of a knight to his queen; and though she was disposed to accept this tribute to her charms as coming to her of divine right, she was none the less proud of it. Then another element, of a far more subtle kind, entered into the affair. Both knew very well that her friends would not readily consent to recognize the son of the notary as her lover. This acted as an incentive to Pierre. Was he not young, and with all the wonderful world of which he dreamed at his feet? But to Marie it gave the adventure the necessary thrill of excitement, and the specious air of romance dear to the newly emancipated school-girl.

It was not easy for their meetings to pass unnoticed. There was a constant danger of remark, for there were plenty of gossips in St. Athanase who knew more of their neighbors' affairs than of their own. But somehow they managed to escape it. There were quiet, shady walks by the river, where they met, and the lover's Providence was kind to them and sheltered them from observation.

Pierre, timidly at first, but with increasing boldness as he became accustomed to the magical atmosphere with which he surrounded her, began to open his soul to Marie. She listened to his eager talk, made bright by a thousand fancies; for his strong love for her gave

him eyes to see and ears to hear where otherwise he would have been blind and deaf. The girl said little about herself, and gave no communication of her own thoughts in return. But it was delightful to her to be talked to by this good-looking young fellow, and to know that he was her slave. She liked him. Could any one help liking him? she asked herself. Would not her people like him if they knew him?

By and by Pierre began falteringly to speak of love to the girl, and to plead his suit. Marie listened and smiled, not displeased. She had often, in her girlish fancies, pictured to herself some eager-eyed youth thus supplicating her favor. But though she suffered him for a moment to take her into his arms, she pushed him away the next, and laughingly made her escape. That evening Pierre went home in a tumult of emotion. All night long he lay awake thinking confusedly; and at last one idea fixed itself firmly in his mind. He had nothing at present to offer the girl but his love. He knew it was a very deep and honest love, but love was not enough. He had no position, and before Marie could become his wife he must have one, and one that would be worthy of her acceptance. Then he could go to her parents and ask for her hand. Yes, he would do something for this beautiful girl, — something that would be noble and splendid, the fruit of which he would lay proudly, and yet humbly, at her feet. In the natural order of things he would have succeeded his father as the village notary; of course a respectable position, but one which, in his ardor, he thought too commonplace to ask Marie to share with him. There was Montreal, the greatest city of which he knew; and even in that quiet village stories had come of men, no richer than he, who had gone there and had conquered fortune. Might he not do as much for Marie?

When he met her some days later he said something of this to Marie; and naturally it pleased the girl. Pierre did not ask her to pledge herself to him, but it was understood. When she had questioned herself if she loved him she had answered unhesitatingly, Yes. In saying this she thought she was quite sincere. He certainly was handsome, — so she repeated to herself, — and there was no one to compare with him in St. Athanase. With what a deference and respect did he treat her! He was so much in love with her! And he was going away to do something for her sake, — ah, this was romance! Yet the place would certainly be dull without Pierre. But the girl contemplated his departure with none of the palpitation of the heart, the swift floodings of hopes and fears, which deep love inspires. The truth was that Pierre had not really reached her heart. She liked him, thought well of him, was pleased by a devotion which made her life more interesting; but the inner citadel of her heart had not been gained. As for him, his whole life was completely bound up in her; but it was not so with her. Yet the evening before he went away, when Pierre had spoken brave and hopeful words, — none the less brave and hopeful because they were spoken with trembling lips, — she hung over him, crying and sobbing, and kissed him for the first time.

So Pierre went to Montreal with the thought that Marie loved him for inspiration.

Thus is the perennial epic written. So upon the simple country life of some English lad may there arise like a star, stately and yet tender, a beautiful vision, which makes him go from the fens and levels of the midlands, or from the hills of the northlands, to London, to make his fortune. So, in France, the cry of the provincial is, To Paris! With the same bravery is it done in every case, though there is no beat of drum nor flag flying in the breeze.

II.

There was always a large party entertained at the seigneurie of St. Athanase every Christmas. The festivities went on for two or three weeks, and that period was one of great excitement to the village, as there were dances and concerts, to which its leading people were invited. And though a seigneur who was an Englishman and a Protestant was distinctly alien to all their ideas, still they felt that they might go to his dances and listen to his concerts without compromising themselves.

The preceding winter there had come to the seigneurie a gentleman named Manning, and Pierre had chanced to meet him. Some business had been transacted for Manning by his father the notary, and Pierre, who was then in his father's office, had waited upon him several times. Manning had found young Lafordière intelligent and obliging, and he had taken a lazy liking to him. There had been some conversation between them, and Pierre had said something of his desire to leave the village, to enter the life of the big world which lay beyond it. Manning had listened to him with a good-humored amusement, and had promised that if Pierre should ever leave St. Athanase and come to Montreal he would see what he could do for him there. So as soon as Pierre reached Montreal he went and looked up Manning, who got a clerkship in a railway office for him. It was not a very important or lucrative post, not such a position as Pierre had dreamed of; but the office of a great railway company has now and again its chances of speedy promotion, and he worked on steadily, with the thought of Marie constantly in his mind.

Marie, on her part, found St. Athanase unendurably stupid in Pierre's absence. Each day had the same repeated monotony, and the girl had no resources of her own to make the tedium less irksome. As Pierre's attachment to her was unknown to her parents, there were no loving letters to look forward to, no loving messages to send in return. She had no *confidante* to whom she might talk of Pierre, — unless she made one of Nanon, her old nurse, who was quite faithful to her, but who might not understand. Thus the image of Pierre was growing dim when she heard with delight that the party which was annually assembled at the seigneurie would soon light up the overwhelming dullness of the place with what seemed to it astonishing splendor.

Christmas came, and the seigneurie was once again merry with much cheer and many guests. Wherever the company had been drawn from, they could hardly have left a prettier spot than St. Athanase, for its winter beauty is almost as captivating in its way as its summer sweetness. Day after day, a sky of soft, silvery gray-blue hangs above it; and about it the snow lies thickly, deeply, warmly, everywhere. The frozen waters of the Richelieu are sheeted over with it. It piles itself high about the trunks of the trees, which stand out from the white background with every outline distinctly penciled. It shows up, in wonderful relief, the dark foliage of the evergreens, as it lies on leaf and branch of pine and cedar. Here and there the wind has driven it into irregular mounds and drifts on the unsheltered stretches, in the streets, and about the houses. Then the air is clear and bracing; it is musical, too, with the bells of gliding sleigh and cariole.

George Manning was again among the guests at the seigneurie, and it was generally admitted that he was the life of the party. This, indeed, was his *métier*, and he had already achieved a considerable social reputation. He was very popular; he studied to be so, and he had his desire. By nature he was irrepressibly blithe and gay; on occasion he could be witty, and was at times sufficiently brilliant to be classed

among the clever. He had a genuine talent for the social side of life. No man was better able than he to arrange or do anything society wanted for its delectation, and he did everything in such a way that society delighted in him. He could arrange a play, put it upon the stage, or play a part in it if required; get up the most effective tableaux; sing a song or tell a story. He would take a world of trouble to make anything he undertook a success, and generally achieved it. Young, good-looking, rich, so that he was naturally rather in the position of those who are waited upon by the world than of those who wait upon it, it was perhaps on this account that he was credited with great goodness of heart. And he was kind in a lazy, easy way, — when it was not too much trouble. He had never had any serious trouble in his life, and he did not propose having any, if he could help it. He would have life a sparkling comedy, with as little dullness and as few shadings-in of tragedy as possible. What he did steadily propose was to enjoy himself thoroughly; and so far he had done so. His unflagging spirits had hitherto kept him from becoming *ennuyé*, and it was with jaunty step that he trod the primrose path. This was made the more easy to him by the secret complacency with which he regarded himself, — a comfortable feeling which had so far escaped any harsh shock.

It was with surprise and admiration that he saw Marie at the first dance given at the seigneurie.

"Good heavens! what a superb figure! what a lovely face!" he exclaimed to his hostess.

He was among the first to be introduced to her, and he exerted all his well-trained powers of pleasing to make himself agreeable. They danced and chatted, and chatted and danced; and Marie thought him delightful. This dance was an epoch in her life. The lights, the music, the well-dressed people, the well-appointed house, — how charming it all was! And this man with his distinguished appearance and finished manner, — how much at home he was in this brilliant scene; how it became him, and how he became it! She compared him with Pierre; and though she would hardly allow it to herself Pierre suffered in the comparison. At the same time, the remembrance of her absent lover was fresher in her mind that evening than it had been for weeks past; and this gave a background to her thoughts which threw over her a delicious air of reserve that made her infinitely more interesting than usual. Manning noticed it, and it piqued him. He thought when he learned that this was her first appearance in society that he had found out the secret. Then he regarded the discovery of this beautiful creature as a tremendous, unlooked-for piece of good fortune, and he determined to follow it up. It would certainly give a relish to this visit to St. Athanase. So he asked and received permission to call upon her.

Manning saw Marie next day at her house, and for two or three weeks afterwards he was very persistent in his attentions. The old-fashioned atmosphere of a French family hedged him about with restrictions, but this only added piquancy to his ideas of Marie. Yet he saw a great deal of the girl. His friends at the seigneurie remarked it, and were disposed to tease him about it. They were amazed to find, from the marked disfavor with which he received the good-humored chaff, that the affair appeared to be serious. In truth it was becoming serious. He had fallen in love with Marie, very much to his own astonishment. At last he confessed to himself that he did care enough for her to contemplate the possibility of giving up the freedom of his luxurious bachelor life. As for Marie, she was completely fascinated. She cared for him

s much as she could care for any one. Small wonder that she should! Never ad she seen any one so brilliant, so plendid. There was poor Pierre, true, ut he would forget her in time. He ould surely have some great success n Montreal, she hoped, and would be onsoled for losing her.

Most of the guests departed from the eigneurie, but Manning remained. He ad fully made up his mind to marry Iarie, and soon he proposed in due form or her. Of course her family had seen is attentions, and, although he was a rotestant, had resolved to accept him. Ie was wealthy and well-born; and, to o them justice, it counted for something ith them that Marie cared for him. It as not necessary, to be sure; but it as well as it was. So there were some onderful courtesies on both sides, and Ianning found himself Marie's acnowledged lover.

When Manning spoke to Marie she ave him her hand in a transport of triumphant happiness and gratified pride. Ie pressed for an early marriage, and er friends consented. But before it ook place she resolved to tell him about ierre, whom she could not altogether ismiss from her thoughts. The lad's rave words and burning eyes kept comng back to her; and though she had iven him no promise, she could not forget that last meeting, when she had issed him. She had acted on a sudden npulse, and she could not bring herself o regret it even now. She would tell Ianning of it. But it was a difficult ning to do, and became more difficult as me went on. Was it necessary to say nything about Pierre? They would robably never see him again, as their ves would move on different planes. hen Pierre's love for her, — had it ot been that of a very young man, of boy rather, which would soon pass way? So she argued with herself, but he could not persuade herself that it as so. She had seen far enough into Pierre's character to know that his love for her might not be so evanescent. He had made her his whole world, and if it tumbled about him in ruins there was no guessing what would be the result. He might do something desperate in his rage, when he learned of her approaching marriage. Her love for Manning made her realize this as highly possible, and she was driven on, by this fear, to tell him.

He appeared to put the whole thing contemptuously aside, — so contemptuously that Marie was deeply hurt. The confession had cost her a great effort, and should, she thought, have been met with some response of sympathy. It was only intensely disagreeable and annoying to him, but he was careful not to show her what he felt. One of her chief charms in his eyes had been her perfect freshness, — the freshness of the dewy, ungathered flower of the morning. He fancied he was the first who had ever spoken words of love to the girl; and here she had had a flirtation with the son of the village notary, a man who was not even her equal. He remembered Pierre very well, and it was gall and bitterness to him to think that when he had helped him to a clerkship in the railway company he had been unconsciously assisting in this most distasteful village drama. No one, however, knew of this horrible episode but themselves and Pierre. Pierre, of course, would sink below the horizon of their lives, and they would see him no more.

Besides, Manning was aware that the story of his love for this village maid had been paraded among his friends as a romance; and this was not without some thrill of gratification. He knew that in the St. James's Club, for instance, people were saying that it was wonderful that he, who had seen all that was loveliest in Canadian society, should care for this country girl. Word had even reached him that some of his old comrades had betted against the mar-

riage ever coming off; and the knowledge of this, while it irritated him, at the same time made him more determined. He was genuinely proud of the girl's beauty, and his world, at any rate, would bow down before it. As this counted for much with him, on the whole he was satisfied.

The wedding took place in the early spring, and after a protracted honeymoon they settled down in Montreal towards the beginning of winter.

The first intimation Pierre had received of what was happening had come to him, among other items of local gossip, in a letter from his father. The notary, little knowing his son's feelings, dilated on the subject at great length. Never before had anything so exciting occurred in St. Athanase! The old man was full of it. Pierre could not credit the news. Surely there must be some mistake. There was no plighted troth between them, but he could not forget the shady paths by the river, where she had gone to meet him when there was danger in such meetings. Would she have braved it if she had not cared for him? Then she had kissed him. Would she have done that if she had not loved him? So he comforted himself, and would not believe it.

When Pierre saw the announcement of the marriage in a newspaper it stunned him. He went about his work for a short time dully, doing it with that piteous, mechanical precision of the brain which may go on when the heart is cold and dead. Then the fact slowly worked itself into so keen a consciousness that it became the only living thing in it. He could think of nothing else. Was it true? Ay, it was true. Another letter from his father had removed any doubt there might have been. The notary had described the marriage *fête* with enthusiasm. So Marie was married! His bright and beautiful dream was over. He asked himself if he had any right to complain. Manning had been his patron, and though the thought of it was intolerable to him now he could not forget it. Manning had taken his love from him, but he had not known of any prior claim. Though Pierre could not blame him, he could not hold a day longer this hateful position, for which he was indebted to him. And yet but a short time ago — O God, what a short time it was to have a Paradise to be happy in! — he had thought something of it for her sake.

Had she been disloyal to him? No, he would not accuse her. Then he did not know whether she really cared for this man whom she had married. Perhaps it was that her parents had compelled her to marry this wealthy suitor while all the time she rebelled against it. Had she held out till she could hold out no longer? He remembered bitterly now that her father and mother, with their pride, would never have looked on him as an equal. He could fancy how if Marie had ever said anything about him, she would be ridiculed; how, if she confessed to her meetings with him this marriage would be held up to her as absolutely necessary, as a way of escape from a compromising past. "Perhaps," thought Pierre, "she is unhappy and miserable, like myself." But though there was a certain hideous consolation in the thought, Pierre fought against it and could find no real satisfaction in it.

Ah, well, there was nothing more for him to do in Montreal. So he resigned his post, and went back to the quiet village. No longer did he care for the great world, which had no balm for his wounds.

When he returned to St. Athanase he gave as the reason for his changed plans that he was ill; and Pierre was sick in body and in soul. The wise folk shook their heads. Ah, it was never well to leave St. Athanase. Others had gone from it before him, and they had come back defeated like himself, or had never come back at all, which seemed to the

even a harder fate. Here were peace and plenty. Why exchange its abiding calm for perils and uncertainties? As for Pierre, he went quietly back to his father's office. With a morbid feeling he tried to learn all that was known about the Mannings. There was no difficulty in knowing everything. Never had there been such a marriage as Marie's within the memory of St. Athanase. To its simple people it seemed that there never could be such another again. Pierre heard of it everywhere; and while it made his heart bleed, he listened eagerly to each version of the story. In due time he learned that the Mannings had returned from their long wedding-tour, and were settled in Montreal. A hungry longing took possession of Pierre to see Marie once more. If he could only see her well and happy, he thought, he could bear his pain somewhat better. But if she was unhappy, then he did not know what might not happen; he felt there was hardly anything he might not do.

So he went to Montreal. And he did see both Marie and her husband, as they were driving in a sleigh from the mountain at the foot of which the city stands. They were talking merrily to each other, and looked so perfectly happy that Pierre, whom they did not notice, could not but believe that they were happy. How lovely Marie was! Her husband, — yes, he was handsome, and looked worthy of her. This splendid sleigh, with its fine horses and beautiful furs, looked as if it ought to belong to Marie. Yes, she was fitted for this and such as this. Perhaps it was best as it was. And Pierre, though his eyes had filled with tears of misery, was able to find somewhere in his aching heart a blessing for them. For this peasant-born son of a village notary had a strain of nobleness in him.

Then he went back to St. Athanase, and tried to forget this miserable but beautiful past. But it was no use. He could not so forget. He was much with his old friend, Father Cherrier, to whom he had told all his story. The good priest comforted him, but it was at best cold comfort. Pierre was completely changed. Then there grew up in him the feeling that he must get into some new kind of life, away from St. Athanase, which was full of painful memories. But he was not minded to go into the great world again: it seemed to him a dismal place; all his interest in it had been associated with Marie, and now that she had gone out from his life he would have no more of it. What he wanted was something which held the promise of peace. There was the life of the religious; and he could imagine no other which would put so wide an interval between the past and himself.

II.

THE LIVING MIRROR.

I.

It was natural that Father Cherrier, when he saw the bent of Pierre's thoughts, should say to him something of the religious order of which he himself was a member. In his then frame of mind it attracted Pierre. Besides, there was something in the calm, tranquil figure of the old priest, who looked on life as a whole with serene, untroubled eyes, as if he had penetrated and mastered its secret, which commanded and drew Pierre to him.

The Society of the Oblates of Marie Immaculate, to which the curé of St. Athanase belonged, was founded by Eugenius, Bishop of Marseilles, in 1816, at the time when Europe was in the state of profound collapse which succeeded the overthrow of the first Napoleon. Father Cherrier spoke with gentle enthusiasm of the piety, the simplicity, and the goodness of the first great superior of his order, whom he had known

intimately in France, and whose history reads more like the legendary life of a mediæval monk than of a man living in this nineteenth century. He told Pierre how the society had grown, until its missionaries were to be found throughout Europe, in Asia, in Africa; perhaps nowhere were they so numerous as in America, and nowhere had their efforts met with such success, especially in the wild and savage solitudes of the North. Singly, or in little bands of two and three, they had gone to the Saskatchewan, to the Athabasca, to the Mackenzie, to the utmost boundaries of the Frozen Sea, and had worked as they best could among the Chip'wyans, and the Crees, and the Blackfeet, and the Tukudh, who inhabit these regions. Pierre listened with little attention at first, but as time went on a certain interest began to attach itself to the Oblate Fathers, though it hardly came from what he heard of the dangers they had encountered, or of the hardships they had undergone, or of the successes they had gained. He could not help asking himself if this life of isolation did not promise to give what he stood most in need of. He knew that he had no special vocation for it, but the narrowness of his education inevitably suggested it, in his circumstances, as the only way in which he might put a barrier between himself and the past. He had no idea that he was trying a "heroic" remedy for his heart-sickness; but he did think that in some lonely mission, far away from his old home, he might find peace, and in time come to take life as calmly as old Father Cherrier himself. There he might forget Marie — no, he did not wish to forget her; but there he might gradually lose this terrible longing which was so hard to conquer. There she might become to him a memory which he could contemplate without this intolerable pain, — a memory perhaps something like that he had of his dead mother, something infinitely tender and beautiful, but very distant and forever out of reach. This could not be so long as he stayed in St. Athanase, where everything reminded him of Marie. Then Montreal was no great distance away, and the Mannings might at any time come on a visit to the village.

He thought it over all that winter, and at last his mind was fully made up, and he offered himself for the novitiate. There was his father to be considered, and the notary was bitterly opposed to his son's leaving St. Athanase to become a priest.

"Look you, Pierre," he said, "I did not oppose your going to Montreal at first, though I did not altogether like it. But I said to myself, Perhaps the boy will make his way. I know that what does for the fathers will not always suffice for the children: was it not so with myself? So I said, See you, Pierre goes to Montreal. Perhaps he will succeed — who knows? Perhaps not. If not there is my old desk for him when he returns. But, Pierre, this is different there is no coming back. Why go away my son? The business will be yours and it is a good business."

But Pierre was quite resolved.

"My father," said he, "I cannot stay in St. Athanase. I cannot bear it. I shall go mad if I stay."

The notary stared.

"What is it ails thee, Pierre?"

"Nay, my father, do not ask. I am unhappy, — let me go. I am sick of this place, — let me go. I am sick of the world, — let me go."

"Thou art too young, my son, to talk of unhappiness and leaving the world. What would you?"

The notary had observed his son's melancholy, but as Pierre had always been different from the other young fellows of St. Athanase, he had thought little of it. He was utterly puzzled now. He tried hard to dissuade his son from his purpose, but Pierre was not

be moved. In his distress, the notary asked Father Cherrier to speak to Pierre, but the priest was on his son's side. He soon saw that Pierre must have his way, — for the present, at any rate. Two or three years must pass before he could become an Oblate, and in the interval something might happen to make Pierre change his mind. Perhaps it might be best to humor his son.

But his son's resolution remained fixed. Father Cherrier wrote to his superiors about him, and in due time Pierre was received as a "scholar-novice" in the house of Our Lady of the Angels at Lachine, not far from Montreal, the seminary of the order. There he went through a course of study which at any rate occupied his mind, and even the routine of the place was a relief to him. It was a complete change from his former life, and he thought he had done well. His desire to become a member of the society remained unchanged. If there had been any uncertainty, an incident which occurred just before he entered upon the one year's special novitiate required for the priesthood in the order would have removed it. He had gone with a fellow-student to be present at a great religious function at the Cathedral in Montreal, and as he went thither he had chanced to meet Marie. She was driving in the street, and with her in the carriage were a little child and its nurse. Beautiful as ever did she seem to poor Pierre, whose heart leaped up in his breast when he saw her. The old wild longing, the sharp pain, the hopelessness of it all, came back on him at once with unabated and overwhelming force. Never, never, must he see her again. He must get away from her forever, and as far away as possible.

So Pierre became a priest. As soon as he could, he eagerly petitioned his superiors to be sent to one of the outposts of the society in the North; and, though this missionary enthusiasm was unexpected by them, his request was granted. A few months later, after a tedious and sometimes difficult journey, he reached Fort Chip'wyan, on Lake Athabasca, just before winter set in. There he joined Father Gerard and Jerome, a lay brother, who were in charge of a flourishing mission which had been established there for some years. With them he studied the language of the Chip'wyans, and became so proficient in it that in the course of another year he was sent to the mission of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, near Fond du Lac, to take the place of an Oblate who was returning to St. Boniface, the headquarters of the society in British Northwest America.

The mission-house of Notre Dame des Sept-Douleurs is situated in one of the loneliest spots on the face of the earth. It was about the beginning of December when Pierre reached it, and winter did not make the place seem less lonely. It was with satisfaction that he noticed how completely it was cut off from the rest of the world. In almost any one, in Pierre himself, had he been in a more healthy frame of mind, it would have struck an inevitable chill. Besides the mission-house, a small trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Company, some distance away, was the only dwelling-place within hundreds of miles. The mission-house itself was a hut of rudely hewn logs, standing a little back among the pines; in front of it, a vast stretch of snow, with here and there the brown earth showing through it, reaching down to the ice-bound lake, and then away across the frozen waters of Lake Athabasca as far as the eye could see. The squat fence which surrounded the hut, as well as a pile of cut wood, was nearly buried in a deep drift, beaten hard by the wind. There was a track made upon it, as if by a single pair of feet; below it, the trail went winding down the slope to the water-hole pierced in the ice, and then up and along the bank

among the trees to the Hudson's Bay Company's store. The ice of the lake, before it had been thoroughly set fast for the winter, had been washed up high on the banks, and piled in great masses on the shore and for some yards in the lake itself, where it had been crushed and twisted and broken and welded together again by the action of wind and wave and sun, until it had assumed ten thousand fantastic shapes. In the distance, long irregular black lines, sharply etched on the white plain of snow on the surface of the lake, showed where the imprisoned air had burst through the ice.

On the top of the hut, above the entrance, there was a wooden cross, carved with some skill. The interior of the hut had been arranged in two divisions. One served as the chapel: it had an altar draped in crimson, a gilt image of the Virgin, and two cheap and badly colored pictures. The other was the living-room of the Oblate. It was furnished with a couch, a table, a couple of chairs, a box strongly clamped with iron, a wood-stove, an unpainted cupboard. At one end of the room there hung a picture of Our Lady, and below it was a crucifix of brass.

When the dog-train bore away from the mission Father Bonjean, the Oblate, Pierre had come to relieve, it was with a feeling of exultation that he found himself alone. And he was almost utterly alone. The clerk who had charge of the trading-post was an English half-breed and a Protestant. He was friendly enough, but there was nothing in common between him and Pierre. His wife came each morning to the mission to arrange the rooms and to prepare his food; but beyond a brief salutation they hardly spoke. Thus Pierre was left alone with his thoughts. How he had longed for this! Four years had passed since he left St. Athanase to conquer fortune for his beautiful Marie. Now he had to conquer himself. Surely, he said to himself, at this distance of time and space he could think of the past calmly; perhaps come to look upon it as some sad but beautiful dream.

A few weeks after his arrival a band of Indians came in to the mission to keep the festival of Christmas. In ten days they were gone again to their hunting-grounds, and until Easter, when they would again return for a short time, Pierre was left solitary and alone.

It was now that the utter loneliness of the place began to have an effect upon him. He had come here to forget, but with each day the past became more vivid, until he lived in it alone. Honestly and with such fervor as he could command did he follow the rules of his order; but they had no spell sufficiently great to make his story different from what it was. He tried to study his breviary, to read his Following of Christ with devotion, but thoughts other than they suggested came into his mind.

Now it was that the brooding, lonely man began to find a strange companionship in a small mirror he had brought with him. The little circle of silvered glass, in its dark walnut frame, had been given him long ago by his mother, when he had been a boy in St. Athanase, and he had kept it ever since. It was the one memorial of her he had, and it was sacred to him for her sake. Had any one else looked in it, when it imaged back the face of Pierre, he would have seen the pallid features, the wistful eyes, of the Oblate, — a mournful and piteous sight, truly, which might haunt him with its pathos, — but he would have seen nothing more. To Pierre it became something different from what it was. At the beginning of that long, weary, dragging winter, when he had for the first time in his life been left utterly alone, it had seemed to him, as he saw in it his own face, something companionable, something like a friend. After he had risen from his couch in the morning, and had prostrated himself at the foot of the

crucifix, his face pale from spent emotions, it was the first object that his eyes sought when he rose from his knees. After passing hours sitting thinking, if he took a few steps in his narrow room, the mirror caught his glance at each turn. Involuntarily it became bound up with all his thoughts. It often gave them a new direction. Some expression of his face that he saw there brought back a particular scene, a half-forgotten memory. From what we see to what we seem to see is but a step. Reared as Pierre had been among a superstitious, much-believing people, it was not long before the idea grew upon him that the mirror was something living, until it did become to him alive. It lived and breathed; it spoke to Pierre.

He told himself over and over again that it was a trick of the senses, but the idea was stronger than his reason. He fought against it, but it grew upon him. In vain he disciplined himself with prayers and fastings. Several times he took it down from the wall and examined it. Once or twice he thought of destroying it, but it defied him. It spoke to him then of his old home, of the happy life of his boyhood, in which the central figure was his mother. She had given him the glass: were these her eyes which now looked at him from it? How clearly he saw her, and the face of his little sister nestling against hers! Both of them were dead, but the mirror made them live for him again. At such times the intervening years were blotted out.

Again, he would see his father's face in the mirror, with the look of trouble and of grief upon it that it had when he said farewell. His father's eyes looked at him with reproach. Was it well to leave him? Would it not have been nobler and manlier to have stayed with him, as he had at first proposed, than to have deserted him? Perhaps he might have conquered his pain. But here it had a deeper stab for him now; it never left him long, night or day. He had come here to overcome the past, and the past, God help him, was overcoming him now more than ever. But in St. Athanase —

Ah, that is the face of his old friend, Father Cherrier. Well, he too had joined the invisible some time before Pierre had left Canada. Glancing at the book which detailed the *personnel* of the order of the Oblates, he had seen his name in its black-edged necrology, among those over whom was inscribed a *requiescant*. How calm and serene was the dead man's face as it looked at him! — how steadfast were the eyes!

Sometimes the mirror would show him the companions of his boyhood. There, that is the face of Simon, — happy, contented Simon. They had often boated together on the Richelieu in the summer evenings; often had they skated together upon it in the early winter. He has a stout wife now, and laughing children, and his father's farm. Yes, it is a pleasant face.

And so is this of Blaise, another old comrade, who has now the store at the corner of the street, near the church, in St. Athanase.

Ah, that is the white face of Baptiste, — the face of the dead man he had drawn out from the river.

Alas! the beautiful river and the old village, — how near they sometimes were, and then again how far off! How long had he been here? Counted by months it was but a short time, but this was no adequate measurement.

There is hardly a moment that the mirror does not show him in some form or other his lost Marie. All the other faces led up to her face; they faded out to show him hers, — sometimes with the fresh, girlish charm which had enraptured him when he first loved her. Now she would flash upon him her great violet eyes; the ripe lips would redly pout, or part with a sunny smile. Again, the shapely head, with the dark hair massed

about it, would bend towards him, as if to call him near. What a splendid curve was the oval of her face! Sometimes she looks at him with the careless, *riante* gladness he had noticed when he met her immediately after her marriage. But her face as it had appeared upon the occasion when he had seen her last, with her child — *his*, Manning's, child — beside her, is what he oftenest thinks he sees.

For poor Pierre there was no shutting out the past. His experiment was resulting in direst failure. It was not long — how could it be? — before the memories of his life, which the mirror caused to live again with a cruel realism, became hideous, ghastly mockeries. The man was slowly going mad. He had allowed his imagination to lead him on until it had betrayed him. In this profound solitude, with nothing outside him but the overwhelming desolation, with nothing within him but a mind ever growing more and more dejected and despairing with morbid retrospection, brooding constantly upon the past, this living mirror became a mocking fiend instead of the friend he had first imagined it.

The faces that at last appeared in it — faces he had never seen, but which had some bewildering trace of faces that he had seen — reproached him, sneered at him, flouted him, laughed at him. Visitants from the other world, spectral appearances of all kinds, good and bad, he had heard about from his childhood, — such were the faces the mirror showed him now: hateful faces, evil faces, deadly faces, devilish faces! He ceased to struggle against the mirror. He lost any power but that of submission to it. All idea of destroying it had left him: it was too much alive with a monstrous life for that.

His madness worked upon him in other ways. His morbid mind changed every sound or the absence of sound into something infernal. The wind, when it stormed among the trees or drove the snow before it across the lake, seemed the shouting of fiends. The wolf's howl was the cry of a lost soul.

Thus the terrible days, with this unending nightmare, passed on till Easter, — the Oblate performing meanwhile the personal duties his vows imposed upon him with a piteous precision, — till some families of the Chip'wyans came in to the mission to keep the feast, and at the same time to dispose of their furs at the trading-post. Their presence roused Pierre for a time: there were baptisms and other services to perform. But there was no life in the man; it had been absorbed by the accursed mirror. The Indians wondered at the pallid, sunken face, at the emaciated frame, at the eyes that burned so strangely. They brought him of their best, and he gave them their gifts back again gently and kindly, telling them that he had no lack of food.

It was in the midst of the Easter services that the winter-packet, which had been slowly traveling northwards through the snow, from the Red River Settlement, came in to Fond du Lac with letters for Pierre; among them, a long letter from his father. He did not at once open it, and some instinct kept him from looking at it till the Indians had gone again to hunt in the wilderness; but by the returning dog-train he sent back a message to St. Athanase to say to his father that he was well.

II.

It is wearing on in the afternoon, and the cold evening shadows are descending upon the mission of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows. The Oblate is again alone. In the gathering darkness Pierre sits in the unlighted room; his figure is huddled together; the sheets of his father's letter are lying in a little white heap at his feet, where they have fallen from his hands. He had read them over slowly once, and then

swiftly, feverishly, again. Then they had dropped from his hands.

This is what he read: —

"My son, is it well with thee? Art thou better? Art thou finding that peace which our little village denied thee? Thou couldst not stay in St. Athanase. What were thy thoughts? What was thy secret? I have missed thee sorely, but I comforted myself when I said, My son is happy. He has followed his vocation; it is well with him. But it hath carried thee away from all thy friends and from thy father. Yet it is well if thou art at rest and thy mind is quiet. Thy father is glad if thou art glad. But my heart misgives me when I think of the desolation of the wilderness, of the long, cold winter. Who is there that tends thee now? When thou wast here, I did not think of thee as I ought. Perhaps it was that I was busy; perhaps I said to myself, It is best that young folk should have their way, without too much interference from their elders; perhaps it was that I said, My son will do something greater than I have done. Did not I do better than my father? And now, Pierre, tell me if there is anything that I can send thee. Surely thou wilt tell thy father, who loveth thee, if there is.

"It is nearly a year since I bade thee farewell at Montreal, and then I told thee all the news of the village. Thy friends are well, — Etienne, and Blaise, and Simon, and big Hilaire, and Joseph with the red face, and the others. They say that Jean-Louis, with whom thou hadst a fight when you were boys together, — dost thou remember? — is to marry Julie Deltour, the baker's fat daughter. The baker is rich, and perhaps will give her a fat dowry to match.

"But I have other news for thee.

"Thou rememberest the small stone house by the elms, not far from the bridge which crosses our river? It was in my charge, and I had sought in vain a tenant for it for a long time. Just after thou hadst gone on thy journey — how gladly did I hear of thy safe arrival at Fort Chip'wyan! — I received a letter from a solicitor in Montreal, desiring the house for a client, Madame Manning, who would occupy it immediately. I had the house put in order, and on the lady's arrival I waited upon her to offer my services. Canst thou guess who it was? It was Marie de Calles. For one moment before she came I thought that the lady named by the solicitor might be the Madame Manning we had known in St. Athanase, but on reflection I had dismissed the idea. Why should she come here without her husband? Then did not her father and mother live in the village? If it were she, she would go to them. 'T is a stranger, I said, and the name is but a coincidence.

"But it was our Madame Manning. Dost thou remember Marie de Calles? Perhaps not; thou wast absent in Montreal when she was married to M. Manning. But of course thou hadst seen her in St. Athanase long ago. Such a splendid marriage as it was! Such gifts, such flowers! What a beautiful bride, what a handsome bridegroom! These exclamations were in everybody's mouth. 'T was a pity thou wast not here to see so brave a sight.

"It is four or five years ago since the marriage, and madame has two lovely children, who look at you timidly with the eyes of their mother. I saw them pass in a carriage, the other day, with their grandam.

"But the marriage has turned out most unhappily. Madame did not give me her confidence; any one, however, could see she was in deep trouble. She was pale, and had a look of suffering on her face. I feared she was in a decline, as she had the *spirituelle* appearance of the consumptive. But she said nothing to me, nor do I think she told her story to any one in the village. However, it

is well known enough now, though everything may not be just as it is reported.

"For two or three years the marriage was happy enough. M. Manning, whom thou mayest also remember, — he bought Quillette's farm from us, — was kind to her. He was proud of her beauty, and nothing was too fine so that it set it off. He gave her magnificent presents, — diamonds, and furs, and what not. She was everywhere acknowledged to be the most beautiful woman of the day. And as she was devoted to her husband he was the envy of all.

"Wouldst thou believe it, Pierre? M. Manning grew weary of her devotion, and became tired even of her beauty. It is said another lady came to Montreal, — not nearly so beautiful as his wife, but with a strange fascination before which men fell down powerless. It happened that she came just when Manning was wearying of his wife. I have not seen her, but they say she was brilliant, yet cold, — cold to everybody but him. Over him she cast a spell. His admiration of her was soon observed. Wherever she was, there also was M. Manning. For a time madame did not, or perhaps would not, notice it. But thou knowest that there are always kind friends near at hand to whisper of such doings in the ears of those who would rather not hear them. Of course madame was jealous. How could it be otherwise? She found herself completely neglected for this stranger. She spoke to her husband, and 't is said there were violent scenes. I cannot believe it of such a distinguished gentleman as M. Manning, but it is even reported that he struck her. For myself, I doubt it. Such a man has more deadly weapons than his hands.

"Madame then pursued a different course. She resolved to have done with expostulation, and to play the same game that he was playing. She openly preferred the society of a gentleman well known in the capital. True, he was a great friend of her husband's, but he preference was remarked. Of cours her husband remarked it also, and eve taunted her with this *liaison*. But ma dame's heart was not in it, and she gav up the struggle against her rival. A this time she had a serious illness, brough on by her trouble, and she has never re covered from it altogether.

"Perhaps thou canst anticipate th end? One day M. Manning told hi wife that he had to go off on busines for some weeks. A few days later i was learned that he had sailed for Eu rope, and not alone.

"This is madame's story as it is tol in the village. Is it not sad?

"Madame tried for a time to bear u against her misfortunes, but they hav been too much for her. She left Mon treal and came hither. She would know nobody here, save her relatives. Fo myself, I fear she is dying, and that th end cannot be far off. She is very thin very pale, very weak. She never goe out of the house save to church. Al her old beauty has gone from her, they say, save that her eyes are more beau tiful than ever. They look like the eye of a hunted deer. Thou knowest wha I mean.

"I do not know why I should tel thee this, my Pierre, but that it is al most the only subject of conversation in St. Athanase outside the ordinary round of our life.

"Adieu, my son.

"Send me word that thou art well.

"Thy loving father,

"Mttu. Lacordière."

A postscript was added: "I open this letter to say that there is a report tha madame is dead. I went out into the village to learn if it were true, and I was told that Father Barret had been hurriedly sent for. . . . It is true; thus my fears are realized. Ah, how sad it all is! I am glad that her little chil dren are provided for; their grandam will take care of them."

So the old man had written in his garrulous fashion, unwitting that every word had a stab for his son.

"Is it well with thee, my son?" The awful irony of it all!

The April day comes to a close. Unconscious of the flight of time, Pierre remains in the same attitude for hours.

His first feeling is one of intolerable shock. Marie dead, dead, dead! Again and again does he go over his whole story, her whole story. With what hopes, what promise, what brave and gallant thoughts, had his begun for him! He had never thought that the end might be this. He had meant to isolate what was their common past, and to keep it from any change; something he might muse over sadly, but into which nothing fresh should come. He had imagined that he could close his account with the past when he entered the Oblates, and that with what should happen later he should have nothing to do. Yet this was the end! Marie dead, broken-hearted! More than that, she had been dead for months; and he had pictured her glad and happy, with everything about her that her heart could wish. His own brave and loyal spirit had been buoyed up by it. Then the lying mirror had told him so, and he had believed it; it had mocked at all his inward battlings, but it had never suggested such misery as this.

The chill dawn lightens up the room of the Oblate, but it brings no brightness to him. As his thoughts keep going the same fevered round, he becomes conscious of a strange sense of tightening about his head; it is as if some invisible hand is compressing his brain with its iron fingers. It continues till it is unendurable. He moves restlessly from his position. His eyes, which have been shut, open and wander; from the force of habit they look into the mirror.

There he beholds Marie, — beholds her without wonder or fear, but no longer does she appear to him in all the gracious charm of her beauty. He can hardly see anything now but her eyes: they are large and sad in the gray light of the morning; they are full of a tearless pity for him and for herself. He cannot bear to look long into them. The tears rise to his own; he weeps; the pressure for a time lifts from his brain.

Marie, beautiful Marie, dead! Living, he had loved her; dead, he loved her not less. Ay, could he not the more love her now? Did not death, kind death, make her his at last? Her husband was nothing to her now. Her husband —

A storm of rage sweeps over him when he thinks of Manning; it shuts out everything else. How he had been deceived! He had imagined Manning the most devoted husband; a man worthy of the girl whose love was not for him, — of whom he had said in his humility he was not himself worthy. In the midst of his own heart-bitterness, when he had struggled with his jealousy and despair, he had found some comfort in the thought that Marie was happy with the man of her love. Moreover, there had been a dreary satisfaction in seeing so peerless a gem so fitly set, so becomingly worn. Had it all been the hollowest make-believe? Well, it had ended thus. Manning had deserted her, flung her from him for another who had taken his wandering fancy. There was neither loyalty, nor truth, nor faith, nor courage, in the man he had thought worthy; only a common and vulgar story, — the sort of story which made a cynical world smile with its ever enjoyable comment, "I told you so."

What vengeance could reach this man? Was Manning not far beyond all reach of vengeance from him?

Pierre, as he thinks of Manning, paces quickly up and down the little room. His madness is on him again.

Outside it is intensely cold. Absorbed

by his own thoughts, Pierre has not replenished the fire, and it is burnt out; and the stove is cold as ice. The temperature within the hut is almost as low as that of the outside air. Though it is April, it is still as cold in these latitudes as in midwinter; and the ice on the lake does not break up till far on in June. Pierre heeds not the cold. There is a fever in his veins; the man's whole being is afire.

As the dawn slowly broadens to day the air is calm and still, save for the hungry howling of wolves. They are strangely near the cottage; they seem to be closing in upon it. It is as if a ghastly circle of them ringed it round, as if the circle is growing less and less. Does some instinct tell them of the doom there is upon the cottage? Pierre hears their cries, and to his disordered mind they seem like the shouts of the demons of the accursed mirror.

Again Pierre feels that tightening upon his brain, and he can bear it but little longer.

"Ah, Manning, if thou wert here!" exclaims Pierre in fury.

Manning is there. The living mirror shows Pierre his face distinctly, — the handsome face. God! What a sneer of triumph there is upon it! How the eyes swell with devilish glee!

"You have killed Marie, my Marie!" he shouts in a terrible voice. "You shall die!"

Manning mocks him.

"What have you to do with Marie? A priest, forsooth!" And the imaged lips laugh at him.

Quickly Pierre raises his hand to strike, but before the blow falls the face of Manning disappears, and the great sad eyes of Marie look at him instead.

With one shuddering shriek the Oblate falls down heavily, a dark huddled mass, unconscious, upon the floor.

Hurry, hurry, Mère Goitten, before the wolves!

The room is cold, icy cold, when Mère Goitten comes to the mission-house from the trading-post, to attend to the father's wants, as she has done every day since he came. She enters, but there is no friendly salutation for her this morning. With terror she sees Pierre stretched upon the floor. She touches his hands, — they are ice; his hair, — it is stiff with frost. She tries to raise him, but her efforts are fruitless, and so she desists, and runs back to the post to bring her husband.

Tenderly, reverently, do they move the body. They moisten the white lips with brandy, they chafe the white cheeks with snow, they rub his white hands and his white feet; and Pierre revives for a few moments. But it is too late. The vital forces are too much weakened by the long, terrible mental struggle to bear any further strain.

His lips move.

"Marie, Marie," is the faint whisper, and Mère Goitten crosses herself.

"He is calling on the Holy Mother," she says.

"Marie," Pierre says again, in a firmer voice.

He tries to sit up, and Goitten supports him. He raises his eyes: they travel round the room, past the picture of Virgin and the crucifix, and fix themselves on the mirror. He looks at it fixedly, and tries to motion Mère Goitten to bring it to him. She takes it down from the wall. He looks at it intently. It is but a bit of glass.

"It was my mother's," he says, and with his eyes fixed on it falls back dead.

Then there is silence upon the snows, silence in the hut above the still, white face; silence forevermore in the dead man's heart.

R. Machray.

LIFE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

PETER'S choice of a Finnish marsh for the site of his European capital has been greatly marveled at by historians. Some, forgetting that monarch's frequent brushes with the Swedes along the Neva, have pronounced the selection a mere caprice. Others, losing sight of the reformer's adventurous spirit and characteristically racial love of novelty, have seen in the founding of the modern Russian metropolis little more than the act of a madman, or the infatuation of a fool. Yet a position more sheltered by land and sea, a port better connected with Europe and less a part of Europe, a chief city in a higher degree suited to a state with a standing policy of expansion, a centre of government further removed from the shock of a popular revolution or less open to the attacks of a foreign foe, a capital more isolated and inaccessible than St. Petersburg, — these no extremes of political foresight or of happy accident could have so well provided for modern Russia as they have been supplied by the great metropolis of Slav empire in the north. Merely to reach by land this furtive city on the Neva, in its hiding-place almost at the foot of the granite heights of Finland, would involve a march far more fatiguing than that which Napoleon and the Grand Army undertook to Moscow. To strike Russia in a vulnerable point would mean to strike her in a dozen points at once, since the capital of Slav power in the east of Europe is no national heart, but only an administrative centre, which may be changed with even greater facility than that shown in recent government oscillations between Paris, Versailles, and Lyons. By sea, moreover, the passage to St. Petersburg is a strange zigzag, crowded with obstacles that seem to increase in number and formidableness the nearer one draws to the goal. In a season favorable to spectacles of which the contrasting elements are contributed by land and water, the course is one exceedingly picturesque. High summer, at any rate, touches it as with an enchanter's wand, greening the low Scandinavian shores, turning the "black Baltic" into a transparent deep of aqueous blue, and in the gulf giving to midnight the luminousness of only half-quenched day. But if the way is bright, it is also devious. From the English coast the course runs northward; in the Kattegat the steamer heads for the south, but only to mount again towards the polar regions; while the later part of the journey lies in the direction of the dawn: added to which there are sudden turns and windings to be accomplished, islands to be skirted, hidden rocks to be avoided, mirage cities and their gleaming pillars and spires to be taken not seriously, but for the phantoms they are. In winter a white boom, wide as the Gulf of Finland, and as long, bars the navigator from the upper Russian waters. Here for miles the flying sail of the ice-boat warns away the steadier canvas of merchant fleets and ocean steamers during six months out of every twelve. Even when thaw sets in, at the end of April, the Baltic is not more, but less, navigable than in the season of frost; for the sea is then alive with glittering privateers, not more picturesque above water than they are deadly beneath it, or with mastless derelicts that have broken loose from their moorings in the Gulf of Bothnia, and are melting southwards in the teeth of the early skippers and the warm west wind. Before Cronstadt itself "the Tsar's granite squares," as they are grimly called, command the wave with many tiers of ponderous artillery: so numerous are the forts and

batteries at this point that they narrow the Gulf of Finland to less than half a dozen navigable passages, none of them more than a few yards in width. While beyond Cronstadt, from the forts to St. Petersburg, a distance of about twenty miles, stretch the shallows, forming the last and least surmountable obstacle of the whole course.[1]

The traveler to the Russian capital by water thus meets at Cronstadt with a reception similar in kind, if not like in degree, to that which harbor-masters, custom-house officials, and, in extreme cases, artillery officers are prepared to offer to the heaviest squadrons afloat. His steamer, whatever may be the fame of its "trips to St. Petersburg," never passes Cronstadt, and is there "docked" until the moment comes for its return to the English, French, or German coast. Such of its passengers as wish to complete their journey must do so under new conditions. Six hours or more after the transfer they may be seen on the way to the capital in one of those puffing, Pancks-like river steamers that ply between Cronstadt and the Neva mouths three or four times in the course of the summer day. One compensation, at least, there is on board one of these shallow-bottomed craft, for the grimy filth of one's material surroundings, for the spy-like attention of the brass-buttoned customs official, whose prisoner one virtually is until St. Petersburg is reached: it is the consciousness that the goal is nearing, is at hand. The Finnish and Russian shores close slowly in; tiny flags begin to mark the channel of the Neva, whose waters grow more and more distinct from those of the gulf. Finally some keen eye glimpses, through a break in the lazily shifting vapor of the horizon, a bright lance, shimmering for a moment with reflected sunlight; or far ahead a gilt cuirass high in air, or something tha in the sultry thickness of the atmo phere, reminds one of the copper moo of a lunar eclipse in its penumbra phase. Ten minutes later the ve rolls upward, and St. Petersburg lie on the retina, an image long, narrow and many-spired, panoramic in its vivi ness, recalling one of those ideals of th far-off Eastern city that live in the fa cies of the poet and the painter. Ther are dark outlines in the picture, it true; a closer view reveals many qui Western details of prosaic brick and u polished stone; but these heighten, b contrast, the striking features of an in age that, suddenly received by the ey seems for a moment everywhere aglo with gilt spears, golden cupolas, sta dotted towers and temples, here cappe by crescent and cross, there bulbed ov with graceful curves of green and blue

My own first impressions of the Ru sian capital were gathered during th late hours of a long summer night; a time when partial withdrawal of th human element seemed to lend an a pect of added vastness to wide street spacious squares, noble lines of quay and high buildings. St. Petersburg h an appearance really unique among cities. Untouched by the stony fro of mock age which makes London ve erable, with little of the freshness masonry and architecture that charm visitors to the capital of France, di fering from Berlin as much as a Ru sian bureaucrat differs from a Prussia martinet, though with an inner resem blance suggesting that of the "rescript to the ukaz, St. Petersburg may fa conspicuously short, in merc magni cence, of many other great centres population and government in Europ but in the single quality of impressiv ness I venture to say that it exce them all. Its nearly perfect levels,

[1] A canal recently constructed permits the passage of large vessels between Cronstadt and St. Petersburg, but, being easily destructible, cannot be regarded as impairing the natural defenses the Russian capital.

straight lines, its right angles and hollow squares, have always captivated the military fancy; as the city is permanently in a state of siege and well-nigh half full of soldiers, the phrase which dubs it a military camp is the most appropriate of all metaphors. But to the merely lay imagination Petropolis has an awful solidity, like that of the hills from which its builders drew their granite blocks; its ponderousness is an unfailing source of bewilderment. How its hotels came to be massive in appearance as jails, its lodging-houses to wear the aspect of barracks, its public offices to seem hewn bodily from the rock; how, in fact, stone, so lacking to the country as a whole, should be the great, ever-present feature of material environment in the capital, and should there thrust itself beneath one's feet and above one's head in a profusion that points eloquently to days in which the Russian contractor was not, — these are questions that do not perplex the less because the true answer to them is to be sought in Peter himself, not in the industry or the architecture of the period in which he lived. In the European capital of the reformer the traveler sees the exaggerated antithesis not only of the Moscow capital of wood, but of the whole "wood" period of house-building in Russia. Peter planned a contrast and aimed at a resemblance, but as a city builder he knew too much of Russia to properly limit the one, too little of Europe not to overdo the other. Happily, the reformer's predilection for stone has given a massive, monotonous character to no more than the framework of the city. There is an irresistible appeal to the eye in the noble Neva, with its numerous branches and canals, spanned by bridges as graceful as those of the Seine or the Thames; in the quays, with their marble palaces and outlook upon the wooded islands and holiday resorts of the capital; in frequent parks, public gardens, and open spaces or "fields;" in churches and praying chapels, full of costly shrines, beautiful images, and impressive services. It is true enough, of course, that you cannot indulge in boating on the stream, the calmness and purity of whose waters you admire so much, without paying to attend upon you a passenger who is a police spy as well as a boatman; that the palaces, at whose grand outlines you never cease to marvel, are some of them protected by subterranean canals against the subtle approach of the conspirator's parallel, or are surrounded by trenches at points where, a few feet beneath the roadway, the popular imagination hears the tread of armed patrols; that some of the "fields" are utilized to the recovery of the popular health, and others employed as hideous state golgothas, wherein those who loved their country not wisely, but too well, have first been strangled and then buried; and that probably the most zealous opponents of the popular cause in Russia are the secret inquisitors into political morals who wear the garb of the church in the service of the state. St. Petersburg is none the less a splendid capital, a wondrous mingling of East and West, the mighty centre of an iron system, the seat of a trinity of granite, winter, and Tsarism, that with the tenacity of a spiritual faith and the tyranny of a material superstition holds sway alike over the senses and the soul.

To many, no doubt, the structural interest of the Russian capital will stand towards its human interest in a relation of decided inferiority. To know St. Petersburg as a city one must neglect no tour or visit likely to promote acquaintance with its contrasted quarters and varying aspects. A knowledge of the capital as a centre of population can be gained by a mere study of its representative streets. Watching conscientiously a thoroughfare like the Nevsky Prospect, for example, the traveler will learn more in an hour about Rus-

sia and Russian life than he can possibly gather during whole months spent in consulting guide-books, or taking part in gregarious visits to monuments, picture-galleries, and churches. It may startle him to find that in Russia the class distinctions of Western Europe have little or no expression in out-door life. Having heard of the rank assigned to the Nevsky as the most fashionable thoroughfare in St. Petersburg, he may not be prepared to witness the intimate mingling of democratic and aristocratic elements everywhere noticeable in this treeless boulevard. In the older countries parts of a community may become so far isolated from each other by differences of wealth and position as to give a special aspect to the streets or districts in which they settle. In Russia distinctions of class are fewer and less strongly marked than in Western Europe; no rivalry intensifies them, nor are they prompted by any strong feeling of separated interest. A formal separation of classes exists, it is true, but behind this lies a sense of communal solidarity which, however its growth may have been aided or its extinction hindered by political causes, had its origin in the democratic character of the national foundations. This is why the Nevsky Prospect is a Regent Street and a Ratcliffe Highway combined, or, better, a Champs Elysées and a Boulevard St. Antoine rolled into one. Its remarkable variety is a product of the widest differences of rank and dwelling-place. It is the home of the highest and the lowest in the land. The wretched peasants who sell watermelon seeds in its gutters are as sure of finding their resting-place for the night in the Nevsky as the land-owning grandees whose carriage wheels are every moment threatening amputation to the venders' bare feet. In luxurious apartments level with the street are the ministers who receive, the imperial councilors who consult, the princes in daily contact with royalty; but nearer to the sky than al these is the woman who sings the "song of the shirt," the droshky driver wh piles up his copeks of copper against the evil day of famine, or the student dreamer learning to hibernate till th police come and find him cold and stark at rest in his northern Nirvana. Ye the strangest of all contrasts which th thoroughfare of a great capital can offe is this: that it shall present to you roy alty dining in scarlet and poverty pa taking of its daily meal in rags, the tw so near each other that, were it inclined royalty might witness the fare and gar of poverty with its own eyes, migh even swell the humbler meal from i own table. This, the most remarkab of all juxtapositions, is actually offere by the Nevsky Prospect. From th Annichkin Palace it is no more than few yards across the roadway to th nearest corner on the opposite side. A that angle is a small *pogreb*, literall "cellar," in which the same spectac may be witnessed from the street, a given hour, each night, year in, ye out. Thither comes habitually a ban of twelve, led by a graybeard. Th men wear red shirts and loosely f ting trousers, that sometimes preced sometimes lag behind, the limbs whi protrude from them. All descend, an for a moment disappear. But gazi through the window of their retrea you may see the twelve seated at a t ble, — a circle of shaggy, matted head twinkling, expectant eyes, and sile lips. In a few moments a steami bowl appears in their midst, crowni each with an aureole of vapor. Wh is it? Broth? Cabbage soup? T famous, scarcely pronounceable *shch* Impossible to say! But where are t plates? There are none. It is t spoons that are of importance. Ea figure has seized one and sits read Then, with a slow and solemn mo ment, the graybeard dips his into steaming mixture, and thence conv

he half-liquid nutriment to his mouth. His right-hand neighbor, with the same eliberate gravity, plunges a second poon into the bowl; after a reverential ause, a third ventures to take his hare: and thus the movement, once be-un, passes contagiously round the ta-le until the bowl is quite empty and the ureoles have all vanished. Solemnly ie twelve rise; silently the graybeard eads them to the stairway top; and iere you lose them in the flow and hirl of the street. That the emperor as seen them from his window opposite unlikely, for what is there to interest Tsar in a dozen laborers coming once day into the Nevsky for their dinner? The great charm of the Nevsky Pros-ect for the military and official eye is s fullness of uniforms. At times every ird man you meet is a soldier. The ircassian or Khirgiz foreigner rarely sits the capital save in military dress. would need an expert ethnologist to me on the spot all the representatives Russia's subject races who prome-de the Nevsky every day in the year; t a layman may make many happy esses by merely discriminating be-een peculiarities of attire. Pupils of e St. Petersburg military schools in-riably wear uniform. With few ex-ptions, all students are uniformed, e dress being occasionally of the ictest military pattern. Young girls dying at the various educational es-blishments are no more spared from is law of outward resemblances on ac-unt of sex than fellow professors and achers are excused from it on the ound of position. There are military iforms, official uniforms, religious uni-rms, educational uniforms; uniforms royalty, uniforms of nobility, uniforms rank, uniforms of service; distinc-e attires for all degrees of achieve-nt and degradation; dresses optional d dresses enforced. The spectacular ect of this contrasting of attires, this xing and blending of ribbons, buckles, stars, epaulettes, wristbands, armbands, badges, stripes, cockades, may be easily imagined. Yet it is not a little height-ened by the cross-fire of signals which is continually going on between the ele-ments of the checkered army. It is the duty of the soldier to salute his supe-rior, of the pupil to salute his teacher, and of both to salute the city and gov-ernment authorities. It thus becomes the lot of the uniformed class to be ever and at a moment's notice separating it-self into categories of superiority and subordination, that each may discharge its prearranged duties of respect, recog-nition, and acknowledgment. In Eng-land a system of this kind would weary; Americans would quickly bring it to an end by a social revolt. The pedestrians of the Nevsky Prospect acquiesce in it mechanically. To them the act of sa-luting is no more an intellectual opera-tion than is the act of making the sign of the cross. In the Russian mind, to apply the phraseology of Mr. Herbert Spencer, the two movements are alike automatic, being simply psychical states that have attained to complete organiza-tion.

The really mysterious element of life in St. Petersburg is one that transcends Western experiences. Below the out-ward forms of things you enter an at-mosphere in which thought seems limit-ed by new laws. Out of novel habits, strange customs, hereditary legacies of the intellect in which you have had no share, the fancy makes a stair for its as-cent into another planet. The differ-ences you encounter everywhere are unlikenesses not between Aryan and Aryan, but between Europe and Asia on the one hand, between a new and an old civilization on the other. Readily would the native help you in your be-wilderments, were it within his power, but the abnormal to you is the normal to him. You call upon him to look, and he sees nothing. Your spectres are his thin air, the novelties you italicize his

daily commonplace. So that in time your surprise becomes less demonstrative, if not less acute. In time your diary is content to hold the mirror up to nature. "The municipal council," for example, "has just fixed the price of bread for the next twelve months." "The Golos punished for 'improper tendencies' by an order depriving it for six months of the right to publish advertisements." "The authorities about to raise money by imposing a tax on all foreigners resident in St. Petersburg." "Newspapers contain appeals on behalf of poor families in the capital." "A well-known police official purchases the wife of a subordinate for ten thousand roubles." "Newspaper proprietor exiled to a northern province for having published a cartoon representing, in a series of nine views, the torments of a dog attacked by a wasp, and finally forced to retire into kennel: the whole without head-line, but believed in official circles to be an allusion to the Tsar's enforced retirement to Gatchina." "Householders warned that the morrow is the 'name-day' of the empress, and that they must celebrate on the occasion, — that is to say, hang out banners and burn lamps, — or pay a heavy penalty." And thus it runs on, this record of events, a mere story of familiar experience to the native Russian, but to the foreigner a tale of doings in a world all other than his own.

It may be well here to remind the reader that the habit of living in lodgings is general in St. Petersburg. So far as Russian life is a bivouac, the term "lodgings"[1] is aptly used; etymologically, it corresponds with the English "house," or "home," and is therefore without the sense usually associated with it in the West. In the capital a man who lives in his own house occupies little more than a corner of it, or sleeps in a palace. Some of the richest families are content with lodgings, and but few of them need all the apartments which constitute a St. Petersburg flat. This is in itself suggestive of the scale upon which houses are built in the great Russian cities. But it is all too inadequate as preparation for the statement that a St. Petersburg lodging-house frequently contains as many as a thousand rooms, with a population of from two to three thousand persons. The finest apartments are on the ground floor; the poorest are reached by ascent of from ten to twelve stories. A suite of six rooms suffices for the wealthiest lodgers who have no palace of their own. Two or three suffice to supply all the needs of the well-to-do tradesman and his family; the majority of professional men who are bachelors, nearly all teachers and students, and a large class of officials find themselves amply accommodated by a single apartment. The cost of lodgings depends, of course, upon such elements as situation, number and furnishing of rooms, height of flat, and service. As a rule it may be said that, taking into consideration the general purchasing power of the money expended, — a precaution consistently neglected in international comparisons of this kind, — house rent is somewhat higher in St. Petersburg than it is in Paris or London. I offer these details simply in order that the reader may be the better prepared for a singular custom to which I here invite his attention. Rent charges in Russia are invariably exacted "in advance," even when a lodger surrounds himself with luggage valuable enough to yield the amount of a whole year's arrears. Upon personal property of this kind there can be legally no lien. The same Russian law which hampers foreigner and native alike with the police surveillance of passport regulations, seizing every opportunity to throw obstacles in the way of free movement, gives to the lodger the fullest right to carry off his

[1] The Russian word is literally "quarters," suggesting an analogous expression in French.

uggage in the teeth of an irate land-ord clamoring for the settlement of his npaid bill. Any forcible detention of roperty in such cases is treated by the ourts as a quasi-criminal offense. How asy it is, under these circumstances, to ttach to a whole class an undeserved tigma of sordid caution, or of suspicious istrust of their fellow-beings, will be at nce seen. The law itself is an inter-sting survival: its origin, as a defense f personal rights in the country where ne modern ukaz so frequently ignores nem, must lie as deeply in historical auses as the democratic period itself.[1]

We have thus noted, in a general ray, how persistent is the tendency of tussian life, even in the most advanced spects of its urban civilization, to re-ert to strictly communal forms. It will ow be seen that the absence of strict nes of class separation and the close hysical intimacies of wealth and pov-rty are continued in Russia as socio-gical phenomena by habits of house-uilding and domestic economy. The d patriarchal life of the Slav, in which number of families cohabited practi-lly, sometimes actually, under the me roof, has its merely material as-cts vividly suggested by the many-omed lodging-houses of St. Peters-urg. Where a number of students rm an association for mutual and col-ctive benefit, with a common fund ade up of the contributions of each, e communal idea attains to a much ore than formal realization. General-speaking, there is little real isolation om each other of the occupants of a ussian flat. When all are engaged in ducational work, as teachers or stu-nts, a brotherly sociableness makes ght of partitions. The lodging-house structurally a continuous quadrangu-r wall, full of apartments, the windows which look out upon the inclosed space within. Comrades know each other's windows, while the corridors lead easily from room to room. Reunions are numerous under these circumstances, and no more charming or delicate part is taken in them than by the young girls, whom eagerness for knowledge has led to the capital, hundreds of versts, it may be, from their own homes, and who, once in St. Petersburg, labor with singular perseverance and a really remarkable success to qualify themselves for the positions to which they aspire.

But these phalansteries have another aspect, and it is related to that just described as night is to day. To understand it fully one must have that power of sympathy with another race which it seems to be the business of most national processes of culture to suppress. To interpret it fully demands a special faculty which I do not possess. It is a mental state, the product of many influences. It gives color to thought, but cannot be reduced to language, and bears the same vague relation to uttered speech as music. In evasiveness it resembles one of those ideas that can be expressed only in a far-off way by thoughts lying in adjacent planes. When the centre is inaccessible, you measure the periphery. Yet multiply illustrations and metaphors as you may, the result will be little more than so many asymptotic lines. Exact definition of this dark presence hovering over Russian life is impossible. Were any human being able to compass adequately the description of it, some would dub him rhetorician, others would attack him for his metaphysics, many more would call him mad. It has, nevertheless, so strange a vitality in Russia as a moulder of literary expression that, despite the strictest censorship in the world, it gives its character to every book of note issued from the press. Above all, it

[1] In a suit for a large sum of money claimed on count of medical attendance, the counsel for e defendant cited an unrepealed law from the time of Peter the Great, making it impossible to recover more than a copek for the services of a medical man. A verdict was given for a copek!

wrought that inimitable language of moods which enabled writers like Pushkin, Gogol, Lermontov, and Dostoievsky to play an important part in awakening the national consciousness against the forces of oppression and wrong.

Let us, then, try to realize for a moment what life in St. Petersburg is, not to the easy-minded traveler, whose home is far away and who may leave Russia at any moment, but to the native resident, whose family ties and general interests — to say nothing of patriotism — bind him to the country even more firmly than he may chance to be attached to it by the arbitrariness of the police.[1] The lodging-house, under circumstances like these, wears an aspect strikingly suggestive of the jail. Exigencies of state turn the communal dwelling-place and its picturesque survivals into an aggregation of cells, watched over by a house-porter in the pay of the police. This functionary is a very Heimdal in sharpness of senses: he hears the faintest sounds, and sees without any light whatever; while his omnipresence when not wanted is far more complete than any magic carpet of Arabian tale could make it. This personage it is who mounts guard at the *porte-cochère* to watch entries and exits; it is he who sees that all new lodgers are promptly numbered and pigeon-holed at police headquarters; he who keeps a record of the personal habits, companions, and resorts of every man, woman, and child under his charge; he, too, who reports regularly to the authorities any "suspicious circumstances" which may come under his notice. If a christening, a wedding, or a funeral is to bring together a few friends, it is the house-porter who facilitates the intrusion of police spies, ready to snatch at any scrap of colloquial "sedition" capable of conversion into roubles or advancement. If a students' "literary evening" or social gathering is to be swelled into an assembly of conspirators seeking to undermine the foundations of law and order, it is again the house-porter who, figuratively speaking, supplies the gendarmes with their magnifying-glasses. And if some unfortunate youth is to pay the penalty of his liberalism by being dragged from his bed at midnight to the fortress of Peter and Paul, nobody is more eager to lead the way to the sleeping suspect than this treacherous janitor of many households, nightly consummating in the garb of the watch-dog his unholy compact with the wolves.

To go in constant fear of the pain denunciator; never to "talk politics" save with relatives, or intimates incapable of treachery; to have your local newspaper turned by the censor into a mere record of foreign events, and your foreign journal sub-edited for you by a policeman, who carefully clips from it or erases everything of "dangerous tendency; not to know the moment when an enemy may thrust some seditious publication into your letter-box and so time his disclosure to the police as to have you surprised with the forbidden matter in your possession;[2] be kept by a silenced press in a state of complete ignorance as to serious events occurring around you; and to feel in regard to your own personal safety, and that of your family and friends, an uncertainty truly Oriental[3] — all this is no more than a mere suggestion of what life is to thousands of people thus sacrificed. A vigorous effort, representing all that wealth and social influence could do in his behalf, at last secured his release from prison. He passed from the jail, but only to enter a lunatic asylum, for he had gone raving mad.

[1] It is not only impossible to enter Russia without a passport; no one, whether native or foreigner, may leave the country without special permission from the authorities. Even when abroad, a Russian may be recalled at any time: should he neglect to return, the government confiscates his property. Many valuable estates have changed hands in this way.

[2] A rising and brilliant young advocate, an ornament of his profession in St. Petersburg, was

[3] A schoolmaster, for having raised his hat to a lady who had been arrested on a charge of "political infidelity," was banished to a distant province. I was acquainted with this exile, and heard his story from his own lips.

ons born to Russian citizenship in St. Petersburg. And when to the elements f the general discontent, to the bitter mptiness of existence, to the longing or a life of nobler activities, you add he pangs of poverty and the sense of ersonal wrong, it cannot seem strange hat in many of these lodging-houses ensitive humanity should find its last nd only safeguard against voluntary xtinction in the hopes, the idealism, and he self-sacrifice of a political religion.

Native writers have suggested a conection between peculiarities of climate nd the mental fermentation noticeable n St. Petersburg. For a month sumner rages with an almost tropical heat, riving the wealthy to their cool counry residences, but leaving the poor afoot n the blistering granite pavements of he dust-swept, sun-tormented city. At nidday, when the streets seem to run ith liquid fire, when scarcely any pedestrian is abroad, and even the policeman has retired to enjoy the luxury of hade, you may see the droshky driver linging to his post of duty, the carter rging on his dirt-besmeared equipage, he vender offering his wares with the ry which is a shriek, and the beggars, exless by plenitude of rags, awaiting heir copek at the blazing doors of hurch and cathedral. What adds to he intolerableness of the summer day n St. Petersburg is the abnormal amlitude of the arc through which the olar rays descend upon the capital. Thoroughfares long and broad give the ky an aspect of unusual vastness, while he high buildings, with their long racks of sun and shade, prolong for the nagination the duration of light and eat. Thus even to the classes possed of wealth and leisure the St. Petersburg day in summer — nearly twenty ours intervening between sunrise and unset — is a white, glaring, sustained eariness. To feel what it must be to hose who toil in street and field, stimlated for tasks that begin and end with the light by scant allowances of black bread and watermelon, one must go in fancy to some Afric slave king's metropolis, wherein the torments of nature are added to the cruelties of man.

It is naturally an inexpressible relief that to the unbearable summer day of the sixtieth parallel succeeds a night of brief yet strange beauty. A cool moment comes at last, in which the atmosphere has a just tepid ebb and flow, healing and grateful to the senses. There is then, strictly speaking, neither light nor dark. If it is night at all, it is night unachieved, incomplete, night full of the chaste mystery of early morning. The sky is so luminous that one may read small print in the open air without effort. It is a light with a hue of its own, seen, it is said, in no other part of the world, — a delicate green of marvelous tenderness, deepening near the horizon into blue, and in the north expanding towards the sun in vivid alternations of rose and amber. To the ordinary eye the heavens, though clear, are almost starless; only brilliants like Vega and Arcturus have power to make an impression upon the retina. Summer midnight in the Russian capital is thus a simple twilight, uniting day to day, separated from actual morning only by a few brief moments. Its social effect is remarkable. Native residents of St. Petersburg are rarely in bed earlier than twelve o'clock. To issue forth an hour before midnight, with the park or public garden for one's destination, is a fashionable habit sanctioned by the highest precedents. To return from theatre or promenade at one A. M. is by no means unusual. The immediate result is much loss of sleep; the ultimate effect of these late hours appears in a peculiar form of nervous irritability.

Happily, this period of extreme heat is over in July, though warm noons may persist up to the opening days of September. The cold begins its attack as early as August. Day is then vulnera-

ble in the narrow neck of twilight which the sun fails to guard, and through this the winds blow from the ice-fields. Frost quickly enters the breach, and under cover of growing darkness a territory once heat-ridden in its entire length is gradually won for winter. September evenings, for example, not only bring back many of last year's overcoats; they empty the country residences, and open a social season that is sure to last until February or even March. In October St. Petersburg is fairly besieged. The householder, entrenched behind double windows, replies to the atmospheric attack with crackling logs of pine and birch, until the great Russian stove threatens to bring back a mimic summer of its own. But without the enemy is inexpugnable. On the coldest days not men, but furs, are abroad. At 40° Réaumur the human face becomes invisible; that is to say, disappears in the twelve-inch collar of a bear-skin turned upwards. Without precautions of this kind all accidents are sometimes possible. A beard is a treacherous thing to lie in the way of vapor exhaled from the lungs. Many a man goes out for a harmless walk to return with his mouth securely closed by a clamp of solid ice.

The sun does not rise now until almost ten o'clock. Even at midday it is difficult to believe that the large red ball you see swimming in tremulous vapor a few degrees above the horizon is the same orb as that which hung high over the city in summer. Diners at three meet each other by gaslight. A long night succeeds, full of lethargic influences heightened by the intensity of the cold. To the poor and badly clothed it is a night of hardship and suffering, to the wealthy a time of amusement and dissipation. In no capital in the world are the pleasures of winter, in-door and out-door, pursued with a greater zest than in St. Petersburg. Yet charity makes disbursements in the Russian capital that yearly put to shame citie in which it is better organized and ha larger resources; while the Russia fondness for receiving and entertainin guests gives a charming unselfishness t social intercourse. Whether the cause to be sought in the vast distances whic the Russian empire places between ma and man, investing human meeting with a pleasure which they could no have amongst the crowded population of Western Europe, or whether th Russians, being racially young, are no yet tired of living with each other, it not for me to decide. But that soci life in Russia has a freshness, an altr ism, an interest in human nature n calculating or easily discouraged, th do not belong to it in many of the old countries, I had many opportunities observing. And as virtues of this kin find their widest scope in a centre population like St. Petersburg, so wi ter is the time of the year for being mo favorably impressed with them.

The commoner out-door amusemen of the cold season fill the thoroughfar of the capital with sound and movemen during the period of frost. The fir fall of snow consigns the low-wheel droshkys to their winter quarters, an then appear a host of sledges not equal for beauty and compactness anywhe in the world. No industrial art in Ru sia has reached the perfection wi which the carriage-maker produces the delicate, fairy-like vehicles, — structur which it is a pleasure to feast the e upon, a rare luxury to be driven i The tiniest and daintiest of them, y think, was surely not made for use grown-up people. It must be a t sledge. But on the driver thrusting l legs into a narrow slit in its front y are led to take courage and mou There is just room for a single passe ger, — not an inch too little, not a fing too much, — and, once seated, away y are drawn, with a speed and safety first bewildering, but in the end stran

ly enjoyable. Not less compactly constructed are the larger sledges, some of which are capable of accommodating twenty or thirty pleasure-seekers ; while below the "turn-out" for a single person the sledge descends in a gradual diminuendo, until it is minute enough to please the smallest girl and carry the most insignificant doll. It is unnecessary to add that when a fine thoroughfare like the Nevsky Prospect is filled with these winter carriages — here marching in regular lines, there broken up and going all abreast ; now keeping time with the jink-jink of the brass bells, anon yielding place to the swift troïka with its silver tinklings and its trio of steeds — the spectacle offered is highly animating and picturesque.

Perhaps it is at Christmas that the foreign resident usually finds himself most at home in St. Petersburg. With the deepening of his first winter spent in the Russian capital, a pleasant surprise has been maturing for him apart even from the wildest suggestions of his dreams ; for what West-European would ever dream of going to the Slav world for the Christkindbaum, and of finding it as firmly rooted in Russian soil as in any of the Teutonic countries ? Did the warlike Varegs bring the Christmas tree with them, or were its seeds planted in some mysterious fashion by founders of the faith, like the saintly Olga or Vladímir, the bright sun of Kiev ? The fact is indisputable, whatever explanation of it may be offered. Christmas time turns Russian markets into veritable forests, while Christmas Eve fills the streets of St. Petersburg with crowds that, in the purchases they are making for the morrow, bear a striking resemblance to the pedestrians and shoppers one may meet in any German city at the same time of the year.

In this and many other ways a St. Petersburg winter increases the closeness of social and family intimacies. Yet between ruler and ruled it seems to erect new barriers of separation. In Russia there is a double incapacity, of the people to appreciate the power of an organized government, of the government to appreciate the forces of popular resistance. Winter diminishes the visible displays of authority, while it gathers popular elements together under circumstances favorable to a sense of unity and common aim. The long nights make assemblies and communications possible that probably could not take place in the brighter half of the year. The increased activity of the spy ; the frequent interference with newspapers, read in the cold season more than at any other time ; the closer surveillance exercised by the police over assemblies both public and private ; the gloom of the day itself, harmonizing with and therefore intensifying the obscurity of a cheerless political climate, — all these contribute to the mental tension of the time. That under such influences as these the relations of the reigning family with the governed class can be of a pleasant kind in a great city of miscellaneous population like St. Petersburg is not at all likely to suggest itself to the reader. What those relations are in the cold season I shall try to suggest by sketching a scene the details of which are vividly present to me as I recall them.

First, let us realize a dark day in the Nevsky. Snow has been falling drearily for hours, and when the brief winter twilight comes the white crystals are still descending. All at once the gates of the Annichkin Palace are thrown open. Three officers emerge, and after a brief consultation disperse in different directions. Half an hour later the Prospect is prepared. That is to say, the great human currents to right and left of the thoroughfare are not all flowing upwards and downwards so uniformly and unbrokenly as at first sight a spectator might suppose. At every twenty paces you come upon a pedestrian who,

though continually in motion, makes no real progress whatever, but is simply pacing backwards and forwards in a prescribed area. Simultaneously with this discovery you find the foot-walk on the palace side of the Prospect "reserved" for a distance of nearly two hundred yards; which means that if you stand thereon a moment some policeman in "plain clothes" will warn you to "be off," and that in default of compliance with the order you may be thrust into the gutter or handed over to the soldier at the palace gate. Finally, a plain covered carriage turns quickly into the Nevsky from the Grand Morskaya.[1] Preceded by a single mounted Cossack, it threads its swift way, piloted through the maze of moving sledges, and halts not until it is safe within the court-yard of the Annichkin Palace. Such is the modest entry of the Emperor of all the Russias! A few hours ago he was miles away from the capital. No newspaper paragraph announced his coming. No enthusiastic crowd gathered at the railway station to welcome him on his return. Nor is a single cheer raised as, under the cover of darkness and official secrecy, he steals to his residence in the Nevsky Prospect.

How times are changed, indeed, in Russia! The day once was when the Slav ruler could be seen of his people; nay, mingled with them as an equal in mart and thoroughfare. Even Nicholas walked the Nevsky, affable and fearless, almost daily, pausing from time to time to exchange words with a pedestrian whom he recognized, or to chide with good-humored banter some foreigner yet to be taught that smoking in the street was a violation of ukaz. Alexander II himself for years strolled through the parks unattended. But to-day, like the gods of popular mythology, the wielder of absolute power on earth no longer appear among men. The reign of their celestial mimicry is nearly over; one by one they have melted away in the light of a new morning; the last of them will soon disappear. Hereafter men may glimpse them, but it will only be as unnatural figures on the firmament of history, as repulsive shapes of the imagination, giving their names to the fairest constellations, but powerless to retard the swing of planet or the march of star. And in that time the wonder I believe, will be not why the world produced such forms, but why it tolerated them so long.

Edmund Noble.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

POSTSCRIPT: AFTER-GLIMPSES.

MISS LURIDA VINCENT TO MRS. EUTHYMIA KIRKWOOD.

ARROWHEAD VILLAGE, *May* 18.

MY DEAREST EUTHYMIA, — Who would have thought, when you broke your oar as the Atalanta flashed by the Algonquin last June, that before the roses came again you would find yourself the wife of a fine scholar and grand gentleman, and the head of a household such as that of which you are the mistress? You must not forget your old Arrowhead Village friends. What am I saying? — *you* forget them! No, dearest, I know your heart too well for that! You are not one of those who lay aside their old friendships as they do last year's bonnet when they

[1] A fashionable thoroughfare leading into the Nevsky Prospect.

et a new one. You have told me all bout yourself and your happiness, and ow you want me to tell you about my- lf and what is going on in our little ace.

And first about myself. I have given the idea of becoming a doctor. I ave studied mathematics so much that have grown fond of certainties, of dem- nstrations, and medicine deals chiefly probabilities. The practice of the t is so mixed up with the deepest hu- an interests that it is hard to pursue with that even poise of the intellect hich is demanded by science. I want owledge pure and simple, — I do not ncy having it mixed. Neither do I e the thought of passing my life in ing from one scene of suffering to an- her; I am not saintly enough for ch a daily martyrdom, nor callous ough to make it an easy occupation. fainted at the first operation I saw, d I have never wanted to see another. don't say that I would n't *marry* a ysician, if the right one asked me, but e young doctor is not forthcoming at esent. Yes, I think I might make pretty good doctor's wife. I could ach him a good deal about headaches d backaches and all sorts of nervous *volutions*, as the doctor says the French omen call their tantrums. I don't ow but I should be willing to let him y his new medicines on me. If he ere a homœopath, I know I should; r if a billionth of a grain of sugar on't begin to sweeten my tea or coffee, don't feel afraid that a billionth of a ain of anything would poison me, — , not if it were snake-venom; and if were not disgusting, I would swallow handful of his *lachesis* globules, to ease my husband. But if I ever be- me a doctor's wife, my husband will t be one of that kind of practitioners, u may be sure of that, nor an "ec- ctic," nor a "faith-cure man." On e whole, I don't think I want to be arried at all. I don't like the male animal very well (except such noble specimens as your husband). They are all tyrants, — almost all, — so far as our sex is concerned, and I often think we could get on better without them.

However, the creatures are useful in the Society. They send us papers, some of them well worth reading. You have told me so often that you would like to know how the Society is getting on, and to read some of the papers sent to it if they happened to be interesting, that I have laid aside one or two manuscripts expressly for your perusal. You will get them by and by.

I am delighted to know that you keep Paolo with you. Arrowhead Village misses him dreadfully, I can tell you. What is the reason people become so attached to these servants with Southern sunlight in their natures? I suppose life is not long enough to cool their blood down to our Northern standard. Then they are so child-like, whereas the native of these latitudes is never young after he is ten or twelve years old. Mother says, — you know mother's old-fashioned notions, and how shrewd and sensible she is in spite of them, — mother says that when she was a girl families used to import young men and young women from the country towns, who called themselves "helps," not servants, — no, that was Scriptural; "but they did n't know everything down in Judee," and it is not good American language. She says that these people would live in the same household until they were married, and the women often remain in the same service until they died or were old and worn out, and then, what with the money they had saved and the care and assistance they got from their former employers, would pass a decent and comfortable old age, and be buried in the family lot. Mother has made up her mind to the change, but grandmother is bitter about it. She says there never was a country yet where the population

was made up of "ladies" and "gentlemen," and she does n't believe there can be; nor that putting a spread eagle on a copper makes a gold dollar of it. She is a pessimist after her own fashion. She thinks all sentiment is dying out of our people. No loyalty for the sovereign, the kingpost of the political edifice, she says; no deep attachment between employer and employed; no reverence of the humbler members of a household for its heads; and to make sure of continued corruption and misery, what she calls "*universal* suffrage" emptying all the sewers into the great aqueduct we all must drink from. "*Universal* suffrage!" I suppose we women don't belong to the universe! Wait until we get a chance at the ballot-box, I tell grandma, and see if we don't wash out the sewers before they reach the aqueduct! But my pen has run away with me. I was thinking of Paolo, and what a pleasant thing it is to have one of those child-like, warm-hearted, attachable, cheerful, contented, humble, faithful, companionable, but never presuming grown-up children of the South to wait on one, as if everything he could do for one was a pleasure, and carry a look of content in his face which makes every one who meets him happier for a glimpse of his features.

It does seem a shame that the charming relation of master and servant, intelligent authority and cheerful obedience, mutual interest in each other's welfare, thankful recognition of all the advantages which belong to domestic service in the better class of families, should be almost wholly confined to aliens and their immediate descendants. Why should Hannah think herself so much better than Bridget? When they meet at the polls together, as they will before long, they will begin to feel more of an equality than is recognized at present. The native female turns her nose up at the idea of "living out;" does she think herself so much superior to the women of other nationalities Our women will have to come to it, — so grandmother says, — in another ge eration or two, and in a hundred year according to her prophecy, there wi be a new set of old "Miss Pollys" an "Miss Betseys" who have lived half century in the same families, respectf and respected, cherished, cared for time of need (citizens as well as se vants, holding a ballot as well as broom, I tell her), and bringing back us the lowly, underfoot virtues of co tentment and humility, which we do need to carpet the barren and hung thoroughfare of our unstratified exis ence.

There, I have got a-going, and a forgetting all the news I have to t you. There is an engagement you w want to know all about. It came pass through our famous boat-race, whi you and I remember, and shall nev forget as long as we live. It see that the young fellow who pulled t bow oar of that men's college bo which we had the pleasure of beati got some glimpses of Georgina, o handsome stroke oar. I believe he to it into his head that it was she w threw the bouquet that won the ra for us. He was, as you know, grea mistaken, and ought to have made lo to me, only he did n't. Well, it see he came posting down to the Instit just before the vacation was over, a there got a sight of Georgina. I w der whether she told him she did fling the bouquet! Anyhow, the quaintance began in that way, and n it seems that this young fellow, go looking and a bright scholar, but w a good many months more to pass college, is her captive. It was too b Just think of my bouquet's going to other girl's credit! No matter, — old Atalanta story was paid off, at a rate.

You want to know all about d Dr. Butts. They say he has just b

offered a Professorship in one of the great medical colleges. I asked him about it, and he did not say that he had or had not. "But," said he, "suppose that I had been offered such a place, do you think I ought to accept it and leave Arrowhead Village? Let us talk it over," said he, "just as if I had had such an offer." I told him he ought to stay. There are plenty of men that can get into a Professor's chair, I said, and talk like Solomons to a class of wondering pupils: but once get a really good doctor in a place, a man who knows all about everybody, whether they have this or that tendency, whether when they are sick they have a way of dying or a way of getting well, what medicines agree with them and what drugs they cannot take, whether they are of the sort that think nothing is the matter with them until they are dead as smoked herring, or of the sort that send for the minister if they get a stomachache from eating too many cucumbers, — who knows all about all the people within half a dozen miles (all the sensible ones, that is, who employ a regular practitioner), — such a man as that, I say, is not to be replaced like a missing piece out of a Springfield musket or a Waltham watch. Don't go! said I. Stay here and save our precious lives, if you can, or at least put us through in the proper way, so that we need n't be ashamed of ourselves for dying, if we must die. Well, Dr. Butts is *not* going to leave us. I hope you will have no unwelcome occasion for his services, — you are never ill, you know, — but anyhow he is going to be here, and no matter what happens he will be on hand.

The village news is not of a very exciting character. Item 1. A new house is put up over the ashes of the one in which your husband lived while he was here. It was planned by one of the autochthonous inhabitants with the most ingenious combination of inconveniences that the natural man could educe from his original perversity of intellect. To get at any one room you must pass through every other. It is blind, or nearly so, on the only side which has a good prospect, and commands a fine view of the barn and pigsty through numerous windows. Item 2. We have a small fire-engine near the new house, which can be worked by a man or two, and would be equal to the emergency of putting out a bunch of fire-crackers. Item 3. We have a new ladder, in a box, close to the new fire-engine; so if the new house catches fire, like its predecessor, and there should happen to be a sick man on an upper floor, he can be got out without running the risk of going up and down a burning staircase. What a blessed thing it was that there was no fire-engine near by and no ladder at hand on the day of the great rescue! If there had been, what a change in your programme of life! You remember that "cup of tea spilt on Mrs. Masham's apron," which we used to read of in one of Everett's Orations, and all its wide-reaching consequences in the affairs of Europe. I hunted up that cup of tea as diligently as ever a Boston matron sought for the last leaves in her old caddy after the tea-chests had been flung overboard at Griffin's wharf, — but no matter about that, now. That is the way things come about in this world. I must write a lecture on lucky mishaps, or, more elegantly, fortunate calamities. It will be just the converse of that odd essay of Swift's we read together, — the awkward and stupid things done with the best intentions. Perhaps I shall deliver the lecture in your city: you will come and hear it, and bring *him*, won't you, dearest?

Always your loving

LURIDA.

MISS LURIDA VINCENT TO MRS. EUTHYMIA KIRKWOOD.

It seems forever since you left us, dearest Euthymia? And are you, and

is your husband, and Paolo, — good Paolo, — are you all as well and happy as you have been and as you ought to be? I suppose our small village seems a very quiet sort of place to pass the winter in, now that you have become accustomed to the noise and gayety of a great city. For all that, it is a pretty busy place this winter, I can tell you. We have sleighing parties, — I never go to them, myself, because I can't keep warm, and my mind freezes up when my blood cools down below 95° or 96° Fahrenheit. I had a great deal rather sit by a good fire and read about Arctic discoveries. But I like very well to hear the bells jingling and to see the young people trying to have a good time as hard as they do at a picnic. It may be that they do, but to me a picnic is purgatory and a sleigh-ride that other place, where, as my favorite Milton says, "frost performs the effect of fire." I believe I have quoted him correctly; I ought to, for I could repeat half his poems from memory once, if I cannot now.

You must have plenty of excitement in your city life. I suppose you recognized yourself in one of the society columns of the "Household Inquisitor:" "Mrs. E. K., very beautiful, in an elegant," etc., etc., "with pearls," etc., etc., — as if you were not the ornament of all that you wear, no matter what it is!

I am so glad that you have married a scholar! Why should not Maurice — you both tell me to call him so — take the diplomatic office which has been offered him? It seems to me that he would find himself in exactly the right place. He can talk in two or three languages, has good manners, and a wife who — well, what shall I say of Mrs. Kirkwood but that "she would be good company for a queen," as our old friend the quondam landlady of the Anchor Tavern used to say? I should so like to see you presented at Court! It seems to me that I should be willing to hol your train for the sake of seeing you i your court feathers and things.

As for myself, I have been thinkin of late that I would become either professional lecturer or head mistress o a great school or college for girls. have tried the first business a little. Las month I delivered a lecture on Quate nions. I got three for my audience; tw came over from the Institute, and on from that men's college which they tr to make out to be a university, an where no female is admitted unless sh belongs among the quadrupeds. I en joyed lecturing, but the subject is a di ficult one, and I don't *think* any one o them had any very clear notion of wha I was talking about, except Rhodora — and I *know* she did n't. To tell th truth, I was lecturing to instruct my self. I mean to try something easie next time. I have thought of the Basqu language and literature. What do yo say to that?

The Society goes on famously. W have had a paper presented and rea lately which has greatly amused som of us and provoked a few of the weake sort. The writer is that crabbed ol Professor of Belles-Lettres at that men' college over there. He is dreadfull hard on the poor "poets," as they cal themselves. It seems that a great man young persons, and more especially great many young girls, of whom th Institute has furnished a considerabl proportion, have taken to sending hin their rhymed productions to be criticised — expecting to be praised, no doubt every one of them. I must give yo one of the spiciest extracts from hi paper in his own words: —

"It takes half my time to read th 'poems' sent me by young people o both sexes. They would be more sh of doing it if they knew that I recog nize a tendency to rhyming as a com mon form of mental weakness, and th publication of a thin volume of verse a

prima facie evidence of ambitious mediocrity, if not inferiority. Of course there are exceptions to this rule of judgment, but I maintain that the presumption is always against the rhymester as compared with the less pretentious persons about him or her, busy with some useful calling, — too busy to be tagging rhymed commonplaces together. Just now there seems to be an epidemic of rhyming as bad as the dancing mania, or the sweating sickness. After reading a certain amount of manuscript verse one is disposed to anathematize the inventor of homophonous syllabification. [This phrase made a great laugh when it was read.] This, that is rhyming, must have been found out very early, —

'Where are you, Adam?'
'Here am I, Madam;'

but it can never have been habitually practiced until after the Fall. The intrusion of tintinnabulating terminations into the conversational intercourse of men and angels would have spoiled Paradise itself. Milton would not have them even in Paradise Lost, you remember. For my own part, I wish certain rhymes could be declared contraband of written or printed language. Nothing should be allowed to be hurled at the world or whirled with it, or furled upon it or curled over it; all eyes should be kept away from the skies, in spite of *os homini sublime dedit;* youth should be coupled with all the virtues except truth; earth should never be reminded of her birth; death should never be allowed to stop a mortal's breath, nor the bell to sound his knell, nor flowers from blossoming bowers to wave over his grave or show their bloom upon his tomb. We have rhyming dictionaries, — let us have one from which all rhymes are rigorously excluded. The sight of a poor creature grubbing for rhymes to fill up his sonnet, or to cram one of those voracious, rhyme-swallowing rigmaroles which some of our drudging poetical operatives have been exhausting themselves of late to satiate with jingles, makes my head ache and my stomach rebel. Work, work of some kind, is the business of men and women, not the making of jingles! No, — no, — no! I want to see the young people in our schools and academies and colleges, and the graduates of these institutions, lifted up out of the little Dismal Swamp of self-contemplating and self-indulging and self-commiserating emotionalism which is surfeiting the land with those literary sandwiches, — thin slices of tinkling sentimentality between two covers looking like hard-baked gilt gingerbread. But what faces these young folks make up at my good advice! They get tipsy on their rhymes. Nothing intoxicates one like his — or her — own verses, and they hold on to their metre-ballad-mongering as the fellows that inhale nitrous oxide hold on to the gas-bag."

We laughed over this essay of the old Professor, though it hit us pretty hard. The best part of the joke is that the old man himself published a thin volume of poems when he was young, which there is good reason to think he is not very proud of, as they say he buys up all the copies he can find in the shops. No matter what they say, I can't help agreeing with him about this great flood of "poetry," as it calls itself, and looking at the rhyming mania much as he does.

How I do love real poetry! That is the reason I hate rhymes which have not a particle of it in them. The foolish scribblers that deal in them are like bad workmen in a carpenter's shop. They not only turn out bad jobs of work, but they spoil the tools for better workmen. There is hardly a pair of rhymes in the English language that is not so dulled and hacked and gapped by these 'prentice hands that a master of the craft hates to touch them, and yet he cannot very well do without them I have not been besieged as the old Professor has been with such multitudes

of would-be-poetical aspirants that he could not even read their manuscripts, but I have had a good many letters containing verses, and I have warned the writers of the delusion under which they were laboring.

You may like to know that I have just been translating some extracts from the Greek Anthology. I send you a few specimens of my work, with a Dedication to the Shade of Sappho. I hope you will find something of the Greek rhythm in my versions, and that I have caught a spark of inspiration from the impassioned Lesbian. I have found great delight in this work, at any rate, and am never so happy as when I read from my manuscript or repeat from memory the lines into which I have transferred the thought of the men and women of two thousand years ago, or given rhythmical expression to my own rapturous feelings with regard to them. I *must* read you my Dedication to the Shade of Sappho. I cannot help thinking that you will like it better than either of my two last, The Song of the Roses, or The Wail of the Weeds.

How I do miss you, dearest! I want you: I want you to listen to what I have written; I want you to hear all about my plans for the future; *I want to look at you*, and think how grand it must be to feel one's self to be such a noble and beautiful creature; I want to wander in the woods with you, to float on the lake, to share your life and talk over every day's doings with you. Alas! I feel that we have parted as two friends part at a port of embarkation: they embrace, they kiss each other's cheeks, they cover their faces and weep, they try to speak good-by to each other, they watch from the pier and from the deck; the two forms grow less and less, fainter and fainter in the distance, two white handkerchiefs flutter once and again, and yet once more, and the last visible link of the chain which binds them has parted. Dear, dear, dearest Euthymia, my eyes are running over with tears when I think that we may never, never meet again.

Don't you want some more items of village news? We are threatened with an influx of stylish people: "Buttons" to answer the door-bell, in place of the chamber-maid; "butler," in place of the "hired man;" footman in top-boots and breeches, cockade on hat, arms folded *à la Napoléon;* tandems, "drags," dog-carts, and go-carts of all sorts. It is rather amusing to look at their ambitious displays, but it takes away the good old country flavor of the place.

I don't believe you mean to try to astonish us when you come back to spend your summers here. I suppose you must have a large house, and I am sure you will have a beautiful one. I suppose you will have some fine horses, and who would n't be glad to? But I do not believe you will try to make your old Arrowhead Village friends stare their eyes out of their heads with a display meant to outshine everybody else that comes here. You can have a yacht on the lake, if you like, but I hope you will pull a pair of oars in our old boat once in a while, with me to steer you. I know you will be just the same dear Euthymia you always were and always must be. How happy you must make such a man as Maurice Kirkwood! And how happy you ought to be with him! — a man who knows what is in books, and who has seen for himself what is in men. If he has not seen so much of women, where could he study all that is best in womanhood as he can in his own wife? Only one thing that dear Euthymia lacks. She is not quite pronounced enough in her views as to the rights and the wrongs of the sex. When I visit you, as you say I shall, I mean to indoctrinate Maurice with sound views on that subject. I have written an essay for the Society, which I hope will go a good way towards answering all the objections to female suffrage. I

mean to read it to your husband, if you will let me, as I know you will, and perhaps you would like to hear it, — only you know my thoughts on the subject pretty well already.

With all sorts of kind messages to your dear husband, and love to your precious self, I am ever your

LURIDA.

DR. BUTTS TO MRS. EUTHYMIA KIRKWOOD.

MY DEAR EUTHYMIA, — My pen refuses to call you by any other name. *Sweet-souled* you are, and your Latinized Greek name is the one which truly designates you. I cannot tell you how we have followed you, with what interest and delight, through your travels, as you have told their story in your letters to your mother. She has let us have the privilege of reading them, and we have been with you in steamer, yacht, felucca, gondola, Nile-boat; in all sorts of places, from crowded capitals to "deserts where no men abide," — everywhere keeping company with you in your natural and pleasant descriptions of your experiences. And now that you have returned to your home in the great city I must write you a few lines of welcome, if nothing more.

You will find Arrowhead Village a good deal changed since you left it. We have been discovered by some of those over-rich people who make the little place upon which they swarm a kind of rural city. When this happens the consequences are striking, — some of them desirable, and some far otherwise. The effect of well-built, well-furnished, well-kept houses and of handsome grounds always maintained in good order about them shows itself in a large circuit around the fashionable centre. Houses get on a new coat of paint, fences are kept in better order, little plots of flowers show themselves where only ragged weeds had rioted, the inhabitants present themselves in more comely attire and drive in handsomer vehicles with more carefully groomed horses. On the other hand, there is a natural jealousy on the part of the natives of the region suddenly become fashionable. They have seen the land they sold at farm prices by the acre coming to be valued by the foot, like the corner lots in a city. Their simple and humble modes of life look almost poverty-stricken in the glare of wealth and luxury which so outshines their plain way of living. It is true that many of them have found themselves richer than in former days, when the neighborhood lived on its own resources. They know how to avail themselves of their altered position, and soon learn to charge city prices for country products; but nothing can make people feel rich who see themselves surrounded by men whose yearly income is many times their own whole capital. I think it would be better if our rich men scattered themselves more than they do, — buying large country estates, building houses and stables which will make it easy to entertain their friends, and depending for society on chosen guests rather than on the mob of millionaires who come together for social rivalry. But I do not fret myself about it. Society will stratify itself according to the laws of social gravitation. It will take a generation or two more, perhaps, to arrange the strata by precipitation and settlement, but we can always depend on one principle to govern the arrangement of the layers. People interested in the same things will naturally come together. The youthful heirs of fortunes who keep splendid yachts have little to talk about with the oarsman who pulls about on the lake or the river. What does young Dives, who drives his four-in-hand and keeps a stable full of horses, care about Lazarus, who feels rich in the possession of a horse-railroad ticket? You know how we live at our house, plainly, but with a certain degree of cultivated pro-

priety. We make no pretensions to what is called "style." We are still in that social stratum where the article called "a napkin-ring" is recognized as admissible at the dinner-table. That fact sufficiently defines our modest pretensions. The napkin-ring is the boundary mark between certain classes. But one evening Mrs. Butts and I went out to a party given by the lady of a worthy family, where the napkin itself was a newly introduced luxury. The conversation of the hostess and her guests turned upon details of the kitchen and the laundry; upon the best mode of raising bread, whether with "emptins" (emptyings, yeast) or baking powder; about "blueing" and starching and crimping, and similar matters. Poor Mrs. Butts! She knew nothing more about such things than her hostess did about Shakespeare and the musical glasses. What was the use of trying to enforce social intercourse under such conditions? Incompatibility of temper has been considered ground for a divorce; incompatibility of interests is a sufficient warrant for social separation. The multimillionaires have so much that is common among themselves, and so little that they share with us of moderate means, that they will naturally form a class by themselves, and in virtue of their palaces, their picture-galleries, their equipages, their yachts, their large hospitality, constitute a kind of exclusive aristocracy. Religion, which ought to be the great leveller, cannot reduce these elements to the same grade. You may read in the parable, "Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment?" The modern version would be, "How came you at Mrs. Billion's ball not having a dress on your back which came from Paris?"

The little church has got a new stained window, a saint who reminds me of Hamlet's uncle, — a thing "of shreds and patches," but rather pretty to look at, with an inscription under it which is supposed to be the name of the person in whose honor the window was placed in the church. Smith was a worthy man and a faithful churchwarden, and I hope posterity will be able to spell out his name on his monumental window; but that old English lettering would puzzle Mephistopheles himself, if he found himself before this memorial tribute, on the inside, — you know he goes to church sometimes, if you remember your Faust.

The rector has come out, in a quiet way, as an evolutionist. He has always been rather "broad" in his views, but cautious in their expression. You can tell the three branches of the mother-island church by the way they carry their heads. The low-church clergy look down, as if they felt themselves to be worms of the dust; the high-church priest drops his head on one side, after the pattern of the mediæval saints; the broad-church preacher looks forward and round about him, as if he felt himself the heir of creation. Our rector carries his head in the broad-church aspect, which I suppose is the least open to the charge of affectation, — in fact, is the natural and manly way of carrying it.

The Society has justified its name of Pansophian of late as never before. Lurida has stirred up our little community and its neighbors, so that we get essays on all sorts of subjects, poems and stories in large numbers. I know all about it, for she often consults me as to the merits of a particular contribution.

What is to be the fate of Lurida? I often think, with no little interest and some degree of anxiety, about her future. Her body is so frail and her mind so excessively and constantly active that I am afraid one or the other will give way. I do not suppose she thinks seriously of ever being married. She grows more and more zealous in behalf of her

own sex, and sterner in her judgment of the other. She declares that she never would marry any man who was not an advocate of female suffrage, and as these gentlemen are not very common hereabouts the chance is against her capturing any one of the hostile sex.

What do you think? I happened, just as I was writing the last sentence, to look out of my window, and whom should I see but Lurida, with a young man in tow, listening very eagerly to her conversation, according to all appearance! I think he must be a friend of the rector, as I have seen a young man like this one in his company. Who knows?

Affectionately yours, etc.

DR. BUTTS TO MRS. BUTTS.

My beloved Wife, — This letter will tell you more news than you would have thought could have been got together in this little village during the short time you have been staying away from it.

Lurida Vincent is engaged! He is a clergyman with a mathematical turn. The story is that he put a difficult problem into one of the mathematical journals, and that Lurida presented such a neat solution that the young man fell in love with her on the strength of it. I don't think the story is literally true, nor do I believe that other report that he offered himself to her in the form of an equation chalked on the blackboard; but that it was an intellectual rather than a sentimental courtship I do not doubt. Lurida has given up the idea of becoming a professional lecturer, — so she tells me, — thinking that her future husband's parish will find her work enough to do. A certain amount of daily domestic drudgery and unexciting intercourse with simple-minded people will be the best thing in the world for that brain of hers, always simmering with some new project in its least fervid condition.

All our summer visitors have arrived. Euthymia — Mrs. Maurice Kirkwood — and her husband and little Maurice are here in their beautiful house looking out on the lake. They gave a grand party the other evening. You ought to have been there, but I suppose you could not very well have left your sister in the middle of your visit. All the grand folks were there, of course. Lurida and her young man — Gabriel is what she calls him — were naturally the objects of special attention. Paolo acted as major-domo, and looked as if he ought to be a major-general. Nothing could be pleasanter than the way in which Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood received their plain country neighbors; that is, just as they did the others of more pretensions, as if they were really glad to see them, as I am sure they were. The old landlord and his wife had two armchairs to themselves, and I saw Miranda with the servants of the household looking in at the dancers and out at the little groups in the garden, and evidently enjoying it as much as her old employers. It was a most charming and successful party. We had two sensations in the course of the evening. One was pleasant and somewhat exciting; the other was thrilling and of strange and startling interest.

You remember how emaciated poor Maurice Kirkwood was left after his fever, in that first season when he was among us. He was out in a boat one day, when a ring slipped off his thin finger and sunk in a place where the water was rather shallow. "Jake" — you know Jake, — everybody knows Jake — was rowing him. He promised to come to the spot and fish up the ring if he could possibly find it. He was seen poking about with fish-hooks at the end of a pole, but nothing was ever heard from him about the ring. It was an antique intaglio stone in an Etruscan set-

ting, — a wild-goose flying over the Campagna. Mr. Kirkwood valued it highly, and regretted its loss very much.

While we were in the garden, who should appear at the gate but Jake, with a great basket, inquiring for Mr. Kirkwood. "Come," said Maurice to me, "let us see what our old friend the fisherman has brought us. What have you got there, Jake?"

"What I 've got? Wall, I 'll tell y' what I 've got: I've got the biggest pickerel that 's been ketched in this pond for these ten year. An' I 've got somethin' else besides the pickerel. When I come to cut him open, what do you think I faound in his insides but this here ring o' yourn!" — and he showed the one Maurice had lost so long before. There it was, as good as new, after having tried Jonah's style of housekeeping for all that time. There are those who discredit Jake's story about finding the ring in the fish; anyhow, there was the ring and there was the pickerel. I need not say that Jake went off well paid for his pickerel and the precious contents of its stomach. Now comes the chief event of the evening. I went early by special invitation. Maurice took me into his library, and we sat down together.

"I have something of great importance," he said, "to say to you. I learned within a few days that my cousin Laura is staying with a friend in the next town to this. You know, doctor, that we have never met since the last, almost fatal, experience of my early years. I have determined to defy the strength of that deadly chain of associations connected with her presence, and I have begged her to come this evening with the friends with whom she is staying. Several letters passed between us, for it was hard to persuade her that there was no longer any risk in my meeting her. Her imagination was almost as deeply impressed as mine had been at those alarming interviews, and I had to explain to her fully that I had become quite indifferent to the disturbing impressions of former years. So, as the result of our correspondence, Laura is coming this evening, and I wish you to be present at our meeting. There is another reason why I wish you to be here. My little boy is not far from the age at which I received my terrifying, almost disorganizing shock. I mean to have little Maurice brought into the presence of Laura, who is said to be still a very handsome woman, and see if he betrays any hint of that peculiar sensitiveness which showed itself in my threatening seizure. It seemed to me not impossible that he might inherit some tendency of that nature, and I wanted you to be at hand if any sign of danger should declare itself. For myself I have no fear. Some radical change has taken place in my nervous system. I have been born again, as it were, in my susceptibilities, and am in certain respects a new man. But I must know how it is with my little Maurice."

Imagine with what interest I looked forward to this experiment; for experiment it was, and not without its sources of anxiety, as it seemed to me. The evening wore along; friends and neighbors came in, but no Laura as yet. At last I heard the sound of wheels, and a carriage stopped at the door. Two ladies and a gentleman got out, and soon entered the drawing-room.

"My cousin Laura!" whispered Maurice to me, and went forward to meet her. A very handsome woman, who might well have been in the thirties, — one of those women so thoroughly constituted that they cannot help being handsome at every period of life. I watched them both as they approached each other. Both looked pale at first, but Maurice soon recovered his usual color, and Laura's natural rich bloom came back by degrees. Their emotion at meeting was not to be wondered at, but there was no trace in it of the para-

lyzing influence on the great centres of life which had once acted upon him like the fabled head which turned the looker-on into a stone.

"Is the boy still awake?" said Maurice to Paolo, who, as they used to say of Pushee at the old Anchor Tavern, was everywhere at once on that gay and busy evening.

"What! Marser Maurice asleep an' all this racket going on? I hear him crowing like young cockerel when he fus' smell daylight."

"Tell the nurse to bring him down quietly to the little room that leads out of the library."

The child was brought down in his night-clothes, wide awake, wondering apparently at the noise he heard, which he seemed to think was for his special amusement.

"See if he will go to that lady," said his father. We both held our breath as Laura stretched her arms towards little Maurice.

The child looked for an instant searchingly, but fearlessly, at her glowing cheeks, her bright eyes, her welcoming smile, and met her embrace as she clasped him to her bosom as if he had known her all his days.

The mortal antipathy had died out of the soul and the blood of Maurice Kirkwood at that supreme moment when he found himself snatched from the grasp of death and cradled in the arms of Euthymia.

In closing the New Portfolio I remember that it began with a prefix which the reader may by this time have forgotten, namely, the *First Opening*. It was perhaps presumptuous to thus imply the probability of a second opening.

I am reminded from time to time by the correspondents who ask a certain small favor of me that, as I can only expect to be with my surviving contemporaries a very little while longer, they would be much obliged if I would hurry up my answer before it is too late. They are right, these delicious unknown friends of mine, in reminding me of a fact which I cannot gainsay and might suffer to pass from my recollection. I thank them for recalling my attention to a truth which I shall be wiser, if not more hilarious, for remembering.

No, I had no right to say the *First* Opening. How do I know that I shall have a chance to open it again? How do I know that anybody will want it to be opened a second time? How do I know that I shall feel like opening it? It is safest neither to promise to open the New Portfolio once more, nor yet to pledge myself to keep it closed hereafter. There are many papers potentially contained in it, some of which might interest a reader here and there. The Records of the Pansophian Society contain a considerable number of essays, poems, stories, and hints capable of being expanded into presentable dimensions. In the mean time I will say with Prospero, addressing my old readers, and my new ones, if such I have, —

> "If you be pleased, retire into my cell
> And there repose: a turn or two I 'll walk,
> To still my beating mind."

When it has got quiet I may take up the New Portfolio again, and consider whether it is worth while to open it.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

In one of the first letters which Agassiz sent back to his scientific associates in Europe after he came to this country are the words, "Naturalist as I am, I cannot but put the people first, — the people who have opened this part of the American continent to European civilization." The editor of the two handsome volumes [1] which record the naturalist's life might have chosen this sentence to express the spirit in which she has performed her task. She has apparently had before her not an audience of scientific students, exclusively, but of all those persons of generous mind who could appreciate the career of a man who was of too large a make ever to be characterized as a professional scientist. This is, in truth, little more than saying that Mrs. Agassiz has permitted her husband's life to appear as it was, merely using her judgment in the discrimination of material; but how much is then said! The skill of the biographer is in just this power of apprehending the essential lines of the subject, and then in using the most telling facts and words.

We leave to others to draw from these volumes the estimate of Agassiz's contributions to science; they will have no difficulty in following closely the record of his accomplishments, for his letters, supplemented by the editor's notes and connecting narrative, exhibit clearly the nature of his work and the tendency of his thought. His figure in this respect will always have a peculiar interest for students, since it was the most conspicuous of those that withstood the march of Darwinism; and whatever one's own scientific creed may be, he lays down the book with a profound regret that Agassiz could not have lived to complete the task which he had entered upon, at the close of his life, and which would have been in effect a scientific *apologia pro vita sua.*

In connection with this, one notes with pleasure that the editor has used a dignified and wise reserve in all references to the controversies which sprang up between Agassiz and his contemporaries. These controversies, while in a measure impersonal, involved finally more or less of personal feeling; yet there is not a word in these volumes to which Forbes, Desor, Vogt, Clark, or any of their champions could for a moment take exception. The silence of the biography in this respect serves to heighten the effect of serenity in the central figure. The narrative could have been made more picturesque had the editor chosen to record all the passages at arms, but we doubt whether anything would have been gained in the portraiture of Agassiz, since the questions involved were either matters of opinion or somewhat ignoble contentions over precedence in discovery and proportion of credit. An account of the *émeute*, for instance, in the early days of the Cambridge Museum, which is passed over in silence, would simply have given an opportunity for comparing European and American modes of collaboration, — an interesting subject, to be sure, but throwing no special light on the character and aims of Agassiz.

We prefer to dwell upon that view of the naturalist which associates him with the humanities rather than separates him with his profession, and the two volumes before us give abundant opportunity for making his acquaintance. By a very natural division, in which a just proportion is preserved, the first volume is devoted to the European, the

[1] *Louis Agassiz, his Life and Correspondence.* Edited by Elizabeth Cary Agassiz. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

second to the American, portion of Agassiz's life. There is a charm in this symmetry of parts. That a Swiss boy should have had the close-fitting training which nature, fine-grained yet frugal parents, the compact drill of a college, and the generous inspiration of university life could give; should have risen rapidly to a peerage of fame in the company of the first naturalists of Europe; and then should have brought all these gifts and a ripe enthusiasm to America, there to make the largest single endowment of science yet enjoyed by the republic, — all this constitutes an ideally rounded subject.

The pictures of his boyish life are charmingly touched. His childish love of nature, his companionship with his brother, his dexterity of manipulation, his spirit of adventure, are described with a light hand, and serve as a graceful vignette, not too laboriously elaborated, to his maturer life. One follows the young student in his eager advance, and almost outruns the rapid movements of the biographer in a desire to see what new leap of life the boy will take; and when the boy has developed with extraordinary yet perfectly intelligible ease into an investigator and author, the reader is hardly less interested in the details of his work than in the admirable delineation of intellectual growth.

The fascination which Agassiz's personality exercised over those who came near him, when he was in the height of his power here, was native to him, and so merged in his consciousness of aim as never to be separated in his thought. There are repeated instances throughout these volumes of the charm which he inspired, but Agassiz himself seems to have been the most unconscious of men, wholly lost in the pursuit of his ends.

> "His magic was not far to seek, —
> He was so human!"

says Lowell in his noble elegy, and the letters which the European naturalist sent home on his first arrival in this country are charged with a glowing interest in all that he saw of the New World: whether the rocks which repeated in new form the stories he had read in Switzerland, or the people who impressed him by their positive difference from those amongst whom he had been reared.

"The manners of the country," he writes to his mother, "differ so greatly from ours that it seems to me impossible to form a just estimate regarding them, or, indeed, to pronounce judgment at all upon a population so active and mobile as that of the Northern States of the Union, without having lived among them for a long time. I do not therefore attempt any such estimate. I can only say that the educated Americans are very accessible and very pleasant. . . . A characteristic feature of American life is to be found in the frequent public meetings where addresses are delivered. Shortly after my arrival in Boston I was present at a meeting of some three thousand workmen, foremen of workshops, clerks, and the like. No meeting could have been more respectable and well conducted. All were neatly dressed; even the simplest laborer had a clean shirt. It was a strange sight to see such an assemblage, brought together for the purpose of forming a library, and listening attentively in perfect quiet for two hours to an address on the advantages of education, of reading, and the means of employing usefully the leisure moments of a workman's life. The most eminent men vie with each other in instructing and forming the education of the population at large. I have not yet seen a man out of employment or a beggar, except in New York, which is a sink for the emptyings of Europe. Yet do not think that I forget the advantages of our old civilization. Far from it. I feel more than ever the value of a past which belongs to you and in which you have

grown up. Generations must pass before America will have the collections of art and science which adorn our cities, or the establishments for public instruction, — sanctuaries, as it were, consecrated by the devotion of those who give themselves wholly to study. Here all the world works to gain a livelihood or to make a fortune. Few establishments (of learning) are old enough, or have taken sufficiently deep root in the habits of the people, to be safe from innovation; very few institutions offer a combination of studies such as, in its *ensemble*, meets the demands of modern civilization. All is done by the single efforts of individuals or of corporations, too often guided by the needs of the moment. Thus American science lacks the scope which is characteristic of higher instruction in our old Europe. Objects of art are curiosities but little appreciated, and usually still less understood."

As this passage indicates, there is an incidental value in the work from the light which it throws on society in America at the time of Agassiz's arrival, forty years ago. That was the time when in Boston the Lowell Institute was of vastly more consequence than the opera, and when the States were beginning those surveys which gave such an impetus to scientific research. The letters illustrate also something of Southern life, since Agassiz was for a time living in South Carolina, and there is an exceedingly valuable series of letters to Dr. Howe, in which Agassiz gives his views on the negro race in America.

Indeed, the biography abounds in references to men and events both in this country and in Europe; for Agassiz, as we have said, was far too human and catholic in his interests and tastes to be shut up to a strictly scientific view. But, after all, the one commanding figure of the book is Agassiz himself, and the reader never once loses his keen delight in that fervor of intellectual aim, that broad comprehensiveness of purpose, which make this personality so clear and so captivating. The growth of the Museum from its almost grotesque beginnings to its noble proportions is not half so inspiring as the activity of that impelling mind which conceived it and hurried forward its development. There are delightful passages here and there, like that, for example, which describes the opening of the Penikese school, which cast a mellow light upon Agassiz and his methods. We wish there were more of them, and that Mrs. Agassiz had allowed herself to use, if not direct testimony from his students and from others who came under his influence, yet something more of her own personal recollection of her husband as he was at work in the school-room and lecture-room. Such a fuller treatment was not necessary to give life and distinctness to the figure, and perhaps might have marred the admirable proportions of the work; still no one can read this life without wishing to know more intimately the man. To those who were associated with him, either in work or in society, the book will be eminently satisfactory, for it will give them in orderly form the course of his life, and fill out certain portions, especially in the earlier years, of which they can have known little. They will themselves supply from a little dimmed recollection those touches which animate the picture into more glowing life. Better too little than too much, and the fine reserve which the editor of these volumes has shown is a quality in biographic writing not so common but that it will give the reader a grateful sense of being treated with respect as well as with confidence. We will only add that the interesting illustrations, the abundant index, and the evident care shown in all the details of literary execution and mechanical workmanship combine to increase the pleasure with which one handles and reads the volumes.

SHAKESPEARE'S FELLOWS.

When one stands upon the highest summit of some many-folded range of hills, the mere loftiness of his station often makes the lower crowns, distinct and bold beneath him, seem little inferior; but when, descending, he makes one of them his perch, how the lonely monarch rises aloft! Thus it is when from Shakespeare's height men survey his fellows, the swelling names of that Elizabethan cluster. "Marlowe," they say with mouthing rhetoric, "on whose dawn-flushed brow the morning clouds too soon crept with envious vapors that the most golden of Apollo's shafts should never pierce more; Beaumont and Fletcher, twins of the summer noontide, and Chapman bearing his weight of forests with the ease and might of old Titans; Ford and Webster, who made their home with the tempest, and seemed to leash the thunder;" and so with all the others of the tremendous upheaval of the age. But when one leaves Shakespeare's ground and descends to any of these, how wind-blown is all such turnid description, while undiminished the king of the peaks still soars in the sky! It is not by the critic's will that Shakespeare's altitude is made the measure of other men who were so unfortunate as to be born his rivals; one can help it no more than the eye can help seeing. It has been said of Dante that the thirteenth century existed to become his commentary. So grand a *mot* cannot be made for the great dramatist, though it is true that his genius reduced all his contemporaries to perpetual subjection to itself; no superlatives can be offered in their praise except by his leave, and, when their own worth is made known, the last service they do us in showing how invaluable is Shakespeare's treasure is perhaps the most useful.

Even Marlowe, in whose youth, if anywhere in history, was the promise of a mate for Shakespeare, needs the *placet* of the latter's withdrawal before he can tread the stage. There are some, no doubt, who would say that possibly Shakespeare might not have obtained entrance there with Lear and Othello if Marlowe had not first fitted the tragic buskin to the high step of Tamburlaine; and in a sense the retort would be a just one. The highest genius avails itself of those who go before to prepare the way, the road-makers building the paths of speech and opening the provinces of thought; but to be forced to stipulate at the outset that a great name in literature, such as Marlowe's, shall be considered only with reference to his turn in historical development is to make a confession of weakness in the cause; it is to forego his claim to be judged as a writer of universal literature. It is not a question now of settling that or any other particular of Marlowe's rank, nor of analyzing his genius, nor of discussing the tradition of his life. The exact reach and swing and force of his "mighty line" we leave our readers to experience when they expose their brains to it. But in suffering the reperusal of these dramas[1] ourselves, being tempted thereto by delightful printing and unobtrusive editing, certain observations occurred to us regarding that enormous difference of altitude between Shakespeare and his fellows to which we have just adverted.

What this difference is in Marlowe's case is tersely indicated by the fact that competent students discern his genius in Titus Andronicus, which in Shakespeare's crown is rather a foil than a gem. This play, with Marlowe's touch

[1] *The Works of Christopher Marlowe.* Edited by A. H. Bullen, B. A. In three volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

still on it, would illustrate, if compared with Shakespeare's undoubted work, how cumbrous and stiffening were the shackles of the stage tradition from which he freed his art. But in Marlowe's accredited dramas, say in Doctor Faustus (to lay aside the rant of Tamburlaine as merely initiatory, tentative, and facile), the necessities of contemporaneous taste and usage are so tyrannical as almost to ruin the work for any other age. Doctor Faustus is not in any sense a drama. It is a series of slightly connected scenes from the life of a conjuror, in which thaumaturgy and the hatred of the Papacy are made to furnish comic horseplay of the most clownish kind; or else fear of the devil — a real live devil — is used to still the blood of the spectators with the horns, hooves, and fire of coarse horror. Of the dramatic capabilities of the Faust legend as a whole Marlowe indicates no perception. He caught the force, at most, of two situations in it, — the invocation of Helen's shadow and the soliloquy; but though in treating these he exhibited, genius as bold, direct, and original as Shakespeare's self, they are merely fragmentary. Except in these scenes, in which Marlowe's voice really quells his time and sounds alone in the theatre, the uproar of the pit frightens away the muse, and leaves comedy and tragedy alike to the disfigurement of the ruthless pre-Elizabethan stage. Similarly in The Jew of Malta, even if the first two acts are in fact fashioned by dramatic genius as no other but Shakespeare could have moulded them, the last three taper off into the tail of the old monster that had flopped and shuffled on the mediæval boards on every saint's day, time out of mind. In Edward II. alone is there any approach to a drama, properly speaking: it is complete, connected, sustained, and it has tenderness, passion, and pathos; but though Mr. Swinburne gives it the palm in certain particulars over Shakespeare's Richard II., which was modeled after it, it will not bear comparison with that play in dramatic grasp. To notice but one difference: in Marlowe's work the king's favoritism is so much an infatuation and a weakness that he loses our sympathy, and his dethronement, independently of its brutal miseries, is felt to be just; while in Shakespeare Richard's favoritism is retired far in the background, and his faith in his divine right to the crown (never insisted on by Edward) is so eloquent and so pervades and qualifies the whole play that, when the king is murdered, one is driven to believe that the bishop's denunciation of God's vengeance on the usurping Lancaster must prove true prophecy. In the matter of dramatic handling there can be no doubt of Shakespeare's more expert sense; and for our part, comparing the two scene by scene, Shakespeare is always more perfect, though his ideality may make the characterization appear, as it does to Mr. Swinburne, less sharp; we miss in Richard only the charm of the presence of Marlowe's young Prince, in whose person, perhaps it is worth remarking, the "child" first entered into the dramatic literature of England.

In writing above to the effect that Marlowe's plays in general are deeply infected by the rawness of the time, — imperfectly dissociated from the miracle plays in conception, incident, and realistic passion (however far removed from them in style and metrical structure), and dependent on vulgar buffoonery in many scenes, — we have not been unmindful that many scholars, and among them the studious editor of this edition, have denied Marlowe's responsibility for large portions of the works that go under his name as sole author. Questions of this sort are difficult to settle; but the method of ascribing to a writer only such passages as are worthy of the editor's idea of him has the fault of being too easy. Marlowe's reform of the drama was, like other reforms, a matter of time,

of prejudice, of fierce opposition, of timid managers, of vociferous and rebellious audiences; and however perfectly he may have theorized, he had to practice with such clay as he had. Possibly the burlesque and rout and horror, Tamburlaine's chariot drawn by captive kings, and the nose of Barabas, which passed into a proverb for its enormousness, and all the strut and feathers and saltpetre devils, — possibly all this was the work of some theatrical ancestor of that "wicked partner," who has figured in modern politics and trade. Perhaps, when Marlowe rewrote an old play, he seized the opportunity to put in as much good and strike out as much evil as luck and the managers would consent to, and when he wrote an original drama he may have let others fill up the interstices of its loose construction with stuff which he disdained to father; and on the other hand, it may be as well to take a less drastic view. It is not more likely that he was always at his best than that he was always sober. However that may be, in this paper his name is used to signify what it must to the world at large, to wit, the dramas and poems which have come down to us under it and are admirably edited and presented in this edition. And this Marlowe — the Marlowe of history, not of critical dissection — is by no means a Prospero of art.

It is necessary to add another word. If anything could lead us to adopt in all its fullness that pleasing theory of "the wicked partner," with all its saving consequences, it would be Marlowe's rhymed verse, in which his genius had a solitary and unimpeded course. His dramatic faculty, distinct and powerful as it was, exhibited its perfect might only in a few volcanic flashes. But in his verses he surpassed his rival wherever the two approached near enough to invite just comparison. Venus and Adonis is left out of sight by the first two sestiads of Hero and Leander. The latter stands alone in its many perfections: its music (which Keats but lamely limped after) has never been heard since in England; its imagery almost convicts us of the heresy of believing that its author was endowed with a richer fancy, were that possible, than the master's own. It bears the test, which is called the supreme trial of the highest genius, — that of being wholly modern, if by such a current phrase of egotism we may express its freedom from those decaying elements of time and place in which the potency of oblivion lies. And we would fain believe that the poet who sang this love-story and the passionate shepherd's lay always worked as perfectly; but remembering how often the highest genius has been touched by the frailties of its time, even the memory of the "dead shepherd" cannot persuade us that the dramas are more than a mighty and chaotic experiment in creation which must in great part lapse back into the gulf.

On leaving Marlowe and turning to Middleton,[1] the second name in Mr. Bullen's series, one is perhaps more delightfully impressed by the powerful compulsion with which Shakespeare "worked out the beast and evolved the man" in English drama. If any one thinks that the putting out of Gloster's eyes with hot irons upon the stage is too horrible, let him turn to the old tragedy; and if he thinks Shakespeare is unclean, we commend him to the early plays of Middleton. Vice is the butt of comedy, and burlesque must live with low characters; and perhaps, as men are constituted, it is at least equally effective to make evil ridiculous as to make it terrible. Against certain indecencies the former is the only method open to literature. But not to put too puritanical a point to it, the comedies in these first four volumes, now issued,

[1] *The Works of Thomas Middleton.* Edited by A. H. Bullen, B. A. In eight volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

bring us into very unsavory company. They present a picture of London life, no doubt, as it was lived in certain quarters, and are copious illustrations of the society of the time; but into such quarters and society what need to go? Wit and cleverness there is of a local and temporary kind; or at least it is so closely attached to the town of the time that one cannot get its effect without a sort of expatriation from his own place and putting into abeyance his sense of decency. Moreover, a considerable amount of special information is required to understand the plays; in fact, the contemporary drench is so deep that oblivion can be wrung out of them. It is easy to say that this is of necessity the case with comedy; that the subject is manners, and manners are transitory; and that the aim is to make fun, and fun is for the pit. The point which is aimed at here — and it is one to thank Heaven for — is that Shakespeare rose out of all this, and gave us laughter without fastening upon us the swarm of "wag-tails" and other classes of ill-sounding names, in endless succession, which his fellows transported so plentifully from the London streets; and that he should have done this seems, when we read the comedy of his time, the most marvelous thing about him. In this, too, he was preëminently a free soul.

From what has been written it will be justly inferred that this series is one for scholarly libraries, as is also shown by the fact that only eighty of the whole three hundred and fifty copies, to which the edition is limited, are offered for sale in this country. Scholars will not need to be told what is the value of such a reissue of works which have been published hitherto only in inconvenient editions, now difficult to obtain, and which have never had so careful, well informed, and judicious an editor, whose work is to be highly commended, though occasionally a student may differ from his interpretations, as has sometimes occurred with ourselves. Nor in attempting to illustrate plainly the eternal difference between Shakespeare and his fellows (from which it follows, in our view, that, broadly speaking, the public does not neglect the latter without justice and wisdom) have we meant to obscure a spark of Marlowe's fiery genius, or to slur a syllable of Middleton's mastery of speech, which, when he puts forth his power, is of the noblest; just as with the remaining members of the series, which is to include Shirley and Beaumont and Fletcher, if not others, we would not even seem to depreciate their charm and force and rightful claim to honorable remembrance, though here and there some sere foliage mingles with and almost hides the leaves that are bright with the living green. To know them well is to know Shakespeare better. The editor has done a service of worth to the great historic body of our literature, and the student who enriches his library with these volumes will have no unimportant fraction of the indispensable wealth which in its fullness makes up a perfect English culture.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

At this moment, when a new translation of some of the more important of Balzac's novels is projected by a leading American publisher, the readers of Le Père Goriot may be interested in the following slight sketch of the author at the period when, dropping his various literary disguises, he was about

to assume his own name in the world of letters. The great Frenchman, who in delineating human passions approaches nearest to the English Shakespeare, was at that time thirty years of age.

Balzac's father, whom his daughter, Madame Surville, calls "an original who might have made one of the characters in Hoffmann's Tales," discovered in 1796, during the days of the Directory, that his old friend, M. le Baron de Pommereul, recently returned from exile, was in great straits for money. The next morning he called on Madame de Pommereul, and, placing two bags of five-franc pieces on the table, said gruffly, "*Voilà, madame*, people round here are under the impression that you are short of funds. These ten thousand crowns will do you more good than they will me. I have no use for them. You can return them whenever you get back that which has been stolen from you." So saying, he turned round quickly, and, leaving the bags upon the table, slipped out of the door with the celerity of a thief.

In 1828 young Honoré de Balzac was utterly ruined by the failure of the manufacturing enterprise in which he had embarked as partner in the firm of Laurent, Balzac and Barbier. The consequences of this failure acted both as a spur and as a clog upon his genius for many weary years. Up to that time he had been little known as a man of letters. He had written many books, but published none under his own name. The Baron de Pommereul, son of the gentleman so generously assisted a generation back, was living at Fougères, in Brittany, and received a letter from Balzac asking an asylum for three weeks. "My muse, her ink-horn, her roll of paper, and myself will put you to little inconvenience," said the writer. The answer came at once: "Pray come to us. Your room is ready." This was fifty-seven years ago, and the Baronne de Pommereul, who is still living, furnished last month to a literary magazine in Paris her reminiscences of her illustrious visitor.

"He was," she says, "a short man, with an immense waist, made more conspicuous by his ill-cut clothes. His hands were most beautiful. He wore a shabby hat, but the moment he took it off one forgot everything about him but his face and head. . . . I could not convey any idea of his brow or of his eyes to those who have never seen them. His forehead was grand; it shone as if illuminated by lamp-light. His eyes were brown with streaks of gold, and expressed the thoughts within him as distinctly as his words. He had a large flat nose, and an immense mouth, always ready to open for a laugh without regard to his bad teeth. He wore a thick mustache, and very long hair thrown back from his forehead. At this time of his life, especially on his first arrival at Fougères, he was very lean, and it seemed to us that he must have been half starved. He fell upon his food and devoured it, poor fellow. But there was something in all his movements, in his manner of speaking, and in his whole bearing that gave one such a feeling of his kindliness, his trustfulness, his sincerity, and his *naïveté* that nobody could have known him without loving him. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about him was his never-failing good humor; his gayety was so exuberant that it was catching. In spite of the great troubles he had just gone through, he had not been a quarter of an hour in our house — we had not even shown him his own room — before he had the general and myself laughing till we cried."

He had come to Fougères with the purpose of collecting materials for Les Chouans, the book he was then writing. "When he had harvested his facts," continues the old Baronne, "and made a sufficient provision of notes, he would sit down at a little table placed before his window, and would not stir except

at meal times. The evenings, however, he gave up to us. We used to pass them in my sitting-room, though occasionally we visited a few neighbors to whom we had introduced Balzac. He was merry as a child. He could talk all kinds of nonsense, and he delighted in puns and plays on words."

On first arriving he proposed to pay his board, but his money running short he insisted he must still pay by story-telling. Therefore every evening, when all the family were assembled, he began some recital. "All these people, this whole world," he would say, "live, love, act, suffer, inside my head; but if God prolongs my life, they shall all be classified, arranged, and ticketed in books, ... in famous books, as you will see, madame!" And when Scènes de la Vie Privée were published, the friends to whom he had told stories at Fougères recognized in many of the episodes tales that Balzac had told them during his stay.

"He had a way," says the Baronne, "of describing everything so that you seemed to see it just as it happened. He would, for example, begin a story thus: 'General, you must have known at Lille the So-and-So family. . . . Not the branch that lived at Roubaix, — no, — but those that intermarried afterwards with the Bethunes. . . . Well, at one time there happened a drama in that family.' . . . And then he would go on, holding us spellbound for an hour by the charm of his narration. When he had finished we used to shake ourselves to make sure of our own reality. 'Is it all really true, Balzac?' we would ask him. Balzac would look at us a moment with a gleam of cunning in his eyes, and then, with a roar of laughter, — for his laughter was always an explosion, — he would cry out, 'Not one word of truth in it, from beginning to end! It was pure Balzac! Say, general, is it not rather pleasant to be able to make all that up out of your own head?'"

But the bright days in Brittany were soon over. One morning, about the end of October, 1828, Balzac took leave of his friends, with deep regrets on both sides. He went back to face his troubles in Paris with a brave heart and a new hope for the future. During his retirement at Fougères he had discovered his vocation. He felt assured that God had created him to be a writer. Strong in that conviction, he gave up his various *noms de plume*. He felt assured of his own power, and was proud with a just pride. He put his own name on the title-page of Les Chouans, that first stone of a gigantic edifice; the first chapter, so to speak, of the great work of his life, La Comédie Humaine.

— It is commonly reported that Time lags in seasons of grief and trouble, and hastens only when he has our pleasures in tow. My experience does not conform to this general idea, but rather testifies that the good and glad days of existence are the longest, the evil days shortest, and the ratio is as between summer and winter solstice. The occasional "bad quarter of an hour," which comes to all, I am compelled to recognize, but it is easily merged and forgotten in the three quarters, which are good. In my system of chronology the legend of the antique dial has peculiar force: "I count the bright hours only;" the hours which are not bright will not let me count them, for they hurry by, vague and confused, in a sort of veiling obscurity. To me, misery is but the fag-ends of Time's weaving, while happiness is whole cloth-of-gold in his loom; and I wonder that it is not insisted upon that happy life is long life, though it were early cut off, and that miserable life is short life, though prolonged to threescore and ten.

An unoccupied interval of waiting, an anxious night of watching, so generally lengthened to the imagination, convey to my mind the opposite impression of accelerated time: I know not how the

interval of waiting, the night-watch, can have passed so quickly. Some explanation of this impression there must be. Do not we mark the passing of time by the number and variety of objects and incidents that meanwhile engage our attention? When the soul is under stress of some great calamity, or is suffering extreme perplexity, it makes little account of external things. It has no surroundings but thick mists or darkness; it is uncompanioned save by the sense of misery. "Here I and Sorrow sit." The dies that stamp time and give it its various fractional values are lost. It is only when we are in the enjoyment of life that the mint issues this small coinage, and we distinguish the pieces thereof. In other words, it is only a free, joyous, and serene condition that takes note of little passing things, — and it is the little passing things that fill up and round the measure of time. When we spread and sun the wings of fancy; when any object in nature, from a hill, or the cloud floating above it, to a grass-blade at our feet, contributes distinct pleasure to our thoughts; when but to draw breath and to exercise the faculty of motion afford keen relish, we then approach nearest to that blessed estate of childhood when so-called trifles gave pleasure, and things since relegated to the regions of commonplace touched the springs of wonder, — and the days were long.

Lately, in reading the book of Job, I came upon certain passages which seemed to humor my theory of time in relation to human misery and happiness. The passages are these: "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are *spent without hope.*" "Now my days are swifter than a post; they flee away, they *see no good.*" "Because thou shalt *forget thy misery*, and remember it as waters that pass away." The italics, I acknowledge, are mine, and not Job's. Possibly, the sublime old Arabian did not mean to imply that his days were swifter than a weaver's shuttle, swifter than a post, *because* they were spent without hope and saw no good; yet I cling to this interpretation. Swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and spent without hope. It is hope, then, that gives to time its full value? And it comes to pass that the years ever quicken their pace, from youth to age, because little by little Hope is always withdrawing her heavenly company. I also ponder whether misery is remembered as waters that pass away, for the reason that its duration is so imperfectly noted in the mind, and so dwindles by comparison with that measure of time which obtains in the ascendency of happier hours.

— A certain not uncommon, but for obvious reasons seldom gathered, flower of the field and wayside possesses for me a singular attraction. It commands my admiration even in its tender infancy, then a little rosette-like emerald patch on the old turf, — a kind of Legion of Honor decoration worn by the veteran field. At this stage of its existence I touch its leaves with something of the feeling I should have if playing with the leopard's kitten. By and by, it is "Hands off!" or, "Touch me at your peril!" free and blunt translation of the legend which the Scottish king stamped upon his coinage (Nemo me impune lacesset). But I love the thistle none the less for its truculent defiance. I am tempted to gather the flower and wear it, as one might snatch a sweetheart across feudal barriers, or run away with the lovely daughter of a savage sachem. The blossom itself — its purple heart of hearts — is all delicacy and suavity; a honey-sweet aura breathes therefrom. I ask, How long since the bumble bee was here? for I can never decide whether it is the thistle blossom that smells of the bumble bee, or the bumble bee of the thistle blossom, each suggesting the peculiar redolence of the other.

In some respects the thistle prepares

a Barmecide's feast for my eyes. The large bowl-like calyx looks as though it might be ripening a luscious fruit, to correspond with the ambrosial purple of the flower (figs from thistles!); also, the involucre being set with spines, I am reminded of the chestnut burr, and am half persuaded to look within for an edible kernel.

The thistle is an idealist among plants. Its dreams would be worth recording. Anon you shall see that it was never content with tenure of the earth alone, but it had also its designs upon the kingdom of the air. When its season of bloom is past, its leaf-lances rusted and broken; when, seemingly, its fortunes are at lowest ebb, then look out for the shining fleets of its seeds. Through all the fine weather of autumn, these cruise about, above the fields, over the village streets, even entering the houses through open doors and windows. (Once, indeed, a thistle ball allowed its filmy asterisk for a moment to rest opposite the last sentence of the page I was writing, — a flattery which I was not slow to seize upon and enjoy.) "Have you seen the thistle-down, this morning?" I am on the point of asking the neighbors, since, in my observation, nothing is "going on about town" to match the solemn, deliberate enterprise of these argent sailing spheres. Each, perhaps, has its guiding spirit, its Uriel, and is steered hither or thither at pleasure. I almost forget that the delicate traveler had its origin from the earth.

The days of the thistle-down fleet are those of the white butterfly also. Wherever you may look, one or the other is always crossing the path of vision. A white butterfly met a thistle-ball on the airy highway. Expressions of mutual surprise were exchanged. "Halloo! I thought you were one of us," said the butterfly. "And I," returned the thistle-ball, "took you for a white pea-blossom."

On goes the winged hope of the thistle; flashing-white in the sunshine, but dark at night, when its little globe is seen gliding across the disk of the moon, Peradventure, some of these voyaging seeds never return to earth. What shall I say, but that I suspect the thistle flourishes in heaven! There, divested of its irritability, etherealized, having in truth become a Blessed Thistle, it grows innocently by all the celestial waysides, is hummed about by the bumble bee and lisped over by the goldfinch, — for these, too, have been translated.

— To be a countless number of printer's types, ranging from diamond to English, suddenly dashed into mid-air, — ineffably hopeless pi! Moreover, not mere inert, ink-black bits of metal, each faced with some letter of the alphabet, but withal, in the twinkling of an eye, furnished with slender limbs of exceeding length and suppleness, capable of executing the most extraordinary feats, — jigs danced upon the pillows, giddy whirlings along the dangerous edge of the foot-board, — sight to make even Doctor Faustus forget and cross himself! All this gives one (if one be but one, and not a thousand-and-one!) very strange sensations. . . . But now I am become a smooth expanse of some dark-colored liquid, mantling and shimmering, with faint lights and uncertain reflections upon my surface; being contained in some curious bowl or chalice of an ancient mould and pattern; unknown, whether draught from Lethe or from Eunoe, cup of Comus, "mixed with many murmurs," or goblet of Helen's cordial, that for a whole day prevents one from shedding tears, though his dearest friend be dead! Were it not for the antique style of the cup, I might suspect that I am, after all, only some sort of small beer. Why does n't some one come and taste, and clear up the mystery? . . . A fallen column, lying here in the hot sands; belonging to somebody's temple, — nobody knows

whose; built by whom, or when, nobody can say precisely. Caryatid, — ah, yes! and incurable curvature of the spine. But what a beautiful entablature I supported! Many a headache it gave me, but pride helped to endure. . . . Softly, softly, breezes blow! Dragon-fly, kiss once, and be off! Pleasant it is to lie at rest on the shining water, my long stem fast-anchored at the bottom of the stream. This one bud, which I conceal under broad green leaves, — I do dote upon it. The third morning from this it blooms; then, welcome the honey-bee. . . . Trouble! trouble! A small bird, so far out at sea, and the wind so strong against me! I feel my wings slacken. I shall fall and be drowned. Oh, a thousand thanks, Mr. Crane, for your kind offer to carry me the rest of the way upon your back! If the wren and the ruby-throat and the titmouse and the kinglet will have the politeness to make room —

My name spoken gently, twice or thrice, and the words, "It's time for your aconite," finally rouse me. But the fresh remembrance of my late exercises in metempsychosis leads me to doubt whether the eater of opium or of hasheesh can outdo in extravagance the airy fictions of him who is eaten by fever.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Holiday Books and Books on Art. City Ballads, by Will Carleton (Harpers), has an uncertain air; one is not quite sure whether it is a volume of verses supplied with pictures, or a gift book, — one of that class which one gives away without reading and without expecting the receiver to read. In this case we should certainly add that it also need not be looked at. The pictures, whether humorous or severe, are equally tame. — Oil Paintings, a Handbook for the Use of Students and Schools, by Frank Fowler (Cassell.) It is difficult to see how a person, who appears to know as much as the author of this handbook, can really expect other people to learn the art of painting by means of this manual. — Drawing in Charcoal and Crayon, for the Use of Students and Schools, by Frank Fowler. (Cassell): another volume of the same sort, only less unpractical, since it deals with simpler material. — Wild Flowers of Colorado, from original water-color sketches drawn from nature, by Emma Homan Thayer (Cassell), is a folio of brightly colored prints of flowers, accompanied by a pleasantly written text, describing the experiences of an English lady in Colorado. She used her time well in gathering this bouquet. The illustrations are effective; they enable one to identify the flowers intended, but they do not disclose the poetic secret hid in the gentians, wind-flowers, and others.

Literature and Literary History. The Harpers bring out George Eliot's Poems, together with Brother Jacob and The Lifted Veil, two short stories, in a form to correspond, we suppose, with the author's novels in their library edition. If they had it in mind to discourage George Eliot's pretensions to poetic place they could not have carried out their scheme more judiciously. — Mr. Oscar Fay Adams brings out new editions of his very serviceable little handbooks: the one A Brief Handbook of English Authors, the other A Brief Handbook of American Authors. (Houghton.) Both books have been thoroughly revised and enlarged, and those who are curious regarding the younger writers on both sides of the water will find many interesting details of age and accomplishments not easily found elsewhere. — C. N. Caspar, of Milwaukee, has produced a Directory of the Antiquarian Booksellers and Dealers in Second-Hand Books of the United States, which will be of great service to collectors. — A Monograph on Privately Illustrated Books, by Daniel M. Tredwell (Fred. Tredwell), is a volume that will commend itself in various ways to the book-lover. The author brings expert knowledge and great enthusiasm to his subject, and the publisher has backed him by printing his essay in the handsomest manner. Though dealing with only one phase of bibliomania, the work will interest every collector. — Mr. E. C. Stedman's Poets of America (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the most important critical work of the season, as it is perhaps the most painstaking study in literature yet produced in America. We shall have more to say about it later. — From Shakespeare to Pope, an Inquiry into the Causes and Phenomena of the Rise of Classical Poetry in England, by Edmund Gosse (Dodd, Mead & Co.), contains the lectures given last winter in Boston. One is tempted to inquire also into the causes and phenomena of the amusing dedicatory poem.

Fiction. A New England Conscience, by Belle C. Greene (Putnams), although in story form, is

evidently written less for the sake of telling a story than of relieving the mind of the author. The heroine is a young girl who has seen her mother frightened into insanity by the "terrors of the law," and at last herself reaches a more rational theological position. The prime defect of the story, as a reflection of New England life, is in its omission of all the connecting links. It is the homely life of the farm and mill which renders such theology, even when at its extreme, consonant with sanity and even with cheerfulness. — "As We Went Marching On," a story of the war, by G. W. Hosmer (Harpers), while it has a plot, seems after all more of a vehicle for carrying reminiscences of soldier life. — The Haunted Adjutant and Other Stories, by Edmund Quincy (Ticknor): a collection of Mr. Quincy's agreeable, leisurely stories, in which one looks for other things than the story; he looks for Quincy, and he looks for a certain Boston which is now fast becoming a tradition. — Timothy, his Neighbors and his Friends, by Mrs. Mary E. Ireland (Lippincott), is a story in which the author, having provided herself with characters in different stations of life, and being herself endowed with good principles, sets everybody right and reverses human judgments. The book is not without a touch of humor and a certain animation which lifts it above the level of the ordinary Sunday-school book. — A Mission Flower, by George H. Picard (White, Stokes, and Allen), has good work in it, — enough almost to excuse a lame and impotent plot. — Andromeda, by George Fleming (Roberts), a writer who commands respect for her work. — A Model Wife, by G. I. Cervus. (Lippincott.) There is plenty of "go" in this book, but the author seems to mistake a great deal of activity for real movement forward. He has managed also to tell a repulsive and not very natural story. — Love, or a Name, is the title of Mr. Hawthorne's latest story (Ticknor), in which he tries his hand at the portrait of a young aspirant for political honors. It is not Maud Muller over again, for the Judge comes back, after a freckled career, and marries Maud after all. — Color Studies, by Thomas A. Janvier (Scribners), is a collection of four short stories — the table of contents is on the cover — which have done good service in the Century. Barring a tendency to affectation of quaintness in his nomenclature, the author shows a capital instinct for what is telling in a short story. — Criss-Cross, by Grace Denio Litchfield (Putnams), is a story told in the form of letters crossing the Atlantic back and forth. — For a Woman, by Nora Perry (Ticknor), has the liveliness and the sentiment characteristic of this writer; the situations are made up, but the people, except in emergencies, are quite natural. There are, after all, few things more easily done than reports of conversations between women upon ordinary topics, and the liveliness of the book is largely derived from these. — An Original Belle, by E. P. Roe (Dodd, Mead & Co.), a story of the war, in which the Northern lover and the Southern love become united at last. The lover is as grave and noble as Miss Warner's lovers used to be. But perhaps it is rather the mantle of Dr. Holland than the mantilla of Miss Warner that has fallen upon this writer. — The Household Myth, by H. G. Creamer (C. H. Whiting, Boston): a story with a mildly sensational plot, wrought rather unskillfully. Does not the writer mistake myth for mystery? — The Last Meeting, a story, by Brander Matthews (Scribner's Sons), involves a novel mystification which loses a little in the unraveling. We shall return to the book later. — Recent numbers of Harper's Handy Series are The Luck of the Darrells, by James Payn; Self-Doomed, by B. L. Farjeon; and Houp-là, by John Strange Winter.

Public Affairs and Society. The Coming Struggle for India, by Arminius Vambery (Cassell), is one of those books which at once command attention, for the subject is a fascinating one, and Vambery is one of the few men who are sure to be heard on the question of the encroachments of Russia in Central Asia, because he brings the personal knowledge of a traveler and a very bright man. That he is an alarmist is simply an element to be taken into account. — Features of Society in Old and New England, by Henry Mann (S. S. Rider, Providence), is a little volume of short articles, some of them reprints from newspapers, by an Englishman who has become thoroughly naturalized here, and thus is able to write from a somewhat fresh point of view. He is a good and thoughtful observer, and if his reflections are not all of equal value, there are many suggestions of interest to the social student. — A new edition of A Century of Dishonor, by H. H., somewhat enlarged, has been published. The death of the author, her recent Ramona, and the present healthy interest in the Indian, all conspire to make the reissue timely. It has been well said, however, that the book might properly have been called A Century of Blunders. (Roberts.) — Henry Holt & Co. have issued a translation of De Bacourt's Souvenirs d'un Diplomate, reviewed in these pages in February, 1883. De Bacourt treats of an interesting period of American society and politics; but his misconceptions render his book valueless, though they do not prevent it from being amusing. If De Bacourt had been accurate he would have been tedious. It is treating him with cruelty to reproduce the silly preface of his editress, the Comtesse de Mirabeau. It is quite a case for Mr. Bergh. — Social Silhouettes, edited by Edgar Fawcett (Ticknor & Co.), is a collection of more or less satirical studies of New York society.

Education and Text Books. A History of the United States, for Schools, by Alexander Johnston (Holt): a school history which bears especially on the history of the past hundred years, and is intended to educate the citizen sense. We think a less strict adherence to the annalistic form would serve to give young people a better notion of the continuity of history. It is the continuity of cause and effect rather than of time, that needs to be impressed upon them. — The Eureka Collection of Recitations and Readings, edited by Mrs. A. R. Diehl (Ogilvie): to be avoided for its inclusion of such an offensive piece as Rev. Oleus Bacon, D. D. It belongs to the class of humorous poems from which may the good Lord deliver children.